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Allan Cunningham

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Winter

OF NATURE, AND SEASONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

ON THE NARRATIVE, HISTORICAL, AND POETICAL
MODES OF WRITING; THE HISTORY OF THE
ARTS, AND THE HISTORY OF THE
SCIENCE OF THE HUMAN MIND.

SELECT EXTRACTS.

AND

A NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORK.

FOR THE USE OF THE STUDENT.

The Spirit of the Public Journals.

AND

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AND



Alexander Cunningham

Aet. 38

Editor

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EDITION:

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ORIGINAL ESSAYS;
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POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

The Spirit of the Public Journals;
DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;
USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS,

&c. &c. &c.

VOL. XXIV.



LONDON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. LIMBIRD, 143, STRAND,
(Near Somerset House.)

1834.

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PREFACE.

THE following pages will, it is hoped, be found to realize the professions made in the Preface to the previous volume, —of renewed exertions for the gratification of our readers. We trust that we have thus maintained our position in public favour; and, our own experience of the past, and resources for the future, lead us to anticipate continued approval.

The Engravings in the present volume are, perhaps, unusually identified with the interest of the times; although these adventitious attractions have not been unassociated with more permanent worth. In this class of illustrations may be included Two Large Engravings of the Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey, with about twenty pages of letter-press; a few kindred Memorials of Handel; the highly-embellished New English Opera-House; the Law Life Assurance Office, an enriched specimen of street architecture; Herne Bay, and the late Mr. Telford's magnificent Pier; the Birmingham splendid New Town-hall, and its stupendous Organ; and the Amateur Musical Festival, in Exeter Hall, an elaborate representation of that very gratifying spectacle. These Engravings have called for special exertion and expense, neither of which has been regarded in the accuracy and finish of their details.

Of interest akin to these subjects we hope will be considered the Twelve Engravings illustrating the Antiquities of the late Houses of Parliament, with a Narrative of the Conflagration, and a summary of the many architectural beauties which this catastrophe has unveiled from the concealment of ages. The descriptions and embellishments, which occupy a considerable proportion of the latter part of

the volume, will, we trust, be found a careful record of this important event, divested of extraneous particulars, and as correct as time and circumstances would allow.

Contemporary travel, enterprise, and discovery have contributed much novelty to this volume: as, in embellished accounts of Fernando Po, and the Massaroony and its astounding Falls. Added to these are many entertaining details of Australian Life, Asiatic Customs, and similar contributions to our knowledge of the human family. Such papers assimilate amusement with instruction in an eminent degree.

The New Books of the year have yielded the most sterling of this information; and, in this and other departments of Literature it will be found that upwards of Thirty-five Works of the Season have been available for the enrichment of our Journal.

Natural History, as heretofore, has been allowed its claim in these pages. Poetry and Sentiment have been culled to garnish matter of fact; so as to render every sheet in itself a Miscellany.

To Correspondents, who have contributed to this variety, we present our grateful acknowledgments: to "Constant Readers" we return our best thanks: and to the Public, generally, we hope to offer sufficient attractions to retain our present friends, and ensure future patrons.

DECEMBER 20, 1834.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

IN no instance of the Portrait Illustration of the *MIRROR*, can our choice of subject be considered more appropriate than in the present volume. Its predecessors have borne the "head and front" of Royalty and ennobled genius; of some illustrious in poetry and philosophy; and of others distinguished in the glorious chase of fame and honourable adventure. Their lives may have presented more stirring incidents than that we are about to sketch; but neither of them so well illustrates the homely maxim, that "every man is the architect of his own fortune."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM was born in December, 1784, at Blackwood, in the county of Dumfries. His own family has its traditionary story: one of his ancestors fought under Montrose, and going abroad after the battle of Yar-row, lost to himself and his descendants their patrimony in Ayrshire. Allan's father, John Cunningham, was steward to Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, reputed to have been the first person that applied steam to propel a boat, and the gentleman from whom the poet Burns leased his farm at Ellisland. Allan was the fourth son, and was sent to school when very young; but his education was what would be considered unsatisfactory in these times. He had two masters, both of whom were rigid Cameronians. The Scriptures, and the sermons and prophecies of Peden, were his principal reading; he also acquired writing and arithmetic, though, as he himself observes, "the latter without rule, the former without spelling or grammar." At the age of eleven he left school, and was apprenticed to a mason. In the intervals of this laborious occupation, to use his own words, "he sought knowledge wherever he could obtain it;" though, there is reason to suppose that his genius was cherished at the hearth-side of his own home. His father, John Cunningham, was a man superior even to his respectable station: he was intimately acquainted with the author of Tam O'Shanter, was, as might be expected, enthusiastically fond of poetry; and his memory was stored with the legendary ballads of his native country, which he delighted in reciting "with all the grace of an exquisite ear, and a natural relish for their beauties." He had a small library, the choice treasures of which were Allan's frequent enjoyment. He also delighted to listen to the poetical lore, the superstitious tale, and the hair-breadth adventure, of olden times; so that his taste for these subjects in after life, if it be not referred to the heritage of genius, may be, in great measure, attributed to the fortunate circumstances which fostered its earliest indications. Nor ought to be forgotten the romantic country, in which the future poet lived—the dear country of Burns—the wilds of Nithsdale, and the lone banks of the Solway. To these scenes of his youth, Allan Cunningham fondly refers in his latest as well as earliest poetical works. How beautifully are the early germs of genius drawn in the following lines:—

"There stands the hill on which I wont to seek
My way in verse, that I might make me known
To fame; when came the night that ends the week,
Thoughtful, not sad, I sauntered on and on,
Whiles with twin-lambs consorting; more alone
I sat—or touched with momentary fire—
Muttered wild words till morning sought his throne,
And bade me to my homely couch retire;—
The dews all shining on my negligent attire.

"It was no idle rapture which I felt,
What time the earth with morning dew was sown,
And man and matron to their Maker knelt,
And humbled them before the Almighty's throne;
To sit upon the sole remaining stone
Of some rased castle, and there muse."

In his last published poem, the *Maid of Elvar*, how many tender recollections are associated with some of the sweetest outpourings of poesy : thus—

“Vale of Dalgonar, dear art thou to me !
 Dearer than daylight to the sick at heart ;
 Hills rise atween us, and wide rolls the sea,
 Only to prove how passing dear thou art :
 'Tis with my feet, not with my heart, ye part.
 Dear are your fairy dales and flowery downs,
 Your woods, your streams, where silver fishes dart ;
 Your martyrs' graves, your cots, your towers, your towns,
 Gray sires and matrons grave, with their long mourning gowns.”

Again, of his own dear home :—

“A hedge of hawthorn, mixed with holly, swept
 Around each garden, screening every cot ;
 Around them all a bleaching rivulet crept,
 Where webs lay white as lily without spot.
 The parish kirk, through reverend elms remote,
 Stood 'midst its gravestones, row succeeding row ;
 O'er all the distant city's steeples shot ;
 Bright in the sun, the Solway slept below,
 Where sailors charmed the winds, yet still their ships swam slow.”

Other specimens, of kindred beauty, may likewise be found in our notice of the above poem, at the period of its publication.*

Mr. Cunningham died when his son was about sixteen ; and, at the expiration of his long apprenticeship, shortly after, Allan extended his poetical readings to the works of Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, &c. In a letter† on this subject, he observes, “Still, my old oral favourites, our national ballads and tales, had, with all their inequalities, too many fresh and vivid pictures of external nature, heroic incident, and human character, to be wholly banished from my mind. I thought to add the correctness and purity of classic writing, to the simple ease, life, and vigour, of traditional poetry, and form a style after my own heart. I was in my twenty-third year when I first made rhymes. I had never before attempted to express myself in English, and I found the experiment beset with difficulties. The natural language of man is his native tongue ; and, to think in Scotch, and write in English, close as the dialects resemble each other, required much of the skill and labour of translating.” How admirably the writer has succeeded in his main object, may be seen by reference to every one of his works.

Allan Cunningham worked at the trade of a mason, or, as stated by a celebrated writer, “earned his daily bread as a common stone-mason in the wilds of Nithsdale,” until his twenty-sixth year, when he came to London, wavering between labour and literature. He chose the latter, and reported awhile for the newspapers ; it need not be added, a very probationary and unpoetical avocation. Resolving to rid himself of its perplexities, he resumed his first calling, and, by a fortunate opportunity, to which his own excellent character recommended him, he became the foreman of the works of Mr. Chantrey, the sculptor, in which honourable employment he remains to this day. In its intervals, by untrifling industry, he has, however, produced a succession of works, which are entitled to high rank in the poetry and general literature of his day.

The life of a literary man, in common parlance, is to be found in his writings. This stands true with Mr. Cunningham ; and, though we shall not be expected to give any thing like a critical analysis of his works, we shall glance at their titles, and a few of the opinions awarded of their respective merits.

Mr. Cunningham's first appearance as an author was not until three

* See *Mirror*, vol. xix., p. 351—352.

† Quoted in the *Memoir*, by W. Jerdan, Esq., in *Fisher's National Portrait Gallery*, to which valuable work our acknowledgments are due for a few of the particulars embodied in the present pages.

years after his arrival in London, though some of his poetry was printed three years before that period. In 1810, the late Robert Cromek, editor of the *Reliques of Robert Burns*, published the *Remains of Nithsdale and Gallo-way Songs*, one-half of which was written by Mr. Cunningham, and has since been acknowledged by him; though Cromek published them as undoubted reliques of the olden time!

In 1813, appeared a little volume of *Songs*, which, for some unexplained reason, Mr. Cunningham speedily suppressed. The volume, in the bibliographic phrase, "is not to be had for love or money:" it certainly is rarely to be met with.

In 1818 or 1819, Mr. Cunningham wrote for *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *Recollections of Mark M'Crabin, a Cameronian*; which papers much contributed to the early fame of the above journal, and were attributed, at the time, to Sir Walter Scott. Soon after, Mr. Cunningham joined the *London Magazine*, then published by Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, of Fleet-street; of which aid our adult readers may have grateful remembrance. Among his contributions, were *Traditional Tales of the Scottish Peasantry*, which were afterwards collected and republished in two small volumes. These tales are either copied from recitation, or founded upon traditions or stories in the north; and, observes their collector and embellisher, "rude and imperfect as they are, they have sweetened for me many an hour of remission from daily labour, and, by the light of an evening fire, have given me a pleasure which the kindness or severity of criticism can scarcely enlarge or lessen."

In 1822, appeared *A Collection of Songs*; and, in the same year, *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, just such a play as Sir Walter Scott sportively said he could write in a very sunny day, and with one of Bramah's extra-patent pens. Of this production, he further speaks in the humorous preface to the *Fortunes of Nigel*, of his friend Allan Cunningham, "who has just published his tragedy of Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, full of merry-making and murdering, kissing and cutting of throats, and passages which lead to nothing, and which are very pretty passages for all that. Not a glimpse of probability is there about the plot, but so much animation in particular passages, and such a vein of poetry throughout the whole." Sir Walter prophetically speaks the fate of the work, adding his balm: "with a popular impress, people would read and admire the beauties of Allan—as it is, they may, perhaps, only note his defects—or, what is worse, not note him at all. But never mind them, honest Allan; you are a credit to Caledonia for all that."

In 1824, Mr. Cunningham edited, in 4 vols., the *Songs of Scotland*, with illustrative notes, characteristic of her lyric writers, and an ingenious Essay on Scottish song, inscribed to Sir Walter Scott.

In 1826, was published *Paul Jones*, 3 vols., a romance, but of real life; or the adventures of the bold pirate, interspersed with many a chilling legend and soul-stirring ballad.*

In 1828, appeared *Sir Michael Scott*, a romance, 3 vols., presenting to the author's countrymen "an image of the poetic beliefs of their ancestors; to gather from history, tale, and tradition, the torn and scattered members of popular superstition, and seek to unite them in one consistent narrative." In the same year, Mr. Cunningham edited Sharp's superb annual, the *Anniversary*, the poetical pre-eminence of which over similar publications, bore ample testimony of the editor's superior qualifications.†

In the following year, Mr. Cunningham appeared in a description of writing distinct from that of his previous works,—viz. in biography and criticism of the Fine Arts, by the commencement of the *Lives of British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, in the *Family Library*. Of this delightful work we have often spoken in our own pages, and enriched them with its beauties. It has elsewhere been characterized as "one of the most agreeable books in the language—conveying much valuable knowledge in a style unaffectedly attrac-

* For a splendid specimen scene, vide *Mirror*, vol. viii., p. 423.

† See *Mirror*, vol. xii., p. 374.

tive—imbued throughout, not only with lively sensibility, amiable feeling, honesty, and candour, but mature and liberal taste." Such was the popularity of this work, that it has been extended to six volumes, considerably beyond the original design. This success may, indeed, be said to have established Mr. Cunningham as one of the most popular critics of the Fine Arts.

In 1832, appeared the *Maid of Elvar*, a poem, in twelve books; of the merits of which we have already given testimony. Towards the close of the same year, Mr. Cunningham wrote, for the *Athenæum*, Some Account of the late Sir Walter Scott, which is by far the most interesting, original, and authentic biography that has yet appeared of the illustrious poet and novelist.

In the following year, Mr. Cunningham also wrote, for the *Athenæum*, a series of biographettes of the chief literary men of the last fifty years. These papers are sketches, and, in some instances, slight; but they are always clever, and bear the impress of genius. For a living poet to write the memoirs of his contemporaries is indeed a delicate task; but, it gives us pleasure to add, that every column of these biographettes is marked by that love of independence, without suspicion of favouritism, which has ever been characteristic of Allan Cunningham.

In the past year, Mr. Cunningham has edited an edition of the *Works of Robert Burns*, in 8 vols., to which he has prefixed an original Life of the poet, and accompanied the poems and pieces with illustrative notes. In this pleasant labour, Mr. Cunningham has been assisted by the communications of many friends, anxious to render justice to the memory of Burns; and among the aids which Mr. C. has received, must not be forgotten the intimacy of his father with the poet. Throughout this labour, he has evinced his usual critical acumen and good taste.

Mr. Cunningham is now engaged in writing the Lives of the British Poets, not already written by Dr. Johnson; and his publishers announce, under his superintendence, the Songs of England and Scotland, collected and illustrated, in two volumes. We give these merely as announcements, but tender to the amiable editor our most cordial wishes for successful publication.

In domestic life, Mr. Cunningham is extremely fortunate; for,

"The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife."

He was married about the year 1810, to a most amiable and excellent young lady of Dumfriesshire, by whom he has a fine and promising family. Two of his sons are now lieutenants in the East India Company's Engineers, situations obtained for them through the kindness of Sir Walter Scott: and not long since, we had the pleasure of congratulating his third son, Mr. Peter Cunningham, as the editor of a handsome edition of the *Poems of Drummond*, with an original Life of the old poet, throughout which composition runs a rich vein of true poetic enthusiasm.*

The Portrait of Allan Cunningham prefixed to the present volume, has been engraved from a family drawing in the poet's 38th year, or about the period at which he first appeared in the literary world. The likeness is allowed to be excellent.

To conclude our brief sketch, the life of Allan Cunningham has been one of great activity and private bustle, and much that regards him must only be said when a green grass hillock hides his head. His talents and his virtues will then be spoken of as they deserve. But, it has been observed, with forcible truth, that the subject of this memoir "needs no testimony either to his intellectual accomplishments, or his moral worth; nor, thanks to his own virtuous diligence, does he need any patronage."†

* Several passages from this delightful *Life* appear in vol. xxii. of the *Mirror*, accompanying the Engraving of Hawthornden, at p. 113. A Second Edition of Mr. Cunningham's work has since appeared, with "much fresh information concerning the antiquity of the family of Drummond."

† Quarterly Review, before quoted in the *Mirror*, vol. xvii., p. 135.

The Mirror

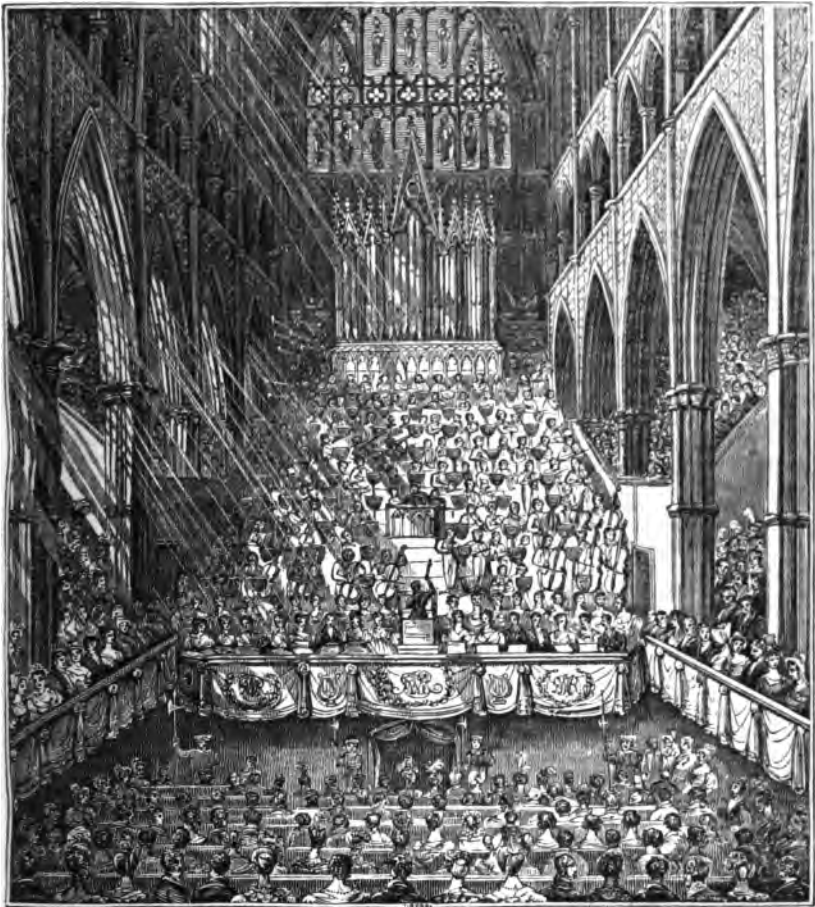
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 670.]

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.]



THE ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

It is now fifty years since the genius of **HANDEL** was first *commemorated* by the performance of his noblest works within these hallowed walls. The sacred place even aided the impressiveness of such a ceremony; although the music of Handel is of a more devotional character than that of any other composer. But there were other circumstances to render the place and purpose unique. Handel was the first who introduced the

oratorio—the most sublime species of sacred music—into England; and the veneration in which it is held to the present day is honourable to English taste, and in accordance with the best features of the English character. Enshrined in the Abbey lie the crumbled remains of this illustrious composer: what place could be then more fitting for the celebration of those works which have crowned his memory with the immortality of genius.

Vol. xxiv.

B

Over and above this intellectual gratification, the cause to be benefited, in a more sterling sense, was that of charity, which cometh home to every bosom; for,

—all mankind's concern is charity.

The purposes were worthy of association with each other: or, to borrow words from a writer of simple truth, each purpose, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminated the other without obscuring itself.* The proceeds of the *Commemoration* were principally devoted to "the Fund for the support of Decayed Musicians and their Families;" to which Institution Handel himself left a munificent bequest. King George III., an enthusiastic admirer of Handel's music, and himself a musical amateur, (for we have seen the programme of a concert in his Majesty's handwriting,) patronized the *Commemoration* with his august presence and a donation of 500 guineas. The success of the performance was so great, that similar Festivals were performed in Westminster Abbey in the following year, 1785, and in 1786-7. Concerts for charitable purposes were performed in the Pantheon in 1788-9; and festivals again in the Abbey in 1790-1; so that, for eight successive years London had its grand Musical Festival; and these performances are said to have benefited different metropolitan charities to the amount of 50,000.†

The Royal Musical Festival that we are about to describe to our readers, is said to have originated with his present Majesty, who, in his patronage of the undertaking, has followed the munificent example of his excellent father. Her Majesty, the Queen, has likewise considerable taste in music; and certain noble persons attached to the Court are distinguished for their musical judgment; so that, all these circumstances have contributed to the completeness of the present Festival, and gained for it the sanction of royalty. Liberal subscriptions were entered into to promote the undertaking, which was designed in its pecuniary results for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, the New Musical and Choral Funds, and the Royal Academy of Music; all institutions intended either to provide for the destitute members of the musical profession and their families, or to raise its character and contribute to its perfection as a science.

At the *Commemoration* in 1784, the pre-

* Sir Thomas Browne.

† The parent of all these was the *Commemoration* in 1784; but, one of the earliest Musical Festivals in England was that of Birmingham, for the benefit of the General Hospital in that town, in 1778; since which time the Festival has been repeated triennially. These performances have, however, taken place in the theatre; but, a magnificent Hall has just been completed at Birmingham, in which a Festival will be celebrated in the ensuing autumn. Festivals on a similar plan to that of Birmingham are now held at Chester, Derby, Liverpool, York, Norwich, and Manchester.

sent King was in the flower of early manhood, which circumstance, in connexion with his Majesty's patronage of the present Festival, is of too interesting a nature to be passed over unnoticed. This lapse of fifty eventful years would afford pages of reflection; but, instead of any lucubrations of our own, we quote a few of touching sweetness and impressive brevity, from the pen of the Rev. W. L. Bowles, who was one of the audience in 1784, and journeyed from his delightful Bremhill to be present at the recent Festival. We have not yet numbered years enough to enjoy such a retrospect—the meditation of half a century—but that its pleasures must be great indeed will be conceded to the reverend writer of the following tribute:—

Lines written after hearing the Choral Music and Coronation Anthem in Westminster Abbey, June 24, 1834.*

It is full fifty years since I heard last,
Handel, thy solemn and divinest strain
Roll through the long nave of this pillar'd fane,
Now seeming as if scarce a year had pass'd :—
And there He sat, who then wore England's crown,
The pious Father—for the soul of Pryne†
Had not reviv'd, to judge these scenes a sin—
He who has long to silent dust gone down,
A man of sorrows, though a King.

And there,
In graceful youth, stood the same Kingdom's Heir,
He also to the dust gone down—and now
The diadem shines on his living brow,
Who then was part of that fair progeny,
On which a mother gaz'd, and with a sigh,
Bless'd as she gaz'd, as some sad melody
Stole to her heart, and fill'd her eyes with tears.

When I look back on the departed years,
And many silent summers pass'd away,
Since youth, beneath the jocund morning sun,
Panted, with ardent hope, his race to run,—
Ah! not unmindful that I now am grey,
And my race almost run,—in this same fane,
I hear those hallelujahs peal again,
Peal and expire, and while upon my ear,
The mighty voice swells, jubilant and clear,
I muse amid the holy harmony,
On thoughts of other worlds, and songs which never die.
W. L. BOWLES.

We shall now describe the principal details of the Festival; commencing with the appearance of that part of the Abbey in which the performances took place; next adverting to certain points of comparison of the *Commemoration* of 1784 with the Festival; and then proceeding to the most important features of the respective days' performances. To do this, will occupy another sheet, besides a further portion of the present. This extra sheet, or *Supplement*, is now publishing, with a well executed Engraving of the *Royal Box*. The sketches for this Engraving, and that of the *Orchestra*, which accompanies the present sheet, have been made by our artist, with his usual attention to the accessories of the scene; and we take this opportunity of publicly acknowledg-

* Communicated to the *Times*.

† Pryne, the Puritan, who wrote folios against ofane anthems and cathedral music.

ing, as we have already privately done, the facilities obligingly furnished to the artist, by the Honorary Secretary to the Committee for conducting the affairs of the Festival.

FITTINGS OF THE ABBEY.

The space appropriated in Westminster Abbey for the performances was the nave, or that between the western door of the cathedral, and the entrance to the choir; the same in which the Commemoration took place in 1784. At a general glance, it may be observed that the area of the nave was occupied by seats raised upon, not the stone pavement of the Abbey, but an artificial floor of strong timber. At each side were spacious galleries, while one end was occupied by a gorgeous oratory, (if the Royal Box may be so denominated,) and at the other end, a vast orchestra climbed high towards the roof.

To speak more in detail, the seats in the area ranged closely and transversely from side to side. In the aisles, the seats were placed in lines from east to west, and rose gradually one above another, as in the gallery of a theatre. At the back of these seats, a white drapery, looped and ornamented with gilt lyres, extended all round, close to the walls of the Abbey.

"About halfway up the great *roof tree* clustered pillars, and in front of them a light gallery was carried along, hung with crimson cloth drapery, gracefully festooned, and richly fringed. Behind it, and within the space of the aisles, a still greater gallery was constructed, with seats rising abruptly and conveniently one over the other, until they reached more than halfway up the great side windows of the Abbey; so that the heads of persons occupying them were on a level with the capitals of the pillars, from whence spring the Saxon arches, which support the aisle roof. This gallery corresponded in appearance with the seats on the floor beneath it."*

The whole of the seats and their appendages were covered with crimson cloth, with bright yellow borders, and fringes, where used at all, of the same colour; but the latter sparingly.

Turning towards the east end of the nave, might be seen the *Royal Box*, or place of reception for their Majesties. This was erected with the back to the back of the organ, used for the ordinary cathedral service, and with a smaller box on each side of it. It was elevated about six feet from the pavement upon

a kind of low gallery, or dais, handsomely draped and carpeted. This contained rows of seats for the accommodation of the noble patrons, presidents, and directors of the Festival. Immediately above the Royal Box was a gallery capable of containing 100 persons.

The Royal Box consisted of an apartment of pentagonal form, three of its sides projecting beyond the line of two lesser square apartments, one on each side of it, which altogether filled up the space between pillar and pillar. A kind of balcony was carried along them in front, and separated them from the dais of the Directors: this was ornamented with a rich festooning of crimson satin. The royal arms were raised in gold upon the centre projecting balcony: on the sides were the rose and the portcullis. The canopy was fronted with pointed (or Gothic) screenwork, exquisitely carved and gilt, and shooting into pinnacles and enriched finials. In the centre was a figure of St. George and the Dragon; and on the cornice, as it were, of the lesser apartments, were raised in circles, and on an azure ground, the stars of the Bath, the Garter, St. Patrick, and St. Andrew, and that of the Ionian islands. The upholstery of these apartments was in rich taste: the outer draperies were of crimson satin, and the linings of purple and scarlet; the seats and cushions were in purple velvet and gold; the floor was superbly carpeted, and light was admitted through the ceiling, or top, which was a transparency of the Royal arms.

In the opposite direction rose the *Orchestra*, as in 1784, under the painted west window, from a gallery crossing the entire nave, and somewhat lower than the side galleries. In the front of this gallery was a row of seats for the principal singers, behind whom was ranged a semi-chorus of forty. In the centre, next them, was placed a grand piano-forte, at which sat or stood the conductor, Sir George Smart: on the same line were ranged the double-basses. Line after line then ascended—the violoncellos in double file, keeping next the wall on each side—the violins inclining towards the centre. The chief flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons, kept this company, while higher and higher still, rose other lines of instruments, until the eye arrived at a large organ of point-work (or Gothic) front, and built for the occasion by Mr. Gray: "the organ keys were brought down to about the centre of the orchestra, and by an ingenious contrivance, the organist fronted the conductor instead of the organ."† In the narrow spaces between the organ and the wall were the cymbal-men and drummers; and, at the top of all, "stood the master of the mightiest

* *Morning Herald*. These details of the fittings are abridged from the *Herald* and *Times* newspapers, which are allowed to have furnished the best reports of this description. As they have been compared and incorporated in making our abstract, we hope this general acknowledgment of our sources may suffice, except in case of entire and continued quotation, as above.

† *Spectator*.

drum." Handsomely gilt music stands were placed before each couple of musicians, and relieved the dull and dusky appearance of the orchestra. The chief vocalists, as we have mentioned, were ranged in front of the orchestra gallery: the great body of the choristers were in a different position. At this end of the nave, the aisles at each side bend into it at their termination, so as to form an angular *cul-de-sac*; and in the spacious recesses so formed were closely stowed the choristers: the sopranos and altos on the left, and the tenors and basses on the right, as you faced the orchestra. This position of the chorus was a faulty arrangement: for, as observed by the *Spectator*, a journal respected for the excellence of its musical criticism, "in the Abbey, the long rows of massy pillars formed a screen which shut out the view of the chorus from the majority of the auditors. In a great part of the reserved seats, not a chorus-singer could be seen: while those of the company who were seated in the north galleries heard an immense preponderance of tenor and bass, a similar overweight of treble and counter being the exclusive share of those who occupied the south galleries. The immense difference in height between the centre and side aisles, gave a different degree of reverberation to the voices and the instruments, as if they were in two different rooms. The power of the latter had ample space to expand in the lofty roof of the centre aisle, but that of the former was confined within very narrow limits. Hence, there was scarcely a place in the Abbey in which the true proportions of the band could be heard. The auditor might take his choice between voices and instruments, and in the latter, he might select either trebles or basses; but, to realize the entire effect of the orchestra was impossible." "Without any reference to this inconvenience, however," as observed in the *Times*, "the *ensemble* had a most picturesque and striking effect."

The full accommodation in the audience part of the cathedral was prepared for 2,700 persons; of which 1,200 were reserved seats, the tickets for which were sold at two guineas each; the other tickets were sold at one guinea each. These were the prices on the days of *performance*: the admission to the *rehearsals* being half price.* The light was abundant everywhere in the Abbey, except in the lower galleries; and a refreshing coolness, which the state of the temperature without made peculiarly acceptable, was maintained in every part of the building.

[Continued in the SUPPLEMENT, published with the present Number, with a large Engraving of the ROYAL BOX.]

* It will be scarcely possible to ascertain the precise number of persons who attended the Festival, until the accounts be made up and published.

THE NAMELESS TOMB.

UNKNOWN to all is he who sleeps
Beneath this marble mound;
No gloomy cypress o'er him weeps,
Or throws its shade around.
The walls of yonder village fauce
Their pale mementos bear;
But, oh! the eye may look in vain
To trace his record there!

Could he attune the lofty lyre
With fervour on its strings,
And feel the gush of heavenly fire
Surround his spirit's wings;
Or could he muse with feelings mute,
On Evening's deep repose,
When birds were warbling like a lute
Upon the sunny rose;

Or did he hear the trumpet's sound
Breathe tidings from afar,
When, 'mid the battle-clouds around,
His crest shone like a star;
If triumph's wreath adorned his brow,
And graced his early fame,
What tribute is the victor's now?
A tomb without his name!

Was gorgeous spoil amass'd by him
From desecrated fane;
Or bound he in a dungeon dim
His captive foes with chains;
Or, were the friendless by him driven
With unrelenting pow'r?
All this will be reveal'd in heaven,
And crown his future hour.

What boots it now! The cloudless sky
Is lovely as of yore;
But Death has closed the slumberer's eye,
On which the Morn shall beam no more!
The moral of his life is past,
His attributes are lost in gloom,
And pensive Memory cannot cast
Her tears upon his nameless tomb.—G. R. C.

EARLY ENGLISH SHIPPING.

By M. L. B.

It is easy to conceive that the first description of water-carriages must have been floats, or rafts, to which, as it became apparent that their freight was exposed to wet, and washing away by heavy seas, succeeded canoes, made, like those of still barbarous nations, of large trees made hollow. Such, however, being found incapable of containing many men, or much merchandise, would necessarily give place to vessels constructed with greater art, compactly joined, and of some depth and capacity; yet, a lack of proper implements and materials for sawing and joining, &c. would restrict the builders of these vessels to forming them of substances simple and elastic, as osiers or twigs closely interwoven and covered firmly with skins to render them water-proof.* Such we find by the concurrent testimonies of Pliny, Cæsar, Lucan, Festus Avienus, Solinus, &c. were the boats commonly employed by the British, Irish, and Scotch, in the earliest periods of their history; whether they derived them from the

* A sort of watted boat like this, is described by tourists as used to this day in many parts of Wales and Ireland, for the conveyance of light merchandise up the rivers, and called *corragh*, *curragh*, *coracle*, or *currack*, *carrack*, &c.

Gauls, or (if this island was not originally peopled by colonies of that nation as credibly asserted,) whether the Britons, taught by necessity, invented these barks, is uncertain. Their keels and ribs were made of slender pieces of wood, their bodies woven with wattles, and tightly covered with skins; and they were so light as on occasions to be carried in carts for some miles. Ill adapted as were these boats for voyages of any length, it is certain that, by their means, Gaul, Ireland, Caledonia, and Britain, kept up a continual intercourse. But, there is also every reason to believe that the early inhabitants of our island possessed in common with the people of the neighbouring continent, and probably derived from them, vessels, larger in size, superior in form, and more durable in texture; in fact, men-of-war. Cæsar, who is on this point the best authority, not only asserts that the Gauls forced a settlement on the coasts of Britain, (which could not have been effected without a considerable number of armed men, too heavy a freight for wicker boats,) but that the Britons supplied Gaul with auxiliaries in their wars with the Romans. The Veneti, a people who resided on the coast of Armorica, now Brittany, the great friends and allies of our ancestors, were celebrated for their ships, and knowledge of maritime affairs; and Cæsar describes their vessels as exceedingly large, lofty, and strong, built entirely of thick oaken planks, and too solid to be injured by the beaks of the Roman ships. These people constantly received assistance in their naval engagements from the Britons, which could scarcely have been sought had the latter nothing better than wicker boats wherewithal to render it. In the famous engagement between the combined fleets of the Veneti and Britons, against the Romans, off the coast of Armorica, by which the naval power of Gaul and Britain was utterly ruined, the maritime force of the allies consisted of 220 of these large, strong ships, which were almost totally destroyed. It appears, however, from the only records we possess of these and similar efforts in naval tactics, that these vessels were not manned by more than three mariners and thirty men-at-arms each; that they were propelled both by sails and oars, which were used separately or together, the seamen singing as they rowed; that the furthest point southward to which they attained, was to the mouth of the Garonne, in Gaul; and that the extreme point northward, was to the north of Norway. It may be also observed, that in these barbarous ages, little difference existed, if any, in the ships employed by the Britons for war and commerce; that the sails of their vessels were probably made of skins, like those of the Veneti, and that thongs of leather were employed in them in place of ropes. Without chart and without compass, the Britons

steered by the stars,—precarious guides a best, in our uncertain climate. Their vessels, it appears, were not well victualled, and during the passage from and to Britain and Ireland, their rule was, (if Solinus may be credited,) never to eat. But they had some idea of telegraphic communication, for when an ancient British fleet sailed under the command of one leader, the admiral's ship was known by his shield being hung aloft on a mast, and signals were made by striking the bosses of the shield; of these the usual number was seven, and each was distinguished by emitting a different though well-known sound.

After the conquest of Britain by the Romans, who rendered themselves as formidable by sea as by land, that highly-gifted people introduced, amongst the arts which they readily imparted to their new and uncivilized subjects, many and material improvements in ship-building and navigation. The Emperor Claudius, in particular, who subjugated the southern parts of the island, bestowed several privileges on those who built large ships for trade, viz.: ships, capable of carrying 10,000 Roman *modia*, or 312 English quarters of corn. It is impossible to ascertain with certainty the number and tonnage of British merchantmen under the Romans, but both must have been considerable, since London, in the reign of Nero, A. D. 91, had become a city of merchants and merchandise; and in A. D. 359, no fewer than 800 ships were employed by Britain solely in the exportation of corn. The Romans appear also to have introduced the distinction between trading vessels and men-of-war; and having by ships of the latter description secured the conquest of this island, they preserved it, by stationing a fleet of the same in its harbours and off its coasts, which also established them in the dominion of the British seas, and protected the trade of their subjects. The commander-in-chief of this fleet, (Selden, *Mare Clausum*,) was an officer of high rank, termed *Archigubernus classis Britannicæ*, or High Admiral of the British Fleet; and Seius Salturninus held this important office under the Emperors Adrian and Antoninus Pius. Towards the end of the third century, the Frank and Saxon pirates so infested our seas, that considerable reinforcements in the British fleet were deemed essential, in order to protect merchants from the assaults of those daring marauders. To Carausius, an officer of dauntless courage and unrivalled skill and experience in nautical affairs, was the command of the strengthened fleet entrusted; he used it as a mighty engine towards obtaining for himself the imperial purple; and actually succeeded, by its means, partially in his design, obliging Diocletian and Maximian to make peace, and share

with him the imperial dignity. Carausius was truly the sovereign of the seas—"the King of Ships," as he is poetically styled by Ossian, and the dread of the naval power of Rome;* so was also his successor, Alectus, against whom Constantius employed a fleet of 1,000 sail, and in the enterprise of regaining Britain from his hands, is thought to have succeeded rather by the happy accident of passing unobserved the British fleet in a dense fog, than by any superiority of skill, or force. But the praises lavished on Constantius for his victory, sufficiently prove the importance attached to the naval power of Britain at this very early period.

After the reunion of this island with the Roman Empire, the sallies of the Saxon pirates became so frequent and annoying, (extending even far into the bosom of the country,) that the Romans were induced not only to keep a powerful fleet in the British ports and seas, for cruising, but to build and garrison several forts on the coast, to oppose their landing; and fleets and forts were both commanded by an officer of high rank, styled Count of the Saxon shore in Britain. These were great and glorious times for England, but not long to endure; for when her generous conquerors, harassed by civil dissensions and dangers, were obliged to withdraw from her shores, with them went necessarily, from their own precarious circumstances, her bulwarks, her strength, and her natural defence—a powerful maritime force, maintaining the dominion of the surrounding seas, and at once supporting, and supported by, a flourishing and extensive commerce, England speedily fell a prey to the Saxons; and little is known of her naval affairs, besides that she was continually harassed by those merciless invaders the Norwegians and Danes, who, for the space of eighty-eight years, were generally attacked and defeated on her coasts, but never dared to be encountered on the element of which they were now the undoubted masters.

The great Alfred, to his immortal praise, was the restorer of Britain's naval power, which he revived from a very low state; and in wresting the dominion of the ocean from the hands of the Danes, resuscitated that foreign trade which had of necessity languished miserably during the reign of the Sea Kings, who recklessly pillaged and destroyed the merchantmen that fell into their hands. The Anglo-Saxon navy was so depressed at this period, that after four years preparation, Alfred put to sea in person (A. D. 875) with only four or five small vessels, with which he attacked six sail of pirates, (as the Danes were commonly called,) took one, and put the rest to flight. Inconsiderable as was this victory, it laid the founda-

tion of England's naval power and supremacy. Alfred, after surmounting misfortunes which threatened his life, and the subversion of his monarchy, steadily pursued his plans relative to the maritime affairs of this kingdom; and, by a judicious treatment of the Danish pirates who fell into his hands, rendered them subservient to his measures for forming or raising a fleet, by causing them to instruct his subjects in nautical science. In the course of a few years, by affording every encouragement both to natives and foreigners, to enter the British sea-service, and to promote the interests of an extensive and lucrative commerce, Alfred raised so considerable a naval power, as to be enabled equally to defend the coasts of his kingdom, and to protect the trade of his people. This truly great prince also encouraged voyages of discovery and commerce with far distant lands, even with India; and records of the voyages of Ochter a Norwegian, and Wulfstan an Anglo-Saxon, undertaken in his reign, are still extant; both noted down by the king himself, from the *viva voce* relation of the adventurers.† To Alfred, naval architecture was indebted for some remarkable improvements. Observing that the keels, or cags, as the European vessels of that period were termed, were of very clumsy form, short, broad, low, exceedingly hard to work, and very slow sailers, he directed his workmen to build ships of a very different construction, which are thus described in the Saxon chronicle:—"They were about twice the size of the former vessels, and much more lofty, which made them swifter sailers, more steady in the water, and not so apt to roll. Some of these new ships had sixty oars, and some even more." Hence, it appears, they were a kind of galliots, worked both by oars and sails, capable of prosecuting their voyages, and pursuing the enemy, in wind or calm; and sixty or seventy sailers were required to navigate them.

(To be continued.)

† Ochter seems from this account, to have discovered, at that early period, the Dwina, which was not again known in England until re-discovered by Captain Richard Chancellor, above 650 years after Alfred's death.

THE CASTLE OF GLOOM.

The ruins of Castle Campbell are romantically situated in a gorge of the Ochills, at the northern extremity of Clackmannanshire. It is of unknown antiquity, and passed into the hands of the Argyll family when the Scottish court held their meetings in Dumfermline. Its original designation was the "Castle of Gloom," from some wild, but unauthenticated legend, connected with its early history. Its name was altered to "Castle Campbell" by its subsequent proprietors.—*Delta's Tour.*

THE air is rife with melody,
The skies and sea are bright,
But Time's dark hand has wasted thee,
Thou Ruin of the height!

* See *Mirror*, vol. xxi. p. 269.

And summer strews its wildest flow'rs
 Upon the summit of thy tow'rs,
 The trumpet peal'd around thy walls
 Its proudest song of yore,
 And called the bands that graced thy halls —
 To many a distant shore;
 And flash'd the helm, and waved the plume,
 Beneath thy shade, thou place of gloom!
 But though thy brightest days are o'er,
 With all their warlike pride,
 And battle long has ceased to pour
 Round thee its crimson tide;
 Thou still shalt tower above the wave,
 Demanding glory for the brave. G. R. C.

A VISIT TO CUMNOR.

"AND why go to Cumnor?" said Dr. — to his sister, who had come to visit the Professor, at Oxford. "Why? because I am anxious to explore its thousand interesting localities. It has been 'my thought by day, my dream by night,' ever since I read *Kenilworth*. And now, with the enchanter's spell still over my fancy, am I within three miles of Anthony Forster's 'den of horrors;' in the vicinage, where once that 'garden grew' in which the love-lorn Tressilian watched for his faithless Amy—I should be duller than the fat weed that roots itself in ease on Lethe's strand, did I not stir in this!"—"Go, my dear sister, go; and may Sir Walter's fair illusions still linger round your way."

The morrow found the enthusiastic lady commencing her little journey, with a mind full of associations connected with the "merrie days of good Queen Bess," and with the beautiful lament, which William Julius Mickle has put into the mouth of the imprisoned Countess,—fresh in her mind.

It was a soft, sad, vernal day in the latter end of April. She approached the village with a beating heart at the recollection of the tragedy once perpetrated there; but nothing different to a thousand other villages appeared: there was the grey spire of the church, pointing to that heaven where the sufferer's spirit found its home, and from whence just retribution fell on her murderers. The bell tolled heavily from its hoary steeple, but no longer did it seem to say "Countess, prepare, thy end is near!" The clerk of the parish was the only person who could give any account of the "remains." The old man soon made his appearance, and led the way to all that is now left of Tony Forster's dire abode. But the only record of things that were, is an old wall of great thickness, standing not far from the church, within which are a few stone steps—though to what they led, or of what part of the mansion they formed a part, it were now vain to inquire. The building was taken down, (the old man said,) some twenty-four years ago, and the materials applied to common uses; "and this is all, Madam, that now remains."

The spell was broken, and henceforth Mrs. — felt, that Cumnor must live in

her fancy as it was, not as it is. The very superstition has faded away which caused the village maids, with fearful glance, to "shun the ancient moss-grown hall." Poor Amy! the grey wall and the mysterious steps alone remain to tell of "all her love, and all her woe!" With what a charm are all places, persons, and things invested, by the associations which genius alone can cast over them. How many pilgrimages have been made to the "soft, flowing Avon," to see all that is left of "glorious Will;" to sit in his chair, to buy snuff-boxes made from the end-
 less mulberry tree, and to gaze on that speaking likeness of him in the church, said to be the best extant. Who would visit Olney without asking to see Cowper's garden? Pope's villa and Strawberry Hill—how do the memories of the little waspish poet, and the most witty and unimaginative of writers, hover round them! Where the great lights of other days have lived, moved, and passed any part of their meteoric existence, becomes from that time no place for common feeling. Of Abbotsford, 'twere vain to speak: it is the shrine of many a pilgrim. Newstead Abbey—how will its name convey to future years the memory of that man "of rank and of capacious soul," whom Pollok so grandly describes "as some fierce comet of tremendous size, to which the stars did reverence as it passed." Bolt Court—how Boswell has contrived to illumine its dim obscurity, and to make you expect to meet Dr. Cerberus, (as somebody styles the great Johnson,) in every cross-looking old gentleman who may happen to be passing by. Fiction can people airy nothing with associations, and give them "a local habitation and a name." Who could enter Wakefield, on the least inspiring day of all the year, and not find fancy wandering to the excellent Dr. Primrose, his sapient wife, and pretty daughters, with Moses, and his unhappy purchase of the "shagreen spectacles." Mr. Mathews, whose *Diary of an Invalid* proves him to be the most delightful, because the least tedious, of all tourists, acknowledges that on entering a church in Italy, he could think of nothing but Mrs. Radcliffe, and the scene, which in one of her romances, she has chosen to fix there. Reality vanished—and when the illusion passed, he felt surprised to find himself in a small, dusky building, with no gliding nun or shadowy monk to give an interest to its dreariness. But, instances might be multiplied of places, where present vacancy is peopled with what lives in the mind's eye alone. Hence, the never-ending interest attached to those hoary mementos of feudal times which stand "all tenantless save to the crannying wind, or holding dark communion with the cloud." The present and the tangible do not satisfy that immortal part of our being which cannot be bound by

time or place; but, as if to prove that it will one day burst from its enthrallment, is for ever expatiating on things imagined but unseen; and if there be, (as Washington Irving says,) "cold ascetics in the world, who scout everything that a line cannot measure, or a diagram demonstrate, there are others left who will continue to revel in fairy fictions, and forget the painful realities of existence, in the mighty visions of the imagination."

ANNE R—.

The Sketch-Book.

A TALE OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

[CAPTAIN ALEXANDER narrates, in his *Transatlantic Sketches*, the following story, derived in part from a respectable resident at Niagara, and confirmed by the testimony of the ferryman who was witness to many of the melancholy details.]

On the 18th of June, 1829, the anniversary of the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo, a tall and handsome young man, habited in a long sad-coloured cloak, or gown, passed through the village at Niagara. Under his left arm he bore a roll of blankets, as if for bivouacking, a portfolio, a flute, and a large book; in his right hand was a cane. In passing the Eagle Hotel he attracted the gaze of the visitors by his eccentric appearance; but regardless of the idle and gay crowd, he passed on, and sought out the unpretending inn of Mr. O'Kelley. There he immediately entered into stipulations with the host for the entire use of a room where he could eat and sleep alone, and that certain parts of his cooking should be done by Mr. O'Kelley. He then made the usual inquiries as to the localities about the Falls, and wished to know if there was a library or reading-room in the village. On being informed that there was, he repaired to it, deposited three dollars, took out a book, purchased a violin and some music-books, and informed the librarian that his name was Francis Abbott, and that he should remain a few days at the Falls. He then conversed on various subjects, and showed by his language that he was a man of cultivated mind.

Next day he returned to the library, and expatiated enthusiastically upon the beautiful scenery round the Falls, and upon that most sublime and magnificent spectacle the great cataract itself. "In all my wanderings," he said, "I have never met with anything in nature that equals it in sublimity, except perhaps Mount Etna during an eruption. I shall remain here at least a week, for as well might a traveller in two days expect to examine in detail all the museums and sights of Paris, as to become acquainted with Niagara, and duly to appreciate it in the same space of time. You tell me that many visitors

remain here only one day, and I am quite astonished that any one, who has a few days to spare, could think of only devoting one to this, perhaps the grandest of Nature's works."

In a few days he called again, and again spoke in raptures of the glorious scene. He said he had now determined on remaining a month, or perhaps six months, and wished to fix his abode on Goat or Iris Island, and was desirous of erecting a rustic hut, where he might abstract himself from all society, and lead a hermit's life of seclusion. But the proprietors of the island refused him the permission he sought, so he occupied a small room in the only house on the island—a log-hut of one story, and in front a vegetable garden, washed by the rapid above the American falls. The family with whom he lived furnished him occasionally with bread and milk; but he often dispensed with these, providing himself with other articles from a store, and performed his own cooking. He thus lived for twenty months, until the family removed; and then, to those few persons with whom he held communication, he expressed his great satisfaction at having it now in his power to live entirely alone. But after a time another family occupied the hut, whose manners he did not like; so he set about building for himself, and erected on the opposite bank a dwelling of plain exterior, which yet stands, about thirty rods from the American fall, and embowered in trees; here he lived for two months.

Many spots on Iris Island are consecrated to the memory of Francis Abbott. At the upper end of the island he had established his promenade; and in one place it was hard trodden, like the short walk of a sentry at his post. Between Iris and Moss Island there is, in shade and seclusion, a small but interesting cascade; this was his favourite retreat for bathing. Here he resorted at all seasons of the year. In the coldest weather, even when there was snow on the ground and ice on the river, he continued to bathe in the Niagara.

At the lower extremity of the island is the bridge leading to the Terapin rocks, between which the troubled water roars and rushes immediately before it is precipitated over the ledge. At first, when I went on this bridge, though I am not accustomed to become giddy, yet, for a time, I could not divest myself of the idea that the bridge was giving way under me, and was hurrying over the awful steep—

"Towards the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent; waves innumerable
Meet here and madden; waves innumerable
Urge on and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam."

From the end of the bridge there extended a single piece of timber, some twelve or fifteen feet over the cataract. On the bridge it was

the daily practice of the hermit to walk, either when alone, or when there were visitors there, whom he often alarmed by his strange appearance in his dark gown, hair streaming in the wind, and bare feet. With a quick step he would pass along the bridge, advance on the timber to the extreme point, turn quickly but steadily on his heel, and walk back, and continue thus to walk to and fro for hours together. Sometimes he would stand on one leg, and pirouette with the other round the end of the log; then he would go down on his knees, and gaze in seeming ecstasy on the bright green and snow-white water of the cataract. "But the worst of all, sir," said the ferryman to me, "was when he would let himself down by the hands, and hang over the fall. Lord! sir, my flesh used to creep, and my hair stand on end, when I saw him do that." Truly, he must have had nerves of iron, thus to suspend himself over such a fearful abyss, the vapour rising in clouds round him, the appalling roar of the mighty waters stunning him, as the heavy sound rose from the bottom of the mighty cauldron, perhaps five hundred feet deep.

To the inquiry, why he would thus expose himself? he would reply, that in crossing the ocean he had frequently seen the sea-boy "on the high and giddy mast" perform far more perilous acts; and as he should probably again soon pass the sea himself, he wished to inure himself to such danger; if the nerves of others were disturbed, his were not. The ferryman said that he suspected he wished to slip from the bridge some day by accident. At the midnight hour he was often found walking, alone and unfearing, in the most dangerous places near the falls, and at such times he would shun approach, as if he had a dread of man.

An agent at Boston remitted him a stipend of about five dollars a-week, and he always attended to the state of his accounts very carefully, was economical in the expenditure of his money for his own immediate use, and was generous in paying for all favours and services, never receiving anything without making immediate payment. He had a deep and abiding sense of his moral duties, was mild in his behaviour, and inoffensive in his conduct. Religion was a subject he well understood and highly appreciated:—"The charity he asked from others, he extended to all mankind."

The ferryman informed me that some weeks before I arrived at Niagara he observed Francis Abbott bathe twice in one day below the boat-landing; a third time he came down, and the ferryman remarked him holding his head under water for a considerable time, and thought to himself he should not like to be so situated. He turned his boat to convey a passenger across, and on

looking again to the spot where he had last observed the hermit, he was no more to be seen—his clothes only lay on a rock. Search was immediately made for the body, but it was not discovered till ten days afterwards, many miles below the falls, at Fort Niagara. When picked up, it was slightly bruised, doubtless in passing through the Devil's Hole, a terrific whirlpool with drift timber in it, three miles below the great falls. The corpse was removed to the burial-ground at Niagara, and decently interred.

Thus terminated the career of the unfortunate Francis Abbott, so little known to those among whom he spent his last two years, that only a few gleanings of his life can be given. He was an English officer, on half-pay, and of a respectable family; his manners were excellent, and his mind highly cultivated. His education had been a finished one, for he was not only master of several languages, but well versed in the arts and sciences, and also possessed all the minor accomplishments of a gentleman; with colloquial powers in an eminent degree, and music and drawing in great perfection. Several years of his life had been spent in travelling; he had visited Egypt and Palestine, had journeyed through Italy, Turkey, and Greece, Spain, Portugal, and France, and had resided for a considerable period at Rome, Naples, and Paris.

While at the falls, if business brought him in contact with any of the inhabitants, with a few of them he would sometimes be sociable, to all others distant and reserved. When he chose to converse, his subjects were always interesting, and his descriptions of people and countries were glowing and animated; but at most times he would hold no conversation with any one, communicating his wishes on a slate, and requesting that nothing might be said to him. Sometimes, for three or four months together, he would go unshaved, often with no covering on his head, his body enveloped in a blanket, shunning all, and seeking the deepest solitudes of Iris Island. He composed much, and generally in Latin, but destroyed his writings as fast almost as he produced them. When his cottage was examined hopes were entertained that some manuscript or memorial might be found of his composition; but he had left nothing of the kind. His faithful dog guarded the door, and was with difficulty persuaded aside while it was opened. A simple cot stood in one corner, and his guitar, violin, flute, and music-books, were scattered about confusedly; a portfolio lay on a rude table, and many leaves of a large book; but not a word, not even his name, was written on any of them.

"What, it will be asked," said an intelligent American, "could have broken up and destroyed such a mind as seemed to have

been that of Francis Abbott? What could have driven him from the society he was so well qualified to adorn, and what transform him, noble in person and intellect, into an isolated anchorite, avoiding the society of his fellows? The history of his misfortunes is unknown, and the cause of his unhappiness and seclusion is still a mystery."

Retrospective Cleanings.

THE CRUCIFIX AND GOLD CHAIN OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

THE following account of the finding of the gold crucifix and gold chain of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey, by Charles Taylor, gentleman, after 620 years interment, is extracted from a book printed in the year 1688. W. G. C.

"So many and so various have been the relations and reports concerning the finding and disposing of the crucifix and gold chain of St. Edward the King and Confessor, and those so fabulous and uncertain withal, that in honour to truth, to disabuse the misinformed world, and to satisfy the curiosity as well as the importunity of my friends, I think myself under an obligation to give an exact account of this fact, which I shall do with the utmost fidelity.

"In the chapel of St. Edward the Confessor, within the shrine erected to his most glorious memory, I have often observed, (by the help of a ladder,) something resembling a coffin, made of sound, firm, and strong wood, and bound about with bands of iron; and during the eighteen years I have belonged to the choir of this church, it was a common tradition among us, that therein was deposited the body or remains of holy King Edward the Confessor.

"Now, it happened, not long after the coronation of their present Majesties, (James II.,) that the aforesaid coffin or chest was found to be broke, and a hole made upon the upper lid thereof, over against the right breast, about six inches long and four broad; some esteeming it an accident through the carelessness and neglect of the workmen in removing the scaffolds; others thought it done out of design: but, be it one or the other, thus it continued for almost seven weeks, and was often viewed by divers of the church, before it was my good fortune to go thither; when, on St. Barnaby's day, 1685, I met with two friends, between eleven and twelve of the clock, who told me they were going to see the tombs; so I went along with them, informing them that there was a report that the coffin of St. Edward the Confessor was broke; and coming to the place I was desirous of being satisfied of the truth thereof. In order thereunto I fetched a ladder, looked upon the coffin, and found all things answerable to the report;

and putting my hand into the hole, and turning the bones which I felt there, I drew from underneath the shoulder-bones a crucifix richly adorned and enamelled, and a gold chain of twenty-four inches long, into which it was affixed; the which I immediately showed to my two friends, they being equally surprised, and as much admired the same as myself. But, I was afraid to take them away, till I had acquainted the Dean, and therefore I put them into the coffin with a full resolution to inform him. But the Dean not being to be spoken with at that time, and fearing this holy treasure might be taken thence by some other persons, and so concealed by converting it to their own use; I went, about two or three hours after, to one of the choir, and acquainted him with what I had found; and who immediately accompanied me back to the monument, from whence I again drew the crucifix and chain, and showed them him, who beheld them with admiration, and advised me to keep them till I could have an opportunity of showing them to the Dean; so I kept them about a month, and having no opportunity in all that time to speak with the Dean, but hearing that his Grace the Archbishop of York was in town, I waited upon him with the crucifix and chain, who looked upon them as great pieces of antiquity, ordering me to wait upon him the next morning, to attend him to Lambeth house, that his Grace of Canterbury might also have a sight thereof. We went accordingly, and when I had produced them, and his Grace had well viewed them, he expressed the like conceptions of them as my lord of York had done before.

"About the same time, that industrious and judicious antiquary, Sir William Dugdale, was pleased to give me a visit, desiring a sight thereof, (with whose request I willingly complied,) telling me that he would make some remarks thereon.

"Speedily after, the Dean going to Lambeth, his Grace told him at dinner what he had seen, and informed him that they were still in my possession. Upon his return to the abbey, that afternoon, about four of the clock, I was sent for, and Mr. Dean immediately took me along with him to Whitehall, that I might present this sacred treasure to the King; and being introduced, I immediately, upon my knees, delivered them to his Majesty, of which he accepted with much satisfaction; and having given his Majesty a farther account in what condition the remains of the body of that holy King were, and opened the cross in his presence, and withdrew, leaving them safe in his royal possession.

"At the time when I took the cross and chain out of the coffin, I drew the head to the hole and viewed it, being very sound and firm, with the upper and nether jaws

whole, and full of teeth, and a list of gold above an inch broad, in the nature of a coronet surrounding the temples: there was also in the coffin white linen, and gold-coloured flowered silk, and looked indifferent fresh, but the least stress put thereto, showed that it was well nigh perished; there were all his bones, and much dust likewise, which I left as I found. His Majesty was pleased soon after this discovery to send to the Abbey, and order the old coffin to be inclosed in a new one, of an extraordinary strength, each plank being two inches thick, and cramped together with large iron wedges; where it now remains as a testimony of his pious care, that no abuse might be offered to the sacred treasures therein deposited.

"I shall now endeavour to give an exact description of these rarities as I can possible: the chain was full twenty-four inches long, all of pure gold, the links oblong and curiously wrought; the upper part thereof, (to lie in the nape of the neck,) was joined together by a locket, composed of a large round knob of massy gold, and in circumference as big as a milled shilling, and half an inch thick; round this went a wire, and on the wire about half a dozen little beads, hanging loose, and running to and again on the same, all of pure gold, and finely wrought. On each side of this locket were set two large square red stones, (supposed to be rubies,) from each side of this locket, fixed to two rings of gold, the chain descends, and meeting below, passes through a square piece of gold of a convenient bigness, made hollow for the same purpose: this gold, wrought in several angles, was painted with divers colours, resembling so many gems or precious stones, and to which the crucifix was joined, yet to be taken off, (by the help of a screw,) at pleasure.

"For the form of the cross, it comes nighest to that of a humette flory among the heralds, or rather the botony, yet the pieces here are not of an equal length, the direct or perpendicular beam being nigh one fourth part longer than the traverse, as being four inches to the extremities, while the other scarce exceeds three; yet all of them neatly turned at the ends, and the botons enamelled with figures thereon. The cross itself is of the same gold as the chain; but then it exceeds it by its rich enamel, having on the one side the picture of our Saviour Jesus Christ in his passion wrought thereon, and an eye from above casting a kind of beams upon him; whilst on the reverse of the same cross is pictured a benedictine monk in his habit, on each side of him these capital Roman letters.

"On the right limb thus:

(A)
Z A X
A

"And on the left thus:

P
A C
H

"The cross is hollow, and to be opened by two little screws towards the top, wherein it is presumed some relic might have been conserved. The whole being a piece not only of great antiquity, but of admirable curiosity; and I look upon this accident as a great part of my fortune, to be made the main instrument of their discovery and preservation."

Notes of a Reader.

AN EVENING WALK IN LISBON.

(From Mr. Beckford's Travels.)

THE night being serene and pleasant, we were tempted to take a ramble in the Great Square, which received a faint gleam from the lights in the apartments of the palace, every window being thrown open to catch the breeze. The archbishop-confessor displayed his goodly person at one of the balconies. From a clown this now most important personage became a common soldier—from a common soldier, a corporal—from a corporal, a monk; in which station he gave so many proofs of toleration and good humour, that Pombal, who happened to stumble upon him by one of those chances which set all calculation at defiance, judged him sufficiently shrewd, jovial, and ignorant, to make a very harmless and comfortable confessor to her Majesty, then Princess of Brazil. Since her accession to the throne, he has become archbishop *in partibus*, grand inquisitor, and the first spring in the present government of Portugal. I never saw a sturdier fellow. He seems to anoint himself with the oil of gladness, to laugh and grow fat in spite of the critical situation of affairs in this kingdom, and just fears all its true patriots entertain of seeing it once more relapsed into a Spanish province.

At a window over his right reverence's shining forehead we spied out the Lacerdas—two handsome sisters, maids of honour to the queen, waving their hands to us very invitingly. This was encouragement enough for us to run up a vast many flights of stairs to their apartment, which was crowded with nephews and nieces, and cousins, clustering round two very elegant young women, who, accompanied by their singing master, a little, square friar with greenish eyes, were warbling Brazilian *modinhas*.

Those who have never heard this original sort of music must and will remain ignorant of the most bewitching melodies that ever existed since the days of the Sybarites. They consist of languid, interrupted measures, as

if the breath were gone with excess of rapture, and the soul panting to meet the kindred soul of some beloved object; with a childish carelessness they steal into the heart, before it has time to arm itself against their enervating influence; you fancy you are swallowing milk, and are admitting the poison of voluptuousness into the closest recesses of your existence. At least such beings as feel the power of harmonious sounds are doing so; I wont answer for hard-eared, phlegmatic, northern animals.

An hour or two past away almost imperceptibly in the pleasing delirium these syren notes inspired, and it was not without regret I saw the company disperse and the spell dissolve. The ladies of the apartment, having received a summons to attend her majesty's supper, curtsied us off very gracefully, and vanished.

In our way home we met the sacrament, enveloped in a glare of light, marching in state to pay some sick person a farewell visit, and that hopeful young nobleman, the Conde de Villanova,* preceding the canopy in a scarlet mantle, and tingling a silver bell. He is always in close attendance upon the host, and passes the flower of his days in this singular species of danglement. No lover was ever more jealous of his mistress than this ingenuous youth of his bell; he cannot endure any other person should give it vibration. The parish officers of the extensive and populous district in which his palace is situated, from respect to his birth and opulence, indulge him in this caprice, and, indeed, a more perseverent bell-bearer they could not have chosen. At all hours and in all weathers, he is ready to perform this holy office. In the dead of the night, or in the most intense heat of the day, out he issues, and down he dives, or up he climbs, to any dungeon or garret where spiritual assistance of this nature is demanded.

It has been again and again observed, that there is no accounting for fancies; every person has his own, which he follows to the best of his means and abilities. The old Marialva's delights are centred between his two silver recipiendaries; the marquis, his son's, in dancing attendance upon the queen; and Villanova's in announcing with his bell to all true believers the approach of celestial majesty. The present rage of the scribbler of all these extravagances is *modenhas*, and under its prevalence he feels half tempted to set sail for the Brazils, the native land of these enchanting compositions, to live in tents such as the Chevalier de Parry describes in his agreeable little voyage, and swing in hammocks, or glide over smooth mats, surrounded by bands of youthful minstrels, diffusing at every step the perfume of jessamine and roses.

* Afterwards Marquis of Abrantes.

THE SIEGE OF ZARAGOZA.

THE history of the siege of this city, in the first year of the peninsular war, under the brave Palafox, presents one of the most romantic displays of patriotism in the annals of history. The spirit of the ancient Numantians seemed to animate the citizens of Zaragoza. The French, despising alike the strength of the place and the character of the people, who, under the appearance of gravity and apathy, concealed a latent spirit of unconquerable enthusiasm, thought to take the city by storm. A party of the enemy entered the city on the 15th of June, 1808, who were all slain, and Lefebvre was compelled to draw off his troops beyond the reach of their guns. On the 27th, having been reinforced, they renewed the assault, and were again repulsed; but the Torrero (high ground with a convent and smaller buildings,) was taken; and from this spot the French showered down shells and grenades into the city, where there was not one building bomb-proof, while they continued to invest it more closely. During the night of the 28th, the powder magazine in the very heart of the city blew up, it is supposed through treachery, destroying fourteen houses and about 200 persons; and at this signal, a fresh attack was made on the city, which was directed chiefly against the Portillo gate. Here, the battery which had been formed of sand-bags piled up before the gate, was repeatedly destroyed, and as often reconstructed under the fire of the enemy. The carnage throughout the day was dreadful. On this occasion it was, that Augustina Zaragoza, a handsome young woman of the lower class, arriving at this battery with refreshments* at a moment when not a man was left alive to serve the guns, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artillery-man, and fired off a six-and-twenty pounder, vowing never to quit the gun alive. The Zaragozans, at this sight, rushed forward to the battery, and renewed their fire with greater

* During the siege, women of all ranks assisted, forming themselves into companies, some to relieve the wounded, some to carry water, wine, and provisions to those who defended the gates. "The Countess Burita instituted a corps for this service; she was young, delicate, and beautiful. In the midst of the most tremendous fire of shot and shells, she was seen coolly attending to those occupations which had now become her duty; nor, throughout the whole of a two months' siege, did the imminent danger to which she incessantly exposed herself, produce the slightest apparent effect upon her, or in the slightest degree bend her from her heroic purpose. Some of the monks bore arms; others exercised their spiritual offices to the dying; others, with the nuns, were busied in making cartridges, which the children distributed." When the enemy had gained the command of the surrounding country, "corn-mills worked by horses were erected in various parts of the city. The monks were employed in manufacturing gunpowder, materials for which were obtained by collecting all the sulphur in the place, by washing the soil of the streets to extract its nitre.

vigour than ever, and the French were repulsed at all points with great slaughter. By the end of July, the city was completely invested, and various assaults were made in the interim. On the 4th of August, batteries had been opened within pistol-shot of the church of Santa Engracia, and after a dreadful carnage, the French forced their way into the Cozo, in the very heart of the city. Lefebvre, imagining that he had effected his purpose, now addressed a note to Palafox, containing the words: "Head-quarters, Sta. Engracia. Capitulation." The answer returned was: "Head-quarters, Zaragoza. War at the knife's point (*Guerra al cuchillo*)."

"The contest which was now carried on is unexampled in history. One side of the Cozo, a street about as wide as Pall-Mall, was possessed by the French, and in the centre of it, their general, Verdier, gave his orders from the Franciscan convent. The opposite side was maintained by the Aragonese, who threw up batteries at the openings of the cross streets, within a few paces of those which the French erected against them. The intervening space was presently heaped with dead, either slain upon the spot, or thrown from the windows. Just before the day closed, Don Francisco Palafox, the general's brother, entered the city most unexpectedly with a convoy of arms and ammunition, and a reinforcement of 3,000 men. The war was now continued from street to street, from house to house, and from room to room; pride and indignation having wrought up the French to a pitch of obstinate fury little inferior to the devoted courage of the patriots. This most obstinate and murderous contest was continued for eleven successive days and nights, more indeed by night than by day. Under cover of the darkness, the combatants frequently dashed across the streets to attack each others' batteries; and the battles which began there, were often carried on into the houses beyond." A pestilence at length began to be dreaded from the enormous accumulation of putrifying bodies, and this in the month of August. No truce was asked, or would have been granted, on either side. The only remedy, therefore, for this horrible embarrassment, was, to tie ropes to the French prisoners, and push them forward to bring away the bodies for interment. "In every conflict, however, the citizens now gained ground upon the French, winning it inch by inch, till the space occupied by the enemy, which, on the day of their entrance, was nearly half the city, was gradually con-

tracted to about an eighth part. During the night of the 13th, their fire was particularly fierce and destructive. After their batteries had ceased, flames burst out in many parts of the buildings which they had won. Their last act was to blow up the church of Sta. Engracia; the powder was placed in the subterranean church, and this monument of fraud and credulity was laid in ruins. In the morning, the French columns, to the great surprise of the Spaniards, were seen at a distance retreating over the plain, on the road to Pamplona."

Such was the result of the first siege of Zaragoza. But the sufferings and achievements of its heroic defenders were not to terminate here. In the month of December, 1809, Marshal Moncey, Duke of Castiglione, having fixed his head-quarters at the Torrero, summoned Palafox to surrender the town, to prevent its total destruction. That true Spaniard returned a haughty and patriotic refusal. Moncey, falling ill, was superseded by Junot, and Marshals Lasnes, Mortier, Suchet, and St. Cyr, subsequently joined the besieging army. A breach was soon made in the mud walls, and the system now pursued was, to destroy the city by sapping and mining, street by street, while an incessant bombardment was kept up from without, which continued two-and-forty days, during which 17,000 bombs were thrown at the town. Famine and pestilence now came to the aid of the French, and by the 19th of February, only 2,822 of the Spanish troops remained fit for service. Two-thirds of the city had been destroyed, 30,000 of the inhabitants had perished, and from 3 to 400 were dying daily of the pestilence, when the *junta* capitulated.*—*Conder's Modern Traveller*.

CHATEAUBRIAND IN AMERICA.

"I SET out, (says our traveller,) for the country of savages, and embarked in a packet-boat, which ascended the river Hudson from New York to Albany. The society of passengers was numerous and agreeable, consisting of many women, and some American officers. A fresh breeze impelled us gently to our destination. Towards the evening of the first day, we assembled on the deck to take a collation of fruits and milk. The women were seated on benches, and the men placed themselves at their feet. The conversation was not long noisy. I have always remarked that the aspect of a fine scene of nature produces an involuntary silence. Suddenly one of the company cried out, 'It was here where

* Augustina Zaragoza, who had equally distinguished herself during the second siege, was among the prisoners, but escaped. Palafox was sent to France, where he died.

Major Andre was executed.' Immediately all my ideas were scattered. A very pretty American lady was asked to sing a romance made on this unfortunate young man. She yielded to our entreaties, and sang with a voice, timid, but full of softness and emotion. The sun was setting; we were then sailing between lofty mountains: here and there, suspended over their abysses, single cabins sometimes appeared and sometimes disappeared, among clouds, partly white, and partly rose-coloured, which floated horizontally at the height of these habitations. The points of rocks, and the bare tops of pine-trees, were sometimes seen above these clouds, and looked like little islands floating in the sea. The majestic river, now locked up between two parallel banks, stretched in a straight line before us, and anon turning towards the east, rolled its golden waves round some mount, which, advancing into the stream with all its plants, resembled a great bouquet of verdure bound to the foot of a blue and purple zone. We all kept a profound silence. For my part, I hardly dared to breathe. Nothing interrupted the plaintive song of the young passenger, except the noise which the vessel made in gliding through the water."

His rapture goes on increasing as he advances into the interior,—into the virgin forests of America.

"After having passed the Mohawk, I found myself in woods that had never felt the axe, and fell into a sort of ecstasy. I went from tree to tree, to the right and left indifferently, saying to myself—no more roads to follow—no more cities—no more narrow houses—no more presidents, republics, kings. * * To try if I had recovered my original rights, I played a thousand wilful freaks, which enraged the big Dutchman, who served me as a guide, and who thought me mad."

This ecstasy, says an auditor of the memoirs, has no end. Long pages are sometimes only long exclamations, breathing the very essence of contentment and happiness. In one place he says—"I was more than a king. If fate had placed me on a throne, and a revolution hurled me from it, instead of exhibiting my misery through Europe, like Charles and James, I should have said to amateurs: If my place inspires you with so much envy, try it, you will see it is not so good. Cut one another's throats for my old mantle. For my part, I will go and enjoy in the forests of America the liberty you have restored me to."

But this realized dream must end; and this is the manner he was awakened from it.

Useful Arts.

ORCHILLA WEED.*

(By Lieutenant Holman, in his "*Voyage round the World*.")

As the orchilla weed is a production, the practical application of which in various ways is diffused over a large surface of utility, and as its peculiar properties are not very generally known, a minute description of its nature and uses, which I have procured at some cost of time and research, may not prove uninteresting.

The orchilla is a delicate fibrous plant, springing up in situations that are apparently the most unfavourable to the sustenance of vegetable life. When gathered, it has a soft, delicious odour, which it retains for a great length of time. Mr. Glas, in his history of the Canary Islands, gives so clear and accurate an account of its growth, that I will avail myself of his description, as being not only the best I have met with, but as containing all the necessary particulars. "The orchilla weed," he observes, "grows out of the pores of the stones or rocks, to about the length of three inches: I have seen some eight or ten inches, but that is not common. It is of a round form, and of the thickness of common sewing twine. Its colour is grey, inclining to white: here and there on the stalk we find white spots or scabs. Many stalks proceed from one root, at some distance from which they divide into branches. There is no earth or mould to be perceived on the rock or stone where it grows. Those who do not know this weed, or are not accustomed to gather it, would hardly be able to find it, for it is of such a colour, and grows in such a direction, that it appears at first sight to be the shade of the rock on which it grows."

Mr. Glas adds, that the best sort is of the darkest colour, and nearly round; and that the more white spots or scabs it exhibits the better. It is found in considerable quantities, in the Canary Islands, the Cape de Verdes, the Azores, and the Madeiras; and such are the nice varieties and properties incidental to the different soils, (if they may be so called,) or climates, that although the above clusters of islands are at no great distance from each other, the difference in the produce makes a very considerable difference in the value of the article. It is also found on the coast of Barbary, and the Levant, and on that part of the coast of Africa which lies adjacent to the Canary Islands; but, owing to the want of seasonable rains, the produce of the latter is not rapid or abundant, although the quality is excellent. It has been suggested, that the orchilla was probably the Gertulian purple of the ancients; a conjecture which is strengthened by the

* *Vulgo* "Archeal," extensively used in dyeing.

fact, that the coast of Africa, where the orchilla abounds, was formerly called Gertulia. That the vivid dye which resides in this weed was known to the ancients, does not admit of any doubt.

The plant belongs to the class Cryptogamia, and order Algæ of the Linnæan system, and to the class Algæ, and order Lichenes, of the natural system. Professor Burnett, in his *Outline of Botany*, informs us, that "Roccella, a corruption of the Portuguese Rocha, is a name given to several species of lichen, in allusion to the situation in which they are found; delighting to grow on otherwise barren seaward rocks, that thus produce a profitable harvest. Tournefort considers that one species at least (*R. tinctoria*) was known to the ancients, and that it was the especial lichen (αἰσχρῶν) of Dioscorides, which was collected on the rocky islands of the Archipelago, from one of which it received the name of the 'purple of Amorçus.'"

Of all the known varieties of orchilla, that which is grown in the Canary Islands stands the highest in estimation, and brings the greatest price. In the collection of the weed, which is always performed by the natives, the risk is imminent: they are obliged to be suspended by ropes over the cliffs, many of which are of stupendous height, and loss of life frequently occurs in these perilous efforts to contribute to the luxury of man. Such is the esteem in which the orchilla of the Canaries is held, that it has recently reached the enormous value of 400*l.* per ton. That from the Cape de Verds is next in quality, but of much greater importance, in reference to the quantity produced. Madeira and the Azores produce the next qualities. The same plant, though of a very inferior character, is found in great abundance in Sardinia, in some parts of Italy, and also on the south coast of England, Portland Island, Guernsey, &c. but of so poor a kind that it would not reward the expense of collection.

The original mode of preparing orchilla, that which was practised by the ancients, is said to have been lost, and many chemical experiments exhausted in vain for its recovery. In 1300, however, it was rediscovered by a Florentine merchant, and from that period preserved as a profound secret, by the Florentines and the Dutch. It appears that the Florentines were not satisfied with keeping the preparation of orchilla a mystery from the rest of the world, but that they endeavoured to lead all inquiry into a false channel, by calling it tincture of turnsole, desiring it to be believed, that it was an extract from the heliotropium or turnsole: the Dutch also disguised it in the form of a paste, which they called *lacmus* or *litmus*. The process is now, however, generally

known, and simply consists of cleaning, drying, and powdering the plant, which, when mixed with half its weight of pearlsh, is moistened with human urine, and then allowed to ferment: the fermentation, we are informed by Professor Burnett, "is kept up for some time by successive additions of urine, until the colour of the materials changes to a purplish red, and subsequently to a violet or blue. The colour is extremely fugitive, and affords a very delicate chemical test for the presence of an acid. The vapour of sulphuric acid has been thus detected as pervading to some extent the atmosphere of London."

I understand—and for some valuable particulars I here beg to tender my acknowledgements to Mr. John Aylwin, merchant of London—that the great object obtained from this vegetable dye, is the production of a red colour, without the aid of a mineral acid. But the utility of the orchilla is not confined to the purposes of manufacture. It has been successfully employed as a medicine in allaying the cough attendant on phthisis, and in hysterical coughs. It is also variously used in many productions, where its splendid hue can be rendered available, and imparts a beautiful bloom to cloths and silks.

The introduction of the weed into England came originally through the Portuguese. The Cape de Verd Islands having long been a possession of the crown of Portugal, orchilla became a royal monopoly, and was transmitted in considerable quantities to Lisbon, where it was sold by public auction; from Lisbon it gradually found its way to England, France, Germany, &c. The recent political contest in Portugal, caused a total suspension of the shipment of orchilla at the islands. About six months ago, there were two cargoes at Bona Vista waiting for orders, one of them (a vessel of about 66 tons) put to sea, and arrived safe at Lisbon only a few weeks before Admiral Napier's naval victory. When the news of the result of that battle reached the island, the holders of the remaining cargo proposed to hand it over for a consideration to certain parties in the interest of Donna Maria, and it was accordingly consigned to a Portuguese house in London. The vessel in which it was sent was called the Saint Anne, of 60 tons, and sailed under British colours: the cargo consisted of 564 bags,* each containing 2 cwt., and the whole sold for 15,000*l.* I mention this circumstance as an occurrence worth being recorded; the arrival of a vessel to England direct from the islands being a great novelty, accounted for, in this instance, by the political events which threw the trade out of its regular channels.

* The bags in which the weed of the Cape de Verds is packed, are marked with the initials of the island of which it is the produce, and indicative of its quality which is at all times uniform.

The principal manufactories of orchilla in England are London and Liverpool, but there are many others in different parts of the country. The chief manufacturers are Messrs. Henry Holmes and Sons of Liverpool, and Mr. Samuel Preston Child of London. The manufactured orchilla is frequently shipped to Germany, Holland, &c., in its fluid state, with a small proportion of weed in each cask for the satisfaction of the purchasers. The inferior qualities of the weed, and also a variety of mosses that have the same properties as the orchilla, only in a minor degree, are dried and ground to a fine powder, which is denominated cudbear, and is applicable to the same purposes as the weed itself.*

It is a curious illustration of the importance that is attached to the weed generally, and to the weed of the Canaries in particular, that, within the last twenty years, the latter production was considered in London as a remittance equivalent to specie, and was invariably quoted in the usual channels of commercial intelligence with the price of gold and silver, thus:—

Doublings	per ounce
Dollars	ditto
Orchilla weed	per ton.

* A regular trade with Sweden for moss has been long established. A variety of mosses, different in their growth, but all producing the colour found in orchilla, are to be met with on the hills and rocky places, at a distance from the sea, in every country where the weed itself is indigenous.

The Gatherer.

End of Cromwell.—However successful Cromwell was in his foreign expeditions, he ultimately became extremely unhappy in his domestic administration. His person, he knew, was hated, and his government detested by almost every party in the kingdom. The royalists, the republicans, and the presbyterians, all concurred in wishing the downfall of his power. A sense of this dangerous and disagreeable situation, joined to the pressure of some more private calamities, at last produced such an effect upon his spirits, that he was seized with a fever, which notwithstanding the enthusiastic predictions of himself and his chaplains, who foretold his recovery, put a period to his life on the 3rd of September, 1658, the day which he had long considered as the most auspicious of his life, it being that on which he had gained his two famous victories of Dunbar and Worcester.—He was buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey, and his funeral afterwards celebrated with more than regal pomp, and at a vast expense. His mouldering corpse was, however, afterwards taken up and inhumanly dragged to Tyburn, where it was exposed upon the gallows, toge-

ther with the bodies of Ireton and Bradshaw, whose graves had also been sacrilegiously violated. This barbarous act was coloured by a vote of both Houses of Parliament, passed on the 8th of December, 1660, and which ordered the bodies to be taken up and exposed. After they had hung one entire day, they were taken down, and the heads being cut off were set upon poles on the top of Westminster Hall, where that of Cromwell remained full twenty years afterwards. The character of Cromwell is thus concisely given by the following persons: Cardinal Mazarine calls him a fortunate madman; Father Orleans styles him a judicious villain; Lord Clarendon, a brave, wicked man; and Gregorio Leli says he was a tyrant without vices, and a prince without virtues. Bishop Burnet observes, that his life and his arts were exhausted together; and that if he had lived longer, he would scarce have been able to have preserved his power. It was said that Cardinal Mazarine would change countenance whenever he heard him named, so that it passed into a proverb in France, "that he was not so much afraid of the devil as of Oliver Cromwell."

American Vauxhall.—In the midst was a long room for balls; under a shed, some people played at ninepins, who addressed one another as colonel, major, and squire; whilst a few young men passed round a circular railroad, on self-moving carriages of a novel build.—*Alexander.*

American Whip.—"You were capsized the other day, Mr. Driver," said a passenger. "Yes, Jackson, I was; but nobody was hurt. The tongue of the pole broke in going down a hill, and I was afraid of running down to the bottom of it; so I told the passengers to sit still, for I was only going to upset them! They sat quiet, and I turned them over a bank, and stopped the horses, I'm hanged if I didn't."

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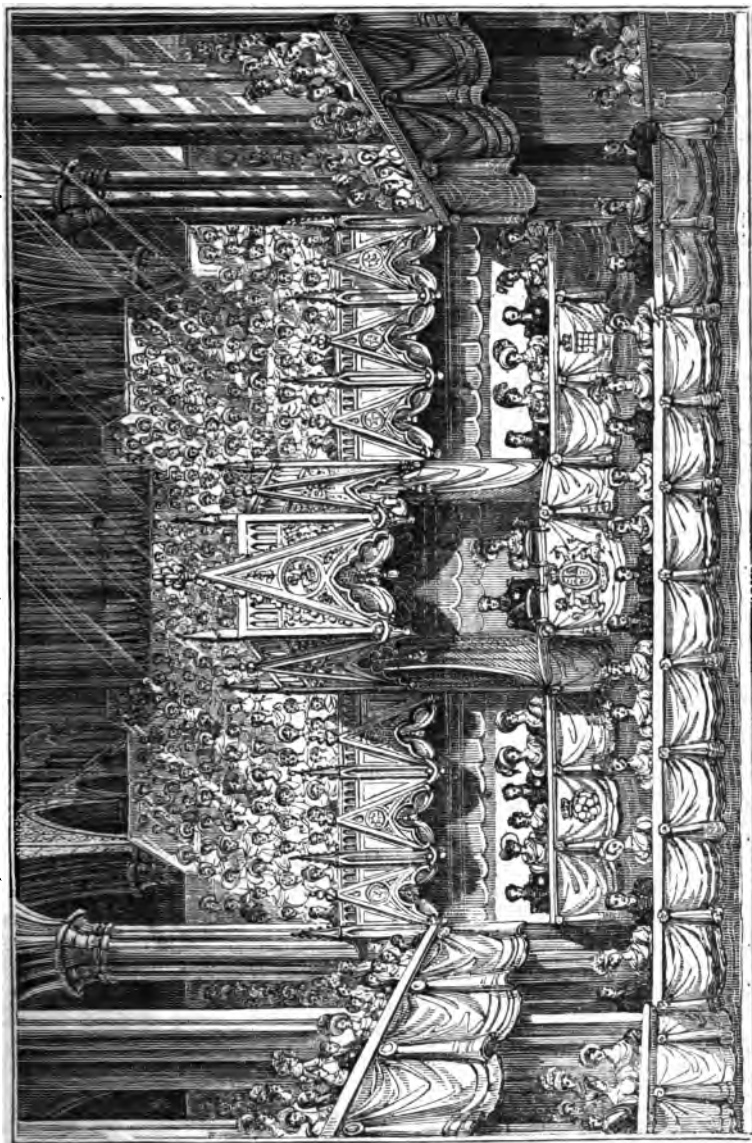
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THE ROYAL BOX.

THE ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(Continued from page 4.)

We shall be expected to say something of the royal occupants of the pavilion-like Box, figured on the subjoined page. "The King and Queen occupied the central recess. On the right of his Majesty sat the Princess Augusta, and the Prince Duke of Saxe-Meiningen on the left of the Queen. Behind were the lords and officers in waiting. The guests and train of both their Majesties filled the stalls at each side, and on the platform beneath stood bishops and councillors, ambassadors and distinguished foreigners, officers and dignitaries. The King wore an admiral's uniform; the Queen a morning dress, the plainest of the assembly; the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen an Austrian uniform. The uniforms of Russia, Prussia, France, and England were mingled on the platform with the gowns and robes of the prelates; and then, as far as the eye could sweep, as much variety of colour as female taste and fancy could be divided into, and as much of female beauty as was ever gathered under one roof; the ladies being throughout as nine to one in proportion to the gentlemen."*

"It was on all sides exceedingly fine. In the galleries you beheld beneath each arch, which sprang from pillar to pillar and back up to the corresponding antique window, seemingly separate coteries of the fair and the young in all the gayest colours of fashionable dress: the area was equally attractive beneath the eye. Towards one end, the orchestra ranged up tier upon tier, as we have mentioned, coming to its climax in the lofty organ, was yet crowned, as it were, with that fine pictured window, which in sympathy with the harmony of sweet sound, shed down a mild, full flood of the harmony of sweetest colours—and finally, the other end rose above the golden tracery and pinnacles of the royal oratory, the still finer coronal of the abbey organ, through which the prismatic tints of the great eastern window broke delicately and beautifully, and in fine contrast with the sombre Gothic roof which *hung over all*."†

"Seldom, if ever, has 'the reverend face of that tall pile' beheld under 'its arched and ponderous roof' a more beautiful and noble spectacle. The eye was dazzled, and the ear delighted:

* For all that pleasing is to living ear,
Was there consorted in one harmony."‡

Their Majesties and suite were present at each of the four performances. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria were present at the first, third, and fourth perform-

ances; and the Princesses Sophia and Sophia of Gloucester were present at the first performance only.

Their Majesties went in state each day, with a suite of ten or eleven carriages, and military escort, from St. James's palace, through the Park, by the Horse Guards. The royal party alighted at the Poets' Corner entrance to the Abbey, at a few minutes before or after twelve o'clock each day; and they left the Abbey each day at four o'clock.

THE ORCHESTRA.

The name of every performer engaged possesses an interest on this, which would not belong to any other occasion; and it will enable the public also to form a better idea of its magnitude if we present a list of the orchestra. It is as follows:—

Conductor.—Sir George Smart.

Principal Vocal Performers.—Madame Caradori Allan, Madame Stockhausen, Miss Stephens, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Mrs. H. R. Bishop, Mrs. E. Seguin, Mrs. Seymour, Miss Betts, Miss Bruce, Miss H. Cawse, Miss Chambers, Miss Lloyd, Miss Masson, Miss Clara Novello, Miss Romer, Miss Shirreff, Miss Turner, Miss Wagstaff, Miss Woodyatt, Master Howe, Master Smith. Mr. Braham, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Bellamy, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Goulden, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Horncastle, Mr. Machin, Mr. F. Robinson, Mr. W. Robinson, Mr. J. B. Sale, Mr. Sapio, Mr. E. Seguin, Mr. Stretton, Mr. E. Taylor, and Mr. Terrail. And Mademoiselle Giulietta Grisi, for the second and third performances; Signor Rubini and Signor Zuchelli, for the second performance; Signor Ivanhoff and Signor Tamburini, for the third performance.

Organists.—First Performance—Mr. V. Novello, 1st and 2nd parts; and Mr. Attwood, 3rd part. Second Performance—Mr. H. R. Bishop, 1st part; and Mr. Turle, 2nd and 3rd parts. Third Performance—Dr. Crotch, 1st and 2nd parts; and Mr. Adams, 3rd part. Fourth Performance—Mr. W. Knyvett.

Violins.—Signor Spagnoletti, Messrs. T. Cooke, Weichsel, Mori, F. Cramer, I. Loder (Bath), Watts, C. Reeve, Wagstaff, Anderson, R. H. Baker (Aberdeen), Betts, jun., N. Binfield (Newbury), W. R. Blagrove, Dr. Camidge (York), Messrs. James Calkin, jun., W. Cramer, Cummins (Leeds), Dando, Day, Dewar (Edinburgh), Eliason, Ella, Fleischer, Gattie, Gledhill, Goodall (Shrewsbury), A. Griesbach, H. Griesbach, Gutteridge (Brighton), Guynemer, Holland, Hughes, Ireland, Jackson, J. M. Jolly, Kearns, Kemp, Long (Hull), J. Loder, jun. (Bath), Litolf, A. Mackintosh, Marshall (Oxford), Marshall (Cambridge), N. Mori, jun., Mteller (Norwich), Murray (Edinburgh), W. Musgrave, Nadaud, Newson, Nickel, Paine, Patey, Paton, Perry, Phillips, W. Phipps, G. Pigott,

* Atlas. These particulars relate to the appearance of the Abbey on the first day.

† Morning Herald.

‡ Times.

Platt, Quaterman, Rawlins, Richards, Rooke, Seymour, Sibley, jun. (Portsmouth), J. Smith, F. Smith, C. Smith, Thirwall (Hull), W. Thomas, E. W. Thomas, Tolbeque, Tripp, Walker, Watkins, Westrop, P. White (Wakefield), Wilkins, Wood, and Ziuk.

Tenors.—Messrs. Mountain, Sherrington, Lyon, Moralt, Abbott, Alsept, F. Bates, W. S. Bennett, Bowden, Joseph Calkin, S. Calkin, Challoner, Chubb, Dance, Daniels, Davis, W. Dewar (Carlisle), Dorrell, Forster, Glanville, T. Goodban, jun. (Canterbury), Hardman (York), Hime (Liverpool), H. Hill, Hunter, W. Jones, Mangold (Darmstadt), Nicks, Nunn (Bury), B. Sharp (Oxford), F. Venus (Maidenhead), and Ware.

Violoncellos.—Messrs. Lindley, Crouch, Bannister, Binfield, Bonner, James Brooks, James Calkin, Gifford (Cambridge), J. H. Griesbach, Hatton, L. H. Lavenu, C. Lindley, W. Loder (Bath), Lucas, W. Phillips, Pigott, S. Pigott (Dublin), and Rousselot.

Double Basses.—Signors Dragonetti and Anfossi, Messrs. Castell, Cubitt, H. Elliston (Leamington), Flower, Griffiths, Hill, Howell, Humble, Kench, F. Packer, Severn, T. Skilern, C. Smart, A. Smith, Taylor, and Wilson.

Flutes.—Messrs. Nicholson, Card, Adams, F. Andre (Windsor), Dorus, Sve flute, F. Hill, W. Latter, Mary (Windsor), Price, sen., Sve flute, and Ribas.

Oboes.—Messrs. G. Cooke, Florke, Barrett, Best, Brewer, Coggins, G. Irwin, T. Ling, Malah (Windsor), Pein, Waud, Witton.

Clarinets.—Messrs. Wilman, Powell, Bowley, Egerton, Risert (Windsor), Hopkins, Owen, Tuckwell.

Bassoons.—Messrs. Mackintosh, Tully, Baker, Bauman, Denman, Godfrey, Johnson, Krone (Windsor), Mancor, Palmer (Windsor), Snelling, Waitzig (Windsor).

Horns.—Messrs. Platt, Rae, Arnall (Hull), G. Hardy, and H. Hardy (Windsor), Hopgood, Kielbach, Rae, Rousselot, C. Tully.

Trumpets.—Messrs. Harper, Irwin, Distin, E. Harper, J. Harper, jun., Haycraft, G. Macfarlane, and Wallis, jun.

Trombones.—Messrs. Hardy, C. Schroeder Smithies, Smithies, jun., Bean, L. Schroeder (Windsor), Albrecht, and German (Windsor).

Opicicleides.—Messrs. Hubbard and Ponder.

Serpents.—Messrs. Andre (Cheltenham) and Perry.

Side-drum.—Mr. Horton.

Drums.—Mr. Tutton.

Tower-drums.—Mr. Chipp.

THE SEMI-CHORUS.

Cantos.—Misses Birch, Brown, Cooper, Dickens, Foster, M. B. Hawes; Master Howe (Westminster Abbey), Mrs. Hunt, Master Lewis, Mistresses E. Loder, Percy, G. Wood.

Altos.—Messrs. Evans, W. Jarman (Windsor), J. King, Moxley, Paddon (Exeter), Robinson, Salmon (Windsor), Spencer.

Tenors.—Messrs. Brownsmith, Duruset, J. Goss, J. Elliott, T. Harris (Windsor), Nield, Roberts, C. Taylor.

Basses.—Messrs. Andrews (Manchester), Atkins, E. Bates, Bedford, Blackburn, Bradbury, Clark, J. French (Windsor), H. Greatorex, Hawes, Leete, Walmisley.

THE CHORUS.

Superintendent, Mr. J. T. Harris.

Cantos.—Miss Addison, Mrs. Allcroft, Misses Allen, A. Barry (Liverpool), Mrs. Barton, Misses Beardmore, Bexfield (Norwich), E. Blackwell, Blake, Boden, R. Boden, Bourke, Brandon, L. Brandon, Mrs. Brown, Byers, Misses Byers, Childe, E. Childe, Connelly, Daekin, Dalton, Deither, Dickenson, Dorrell, Drane (Norwich), Duell, Dunn, M. Dunn, Mrs. Dutton (Liverpool), East, Misses Ella, E. Entwistle (Liverpool), Gooch, Mrs. Goodson, Misses G. Goodwin, Goward, Gray, Hallwood (Liverpool), Hardy, Mrs. Harris, Miss A. Harris, G. Hayward, Mrs. H. Hiles (Liverpool), Misses Hitchcock, Hopkins, L. Hopkins, Ireland, Jackson, Jackson (Liverpool), Jameson, Leach (Cheshunt), Leech and Mrs. A. Linacre (Liverpool), Misses Emma Lindley, E. Lindley, Macfarren, Mrs. Mapleson, Miss Minton, Mrs. Newcome, Miss North, Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. Penley, Miss Perry, Mrs. Pierotti, Misses Poole, Porter, and Proctor (Norwich), Mrs. Richardson (Liverpool), Miss Roberts, Miss Rogers, Mrs. Salabert, Misses Savage, H. Schofield (Rochdale), Seymour, Taylor, A. Taylor (Framlingham), Tinney, Mistresses Tydeman (Framlingham), Walker, J. Walker, Miss Wallace, Mrs. Willis, Miss Yates, Masters Boardman and Buckland (St. Paul's), Charlton, Chipp, and Cooke (Chapel Royal), Coward and Cunningham (Westminster Abbey), Durnsford (Royal Academy of Music), Genge (Chapel Royal), Griffiths (St. Paul's), Harris (Windsor), Hill (Westminster Abbey), Hopkins (St. Paul's), J. Hopkins and Howse (Westminster Abbey), King, Makepeace (St. Paul's), Pendegrass (Chapel Royal), Pullen (Windsor), Ransford (Chapel Royal), Sexton (Windsor), Smith (Chapel Royal), R. Smith, Squires (Chapel Royal), Taylor, Webber (Windsor), Wilson, Woodham (St. Paul's).

Altos.—Messrs. Allardyce, W. Baker (Birmingham), H. Ball (Liverpool), Beale, Buttifant and Clare (Norwich), Coad, Corsbie (Norwich), W. Dutton (Liverpool), Eames, N. Edmondson (Armagh), J. Farmer (Nottingham), Fenn (Norwich), Fletcher (Chichester), T. Fouldes (Nottingham), J. Garbatt (Armagh), Giffin, C. Greene and W. Greene (Norwich), J. Hartley (Liverpool), H. Hayden (Coventry), Hobbs (Windsor), G. Holden (Liverpool), J. Hill (Norwich), W. Ingram (Windsor), Jenks, M. Jones, P. Kay (York), T. Knowles (Lincoln), J. Laidlaw (Liverpool), T. Lewis, J. R. Lewis, H. Ling (Cambridge),

J. Ling (Wells), Mann (Norwich), Millar, J. Moxon (Wakefield), G. Paget (Leicester), J. Pryor (Wells), G. Pyne, Rakes, Sexton (Norwich), W. Simpson (Leicester), H. Smart (Blackburn), T. Smith, W. Spark (Exeter), A. Stead (Wakefield), W. Stimpson (Durham), J. Stott (Liverpool), J. Taylor, J. Taylor (Manchester), Trip (Norwich), J. Waddington (Manchester), Wallis, J. Walker, Willis, Waring, E. Waring (Birmingham), J. Widdowess (Norwich), C. Woodward (Liverpool).

Tenors.—Messrs. Allcroft, J. Ashworth (Rochdale), W. Aspull (Nottingham), J. Barker (York), R. Best (Birmingham), Birt, G. Browne (Yarmouth), T. Brown (Durham), J. Burr (Wells), Burnett, W. Cairn (Liverpool), J. Cartledge (Manchester), J. S. Caunter (Wells), C. Cole (Exeter), S. Cooper (Manchester), France, Gear, F. Gunton (Norwich), T. Gunton (Norwich), Harcourt (Norwich), G. F. Harris, J. Hart (Hastings), Henry, Hill (Norwich), T. Holden (Liverpool), G. Hollins (Birmingham), Humphreys, T. Jones, J. Jones, W. Jones, Lane (Norwich), H. Maddock (Liverpool), T. Malone (Manchester), T. Mathews (Wakefield), J. M'Cune (Armagh), R. Medcalfe (Liverpool), H. R. Michelmores, W. H. Nichols, Nobbs (Norwich), Peck, P. Piper (Cambridge), Porter (Norwich), J. Prestwich (Manchester), W. Price, J. Russell (Liverpool), P. Salter (Exeter), T. Sharp (Nottingham), J. Smith (Durham), E. Stott (Liverpool), S. Tett, C. Tett, Turner, T. Warden (Leicester), Whall (Lincoln), H. Wilson (Wakefield), S. Wykes (Leicester).

Basses.—Messrs. J. Andrews (Liverpool), T. Angel (Wells), Ashton (Liverpool), J. Atkins, G. Baker (Nottingham), Baldwin, Barclay, J. Bennett (Lichfield), Berry (Norwich), G. Bind (Birmingham), T. Blundell (Liverpool), Blyth (Norwich), Branston (Leicester), Butler, Campling (Norwich), Caulfield, J. Clouting (Eye), J. Cossens (Bristol), Creed (Norwich), A. Croft, Cupper (Norwich), Dobson (Canterbury), Edwards, Edwards (Bath), T. Ellis (York), Essex, Galli, Greaves, J. Green, W. Green, Grindrod (Rochdale), S. Grundy (Kirkby Lonsdale), A. D. Hadley (Liverpool), Hargett (Wakefield), Hawes, jun., Holmes, Hullah, Hurlock, R. Ingham (Carlisle), J. Jackson (Wentworth), R. Jones, Kempton (Cambridge), D. W. King, T. Knowles (Wakefield), W. Laidlaw (Liverpool), J. Lee (Armagh), G. Le Jeune, Linton, Lucas, Macfarren, J. Machin (Birmingham), Mannin, T. Martin (Wells), H. Maxfield (Nottingham), Maynard, Maybrick, jun. (Liverpool), M'Carthy, Mitchell (Windsor), C. Morris, J. Morris, Mudie, F. Novello, J. A. Novello, E. P. Novello, Oliphant, C. Pemberton (Liverpool), S. Povah (Manchester), Pye (Exeter), Ransford, J. Risdon (Exeter), G. Scott (Armagh), Shrivell, Skeats

(Windsor), Skelton (Hull), G. Smith, Southgate, Spiller, Sturges, Swan (Norwich), Tolken, R. Toone (Leicester), T. P. Turner (Exeter), Watson, West, W. H. West, White, Wilson, Warrington (Norwich).

Several interesting points of comparison are noticeable in the details of the Commemoration of 1784 and the present Festival; and have been drawn up by a Correspondent* of the *Morning Herald*; the writer having obtained his information of the Commemoration from Dr. Burney's account of that celebrated ceremony. The principal points are as follow:—

"The whole band contains about 100 more performers on this occasion than on the former; there being about 625 in 1834, whilst there were only 525 in 1784. Of instrumental performers, there are twenty-seven less this time, but 120 more voices; viz. 395 singers in 1834, and 275 in 1784; and 223 instruments at this, and 250 at the first Festival.

"Other differences observable on these two occasions arise, more or less, from the change of instrumental power and variety of instruments, which have occurred within the last fifty years. Flutes and clarionets have, in some degree, superseded the use of hautboys, which were the principal soprano wind instruments of Handel's days; and thus, at this festival, though we find fourteen fewer hautboys than in 1784, we have four more flutes and eight clarionets, none of which latter were then employed. For fifteen bassoons less in number, we have two ophicleides, two serpents, and three double basses in excess; and thus the instrumental department is kept nearly in the same proportion as before.

"But the most striking difference is in the proportion of the voices. In 1784, only fifty-eight cantos, or soprano voices, are found in Dr. Burney's list, of which forty-seven were boys, and eleven females; whilst this year we have about 145 treble singers, of whom 113 are females, and thirty-two boys only, the difference being fifty-eight trebles; besides twenty-six more counter tenors, and twenty-three more bass voices, with, however, thirteen fewer tenors. It is not our place to account for this disproportion, and we may be satisfied with admitting its good effects in performance. It may be compared to the graceful, the slender form of a Corinthian pillar, and the stouter proportions of one of the Doric order, both of which are faultless, separately considered. If I were to conjecture a reason for the greater proportion of voices used at this time, I should be disposed to consider it has arisen from the situation of the singers, which, as far as I can collect from the ground plan given in

Dr. Burney's account, is thrown much farther back this time, the whole of the sopranos and some of the altos being in the front of the orchestra on the first occasion, whilst a large proportion of them is now elevated to the oblique orchestral galleries. More room must this time, in consequence of this arrangement, be allotted to the instruments, as the number of these is not so great as in 1784. It is more difficult to account for the increased number of female voices at this Festival, substituted for boys, unless we attribute it to the superior attainments of ladies in sound musical education in this than in the last century, who are thus rendered much more effective performers than boys. Indeed the small number of female voices in 1784, (eleven,) would almost make it be suspected that there is some error in Dr. Burney's list.

"Subjoined is a comparative Table of the orchestra on the two occasions, which is an abstract of Dr. Burney's account of the Commemoration of Handel in 1784, and of that printed with the words of the performance for this year:—

	1834	1784		1834	1784
Violins - - - -	80	95	Cantos—		
Tenors - - - -	32	26	Females -	113	11
Violoncellos -	18	21	Boys - - -	32	47
Double Basses -	18	15	Altos - - -	74	48
Flutes - - - -	10	6	Tenors - - -	70	83
Oboes - - - -	12	26	Basses - - -	108	84
Clarionets - - -	8	-			
Bassoons - - -	12	27		397	273
Horns - - - -	10	12	Italian singers		
Trumpets - - -	8	12	form the		
Trombones - - -	8	6	Opera - -	5	2
Ophicleides - -	2	-	Instruments	223	250
Serpents - - -	2	-			
Drums - - - -	3	4			
	223	250	Total - - -	625	525*

In the *Times*, it is observed that "some effects peculiar to the present performance in the Abbey, and differing, perhaps, from the expectation previously formed of it, are well worthy of remark. The volume of sound, even when the power of the orchestra was exerted to the utmost, was far less than was anticipated; the large space, the number of the audience, and the materials of the fittings-up carrying it off and absorbing it, so that it reached the ear seemingly with a force not greater than that of an ordinary concert of the first class. Another peculiarity, also quite unexpected, was, that the voices of the solo singers appeared louder and more dis-

tingent than usual, and were so far from being overpowered by the accompaniment, that the latter in several of the movements was too weak and did not sufficiently support the voice. The effect of the orchestra varied materially with the situation in which the hearer was placed, and there are some in which it was scarcely audible when playing the softer passages. In general, but particularly on the floor of the cathedral, the chorus did not come out so distinctly as it ought."

THE PERFORMANCES.

The rehearsal of the first performance took place on Friday, June 20th; and the other rehearsals were on the day previous to each performance. We shall proceed to as full an outline of the latter as our limits will allow.

First Performance, Tuesday, June 24.†

The selection consisted of the Coronation Anthem, by Handel; the whole of Haydn's *Creation*; and parts of the Oratorio of *Samson*, in which were included the song of "Total Eclipse," the chorus of "Oh, first created beam," and the celebrated "Dead March," which also belongs to, and was first composed for, the Oratorio of *Saul*.

Exactly at twelve o'clock, amidst a feeling of deep expectation, Sir George Smart, the conductor, gently raised his signal baton, for the commencement of the introductory piece, which was Handel's Coronation Anthem, composed to the following words:

"Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon king; and all the people rejoiced and said, 'God save the king, long live the king, may the king live for ever. Hallelujah. Amen.'"

In the symphony, the bows of the eighty violins moved together with such precision, that it might have been supposed the result of some most accurate piece of mechanism, set in motion by a single hand. When the chorus began, the whole of the company stood up, and remained standing till the conclusion of the piece. When it came to the passage, "God save the king, may the king live for ever," the most lively emotion was perceptible among the audience, and many ladies were with difficulty kept from fainting. Others burst into tears, from the pleasure, not the pain, of the novel sensations excited. This result seems not to have been produced by the power so much as by the number and complexity of the orchestra. The *Atlas* says the King relished this anthem, and if the writer caught the expression of his face truly, smiled playfully at the words, "Long

* There were two individuals,* we understand, in this orchestra who assisted at the last performance fifty years ago—Mr. Hime, of Liverpool, who played the tenor, and Mr. Bellamy, who was then a choral boy attached to the Chapel Royal.—*Times*.

A curious circumstance is related in the *Literary Gazette*:—that four individuals from one hotel, *Misart's*, went regularly to the Abbey Festival, as they did before, though at the distance of half a century. These were Miss Pryme, Lord Mount Edgcumbe, Lord Farnham, and Mr. Pratt.

† The *Atlas* quotes a noticeable coincidence—that on Tuesday June 24, 1509, occurred the coronation of Henry VIII.; when Catherine of Arragon wore a plain robe of white, with her hair loose, and the ceremonies of her coronation were those of a virgin Queen.

live the king, may the king live for ever!" as if he entered into their spirit, and joined heartily in the constitutional doctrine they apostrophize.*

The Coronation Anthem was followed by Haydn's sacred oratorio of the *Creation*, given entire; and well did this masterly composition deserve such a mark of distinction. It is admirably fitted for an occasion like this; as the area for such a magnificent orchestra to display itself. As a piece of descriptive music, which is its general character, the *Creation* stands on the summit of the art, and it is certainly, in point of contrivance and originality, one of the greatest of Haydn's compositions. Its choruses display a peculiar mastery, and are of as distinct a character as if each had been the production of a different composer. To the minor pieces and songs of the *Creation*, the same praise will justly apply; and its beauties will be felt probably more strongly than they have ever been before, by all able to appreciate them, with such a commentary as has been afforded by the orchestra assembled on this occasion. The introduction or overture to it is for instruments only, and is meant for the "Representation of Chaos." In every part of it, Haydn's inventive power stands predominant; and as the world was formed from the rude elements, so he gradually works out the discords and disorder with which he commences into order and harmony. The opening recitative, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," was chastely and effectively sung by Mr. Bellamy, the only performer at this Festival who sang at the Commemoration in 1784. Among the pieces most admired in their execution, were the short, yet brilliant, air, "Marvellous work behold amazed," by Miss Stephens, who evinced that she is still in good voice, thus reminding us of Mr. Bowles's complimentary ballad to her—

whose look,
(Although her song be sweet,) whose look, whose
life,
Is sweeter than her song.

Mr. H. Phillips did full justice to the recitative, "Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together," and the air of "Rolling with foaming billows," in which the separation of "sea and land" is described. A passage of great beauty occurs in the song—the first effort of rivers to make themselves a passage when they descend from the mountains, and the purling of the "limpid brook" through "silent vales."

Madame Caradori sang "With verdure clad," and the recitative which precedes it, in

the plain unpretending manner which Haydn himself would have desired, and been pleased with. Not a note of her voice was lost, though scarcely the slightest apparent exertion was used in the wide area over which it had to travel; and the audience listened with hushed attention.—But, the most striking piece of music in the first part of the *Creation*, was the recitative, "In splendour bright, now rising is the sun," which was given by Mr. Braham with the finest possible effect, and was followed by "The Heavens are telling the glory of God," which is one of the most splendid choruses ever composed.

The second part opened with the recitative "Let the waters bring forth abundantly," and the air, "On mighty pens, the eagle's wings;" both which were given with a delightful sweetness of tone. The accompaniments, chiefly the wind instruments, possess great beauty; and Nicholson's flute, Cooke's oboe, and Wilman's clarinet, had a very conspicuous part in the effect. Mr. H. Phillips gave the recitative "And God created great whales," a most charming movement, very chastely, and in flowing and melodious tones. The splendid and difficult chorus,

"The Lord is great, and great his might,
His glory lasts for evermore,"

was carried through, by the band, both vocal and instrumental, with perfect success. Mr. E. Seguin, a pupil of the Royal Academy, had the important song intrusted to him, "Now heaven in fullest glory shone," and the recitative which precedes it, describing the creation of "the living creature after his kind, cattle and creeping things and beasts of the earth." The roaring of the lion, the leap of the tiger, the hum of insects, and the creeping, "with sinuous trace," of the worm, are all attempted in description in a way that lays but a light tax on the imagination. Mr. Seguin's concluding note of the recitative was given with sufficient power to be heard all over the Abbey, and showed a depth of voice very unusual even among bass singers. In the air were some splendid effects from Harper's trumpet, and some deep notes from the bassoon of the veteran Mackintosh, a worthy prototype of the "tread of the elephant."

The opening of the third part by the recitative, "In rosy mantle appears," was given with simplicity and correctness by Mr. Hobbs, who is considered by the *Spectator* to have produced "the purest and most finished style and voice." The remainder of the *Creation* passed off somewhat heavily, from want of vigour in the singing of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal and the Cathedral, to whom several of the recitatives were intrusted.

Selections from Handel's oratorio of *Samson* formed the third part of the performance. The most striking of these were Mr. Braham's recitative of—

* To show the contrast of critical opinion upon the choice of this anthem—the *Times* considers "nothing could have been better chosen;" whilst the *Spectator* says, "nothing could have been more indecorous, more vulgar, or more distasteful," &c.

"O, loss of sight! of these I most complain;
O, worse than beggary, old age, or chains!—
My very soul in real darkness dwells!"

It had almost a moral dignity in it, which would have suited Milton complaining of his blindness, from its simplicity and touching truth of expression. The air which follows—

"Total eclipse! no sun, no moon!
All dark amidst the blaze of noon!
O glorious light! no cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day!
Why thus depriv'd thy prime decree?
Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me!"

was almost equally fine. The chorus of "O first created beam," was a worthy sequel to two such admirable productions.* Next was that sublime instrumental combination—the Dead March in Saul, which unites the simplicity and majesty of music. "The clangor of trumpets, horns, trombones, and other wind instruments, in union with the full orchestra, followed by the plaintive notes of the flutes, with the beating at distant intervals of the bass drums, form a species of excitement almost too powerful for ordinary nerves;" the tower-drums, by Mr. Chipp, resembled the distant discharge of a piece of ordnance. This piece is said to have been introduced by special desire of the King: if so, it is honourable to his Majesty's musical taste.—Miss Stephens then sang the air, "Let the bright Seraphim," accompanied by Mr. Harper—trumpet obligato; introducing a shake, the trumpet shaking in thirds at the same time, very beautifully. The grand chorus, "Let then, Celestial Concerts all unite," concluded the first day's performance.

In all, exclusive of the orchestra, there were 2,700 persons present, of whom 1,500 occupied reserved (or two guinea) seats, and 1,200 the common (or guinea) seats.

Second Performance, Thursday, June 26.

The scheme of to-day included a Coronation Anthem, by Handel; an aria, by Mozart; selections from masses, by Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart; and Handel's sublime oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*.

The first piece, the Coronation Anthem, by Handel, beginning "the King shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord," commenced with a chorus developing at the outset the full power of the orchestra, and leading into the semi-chorus and full chorus "Thou hast prevented him with the blessings of goodness," which was led off by the violins with a precision which made it seem as if the whole were but one instrument. In the midst of the swell in the latter part, when every instrument appeared forced to its utmost loudness, one of those pauses, so frequent in Handel's music, occurred, and the whole stopped, as if by magic. A short silence prevailed, and the concluding "Hallelujah,"

* Times.

poured in by the multitude of voices, wound up the whole with the full effect required. Signor Rubini then sang his aria, "Davide Penitente," by Mozart, (its first performance in this country)—slow, and of a pathetic, supplicating character, highly beautiful. Beethoven's chorus, from *Judah*, "Glory to God—Glorify Him," was the next piece, and moved not in one great strain of subject, in which voices and instruments are contemporaneous; but, classifying the various species of voices and instruments, it made each work on independently to the same end by effects suited to the characteristics of each—sometimes in seeming opposition—again in partial, and again in general, combination. In the words "Glorify Him in the highest," from the depths of double bass to the hautboy or trumpet height—from the hoarsest vocal bass to the shrillest canto—each and all were heard at once in amazing distinctness of grandeur, being to the ear as vast pyramids of harmonious sound; in conclusion, a tremendous fugue in sympathy with the words "God is great in battle," and an "Amen," which was carried on with swell rising over swell into the very sublime of music. Miss Stephens then gave the touching recitative (from *Theodora*), "O worse than death indeed," and the song which belongs to it—

"Angels, ever bright and fair;
Take, O take me to your care:
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white"—

with a most delicate and just perception of their beauties, which stand in a very high rank among the productions of Handel. The audience honoured the composer and the singer alike, by the most perfect silence and hushed attention during the performance; but, at its conclusion, there was a general stir, a flutter of bonnets and books, and the strongest seeming desire to make the old sacred edifice ring with profane plaudits.† Signor Zuchelli sang a solo by Haydn. Its beginning is abrupt, and but for the general knowledge of the church, which fills up the ellipsis, is unintelligible. The passage is: "Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis; qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram; qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis." The governing word, the antecedent to all these relatives, which is left out, is "Agnus Dei." The reconciliation of sense and sound is sadly wanted here. The movement in itself is fine, and besides the attraction of Zuchelli's singing, had that of a rich flowing accompaniment for the violoncello, played by Lindley in his best manner, and constituting a perfection of tone

† The respect paid to their Majesties on their entrance and departure each day, was by the company rising in silence, and not by "profane plaudits;" yet, the applause at the last Coronation was long and loud; and the character of that ceremony was surely as sacred as the late Festival.

and tune not to be surpassed by any performer on any instrument. The chorus, "Et vitam venturi sæculi," which concluded these extracts from Haydn, is a noble specimen of composition, and the way in which the chorus was made up by the introduction of one voice after the other, until the full peal of sound was united, was admirable. The "Amen," by the solo voices at the end was also managed with great skill. Mr. H. Phillips opened the "Thanksgiving" of Sir J. Stevenson by a recitative admirably enunciated, and in the air which succeeds it was accompanied on the bassoon by Mr. Mackintosh very effectively; the tone of the instrument being so subdued and well regulated, that at a distance it had the effect of a duet for equal voices. The composition itself is, however, below mediocrity.

Perhaps the finest piece in the whole selection now came on in "Luther's Hymn,"* sang by Mr. Braham, accompanied by the organ and trumpet. When the singer, with all the power and just expression of his best day, burst into its bold, pathetic, and deeply impressive subject—

"Great GOD! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!"

the whole audience rose from their seats. This impression was greatly aided by Harper's trumpet accompaniment, which, breaking in like the voice of a spirit, and, after a short speaking summons, dying away insensibly, produced indescribable intensity of feeling. By this effort, Mr. Braham has vindicated his right to the place which he has long so proudly held, as the first of our British singers in sacred music.† Mdlle. Grisi then sang the air, "Quoniam tu solus sanctus," by Haydn, with that simplicity of manner which always accompanies great genius; although the composition was unsuited to her powers.

Israel in Egypt occupied the whole remaining part of this day's performance. "This oratorio," observes the *Atlas* critic, "is the one work which ought to take precedence of the *Messiah*, and to be uppermost in the mind of every one who names its author. The genius of Handel has, in this most sublime and solemn work, raised an imperishable monument of its greatness." Here Handel reigns and revels in choruses. In the three noble choruses, "He spake the word," "He gave them hailstones for rain," and "He sent a thick darkness over the land," are comprehended all the forms and varieties of Handel's power. The opening of the first, "He spake the word," is bold and forcible,

* The music and words by Luther, "who enjoyed some celebrity in his day as a composer, and is said to have been so successful in adopting the notes of the music to the accent of the words, that Handel himself made a study of him in this respect."—*Times*.

† Morning Herald.

yet mysterious, and conveys that feeling of awe which the denunciation might be supposed to create in those who heard it. The remainder of it is full of bustle and contrasted effects, descriptive of the plague inflicted. In the "hailstone" chorus, the descent of the storm comes on in light touches, but increases with such rapid violence, that at length the earth seems to shake with its fury. The thunder of the drums was thrown in at this passage with stupendous effect.

Miss Clara Novello was extremely happy in the recitative, accompanied,

"Hail, holy light, offspring of Heav'n, first born;
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,
Before the heav'n's thou wert; and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle did invest
The rising world of waters, dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite."

which is also a beautiful specimen in that style of Handel's composition.

In the chorus, "He smote all the first-born of Egypt," a mild character is maintained, particularly in the second part of it, "But as for his people, he led them out like sheep:" it is full of striking beauties, melodious answering passages of the voices, and a rich movement of the band. In "He rebuked the Red Sea, and it was dried," the sudden pause in the first part had a sublime effect, and the conclusion of it still more so, where the composer represents the overwhelming force of the waters. It was of a kindred spirit, or even greater, than the finest things in Milton.‡

Few passages in these performances produced a finer effect than the chorus of "The Lord shall reign for ever and ever." The well-known solos with which it is interspersed, were allotted to Mr. Braham and Miss Stephens. Mr. Braham gave the last line of the recitative, "The children of Israel went out on dry land in the midst of the sea," with such energy and beautiful expression, as can never be forgotten by its hearers. The magnificent double chorus—

"I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

closed, with a grand climax of effect, one of the finest musical performances that has ever been listened to, probably, since the art had existence.§ The *Atlas* critic says, "We can hardly trust ourselves to speak of 'The Lord shall reign;' it made the blood of the hearer thrill, and transported him to other worlds."

Throughout this day, the chorus covered themselves with glory, in their manner of executing Beethoven, Mozart, and the double chorus of *Israel in Egypt*. "To them in chief belongs the honour of making the Festival what it ought to be—they have contributed to render the occasion an epoch in

our musical life—the date, as it were, of a new existence to music in England.”

In the *Athenæum* is the following impassioned and eloquent summary of the characteristics of this stupendous work of Handel's genius:—“It is, indeed, a work for immortality: setting aside the few songs which are faded and second-rate compared with others by its mighty author—and considering the series of choruses which it contains—our admiration of this oratorio rises to a height which words are insufficient to express, and we can only rightly appreciate its excellence by remembering that it is nearly a hundred years old—written when the resources of the art were scanty and defective compared with what they are now. But poetry of mind, and grandeur of conception, are of no age or century, and they are here to be found in an unparalleled manifestation. The opening chorus is profoundly pathetic and melancholy; we hear the children of Israel mourning their bondage, but we see the Almighty arm stretched forth to maintain their cause, and its wondrous doings are told in the music with a grandeur and a triumph such as are only surpassed by the descriptions themselves in holy writ. What, for instance, can—will be ever imagined to surpass the Hailstone Chorus, the chorus of ‘Thick Darkness,’ which we can never hear without creeping awe—and those describing the passage of the Red Sea? What picture could bring before our eyes ‘the waters overwhelming the Egyptians’ more forcibly than that magnificent acclaim of many voices, accompanied, as it were, by the thunder of ocean's cataracts? We see the very scene, we behold the host engulfed, and join with all our hearts in that triumphant strain which follows, ‘The Lord is a man of war.’ Last of all, and best of all, the concluding scene, ‘The Lord shall reign for ever and ever!’ with its recitatives, broken again and again by a repetition of that stately strain of thanksgiving, has a dramatic force and a sublimity which are alone in music. We are carried back, as we listen to them, to the old days, when the Highest led his chosen people by the cloud and the fire, and when they cease, feel as if these scenes of the past were our realities, and the things and beings around us the shadows of a comfortless dream!”

Third Performance, Saturday, June 27.

This day's concert was more multifarious in scheme than either of its predecessors. It consisted of twenty-seven solos and concerted pieces, and only thirteen choruses, so that the selection was not calculated to show the excellence of the orchestra. It commenced with Haydn's “Heaven preserve our Emperor Francis,” in three quartets for voices, each concluding with a chorus. Then followed a selection from Handel's oratorio,

• Atlas.

Judas Maccabeus: next, Latin Catholic hymns and psalms: selections from Beethoven's Oratorio, *The Mount of Olives*; and compositions by Purcell, Handel, and Haydn.

In the selection from *Judas Maccabeus*, one of the most striking pieces was the song, “O Liberty! thou choicest treasure,” in which the whole accompaniment was that of Mr. Lindley on the violoncello; his rich tone, aided by his remarkable purity of intonation, seemed to fill every part of the Abbey: and when he arrived at his cadence, into which he threw all the additional graces of his most finished execution, the audience appeared afraid to breathe, lest a note of it should be lost. Mr. Vaughan had the fine recitative spoken by the hero of the action—

“So will'd my father, now at rest,
In the eternal mansions of the blest;
'Can ye behold,' said he, 'the miseries
'In which the long-insulted Judah lies?
'Can ye behold their dire distress,
'And not, at least, attempt redress?'—
Then faintly, with expiring breath—
'Resolve, my sons, on liberty, or death!
We come, we come, O see thy sons prepare
The rough habiliments of war!
With hearts intrepid and revengeful hands
To execute, O sire, thy dread commands.”

Mr. Vaughan's execution of it was correct but cold, and in the same tone and character of expression. No one would read these words so who felt their meaning, and a recitative was but an added power to common elocution. The spirited trio with double choir, “Disdainful of danger we rush on the foe,” succeeded, and was well sung, by Messrs. Terrell, Vaughan, and Bellamy, taking the first, and Messrs. Goulden, Bennett, and Sale, the second, set of responses. Mr. Chapman, by the recitative—

“Haste we, my brethren, haste we to the field;
Dependent on the Lord, our strength and shield;”
introduced the chorus, cast in Handel's best mould—

“Hear us, O Lord, on thee thy servants call,
Resolv'd on conquest, or a glorious fall.”

The character of supplication introduced into the first part of the movement, and conveyed in the alternate “Hear us!” of the voices, responded at intervals from all parts of the choir, was deeply impressive, and is finely contrasted with the ardour of a nation contending for its liberties, to the expression of which the second part of the chorus is devoted, though the supplication recurs at intervals, and always with increased effect. It was given by the choir with a force and precision worthy of the composer. The duet, “Oh, never, never, bow me down,” was well sung by Miss Clara Novello and Miss Wagstaff; the chorus to the same words came in with grand effect. Braham's recitative, “My arms! against this Gorgias will I go,” and the air, “Sound an alarm, your silver trumpets sound,” were delivered with the spirit

and strength of a great martial leader. The rush of trumpets which followed, in obedience as it were to the order, was magnificent, as was the chorus—

"We hear, we hear the pleasing dreadful call:
And follow thee to conquest;—if to fall—
For laws, religion, liberty, we fall!"—

which forms the answer of the people to the appeal of Judas. The change in the character of the movement after the word "conquest" was made with peculiar success, the choir passing at once from its greatest strength to its most subdued softness. Mrs. H. R. Bishop's recitative, "O let eternal honours crown his name," and song, "From mighty kings," was one of the most successful solo performances at the Festival. Another splendid chorus followed—

"Fall'n is the foe; so fall thy foes, O Lord,
Where warlike Judas wields his righteous sword!"—

The touch of regret which Handel seems to have thrown in at the repetition of the words "fall'n is the foe," as if to show that in a brave enemy there is always sympathy for the conquered, is a very high order of beauty, and the chorus did it justice. At the commencement of the next chorus, "See the conquering hero comes," the spectators, (especially the ladies,) turned towards the Duke of Wellington, who sat near the royal box. A beautiful military march followed, in which Handel employs, with remarkably good effect, the common fife and drums. "Sing unto God," one of the best of Handel's plain, bold choruses, concluded the first part.

In the second part, Signor Tamburini sang a motet by Mozart, with a fine bass solo, and a grand and florid chorus. Mdlle. Grisi next gave another of Mozart's motets, "Laudate Dominum," with great success, accompanied by Dr. Crotch on the organ. In a "Gloria in excelsis," by Pergolesi, two boys, Master Howe, of the Westminster Abbey choir, and Master Smith, executed the solos with great correctness and good taste. Braham's recitative, from Handel's *Jephtha*, "Deeper and deeper still," was the next piece. On such a composition, and such a performance of it, alike masterly and at the same time so well known, it would be difficult to say any thing, were it not, in fact, from that very perfection, sure in every repetition to strike the hearer with new beauties. Its true character is that of a tragic soliloquy, which Braham maintained with extreme care; and it is no hypothesis to say, that it is finer than any soliloquy delivered on the stage by our best actors, by all that effect which the voice has, when thus judiciously employed, in regard to eloquence and pathos, over common speech. The repetition of "Horrid thought" occurring after the grand burst of emotion—

"'Tis this that racks my brain,
And pours into my breast a thousand pangs,
That lash me into madness."—

was inimitably fine, as was the tone in which he uttered the words, "My only daughter," which follow that passage of the recitative. Many a fair eye, at the conclusion, attested the deep feeling produced by this performance. It is worthy of being remarked here, that during the many years, we can hardly say how many, in which Braham has sung this recitative in public, his superiority over all others had been so universally felt and acknowledged that no other singer has attempted it. He gave in connexion with it, "Waft her angels to the skies," in which that striking effect like the waving of wings is produced in the accompanying symphonies.*

In the selection from Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, Madame Caradori's introductory recitative of the Seraph, "Oh, tremble mortals," and the song, "Praise the Redeemer's mercy," will stand comparison with the best executed vocal pieces of the Festival. The composition of them, as well as of the chorus which follows, or rather is blended with them, must rank, with true judges, among the most masterly efforts of modern art. We may refer, as proofs of this, to the opening of the air; to the art with which the accompaniments are interwoven, so as to assist, without overpowering, the voice; to the first coming in of the chorus; to the resumption of the air under the subdued accompaniment of the chorus; and to the winding up of the movement, which is accomplished with a perfect climax of effect. The trio which succeeds to this chorus, sung by Miss Bruce, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Bellamy, was only less striking because the subject did not admit of the same expansion. The Hallelujah Chorus, which finished the selections from Beethoven, formed another masterly display of the resources of modern art.

An anthem, by an old English musical classic, Henry Purcell, took the lead in the third part of this day's performance, and our first musicians are ready to confess that they were not aware of the existence of so fine a specimen of this composer.

Mrs. W. Knivett had the recitative "Bless'd be the Lord," from Handel's *Solomon*, and the song—

"What though I trace each herb and flower
That drinks the morning dew,
Did I not own Jehovah's power,
How vain were all I knew!"—

which was correctly sung, and with just expression.

A grand episode followed, in the selection from Handel's *Joshua*, describing, in strains of a character truly epic, the fall of Jericho. It commenced by the recitative, sung by Braham, "'Tis well, six times the Lord has been obeyed," followed by a march with instruments only, in bold martial style, and concluding with the air and chorus—

"Glory to God! the strong cemented walls,
The tottering towers, the ponderous ruin falls;
The nations tremble at the dreadful sound,
Heaven thunders, tempests roar, and groans the ground."

The "incarnatus" from Haydn's first service, was then beautifully sung by Miss Clara Novello, Mdle. Grisi, Madame Stockhausen, Signors Ivanhoff and Tamburini, and Mr. E. Seguin. This is a most striking movement both in its melodies and harmonies.

The chorus from Handel's *Solomon*—

"From the censer curling rise
Grateful incense to the skies;
Heaven blesses David's throne,
Happy, happy Solomon."

closed this day's performance, with a grandeur of effect wholly worthy of the Festival.*

Fourth Performance, Tuesday, July 1.

The subject of to-day was Handel's oratorio of *The Messiah*, concluding the performances of the festival, as it concluded the five days' performances of the famous Commemoration in 1784. It was then produced by command of Queen Charlotte; in like manner, it was performed on Tuesday last, at the instance of her present Majesty.

The esteem in which this epic work of sacred music is held, was, probably, never more evident than on the above occasion. The interest excited by it equalled, or rather exceeded, that on either of the previous performances. At the rehearsal, on Monday, little less than 3,000 persons were admitted. High premiums were paid for the tickets of every description. During Saturday, the sum paid in many instances for the rehearsal tickets for Monday was two guineas, and the regular price was a guinea and a half; for the reserved seats, ten guineas were asked and paid; and even at this enormous advance, a sufficient supply was not to be obtained. The one-guinea tickets, comparatively, were less sought after, from the immense proportion of bad seats in that class; the reserved tickets and the rehearsal tickets gave a certainty in one case and a chance in the other, by early attendance, of a good seat, and hence arose naturally the preference they obtained. Hundreds of persons presented themselves at the Abbey-doors, at the rehearsal, to obtain admission by payment of the original price of the rehearsal tickets, after all the tickets were presumed to be presented. This description of visitors had, of course, the worst places, generally in the space underneath the orchestra, so dark that it was impossible to follow the performance by the perusal of the printed books; and they were so placed besides, that even the orchestra itself was but imperfectly heard. All this was duly intimated to those who were patiently waiting without for this "forlorn hope" of admittance; but it abated

little, nevertheless, of their eagerness to obtain it, and many of them were heard to declare that they cared for little besides, if they could but set foot within the walls of the Abbey, and "say" that they had been present at the "great" festival. In this way, a large sum in money was taken at the entrances to the cathedral.

The doors of the Abbey, both on the day of rehearsal and performance, were thrown open at nine instead of ten o'clock, so that, at the latter hour, the seats were nearly occupied; and by twelve o'clock, the Abbey was so crowded as to leave many persons to shift for accommodation as they might at the entrances, or on the different staircases.

In like manner, the splendid appearance of the audience was increased with the interest of the performances they were assembled to hear. The venerable building was crowded on Tuesday, as on the preceding days, but with a still more brilliant and fashionable audience; indeed, nothing could surpass the striking and impressive effect of the spectacle, or the magnificence of the scene and its accessories. The Abbey, thronged by an immense multitude, comprising so much of the rank, wealth, beauty, and intelligence of the first city in the world—the unequalled band and choir, whose melodious thunder pealed through the gilded and lofty roof of that splendid temple—the stillness and solemnity of the assembly—every attribute of the scene, moral and physical, contributed to impress the mind in a way which it is easier to conceive than describe. The eye took in a gorgeous spectacle, and the ear was charmed

"With the sound
Symphonious of many instruments,"
while such vocal melody

"Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning sung:"

the sound seemed to proceed from one voice and instrument. Notwithstanding there was such a multiplicity of voices and instruments, nothing could be more complete than the unity of effect produced by the whole; it was as if choir and orchestra had been one huge musical machine regulated by a single spring, under the influence of the same moving power, and uttering one harmonious sound. But this almost mechanical precision was attained without any sacrifice of feeling or expression. A living and informing principle governed the mass, and breathed into it the breath of spiritual and expressive harmony.—"The effect of the finest, most solemn, and impressive music, performed with consummate skill, and under extraordinarily favourable circumstances, could not fail to be extremely successful. The audience were wrapped in the most profound attention, and from time to time exhibited the keenest sensibility and emotion at the more exciting passages of the performances. Not a sound

* Abridged from the Times.

was heard to interrupt the music, except now and then the turning over of the leaves of the *libretti*, which from their number, and in the general hush, produced a sound resembling a smart hail-shower.*

Their Majesties attended the performance in the same state as on the preceding days. They were accompanied by the Princess Augusta, the Duke of Cumberland, the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Victoria, Prince George of Cambridge, the Duke of Saxe Meiningen, and the Prince and Princess Hohenlohe. The distinguished persons present comprised a large portion of the dignitaries of the church, the heads of the law, peers, members of the House of Commons, and officers of high rank in the army and navy; and the names of nearly all the female nobility in town. The Duke of Wellington and the Lord Chancellor were present; the former sat under the royal box as on Friday, and the latter occupied a very unostentatious place in the choir gallery, over the royal box.

The performance was the *Messiah* of Handel, in its complete state, and omitting nothing of that acknowledged masterpiece of musical art. Many of our readers are, doubtless, aware that the first part of this oratorio embodies the mystery of the Nativity, the second that of the Crucifixion, and the third the Resurrection and perfected atonement. This performance, therefore, had one great advantage over its predecessors—that of presenting one uniform, grand design; in every view of it a masterpiece of human genius, in its original order, with all the light and shade of contrast, and, essentially, in its original shape. As a whole, therefore, the performance of the *Messiah* was the most perfect and complete of the Festival: many pieces had been given from Handel's works, which stand in a higher class than any portion of the *Messiah*; but this performance had the important characteristic of unity.

In the *Times*, this advantage is illustrated and enforced with excellent effect: "Few, even among the most ardent admirers of Handel, appear to have felt, to the extent that they should have done, the importance of giving his oratorios entire, with the movements in the order in which he composed them; but the truth is, that they are seldom performed in the perfect manner they should be to make the value of this arrangement felt. If they had been often executed heretofore as the *Messiah* was on Tuesday, with all the light and shade, and the contrasts presented to each other by that succession of beautiful movements and choruses, it would long ago have been established that there was scarcely less propriety in giving a song or a chorus separately from an oratorio, than there would be in giving on the stage a separate scene from a tragedy or comedy."

* *Times*.

At twelve precisely, the overture was commenced, and correctly and effectively played by the orchestra. Mr. Braham led the vocal part with the touching and melodious recitative of "Comfort ye my people," with little short of his accustomed vigour; but he warmed as he proceeded, and from the passage, "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness," to the conclusion of the recitative, he left nothing to be desired. He gave the air, "Every valley shall be exalted," with great spirit; and the proportion of excellence throughout would not allow the critic to dwell upon occasional blemishes.

In the succeeding chorus, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," Handel, then only in the commencement of his great subject, manifests a reserve of power rather than a display: the orchestra realized the intended effect of the composer, and the "boys sang with spirit and precision in its canto part."†

The vigorous recitative, "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts," was then given by Mr. Machin boldly and effectively, and was a fine prelude to the flowing, but emphatic air, "Who may abide the day of his coming?" This entire composition may be classed among Handel's masterpieces. A chorus followed, and then the recitative, "Behold a virgin shall conceive," and the air "O thou that tellest good tidings of Zion," which requires a counter-tenor or falsetto voice, and comes jubilant upon the ear, tingling with animation and sweetness combined. Mr. Hawkins, whose falsetto is of a most agreeable quality, gave these with steady voice and just intonation, but with scarcely sufficient expression. The flute accompaniments, which are thrown in by Mozart in these two pieces, had a very fine effect. In the chorus which follows, in the same words, we have a simple harmonious composition, which filled the ear with its richness. Mr. H. Phillips gave, in his best style,

"For behold darkness shall cover the earth
And great darkness the people! But the LORD
Shall arise upon thee!"

"The deep, defined, impressive tones in which he gave the first pregnant lines, compared with the more animated, hopeful style of the latter, was like the contrast of deep shade and brightest light in a fine picture—in both, nothing could be more pure than the taste of the singer."‡ His solo performance was followed by the grand chorus "For to us a child is born," the first chorus in the *Messiah*, in which Handel's genius breaks out into its full force and vigour. The grand out-burst at the words "Wonderful counsellor, the mighty God," several times repeated, is unsurpassed. Its choral thunder died away into the harmonious pastoral symphony, which introduces the recitative of the "shepherds

† *Morning Herald*.
‡ *Morning Herald*.

tending their flocks." This is, indeed, a charming instrumental composition. "If it be meant to signify the songs of the angels at the nativity, it comes on us as a very radiance of divine music, such as might have breathed upon the ears of the astonished shepherds of Nazareth, and told them that there was joy in heaven."^{*}

Mrs. W. Knyvett sang the recitative, "And, lo! the Angel of the Lord," and "Suddenly there was with the Angel," in a suitable, plain, unaffected manner; and the chorus, "Glory to God," followed—a short but grand and strikingly effective movement in the execution.

Madame Caradori's air, "Rejoice greatly, O Daughter of Zion," was sung with great brilliancy. "Miss Masson's 'He shall feed his flock,' was an admirable performance, both in the style which properly belongs to this movement and its just intonation; and in the second part of the same movement, 'Come unto Him all ye that labour,' Madame Stockhausen evinced nearly the same felicity. The contrast of the alto and soprano voices of the two ladies had a most charming effect."[†]

The chorus, "His yoke is easy and his burden is light," closed the first part of the oratorio.

The second part commenced with the rich and beautiful harmonies of the chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God," followed by the melancholy air, given to Miss Masson, "He was despised and rejected of men," which was feelingly sung. The chorus which succeeds, "Surely he hath borne our griefs," is an acknowledged masterpiece, and the performance was worthy of the composition.

Miss Shirreff, (her only performance at this festival,) gave the recitative, "He was cut out of the land of the living," and the air, "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell," with such steadiness and good effect, as to make the audience regret that a more conspicuous part was not allotted to this accomplished singer.

To the end of the second part almost every piece sung was of a high style. The movement of the semi-chorus, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates," was one of exceeding spirit and noble harmony, and it ended well with the chorus "He is the King of Glory."

Miss Clara Novello sang in an appropriate, unornamented, expressive style, "How beautiful are the feet of those who bring good tidings;" and the quartet followed, "Their sound is gone out," in which Master Howe sustained the first part with great steadiness, and was well supported by Messrs. Goulden, Horncastle, and J. B. Sale.

Mr. H. Phillips had the fine bass song, "Why do the nations so furiously rage together," to which his natural powers are more

adequate than those of any public singer since Bartleman.

The Hallelujah chorus brought the second part to a close magnificently. "It would be vain to attempt to convey to our readers any notion of the amazing volume of combined harmonious sound, which the execution of this sublime chorus brought into action. It is admitted on all hands, we believe, that it has never been executed hitherto with so large a band, and with Mozart's accompaniments for wind instruments. Grand as it came from the hand of its great author, yet, it must be confessed, that these additions were as a crowning glory to it. Trumpets, when well managed, are the soul—the living principle—in a piece of instrumental composition, which aims at the highest efforts of the art. Mozart felt how much they would add to the violin and violoncello movements of Handel. The result has been always considered justificatory of his experiment, and on Tuesday it was indeed rendered triumphant. We should calculate that the trumpets, French horns, trombones, and ophicleides, (a sort of brassen serpent, the largest of brass horns, of which two were in the Abbey band), contributed one quarter to the general effect of the Hallelujah on Tuesday. The whole combination of instruments, voices—and let us not omit the drums—sent down a thunder-storm of music which was quite astounding."[‡]

In the third part, the oratorio may be said to have flagged. Miss Stephens opened it with

"I know that my Redeemer liveth,"

with infinite delicacy and pure feeling. If not one of the foremost as a musical composition, it is otherwise the most effective: and those who have heard it in a village church, will allow that neither place nor imperfect execution, such as we hear in country choirs, impair its touching truth.

Then followed the quartet, "Since by man came death," in which Miss Stephens, Sale, Hawkins, and Horncastle joined, but not with equable merit. In the recitative, "Behold I tell you a mystery," and the celebrated song, "The Trumpet shall sound," Mr. Bellamy failed in expressing the true meaning of the impressive words. Harper's obligato on the trumpet was, however, a different species of display, and well deserved a better service.

The duet, "O death where is thy sting," assigned to Messrs. Goulden and Vaughan, was also but indifferently sung. "In the chorus with which that duet unites, 'But thanks be to God,' we again renewed our acquaintance with Handel, or rather had effects, which, though they might have existed in his imagination, were probably unknown to Handel himself."[§]

Mr. E. Seguin's air, "If God be for us,"

* Morning Herald.

† Times.

‡ Morning Herald.

§ Times.

was correctly sung; and the magnificent chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," closed the day's performance.*

* Of Handel's oratorio of the *Messiah* we find some interesting particulars in Dr. Burney's *History of Music*. In the biographies of Handel, he is said to have brought out the *Messiah* in the year 1741. This sublime composition was not, however, truly appreciated at its first representation, a circumstance which may be accounted for by the offence which its author had just given, in refusing to compose for Senesino, who had insulted him. Disgusted at its reception, Handel set out for Ireland towards the close of the same year, where it was much more successful. Dr. Burney took "considerable pains" to set his reader right upon the reception of the oratorio. He says: "In the autumn of this year, (1741,) Handel went to Ireland. I have taken considerable pains to obtain a minute and accurate account of the musical transactions of the great musician, during his residence in that kingdom; and in a particular manner tried to wipe off the national stain, of the oratorio of the *Messiah* having 'met with a cold reception' in England, previous to Handel's departure for Ireland;" a fact which I am glad to find impossible to ascertain, either by the newspapers of the times, in which all his other public performances, sacred and secular, are chronologically recorded, or by the testimony of persons still living, who remember the performance of the *Messiah* in Ireland, and of his oratorios previous to that period in England.

"Falkener's Journals, for 1741-2, have been consulted for the advertisements of Handel's performances during his residence in Dublin; and the first time anything on the subject occurs, is in the paper for December 19, 1741, when *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and Il Moderato*, are advertised for the 23rd. But March 27, 1742, Mr. Handel's new, grand, sacred Oratorio, called the *Messiah*, was advertised for performance on the 12th of April following. In the paper of the day after performance, it is very much praised, and the admiration of the public is expressed in the warmest terms. The *Messiah* was again announced for the 3rd of June, and in exactly the same words as before: being called new, grand, &c. This, it was said would be the last of Mr. Handel's performances during his stay in the kingdom.

"An Irish gentleman still living, (1789,) who was at Dublin when Handel was there, and perfectly remembers his performances, person, and manners, says, that 'he was received in that kingdom by people of the first distinction with all possible marks of esteem, as a man, and admiration as a performer and composer of the highest order.' And adds, 'the *Messiah*, I am thoroughly convinced, was performed in Dublin for the first time, and with the greatest applause. There were many noble families here, with whom Mr. Handel lived in the utmost degree of friendship and familiarity. Mrs. Vernon, a German lady, who came over with King George I., was particularly intimate with him, and at her house I had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with Mr. Handel; who, with his other excellences, was possessed of a great stock of humour; no man ever told a story with more. But it was requisite for the hearer to have a competent knowledge of at least four languages:—English, French, Italian, and German; for in his narratives he made use of them all.'"

After an absence of nine months, which had turned out most profitably both to Handel's purse and fame, he returned to London; the hostility against him had much abated, and his oratorios were constantly received at Covent Garden Theatre with the greatest approbation by overflowing audiences, the *Messiah*, in particular, increasing yearly in reputation. Subsequently to his return from Ireland, Handel applied himself wholly to the composition of sacred music.

• Mem. of the Life of Handel, 1760, p. 131.

The Princess Victoria was the most interesting object in the royal box. There is a tone of character about her that is very delightful: with the look and pleasurable expression of a child, she has a sedate aspect which is promising in one who is probably destined to fill a throne. A sweet smile sometimes played over her features, and illumined for a moment the languor they take when they are at rest. Occasionally a charming colour mounted to her cheeks, naturally wan, and flushed them with a glow of sudden delight: then it rapidly subsided, and her fair, round face, and her eyes, which have the placid beauty of the dove's, and her delicately-outlined mouth, fell into that tranquillity which seems to be her natural temperament. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Augusta—the latter of whom paid great attention to the music, constantly beating time, although not always with precision—were the chief personages next in attraction. At the close of the performances, when the Queen rose to depart, she kissed the young princess and the duchess, both of whom cordially returned the embrace; and after sundry greetings and pleasantries, all of which took place in the presence of the vast assembly, the party broke up and retired.—*Third Day.*

HAYDN'S "CREATION,"

It is well known, was written after his visit to England, where he first became acquainted with the oratorio style of Handel; which, in its turn, had been in some degree formed on that of our great Church writers (for then we had to boast a national school of sacred composition): but, aware that no one could venture to contend for supremacy with his illustrious countryman on his own ground, and that Handel had achieved all that simple grandeur could effect, he brought into play all those rich and varied instrumental combinations which he was the first to understand and to employ. It was produced in England in 1800, at the oratorios conducted by the Messrs. Ashley, with a degree of haste which was more extraordinary than desirable; and the errors resulting from this precipitation have not even yet been purged away. The German score was, unfortunately, accompanied by a misnamed English version, but which really was made by a German wholly ignorant of English. No matter—it served the purpose of the moment; and to this barbarous jargon, written in no language under heaven, the *Creation* has, till now, been performed. Mara, Charles Incedon, Dignum, and Denman, were the original principals. An expression of the lady, whose name is identified with Handel's finest songs, marks the effect of so novel a style of sacred music on the professors of England. "This is the first time, said Mara, "that I have accompanied a band in the performance of an oratorio."

Such was the impression that the prominent luxuriance of the instrumentation produced on this extraordinary woman. The *Creation* soon went the round of the Provincial Festivals: here the talents of Billington or Dickons, Braham and Bartleman, used to be engaged in it; and these, as regards the principal voices, were the days of its brightest lustre. Its songs and concerted pieces never were heard in such perfection in any other country or at any other time: but in London this treat was not enjoyed. The birthplace of the *Creation* in England was Covent Garden Theatre. It was accounted heresy by the disciples of the Ancient Concert school to admire it; denounced as vulgar and dramatic; and, as far as they were able, proscribed. Hence, until the present Festival, it has never been heard to advantage in London, although familiar, (as its execution has proved,) to every country chorus-singer.

Critics have been very much divided in opinion as to the merits of various parts of this oratorio: and, beyond doubt, there is frequently a levity of character which does not accord with our ideas of sacred music: but we must remember that Handel wrote his oratorios on the model of our church music, while Haydn formed his on that of his own country. Handel overwhelms with his power; Haydn captivates with his elegance. His mind was the abode of all that is graceful, symmetrical, beautiful; but he never stirs the heart like his great predecessor. Our position on Tuesday enabled us to enjoy all the richness and variety of his instrumentation: and here he towers above Handel,—who often betrays want of skill in the combination of his instruments, as well as in their individual use; Haydn never. The latter uses every instrument in the best way, and to the best advantage; and no change could be made in his score without injury. Handel disclaimed the employment of combined instruments; Haydn studied and courted it. For example, the score of the *Messiah* contains only six instruments—two of which are only thrice employed, and the rest generally play in unison with the voices; whereas Haydn employs twenty-two different instruments almost throughout his oratorio. One of his vulnerable points has been reckoned the attempt to describe the motions of various animals; and we have been accustomed to regard it as a step beyond the legitimate province of instrumental power: but, considering this question as one to be entirely decided by the manner in which the author's conceptions are realized, we fairly own that the performance on Tuesday satisfied us that Haydn had not passed beyond the limit which separates the sublime from the ridiculous.

We take some credit to ourselves for the performance of the *Creation* entire. This we know, that it was, at first, intended by the

managers to have indulged us only with the first act, and that the decision was reversed after our strong remonstrance on the subject. We have very little to say as to its performance; having exhausted the subject in noticing the last Norwich festival, where it was given as perfectly, and in some respects better—for Malibran was the prima donna. One thing was sufficiently evident on Tuesday morning, and every musician must have been gratified by it—that this glorious work, though driven from the concerts of London, and unknown to the fashionable world, is familiar to the weavers of Manchester, Norwich, and Leicester, and to the button-makers of Birmingham. We anticipated from such an instrumental band as we saw before us, the most finished and perfect performance of the oratorio; and we had it; but it was not a whit more perfect than the chorus-singing, and less extraordinary—for here were men gathered from all parts of the kingdom, collected from looms, factories, and forges, and meeting for the first time, yet going through the whole of this oratorio with the nicest precision. There was not a halt or an error from beginning to end. We need not go into any detailed criticism of singers and songs, of whose merits we have so often had occasion to speak. Braham maintained his long-lasting supremacy. Again we have to tell him, that an enlightened musical foreigner, who had previously only heard his theatrical singing, and who had thence put him down as a mere noisy, vulgar bawler, was equally astonished and delighted by his pure and powerful delivery of "Total eclipse." But the purest and most finished style and voice were produced by Hobbs. Madame Stockhausen sang "On mighty pens," very sweetly; but she failed in the energetic delivery which Mrs. Dickons used to impart, and which, added to all her other vocal excellences, made this song her own. Taken as a whole, the principal parts of this oratorio were feeble when compared with what we have heard—when Billington or Dickons and Bartleman were Braham's associates in it. But the instrumental and choral parts never were executed more perfectly—could the united force of their efforts have been heard.—*Spectator*.

MUSIC IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Huzar, high, and solemn, sanctified by time,
And gazing skyward in the towery gloom
Of temple majesty,—another pile
Behold! in mid-air ponderously reared.
How dread a power pervadeth things this mass
Of ancient glory tells! Whereon it stands
The vacant winds did trifle, and the laugh
Of sunshine sported in bright freedom there:
It rose, and lo! there is a spirit-awe
Around it dwelling; with suspended heart
'Tis enter'd, where a cold sepulchral hush,
The holiness of its immensity,
The Heaven-like vastness of the vaulted aisle,
The faded banners and the trophied tombs,
And look of monumental melancholy,

With aching sadness overcloud the soul
Of mortals.
Echoes on echoes roll'd, and reproduc'd !
*As though twining with rushing flame
O'erwhelm'd, the music-haunted temple sounds.*
Hark ! peal on peal, and burst on burst, sublime
The prelude comes, ascendeth loudly full,
And in a whirl of rapture rolls away !—
But ere it died, a thousand faces shone
With ecstasy ; as sunshine, in a sweep
Of gladness over hill and meadow shot,
Doth waken tints of glory from the scene,—
So drew the music, in its sweeping flow
O'er mortal features, flashes from the soul,
Bright hues, and meaning, passionately mixed.

The heaven of music ! how it wafts and waves
Itself in all the poetry of sound :—
*Now, throbbing like a happy thing of air ;
Then, dying a voluptuous death, as lost
In its own lux'ry,—now alive again
In sweetness,—wafted like a vocal cloud
Mollificously breaking,—seems the strain !—*

All music is the mystery of sound,
Whose soul lies sleeping in the air till roused,
And lo !—it pulses into melody !—
Deep, low, or wild, obedient to the throb
Of instrumental magic :—on its wings
Are visions, too, of tenderness and love,
Beatitude and joy : thus, over waves
Of beauty, landscapes in their summer glow,
And the warm languish of their summer streams,
A list'ning soul is borne ; while home renews
Her paradise, beneath the moonlight veil
That mantles o'er the past, till wasted tears
Gleam in the eyes of memory.—*Montgomery's Satan.*

* This and the other passages which he has ventured to mark appear to the transcriber as exquisitely descriptive of floating harmony as any passage which modern poetry can produce.—*Morning Herald.*

Original Anecdotes.

EFFECTS OF HANDEL'S MUSIC.

SOME years since, at a small concert given in Norwich, the *Messiah* was performed, and amongst the audience was a gentleman named Hardingham, upon whom music had never previously been known to make any peculiar impression : but he was, on this occasion, as the glorious oratorio proceeded, observed to become exceedingly agitated, standing upon a bench, distorting his countenance, and contorting his limbs, in a very extraordinary manner : at length, he dismounted, and with a strange expression of countenance, made his way to the orchestra, and catching up one of the candles, that there stood within his reach, he attempted with it to set fire to the room. He was seized, and conveyed home ; but never to the end of his life, did the unfortunate gentleman recover his senses.

In Dr. Burney's History of the first Commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey, mention, we believe, is made of a man, dying of ecstasy, like Harmodius the flute-player of old : he was one of the band, and performing in the *Messiah*. The writer was told, that at the performance of the same oratorio, at the celebrated York Grand Musical Festival, a gentleman died, utterly overcome by the awfully exciting effect of such music, played by such a band !

How mysterious is our nature, when music can equally soothe madness and produce it ! can almost

"Create a soul under the ribs of death,"
and yet can be attended by the most fatal consequences.
M. L. B.

MOZART'S ACCOMPANIMENTS.

Nor very long since, at a music meeting at Salisbury, it was proposed to perform some of Handel's music, with Mozart's accompaniments ; whereupon a dilettante, who professed himself a great admirer and judge of Handel's music, got into a passion, swore that Handel was destroyed by Mozart, and that *he*, for one, would not sit to hear a fine oratorio ruined by interpolations, &c. &c. The committee paid little attention to this effusion, and Handel, with Mozart's accompaniments, was accordingly announced in the bills. Our amateur, in spite of his resolution, attended the oratorio, for the purpose, perhaps, of nursing the wrath which he liberally vented upon its conclusion, abusing it in the most violent terms, and vowing, that as to people pretending to hear Handel's music, it was all nonsense, and a mere imposition, it being Mozart's only, and not a note of Handel's in it. "Sir, you mistake," said one of the committee, who with difficulty suppressed a hearty laugh at the ignorance of the sufficient judge, "we wanted Mozart's accompaniments, but, in the end, could not have them ; and you have all this while, been condemning, in unmeasured terms, Handel's own compositions, without a note added to them, by any other composer whatever !"

M. L. B.

JUDGES OF HANDEL'S MUSIC.

THE above anecdote fails not to remind the writer, that she was once present at a party, where a lady of rank and education, a professed judge of Handel's music, mistook—to be sure, she had chattered like a magpie, all the time it was being played—one of Cramer's Exercises, in his Piano-forte Studies, for the Hailstone Chorus.

M. L. B.

THE VALUE OF MUSIC.

A Scotch gentleman, an eminent amateur flutist, was one evening, at a private musical party, screwing the parts of his instrument together, when a lady ran up to him, exclaiming, "O ! Mr. D., I'm so glad to see that you are going to play !" The gentleman bowed at what he presumed was an implied compliment ; "for," continued the fair amateur, "I do think music is such a promoter of conversation !"

M. L. B.

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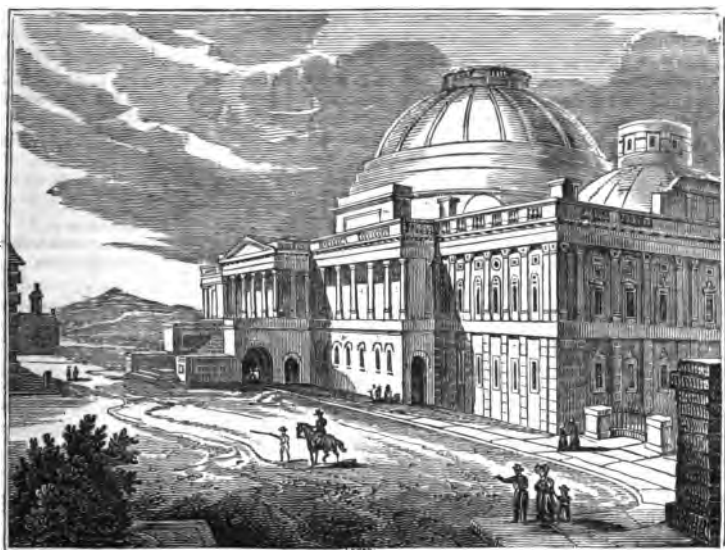
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THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

THE name of *Capitol* is given to the edifice in Washington, where Congress assembles. It is, in familiar parlance, the *American House of Commons*; for herein assemble the members of the national legislature of the United States of America.*

The American Capitol has not the magnificence and richness of the Capitol of old Rome: we, in vain, look here for the thresholds of brass, or the roof of gold; but, we have a massy pile, equal, certainly, in architectural importance to our much respected chapel of St. Stephen. Captain Alexander tells us that on approaching Washington, he saw before him, on a bare plain, the great dome and the massive pile of the Capitol, with a few inferior houses round it, and hardly a living object moving on the silent scene—a strange approach to the metropolis of “a fine, free, and flourishing country.”

The Capitol, like the Roman original, is built upon an eminence, at the end of the Pennsylvania avenue, a mile long, the upper end ornamented with double rows of poplars.

* Congress, strictly speaking, consists of a senate and a house of representatives, each constituting a distinct and independent branch. The house of representatives is composed of members chosen every second year, by the people of the several states. The senate is composed of two senators from each state.

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The ascent is by broad stairs: in the middle is a marble monument, consisting of a column, surmounted with an eagle, and occupying a square base, on which are allegorical figures of History, Fame, Commerce, and America. This monument is in memory of the officers who fell in the Tripolitan war.

The Engraving shows the exterior elevation of the Capitol. The principal apartment is the circular rotunda in the centre, which is excellently paved, and has an echoing circumference of dome overhead. In four niches round the walls are sculptured representations of the fight between Boon, (one of the first pioneers of the West,) and an Indian chief—the landing at Plymouth of the Pilgrim-Fathers, fleeing from England for conscience sake—the treaty between Penn and the two Indian chiefs on the Delaware—and the last, the escape of Captain John Smith, in 1606, from the uplifted war-club of King Powhatan, on the intercession of his daughter Pocahontas. Four large oil-paintings, by Colonel Turnbull, represent the Declaration of Independence, General Washington resigning his commission, and the surrender of Cornwallis and Burgoyne, at Yorktown and Saratoga.

“Connected with these two last is an anecdote.”

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dote highly creditable to the American character, and also showing that a regard for the feelings of others is confined to no particular country. A British officer on a visit to Washington, made the acquaintance, at a hotel, of two officers of the United States artillery; they showed him whatever was worthy of notice in or about the city, but they dissuaded him from entering the Capitol, as they said it was in an unfinished state, and contained nothing that could interest him. However, one day he went alone to the Capitol, and found that the cause of the dissuases of his friends was the pictures above mentioned. They thought it would vex him to see these memorials of British defeat."⁴

In the Capitol also, is the National Library, comprising a large collection of choice works. The Hall of the Senate is a neat, semicircular chamber; but the Hall of Representatives is the great attraction in the Capitol. The Speaker's chair, or rather, curtained throne, is placed in front of a row of lofty windows, with crimson drapery; the seats and desks of the members of Congress are placed in semicircular and ascending rows. Corinthian pillars of great size, with polished shafts of variegated pudding-stone, in which blue predominates, and crowned with marble capitals, are disposed round the walls, and opposite to the Speaker is a capacious gallery. The members wear their hats, as in St. Stephen's, and a few, from the far-off West, may be seen in fur caps and white great coats. "Well," observes Captain Alexander, "may the Americans vaunt their country, when representatives salute each other in Congress, after journeys over 2,000 miles of United States territory."

The opening of Congress, and the delivery of the President's message, are not so much matters of state, as the opening of Parliament, and the delivery of the King's speech, in England. There is a silence in the great hall; a door opens, and a voice announces "the Message of the President." Instead of a procession, a single individual in a cloak enters with a bundle of papers in his hand, tied with red tape, and advancing up the centre passage, presents it to the Speaker; he unties it, and reads aloud the important document.

HERCULANEUM.

CITY of buried ages!—on thy halls
The torch-light's glare in ghastly shadow falls:
From her long slumber echo starts, and round,
A mournful murmur answers to each sound;
While marble baths, and broken colonnades,
And fallen temples fill the long arcades.
Where are the buried thousands?—once so rife
In all the bustling energies of life.
Hush'd is the voice of eloquence, for none
Are left to hang upon each thrilling tone:—

* Alexander's Transatlantic Sketches.

All silent! for the whelming torrent came,
And crush'd the hero's and the poet's fame.
City! long wrapped in dun oblivion's gloom,
Where thousands found at once a death and tomb.
On crowded theatres and lighted halls,
The death-shower in one burning ruin falls;
Quench'd in that hour, the light in beauty's eye,
The music's cadence, and the lover's sigh;
Ambition's toils, and faded sorrow's tear,
The victor's triumph, and the victim's fear;
Hope's flowery joys that youth was wreathing there,
And weary age that death together share;
And commerce, with a busy mart of schemes,
The painter's visions, and the poet's dreams—
All were whelm'd in that dark hour of woe,
And undistinguished to one funeral go!
Ages roll'd on—the world forgot thy state,
Thy long-past glory dark and desolate!
Oblivion held o'er thee her ebon away,
And all thy splendour in one slumber lay.
Empires arose—battles were lost and won,
While thou to buried nothingness wert gone!
To fancy's eye, what fitting visions glide,
Thy silent streets and crumbling halls beside;
Pale ghosts of other ages, memories old,
The chill, deserted palaces unfold;
Aking thy children of another day,
Roll from the grave its sheltering gloom away.
Oh, since thy ruin, what events have roll'd
Their lights and shadows o'er this changing world!
Thro' thy dark streets the torchlight's lurid glare,
Gives back to sight again the things that were,
Unchang'd; how all the selfsame aspect wears,
Through the deep shadow of two thousand years!

Kilton-Lindsey.

ANNE R—.

THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE.

Oh! welcome are the winds that tell
A wanderer of the deep,
Where far away the jasmies dwell,
And where the myrrh-trees weep;
Blest on the sounding surge and foam,
Are tidings of the citron's home!"

Mrs. Hemans.

AWAY o'er the dancing wave!
Like the wings of the white seagull;
How proudly the hearts of the youthful brave
Their dreams of bliss renew!

And as on the pathless deep
The bark by the gale is driven,
How glorious it is with the stars to keep
A watch on the beautiful heaven!

The winds o'er the ocean bear
Rich fragrance from the flow'rs,
That bloom on the sward, and sparkle there
Like stars in their dark blue bow'rs.

The visions of those that sail
O'er the wave with its snow-white foam,
Are haunted with scenes of the beautiful vale
That incloses their peaceful home.

They have wandered through groves of the West,
Illumed with the fire-flies' light;
But their native land kindles a charm in each breast,
Unwaken'd by regions more bright.

The haunts that were dear to the heart,
As an exquisite dream of romance,
Strew thoughts, like sweet flowers, round its heliest
part,
And their fancy-bound spirits entrance.

Then away with the fluttering sail!
And away with the bounding wave!
While the musical sounds of the ocean-gale
Are wafted around the brave!

G. R. C.

Deal.

Select Biography.

DOCTOR DEE,

(From Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers.)

DR. JOHN DEE was a man who made a conspicuous figure in the sixteenth century. He was born at London in the year 1527. He was an eminent mathematician, and an indefatigable scholar. He says of himself, that, having been sent to Cambridge when he was fifteen, he persisted for several years in allowing himself only four hours for sleep in the twenty-four, and two for food and refreshment, and that he constantly occupied the remaining eighteen, (the time for divine service only excepted,) in study. At Cambridge he superintended the exhibition of a Greek play of Aristophanes, among the machinery of which he introduced an artificial scarabeus, or beetle, which flew up to the palace of Jupiter, with a man on his back, and a basket of provisions. The ignorant and astonished spectators ascribed this feat to the arts of the magician; and Dee, annoyed by these suspicions, found it expedient to withdraw to the continent. Here he resided first at the university of Louvaine, at which place, his acquaintance was courted by the dukes of Mantua and Medina, and from thence proceeded to Paris, where he gave lectures on Euclid with singular applause.

In 1551, he returned to England, and was received with distinction by Sir John Cheek, and introduced to Secretary Cecil, and even to King Edward, from whom he received a pension of one hundred crowns per annum, which he speedily after exchanged for a small living in the church. In the reign of Queen Mary he was for some time kindly treated; but afterwards came into great trouble, and even into danger of his life. He entered into correspondence with several of the servants of Queen Elizabeth at Woodstock, and was charged with practising against Mary's life by enchantments. Upon this accusation, he was seized and confined; and being, after several examinations, discharged of the indictment, was turned over to Bishop Bonner to see if any heresy could be found in him. After a tedious persecution, he was set at liberty in 1555, and was so little subdued by what he had suffered, that in the following year he presented a petition to the queen, requesting her co-operation in a plan for preserving and recovering certain monuments of classical antiquity.

The principal study of Dee, however, at this time lay in astrology; and accordingly, upon the accession of Elizabeth, Robert Dudley, her chief favourite, was sent to consult the doctor as to the aspect of the stars, that they might fix on an auspicious day for celebrating her coronation. Some years after we find him again on the continent; and in 1571,

being taken ill at Louvaine, we are told the queen sent over two physicians to accomplish his cure. Elizabeth afterwards visited him at his house at Mortlake, that she might view his magazine of mathematical instruments and curiosities; and about this time employed him to defend her title to countries discovered in different parts of the globe. He says of himself, that he received the most advantageous offers from Charles V., Ferdinand, Maximilian II., and Rodolph II., emperors of Germany, and from the czar of Muscovy an offer of 2,000*l.* sterling per annum, upon condition that he would reside in his dominions. All these circumstances were solemnly attested by Dee in a compendious rehearsal of his life and studies for half a century, composed at a later period, and read by him at his house at Mortlake to two commissioners appointed by Elizabeth to inquire into his circumstances, accompanied with evidences and documents to establish the particulars.*

Had Dee gone no further than this, he would undoubtedly have ranked among the profoundest scholars and most eminent geniuses that adorned the reign of the maiden queen. But he was unfortunately cursed with an ambition that nothing could satisfy; and, having accustomed his mind to the wildest reveries, and wrought himself up to an extravagant pitch of enthusiasm, he pursued a course that involved him in much calamity, and clouded all his latter days with misery and ruin. He dreamed perpetually of the philosopher's stone, and was haunted with the belief of intercourse of a supramundane character. It is almost impossible to decide among these things, how much was illusion, and how much was forgery. Both were inextricably mixed in his proceedings; and this extraordinary victim probably could not in his most dispassionate moments precisely distinguish what belonged to the one, and what to the other.

As Dee was an enthusiast, so he perpetually interposed in his meditations prayers of the greatest emphasis and fervour. As he was one day in November, 1582, engaged in these devout exercises, he says that there appeared to him the angel Uriel at the west window of his museum, who gave him a translucent stone, or chrysal, of a convex form, that had the quality, when intently surveyed, of presenting apparitions, and even emitting sounds, in consequence of which the observer could hold conversations, ask questions and receive answers from the figures he saw in the mirror. It was often necessary that the stone should be turned one way and another in different positions, before the person who consulted it gained the right focus; and then the object to be observed would sometimes show themselves on the surface of the stone,

* Appendix to Johannes Glastouiensis, edited by Hearne.

and sometimes in different parts of the room by virtue of the action of the stone. It had also this peculiarity, that only one person, having been named as seer, could see the figures exhibited, and hear the voices that spoke, though there might be various persons in the room. It appears that the person who discerned these visions must have his eyes and his ears uninterruptedly engaged in the affair, so that, as Dee experienced, to render the communication effectual, there must be two human beings concerned in the scene, one of them to describe what he saw, and to recite the dialogue that took place, and the other immediately to commit to paper all that his partner dictated. Dee for some reason chose for himself the part of the amanuensis, and had to seek for a companion, who was to watch the stone, and repeat to him whatever he saw and heard.

It happened opportunely that, a short time before Dee received this gift from on high, he contracted a familiar intercourse with one Edward Kelly of Worcestershire, whom he found specially qualified to perform the part which it was necessary to Dee to have adequately filled. Kelly was an extraordinary character, and in some respects exactly such a person as Dee wanted. He was just twenty-eight years younger than the memorable personage, who now received him as an inmate, and was engaged in his service at a stipulated salary of fifty pounds a year.

Kelly entered upon life with a somewhat unfortunate adventure. He was accused, when a young man, of forgery, brought to trial, convicted, and lost his ears in the pillory. This misfortune, however, by no means daunted him. He was assiduously engaged in the search for the philosopher's stone. He had an active mind, great enterprise, and a very domineering temper. Another adventure in which he had been engaged previously to his knowledge of Dee, was in digging up the body of a man, who had been buried only the day before, that he might compel him by incantations, to answer questions, and discover future events. There was this difference therefore between the two persons previously to their league. Dee was a man of regular manners and unspotted life, honoured by the great, and favourably noticed by crowned heads in different parts of the world; while Kelly was a notorious profligate, accustomed to the most licentious actions, and under no restraint from morals or principle.

One circumstance that occurred early in the acquaintance of Kelly and Dee it is necessary to mention. It serves strikingly to illustrate the ascendancy of the junior and impetuous party over his more gifted senior. Kelly led Dee, we are not told under what pretence, to visit the celebrated ruins of Glastonbury Abbey in Somersetshire. Here,

as these curious travellers searched into every corner of the scene, they met by some rare accident with a vase containing a certain portion of the actual elixir vitæ, that rare and precious liquid, so much sought after, which has the virtue of converting the baser metals into gold and silver. It had remained here perhaps ever since the time of the highly-gifted St. Dunstan in the tenth century. This they carried off in triumph: but we are not told of any special use to which they applied it, till a few years after, when they were both on the continent.

The first record of their consultations with the supramundane spirits, was of the date of December 2, 1581, at Lexden-heath in the county of Essex; and from this time they went on in a regular series of consultations with and inquiries from these miraculous visiters, a great part of which will appear to the uninitiated extremely puerile and ludicrous, but which were committed to writing with the most scrupulous exactness by Dee, the first part still existing in manuscript, but the greater portion from the 28th of May, 1583, to 1608, with some interruptions, having been committed to the press by Dr. Meric Casaubon in a well-sized folio in 1659, under the title of *A true and faithful relation of what passed between Dr. John Dee and some spirits, tending, had it succeeded, to a general alteration of most states and kingdoms of the world.*

Kelly and Dee had not long been engaged in these supernatural colloquies, before an event occurred which gave an entirely new turn to their proceedings. Albert Alaski, a Polish nobleman, lord palatine of the principality of Siradia, came over at this time into England, urged, as he said, by a desire personally to acquaint himself with the glories of the reign of Elizabeth, and the evidences of her unrivalled talents. The queen and her favourite, the earl of Leicester, received him with every mark of courtesy and attention, and, having shown him all the wonders of her court at Westminster and Greenwich, sent him to Oxford, with a command to the dignitaries and heads of colleges, to pay him every attention, and to lay open to his view all their rarest curiosities. Among other things worthy of notice, Alaski inquired for the celebrated Dr. Dee, and expressed the greatest impatience to be acquainted with him.

Just at this juncture the earl of Leicester happened to spy Dr. Dee among the crowd who attended at a royal levee. The earl immediately advanced towards him; and, in a frank manner, having introduced him to Alaski, expressed his intention of bringing the Pole to dine with the doctor at his house at Mortlake. Embarrassed with this unexpected honour, Dee no sooner got home, than he dispatched an express to the earl, honestly confessing that he should be unable to enter-

tain such guests in a suitable manner, without being reduced to the expedient of selling or pawning his plate, to procure him the means of doing so. Leicester communicated the doctor's perplexity to Elizabeth; and the queen immediately dispatched a messenger with a present of forty angels, or twenty pounds, to enable him to receive his guests as became him.

A great intimacy immediately commenced between Dee and the stranger. Alaski, though possessing an extensive territory, was reduced by the prodigality of himself or his ancestors to much embarrassment; and on the other hand, this nobleman appeared to Dee an instrument well qualified to accomplish his ambitious purposes. Alaski was extremely desirous to look into the womb of time; and Dee, it is likely, suggested repeated hints of his extraordinary power from his possession of the philosopher's stone. After two or three interviews, and much seeming importunity on the part of the Pole, Dee and Kelly graciously condescended to admit Alaski as a third party to their secret meetings with their supernatural visitors, from which the rest of the world were carefully excluded. Here the two Englishmen made use of the vulgar artifice of promising extraordinary good fortune to the person of whom they purposed to make use. By the intervention of the miraculous stone they told the wondering traveller, that he should shortly become king of Poland, with the accession of several other kingdoms, that he should overcome many armies of Saracens and Paynims, and prove a mighty conqueror. Dee at the same time complained of the disagreeable condition in which he was at home, and that Burleigh and Walsingham were his malicious enemies. At length they concerted among themselves, that they, Alaski, and Dee and Kelly, with their wives and families, should clandestinely withdraw out of England, and proceed with all practicable rapidity to Alaski's territory in the kingdom of Poland. They embarked on this voyage the 21st of September, and arrived at Siradia the 3rd of February following.

At this place, however, the strangers remained little more than a month. Alaski found his finances in such disorder, that it was scarcely possible for him to feed the numerous guests he had brought along with him. The promises of splendid conquests which Dee and Kelly profusely heaped upon him, were of no avail to supply the deficiency of his present income. And the elixir they brought from Glastonbury was, as they said, so incredibly rich in virtue, that they were compelled to lose much time in making projection by way of trial, before they could hope to arrive at the proper temperament for producing the effect they desired.

In the following month Alaski, with his

visitors, passed to Cracow, the residence of the kings of Poland. Here they remained five months, Dee and Kelly perpetually amusing the Pole with the extraordinary virtue of the stone, which had been brought from heaven by an angel, and busied in a thousand experiments with the elixir, and many tedious preparations which they pronounced to be necessary, before the compound could have the proper effect. The prophecies were uttered with extreme confidence; but no external indications were afforded, to show that in any way they were likely to be realized. The experiments and exertions of the laboratory were incessant; but no transmutation was produced. At length Alaski found himself unable to sustain the train of followers he had brought out of England. With mountains of wealth, the treasures of the world promised, they were reduced to the most grievous straits for the means of daily subsistence. Finally, the zeal of Alaski diminished; he had no longer the same faith in the projectors that had deluded him; and he devised a way of sending them forward with letters of recommendation to Rodolph II., emperor of Germany, at his imperial seat of Prague, where they arrived on the 9th of August.

Rodolph was a man, whose character and habits of life they judged excellently adapted to their purpose. Dee had a long conference with the emperor, in which he explained to him what wonderful things the spirits promised to this prince, in case he proved exemplary of life, and obedient to their suggestions, that he should be the greatest conqueror in the world, and should take captive the Turk in his city of Constantinople. Rodolph was extremely courteous in his reception, and sent away Dee with the highest hopes that he had at length found a personage with whom he should infallibly succeed to the extent of his wishes. He sought, however, a second interview, and was baffled. At one time the emperor was going to his country palace near Prague, and at another was engaged in the pleasures of the chase.

He also complained that he was not sufficiently familiar with the Latin tongue, to manage the conferences with Dee in a satisfactory manner in person. He, therefore, deputed Curtzius, a man high in his confidence, to enter into the necessary details with his learned visitor. Dee also contrived to have Spinola, the ambassador from Madrid to the court of the emperor, to urge his suit. The final result was, that Rodolph declined any further intercourse with Dee. He turned a deaf ear to his prophecies, and professed to be altogether void of faith as to his promises respecting the philosopher's stone. Dee, however, was led on perpetually with hopes of better things from the emperor, till the spring of the year 1585. At length he was obliged to fly from Prague; the bishop of Placentia,

the pope's nuncio, having it in command from his holiness to represent to Rodolph how discreditable it was for him to harbour English magicians, heretics, at his court.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Antiquariana.

CELTIC RELICS.

KILLIN, in Perthshire, possesses some fine Celtic relics. Of these, perhaps, the most interesting is a stone which stands erect in the centre of an arable field, where the remains of Fingal are supposed to have been deposited; from which event it derives the Gaelic patronymic of Cill-Fhinn. The stone is about four feet above the surface of the ground, and bears some hieroglyphic inscription. At no great distance from this, stand the remains of the castle of Donachdah Dubh na Curraichd, (Black Duncan with the Cowl,) a name with which tradition and history have connected numerous and terrible stories. It is a hexagonal figure, the walls and roof of which are yet pretty entire; and in every corner to which an approach could be made, there are circular holes sufficiently large to receive a gun. Immediately at the side of the castle is the prison, a square excavation of about twelve feet wide, and seven deep, where the feudal captives and other perpetrators were confined. The chains or gyves which fastened many a culprit are still to be seen.

W. G. C.

NORTHERN RUNES.

THE following account, relating to the uses of the northern runes, appeared a short time since in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*:—"A most important use of the runes was for making inscriptions on rocks and stones, of which there are from fourteen to fifteen hundred remaining, thirteen hundred of which belong to Sweden, and of them, more than one half to the single province of Uppland. In Iceland there are but fourteen. Rune-stones have also been found in Germany, England, and the Isle of Man. In the year 1824, a small rune-stone five inches long and one inch thick, was found on an isle of West Greenland, named Kingiktorsoak, bearing an inscription, dated in the year 1135; and thus proving, that in the twelfth century, the west coast of Greenland was known as far north as it is at the present day. These rune-stones, called by the Icelanders, Bannasteinor, were usually raised in memory of the dead; and the inscriptions which they bore, like our tombstones, tell the name of the deceased, and briefly enumerate some of the most remarkable actions of his life; his making of roads and bridges, his travels, and freebooting or other expeditions to Russia, Livonia, Finland, England, Lombardy, Greece,

or Asia. They were not always raised where the body was buried, but, like the Grecian cenotaphs, not unfrequently stood in honour of those who had perished in distant lands. Thus, on a rune-stone in Gothland, it is said of the person whose memory it celebrates, that he was treacherously slain by the blue men, that is, the Moors. A rune-stone, now in the park of Dagenas, in Sweden, whither it was brought from the steeple of the church of Saleby, which it had been built into, has the following inscription: 'Atark, Kriusten, gardi kubl thaussi eftir Thuru kunu sin, su tutir i Akitt mith allum vi barthi Tiraka auk kunu.' that is, 'Atark, a Christian, raised this monument to Thuru, his wife, who died in Accou (Acro), with all. We fought with the Turks, the dear wife also.' It was in the year 1191 that Acro was taken by the Crusaders."

W. G. C.

ANCIENT COINS.

A SHORT time since, three silver coins were found in a field near Armagh. The oldest belongs to the Saxon king, Athelstan, who ascended the throne of England in 925. In the centre of the obverse is a cross, and round it is inscribed, *ATHELSTAN REX TOT. BRIT.* The reverse has also a cross in the centre, and the legend, *ELIAF MONETA LUND. CIVIT.* This king was the first in England, who placed the title, "King of all England," on his coins, which he did in 938, after he had defeated the Danes. The second coin belongs to Wolstan, Archbishop of York in 930, but cannot be easily deciphered. The third, and most curious was minted for Anlaf, the Danish King of Northumberland; on the obverse is the rude figure of a bird with the wings extended: this is supposed to be the raven, the well known symbol of the Danes, and round it is *ANLAF CYNING.* The reverse has a small cross in the centre, and the legend, *ATHELWARD MINETRIC.* Anlaf was the son of Sitric, King of Northumberland, who, after his father's death, being driven out of the kingdom by Athelstan, in 925, went to Ireland, and having received assistance from the Irish, Welsh, and Scotch, invaded Northumberland in 938, and was defeated by Athelstan in the battle of Brunenburgh, fought in that year. Anlaf went back to Ireland, and in 942, when Edmund ascended the throne, aided by Olau, King of Norway, he succeeded in obtaining possession of all that part of England which lay north of the great Roman road. This coin, in all probability, was minted in the above year. Having been obliged to lay heavy taxes on his subjects, to pay the King of Norway for the troops lent him, he lost their affections, and was obliged to fly the kingdom in 945. He was recalled by the Danes in 949; but treating his subjects no better than before,

was finally expelled by them in 952. He retired to Ireland, where, it is supposed, he died. There was found, about the same time as the above, near the cathedral of Armagh, a rare and unpublished coin of Richard III. On the obverse is the king's head crowned; on the right side of his neck is a small rose, on the left a star, and round it the inscription, RICARDUS REX ANGLIE DNS. HYB. On the reverse is a cross, extending to the edge of the coin, with a rose in the centre, and two circles; in the outer is the usual inscription, POSUI DEUM, &c., and the inner contains the name of the place of mintage, VILLE DROGHEDA. Simon, in his *Essay on Irish Coins*, does not give an engraving of this coin; but in the appendix is published an Act of 1 Richard III., 1485, which ordered a mintage according to the print there described, which cannot be read. It is very likely that this is a groat of his first mintage; those of his second, with the three crowns, published by Simon, are common. Snelling, in his *Supplement to Simon's work*, gives an engraving of a penny of the Drogheda mint, but makes no mention of the groat. It is probable that neither Simon nor Snelling ever saw this rare coin. A groat of Henry VII., inscribed HENRIE SEPTIMI, was found soon after the above in the neighbourhood of Armagh: his groats with the Roman and Arabic numerals are frequently found, but this one with "Septimus," is so rare, that an unique specimen has been sold at an auction of coins for 10*l.* 5*s.*—W. G. C.

ANCIENT MINTS.

IN ancient Rome, the *questor* had at first the direction of the mint, as well as of the treasury: the *Triumviri monetales* were created about the year of Rome 463, or 289 B. C. The title *Triumviri* remained till after the time of Caracalla; but Aurelian, (it is supposed there was but one master of the Roman mint, called according to Pinkerton, the *Rationalis*,) altered the form of the mints in the capital provincial cities, after having conquered the revolted provinces, and united the whole empire again. His coin, called *Aureus*, which had been diminished by degrees to about 80 grains, was by him restored to 100. The monies, who lost half their profits, and three-fourths of whom lost their work by this alteration, caused commotions, which terminated in a rebellion. About this time the *Procurator Monetae* succeeded the *Rationalis*; the engraving of the dye was the work of Greek artists, who were called *Calatores*; other officers in the mint were called *Spectatores*, *Espectatores*, or *Nummularii*, &c.

Anciently, there were mints in almost every county in England, which were established by Athelstan, with a view of further facilitating and promoting commerce, so that

the merchants might have an opportunity of converting bullion, which they brought home for their goods into current coin, without much expense or trouble; but as it is one of the prerogatives of the king to coin the money of the realm, the business of coining was carried on principally in the Tower of London, from the time of William the Conqueror to the year 1811. At this latter period, a very elegant building was completed on the eastern side of Tower-hill, in which the coinage is now performed with a simplicity, dispatch, and accuracy that can scarcely be conceived by any who have not been witnesses of the several operations.

The first English gold coin, (says Snelling,) of which there is any account, was struck in the year 1257, by order of Henry III. It was of pure gold, weighing two pence or sterling of silver, and was to pass for twenty pence. This gold penny, as it was called, was nearly the weight of a seven-shilling piece of the present time; and it is said that "the King tried this expedient of coining gold through necessity;" and also "that the city of London made a representation against the measure." P. T. W.

ANCIENT PAVEMENTS.

HIGHWAYS were paved as early as the time of Semiramis. The Carthaginians had the first paved streets. The streets of Rome and the roads about it were not paved during the time of its kings. In the year 188, Appius Claudius, being then censor, constructed the first real highway, called after him the Appian way, and on account of its excellence the Queen of Roads:—

"The long, laborious pavement here he treads,
That to proud Rome th' admiring nations leads."
Addison.

"The foundation of Roman ways was made, (says Arbuthnot,) of rough stone joined together with cement; upon this was laid another layer, consisting of small stones and cement, to plane the inequalities of the lower stratum, in which the stones of the upper pavement were fixed; for there can be no very durable pavement, but a double one."

The time of the pavement of the streets of Rome cannot be precisely ascertained. The streets of Herculaneum and Pompeii were paved with lava.

Of modern cities, the oldest pavement is commonly ascribed to that of Paris; but it is certain that Cordova in Spain was paved so early as about the year 850. Paris was not paved in the twelfth century; but the orders for this purpose were issued in 1184, on which occasion it is said that the name of Lutetia, deduced from its dirtiness, was changed into that of Paris. The streets of London were not paved at the end of the eleventh century: it does not appear when

paving was first introduced. Holborn was first paved by royal command in 1417; other places were paved under Henry the Eighth, some in the suburbs in 1544, others in 1571 and 1605, and Smithfield in 1614. Paving extended as trade and opulence increased.

P. T. W.

ORIGIN OF THE GOD HYMEN.

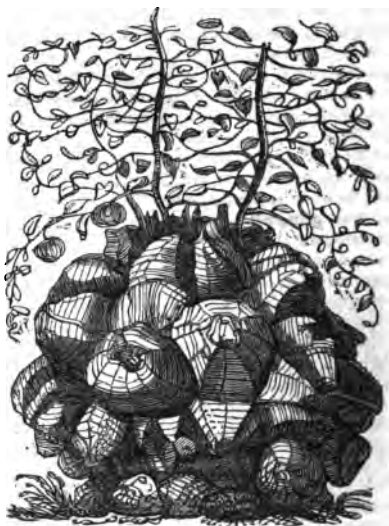
DANCHET, the French poet, in his *Dissertation sur Ceremonies Nuptiales*, tells us, respecting the deification of Hymen, that he was a young man of Athens, obscurely born, but extremely handsome. Falling in love with a young lady of distinction, he disguised himself in a female habit, in order to get access to her, and enjoy the pleasure of her company. As he happened to be one day in this disguise with his mistress, and her female companions, celebrating on the seashore, the rites of Ceres Eleusina, a gang of pirates came upon them by surprise, and carried them all off. The pirates, having conveyed them to a distant island, got drunk for joy, and fell asleep. Hymen seized his opportunity, armed the virgins, and dispatched the pirates; after which, leaving the ladies on the island, he went in haste to Athens, where he told his adventure to all the parents, and demanded her he loved in marriage, as her ransom. His request was granted, and so fortunate was the marriage, that the name of Hymen was ever after invoked on all future nuptials; and in progress of time, the Greeks inrolled him among their gods.

P. T. W.

The Naturalist.

HOTTENTOT'S BREAD.

THIS extraordinary plant is a native of the Cape of Good Hope, where it is called *Hottentot's Brood*. Its bulb stands entirely above ground, and grows to an enormous size, frequently three feet in height and diameter. It is closely studded with angular ligneous protuberances, which give it some resemblance to the shell of a tortoise; and, on this account, it is designated by naturalists, *testudinaria*. The inside is a fleshy substance, which may be compared to a turnip, both in consistence and colour. From the top of this bulb arise several annual stems, the branches of which have a disposition to twine round any shrub within reach. The Hottentots informed Mr. Burchell, the traveller, that in former times they ate this inner substance, which was considered not unwholesome, when cut in pieces and roasted in embers. It will easily be believed that this food may not be very unlike the yam of the East Indies; since the plant belongs, if not to the same, at least to a very closely allied, genus; as was clearly proved by the membranaceous capsules with



(Hottentot's Bread.)

which it was covered when Mr. Burchell saw it.

THE GIBRALTAR SWIFT.

IN the autumn of 1831, a specimen of the great white-bellied swift of Gibraltar was shot in a village in Norfolk. Another specimen was shot a short time previously off the coast of Ireland; but it is doubtful whether naturalists have noticed any other as having been seen in the British isles. Latham says, the species is not numerous; that it builds in the holes of the rocks in the mountainous parts of Spain, and is found in Gibraltar, Savoy, &c.

Of the specimen shot in Norfolk, the annexed is a representation, from Professor Rennie's *Field Naturalist's Magazine*, to which it was contributed by the Rev. Thomas Fulcher, who has the specimen stuffed, but not in a very good state. In measuring it, some allowance must be made for the shrivelled state of the skin. The length, from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail, is rather more than eight inches; breadth across the wings twenty inches; it is much more bulky than the common swift, and must have weighed, at least, as much again. Bill nearly two-fifths of an inch long, measured from the base of the upper mandible, curved and black; the colour of the irides unknown, but it is believed it was dusky. The head, back of the neck, back, wings, and tail, grey brown, and the edges of the feathers of a paler colour. Round the breast is a collar of grey brown. The throat, lower part of the breast, and the body to the commencement of the under tail-coverts, white; the sides dusky, with a mixture of dull white; under surface of the wings and tail, and the under tail-coverts, dusky.



(The Gibraltar Swift.)

The quill-feathers are darker than the back, and remarkably strong and pointed; the quills dusky white. The back, wings, and tail, have copper-coloured and green reflections when viewed in particular lights. The tail is more than three inches long, forked, and consists of exactly ten feathers. Legs short and strong; flesh-coloured, and feathered to the toes, which are all placed forward, as in the common swift; the claws strong and brownish black.

The Public Journals.

A SHARK STORY.

(From the "*Cruise of the Midge*," in *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

SPEAKING of sharks, I must *taigle* you here with a story, which, however *lee-like*, did actually occur, as the records of the Jamaica Admiralty Court fully prove. But let Dennis Donovan tell it in his own words.

"We were cruising off Cape Tiburoon, to take our chance of any of the French outward-bound that might have preferred to make the passage to Port-au-Prince by the southward of St. Domingo. It might have been five in the afternoon,—I was a little middy then, and had dined with the captain that day; a fine breezy forenoon we had had of it,—but the devil a thing was there in sight, not even a small white speck of a sail slipping along shore, apparently sailing in the white surf, and standing off full and boldly, as the painters say, from the dark background of bushes on the beach.

"I had just swallowed what I had sense enough to know was considered as my last glass of wine, and had come on deck, when looking out to leeward where the setting sun was casting a blinding wake on the blue waters that blazed up in our faces, roasting our skin into the colour of scarlet, I thought I saw a dark object on the very verge of the horizon. From the afternoon having come on thick, this had not been noticed before; but just as I had made the discovery, the look-out man at the masthead hailed, 'a strange sail, abeam of us to leeward.'

"Thank you for nothing," responded the crusty lieutenant; 'you blind beetle you, is it now you see it? Why, we can see under her topsails from the deck here.'

"May be, sir," answered the man, 'but the weather has been thick as buttermilk down to leeward until this moment.'

"All hands make sail," instantly followed, and in five minutes we ran off the wind, with every rag set that we could spread. A stern chase is proverbially a long chase, and although our friend a-head set nothing as we neared him that he had not abroad before, the next morning broke, and we were still three miles astern of him, Jamaica being in sight to leeward. As the sun rose, the breeze freshened, and before noon we had to hand the royals, and stand by the studding-sail haulyards. The fiery sea-breeze that struck us, presently quelled the courage of the chase for he had to take in his kites also, with the loss of his foretopmast-studding-sail, and as we carried the breeze along with us, we were presently alongside, and I was sent on board in the boat.

"I touched my hat to the master, 'What brig, if you please?'

"The Stormy Peterel, of, and from, St. John's, New Brunswick.'

"Whither bound?'

"To Kingston, Jamaica, with a cargo of flour and notions, and consigned to Macaa, Walker, and Co.'

"All very pat, thought I—no hesitation here. 'I will look at your papers, if you please,' and I unceremoniously stepped down the companion ladder, and entered the cabin. The master of the brig followed me, and entering with a good deal of swagger in his bearing, slammed himself down on the locker with his hat on. I was a little nettled at this, and again took a steady look at my gentleman; but to make evident the cause why my suspicions were excited, be it known, that at the time I write of, the good old navigation laws were in full operation, and no American, or other foreign vessel, was allowed to trade with our colonies; everything imported having to be carried in British bottoms, so that numberless tricks were frequently, when the colonial markets were favourable, put in practice by neutrals to cloak the real character of their vessels,—amongst others, that of simulating English papers was very frequent. To return, I looked at our friend again. He was tall,

sallow, and Yaukee-looking in hull, spars, and rig, and his accent smelt of peach brandy—strong of the Chesapeake. He was dressed in faded nankeen trousers, rusty black coat and waistcoat, very threadbare, the coat sleeves scarcely reaching below the elbows, and wore a broad-brimmed white hat, with a rumpled and spray-washed black or rather brown crape twisted round it. He wore no neckcloth, his shirt collar, which was cut very high, being open in front, disclosing his long, scraggy, red neck, with a lump in his throat as if he had swallowed a grape shot, that had stuck half way down. He wore a large, ill-washed frill, that was also open, showing his sunburnt chest, covered with a fell of shaggy red hair, as thick as a fox cover. His face was burned red by exposure to the sun, the skin peeling off in small pieces like the film of an egg, here and there. His features were very strongly marked and coarse, one side of his mouth drooping more than the other, and from this he kept swabbing the stream of tobacco juice with the back of his hand. He had little, fierce, grey eyes, the white being much bloodshot, and his nose was long and sharp, as near as might be of the shape and colour of a crab's claw, with a blue peeled point. His forehead was very broad immediately above his eyes, which were shaded by enormous, shaggy, sandy-white eyebrows, like pig's bristles, but it tapered away into a cone at the crown of his head, like the hat in vogue amongst the Roundheads in old Noll's time. He had, in fine, nothing of the sailor whatever in his appearance. His red whiskers grew in two tufts low down on his jowls and all under his chin, and he kept spitting most abominably, and twitching the right cheek, and quivering the right eyelid, while he looked at you, in a nervous, and to me exceedingly disagreeable manner.

"There be my papers, sir," said this enticing person, tossing down a parcel of by no means dirty manuscripts. The register especially, as well as the manifest, seemed surprisingly clean, and the former, instead of being carefully inclosed in a tin box, as customary in merchant vessels, was wrapped up in brown paper. I opened the manifest, and glanced at a bundle of copies of bills of lading, called ship's blanks. The cargo answered his description, and the bills of lading seemed to correspond with the manifest. I then lifted the register, and by it perceived that the vessel purported to be two years old, yet the document, in place of being torn and chafed at the foldings, and dirty, greasy, and defaced, was quite sound; and when I opened it, after unfolding the brown paper in which it was wrapped, and threw it on the table, it absolutely and truly opened of itself, and lay flat on the table, as if unused to the rumpled and creases, to the no

small surprise of Jonathan himself I could perceive, thus seeming to say, 'Take a look at me, Master Donovan, I am worth the perusal, perhaps.'—'Ha, ha,' thought I, 'my fine fellow, the creases in that register are very fresh, I guess—it has not been quite two years folded, or I never saw the Lifey;' but I said never a word aloud, to the apparent great comfort of the skipper, who, I could see, sat on thorns, while I was overhauling the papers—for, thinks I, if he sees into me, he will haul his wind, and not come to an entry at Kingston at all, and on the high seas I cannot touch him; but then, again, were we even to decoy him into port, another man-of-war might nab him before us. My game, said I to myself, is to lull his suspicions as well as I can; and having done so, I returned to the frigate, and we ran down to Port Royal together.

"I found that they had caught a shark during my absence, and found a tin case, loaded with a dozen musket balls, with a ship's manifest and register in it, in his maw. This had been placed in the captain's cabin, and I took an immediate opportunity, unheard of any one, of communicating my suspicions that the brig was an American sailing under simulated papers, and recommended that the frigate should stick close and seize him whenever he reported at the fort at Port Royal. He agreed to all my suggestions, and after determining that I was to board and seize the vessel before others could have an opportunity of doing so, he ordered in dinner, and laughing, threw the bright white-iron case to me that had been cut out of the maw of the shark.

"I opened it, and, to my surprise, found that, according to the best of my recollection, the manuscript copy of the manifest answered word for word, nail for nail, with the one I had seen, and the measurement of the Yankee brig Alconda was identically the same, out and out, with that of the 'Stormy Peterel of St. John's, New Brunswick.'

"I immediately communicated the coincidence to the captain, and he desired me to keep my own council, which both of us did. The vessel was seized and libelled in the Vice Admiralty Court, to the great apparent surprise of Captain Shad of the Stormy Peterel, I guess. The day of trial arrived; we were all in court, and so were the crew and captain of the detained vessel. Our counsel learned in the law made his speech, and produced his witnesses. He of the adverse faction replied and produced his, and cross-questioned ours, and pretty considerable perjuries were flying about; and although the suspicion was strong against the Stormy Peterel, still she was on the point of flying away and weathering us all, when the lawyer retained by the merchantman said sneeringly across the table to our advocate, 'Sorry must

go for damages against your client; I hope you have your recognisances and bail-bond ready."

"You are very obliging, brother Grab," said our friend, calmly—then to the bench, "may it please your honour, I am now in a position to save the bench farther trouble, by proving, on the most undeniable evidence, that the vessel in court, purporting to be 'the Stormy Peterel of St. John's, New Brunswick'—here Jonathan's jaw fell—"is neither more nor less"—the Yankee's eyes seemed like to start from their sockets—"than the American brig Alconda, of, and from, New York."

"Who the deuce has 'peached?' screamed the Yankee, looking round fiercely among his own men, and utterly shovled off his balance.

"Silence," sang out the crier.

"The hand of heaven is in this iniquitous matter, please your honour." Here he produced the tin box, and took out the Alconda's manifest and register, and confronting them with the simulated documents belonging to the Stormy Peterel, the trick was instantly proved, and the vessel condemned—Jonathan, as he swung out of court, exclaiming, amidst showers of tobacco juice, "Pretty considerably damned and condemned, and all by a shark-fish. If this ben't the most active and unnatural piece of cruelty, may I be physicked all my natural days with hot oil and fish-hooks!"

So far, so true; but Dennis, honest man, superadded a few flourishes of his own, one of which was, that the spine of the shark was extracted, and preserved in the captain's cabin, hung up to the roof; and that one of the quartermasters, "a most religious character," could notice certain vibrations and twistings of the vertebrae, whenever any vessel with simulated papers was in the vicinity, even when she could not be seen from the masthead.

"Why it must have been a divining rod," said I, laughing.

"And you have said it with your own beautiful mug, Benjie Brail," quoth Dennis Donovan.

"GAMMON," quoth I, Benjie.

DITTON.

When sultry suns and dusty streets
Proclaim town's winter season,
And rural scenes and cool retreats
Sound something like high treason—
I steal away to shades serene,
Which yet no bard has hit on,
And change the bustling heartless scene
For quietude and DITTON.

Here lawyers, safe from legal toils,
And peers, released from duty,
Enjoy at once kind Nature's smiles,
And eke the smiles of beauty;
Beauty with talent brightly graced,
Whose name must not be written,
The idol of the fane is placed
Within the shades of DITTON.

Let lofty mansions great men keep—

I have no wish to rob 'em—
Not courtly Claremont, Esher's steep,
Nor Squire Combe's at Cobham,
Sir Hobhouse has a mansion rare,
A large red house, at Whitton;
But Cam with Thames I can't compare,
Nor Whitton class with Ditton.

I'd rather live, like General Moore,
In one of the pavilions,
Which stand upon the other shore,
Than be the king of millions;
For though no subjects might arise
To exercise my wit on,
From morn to night I'd feast my eyes
By gazing at sweet Ditton.

The mighty queen whom Cydnus bore,
In gold and purple floated;
But happier I, when near this shore,
Although more humbly boated.
Give me a punt, a rod, a line,
A snug arm-chair to sit on,
Some well-iced punch, and weather fine,
And let me fish at Ditton.

The "Swan," snug inn, good fare affords,
As table o'er was put on,
And worthy quite of loftier boards
Its poultry, fish, and mutton;
And while sound wine mine host supplies,
With beer of Meux or Tritton—
Mine hostess, with her bright blue eyes,
Invites to stay at Ditton.

Here, in a placid, waking dream,
I'm free from worldly troubles,
Calm as the rippling silver stream,
That in the sunshine bubbles;
And when sweet Eden's blissful bowers
Some abler bard has writ on,
Despairing to transcend his powers,
I'll Ditton say for DITTON!

New Monthly Magazine.

EDUCATION IN DENMARK.

THE King of Denmark appears to be anxious, not only in a general way for the education of his subjects, but also for the improvement of the course of education to be provided for them, and of the mode of imparting it. With a view to this last object, he, about a year and a half ago, sent Mr. Charles Mariboe, to whose charge the English department at the Royal Military College is committed, to England, that he might make himself acquainted with the best and newest forms of tuition in use here. The Hamiltonian method Mr. Mariboe already knew, and had introduced into Denmark; it was therefore any subsequent improvements upon this and the Jacotot method that he sought to investigate, and from all these he has formed a system of his own, of which, both because it appears to be very successful, and because we are pleased with the novelty of seeing, proverbially slow Denmark take the lead in intellectual matters, we subjoin an outline. According to Mr. Mariboe's plan, a foreign language, say French, is taught by French sentences, pronounced by the master, and repeated by the pupils, at first, without using a book; then translated, not word by word, but sentence by sentence, as literally as is compatible with preserving the idiom of both languages. The process is then reversed, the master giving the Da-

nish sentence, and the pupil the French. The teacher next proposes new Danish sentences, to be translated by the pupils from the stock of French words they have thus acquired; and the rules of grammar they are made to deduce for themselves as they go along. We are assured that a very few such lessons enable the pupil to express himself with facility and correctness in the language he is learning, and to read any ordinary book. —*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

The Sketch Book.

JUDY OF ROUNDWOOD.*

"Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English." —*Shakespeare.*

THERE is a little straggling village in Wicklow, named Roundwood, which is a sort of outpost to the many beauties of that romantic and lovely county, and, consequently, often made a stopping place by those ramblers who can steal a day or two from toil and care, and have the dust of Dublin blown from about them by the mountain breezes of the alpine county I have named. I, for one, confess the enormity of having eaten eggs and bacon in the little inn of Roundwood, served to me by the hand of Judy;—her surname has never reached me, for, as the Italians called many of their celebrated painters after the towns or cities that gave them birth, so Judy has been named, "Judy of Roundwood."

Her principal peculiarity was stinting every word she could of its fair proportion, whether from any spite she had against the alphabet, or from wishing to clear her sex from the charge of overwordiness, I know not; but Judy talked short-hand, if an Irishman may be allowed the phrase. Her merits in this particular cannot be appreciated in modern times, but Judy would have been a darling among the Spartans.

At the door of the inn, which owed much of its custom to this original, Judy would salute the weary traveller with a low courtesy, crossing her hands before her upon her checkered apron, and say, "Consola to the gent"—meaning thereby consolation to the gentleman—Judy considering refreshment the greatest *consola* the *gents* could have. Whisky she called by the poetical name of "Temptation"—abbreviated of course to "*Timpta*."—Dublin was either familiarly *Dub*; or *dubbed* with the more high-sounding title of *Metrop*—and being also given to rhyming, whenever a tag was to be made, she jumped at it.

When first I visited Judy in company with a friend who was equally anxious with myself to draw her out, we affected not to com-

prehend the meaning of all her abbreviations, with a view to force her upon an explanation; and she said—"You see, sir, Ju deals in *abrevia*—because that is the *perfec* of the *English lang.*—*din*, for dinner; *brek*, for breakfast; *rel*, for relish. Ju's *conversa* is *allegor*. I calls the dinner *satisfao*, and the drop o' comfort the *timpta*; and this little apart where we give *consola* to the *gents*, I call the bower of *hap*."

After having had some rustic refreshment, we ordered whisky, and when Judy brought it to us, her look and manner were highly amusing. With a stealthy step and an air of mock mystery she stole across the room towards us, and withdrawing her apron with one hand, from over the measure of spirits she held in the other, she said—"Ju was only throwing an *obscu* over the *opportu*." We then noticed to her some verses that were written on the walls of the apartment in her praise. "That's the rayson I call it the bower of *hap*," said she; "but sure I'm not such an *ignora* as to believe all the *flat* of the *cits*. Good bye, dear; yiz are gay *gents* goin' round the world for sport; may you never be wretched; may you share in the wisdom of *Sol*; may you never have to climb the rocks of *dis*; or be cast on the quicksands of *adver*, or stray from the paths of *vir*."

But perhaps the best thing I can do to put Judy more completely *en evidence* is, to give a conversation in her own style; that will serve, as Judy herself would say, as the best *exemplifica*.

Consola to the *gents*; happy to see you, dear! Walk in—you can sit in the bower of *hap*. If you want your *brek*, it's a good one you may *expec*; if you want your *din*, this is the place to walk in; and Ju will give you the *opportu*, the *consola*, and the *materia*, and the *timpta*; and if you only want a *rel*, ring the *bell*. That's what I said the other day to O'Toole; the ignorant people calls him Mr. O'Toole, 'but he's not *Misther* O'Toole, but O'Toole, bein' descended from King O'Toole, of these parts. Good morrow, Judy, says he.—Thank you, kindly, sir, says I. Here's a gent that is come to see you, says he (for there was an artless sprisan along wid him). Kindly wilkim, sir, says I.—You'll do all you can for us, says he.—Sir, says I, *Fidel* is my *mot*—Ju's *mot*—The furnners calls it, *Judy's mot*—that's French, sir;—but, as I said, *fidel* is my *mot*:

Submissive to my supariors,
Condescending to my infayriors,
Faithful to my frinds,
Charitable to my inimes.

You had a great party here the other day, as I'm towld, says he.—Yis, sir, says I.—Who wor they? says he.—Indeed, says I, they did not indulge me with much *communica*; so I could not come to a *conclu*;—but though

* This sketch was originally written for Mr. J. Russel, who gave it, with an admirable personation of Judy, in his very clever entertainment of "The Stranded Actor."

I could not be *pos*, I had my *suspish*.—And who wor they? says he.—They were no less than Sir *Wal* and Miss *Edge*.—Who are they? says O'Toole's friend, for he was mighty artless.—Why, then, don't you know Sir *Wal*, says I,—and Miss *Edge*?—I hope you admire my *abrevia*, says I.—Certainly, says O'Toole, who was pleased with me about my *obscs*, for the *bothera* of the innocent gent, and he could hardly help laughin' at him, and to hide his laughin' he took a pinch o' snuff: and he, bein' a rale *gentleman*, av coarse like the *blackguard*;* and so, takin' out his box, he said, like a rale gentleman, Judy, says he, will you have a pinch?—Thank you, sir, says I, for the *condescen*,—and with that his friend, not likin' to be worse nor another, said, Maybe you'll take a pinch from me, says he—handin' me a box of the dirty soft wet thrash them furriners takes, sure there's no good in anything or anybody that isn't always *dhry*, as I says to the *gents* from *Dub*, when I keeps continually bringin' them the whisky and the hot water.—Well, to come back to my story, the two handed me their boxes—and so O'Toole said, says he, Which will you have, Judy?—take whatever you please; which do you like, the common snuff, or the scented snuff?—Sir, says I—makin' a low curtshee for the *civil*—I give the *com* the *pref*.—But I was forgettin' about Sir *Wal* and Miss *Edge*. Sure, they kem here to take the *opportu* to see *Ju*, to incrase their *admira* for the beauties of *na*—in the county *Wick* in *partic*—and so when they arrived in

A post chay
From "Quin Bray,"

I was ready to give *consola* to the *gents*; and they asked for *brek*.—What do you *expec*? says I.

Coffee, says he.
Cushlamachree,

says I, there's no sitch thing here, at all at all. There is neither coffee tay, nor chocolatee tay; but there is the best of Bohay, says I.—Have you no green? says he.—Plenty in the fields, says I.—But no where else?—But I'll make up for the *defish*.—How? says he.—I'll give you a *rel*, says I.—What's that? says he.—A *rash*, says I.—I don't know what you mane, says he—so I was obleeged to explain:—A *relish*, or a *rasher*, says I; for the *artif* of my *abrevia*, was beyond his *confec*.—Bring it in at wanst, says he.—So, no sooner said than done—but you see I was obleeged to bring in the *rasher* an a cracked plate—and very well I had it—for Roundwood was mighty throng that mornin'—loads of *gents*—barrowfuls o' *gents* from *Dub* to see *Ju*—coming into the county *Wick* with a short *stick* to enjoy the *admira* of the beauties of *na*—Well, as I said, I brought in

the *rash* an a cracked plate, and Sir *Wal* was *indig*; and, says he, How dar you bring the like to a decent man?—And what do you think I said? says I, the *necess* is my *apol*. I thought he'd split himself wid the laughin'—So with that he went to reading the po'thry an the walls; and at last he kem to one that a young *vag*—from the *Col*—the *Univer*—*Trin. Coll. Dub*, wrote an me—and I put my hand over it;—Don't read that, sir, says I—for I pertended not to know who he was, though I knew very well all the time:—don't read that, says I.—Why? says he.—Because, says I, 'twas written by a *vulga*, and 'twould shock your *sinsibil*, if anything came under your *contempla* bordering on the *indel*.

Then, says Miss *Edge*, that's very proper of you, *Ju*, says she.—Yis ma'am, says I. I was always a *Dia*; for I have had a good *educa*.

How could you have a good education? says Sir *Wal*.

Bekase the gentlemine o' larnin' comes to see *Ju*; and where would I larn *educa*, says I, if not from them?

Why, what gentlemine o' larnin' comes here? says Sir *Wal*.

More than owns to it, says I—lookin' mighty signified at him.

Indeed! says he.—Yis, says I—and one o' the gentlemine was no *gentleman*, he was only a *vag*; for he put me in a *mag*;—but in general they are the rale quality, and I know a power o' them.

Name one, says he.

T. M. says I.

Who's T. M.? says he.

You're mighty ignorant, says I, to Sir *Wal*. Wasn't that a good thing to say to him? I thought Miss *Edge* and he would die with the laughin'.

Well, but who is T. M.? says he.

Tom Moore, says I, the glory of Ireland, says I, crassin' myself.

Oh, Moore the poet, says Sir *Wal*.

By dad, he's no poet at all, says I; but a rale gentleman; for he gev me half-a-crown.

Well, I thought the both o' them would die with the laughin'; and so when they wor goin', says I to the lady, Good mornin', and many thanks to you, ma'am, says I, for your *condescen*—long may you reign, says I, Miss *Edge*. Well, she looked mightily surprised at me; for you see I had a *confec* who they wor from the sarvants, by a way o' my own.

You have taken the *worth* out of my name, Judy, says she, mighty goodnathured.

Troth, then, that's more nor I could do, ma'am, says I; for there's more worth in the half o' your name than in the whole o' mine, though I am Judy O'Roundwood.

Well, with that Sir *Wal* laughed out; and, says he, How did you find the lady out? says he.

Only by *supposish*, says I; for I wouldn't

* Lundy Foot's celebrated snuff.

be guilty of *infidel* to the servants who let on to me.

Then I suppose you found out who I am too, says *Sir Wal.*

No, indeed, sir, says I, how could I know the Great Un?

Oh, I wish you had seen the look he gave when I said that!—*Lover's Legends and Stories.*

Retrospective Cleanings.

LORD BYRON.

[Every reader of the Life of Lord Byron will recollect, that the grand-uncle of the illustrious poet, to quote the words of Mr. Moore, "in the year 1765, stood his trial before the House of Peers, for killing in a duel, or rather scuffle, his relation and neighbour, Mr. Chaworth."* The details of this unfortunate affair are recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for May, 1765, and are as follow:]

An authentic Narrative of the Duel between

LORD BYRON and WM. CHAWORTH, Esq.;
in which Mr. Chaworth was run through
the body, and died the next day.

LORD BYRON and Mr. Chaworth were neighbours in the country, and it was their custom to meet, with other gentlemen of Nottinghamshire, at the Star and Garter Tavern in Pall-Mall, once a month, at what was called the Nottinghamshire Club.

The meeting, at which the unlucky dispute arose that produced the duel, was on the 26th of January last, at which were present, John Hewet, Esq., who sat as chairman, the Hon. Thomas Willoughby, Frederic Montagu, John Sherwin, Francis Molineux, Esqrs. and Lord Byron; William Chaworth, George Donston, Charles Melish, jun. Esqrs. and Sir Robert Burdett, who were all the company present.

Their usual hour of dining was soon after four, and the rule of the club was, to have a bill and a bottle brought in at seven.

Till this hour all was jollity and good humour; but Mr. Hewet, who was toast-master, happening to start some conversation about the best method of preserving the game, setting the laws in being for that purpose out of the question, the subject was taken up by Mr. Chaworth and Lord Byron, who happened to be of different opinions, Mr. Chaworth insisting on severity against poachers and unqualified persons; and Lord Byron declaring that the way to have most game was to take no care of it at all. Mr. Hewet's opinion was, that the most effectual way would be to make the game the property of the owner of the soil: the debate became general, but was carried on with acrimony only between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth; the latter, in confirmation of what he had said, insisting that Sir Charles Sedley and himself had more game on five acres than

: * Notices of the Life of Lord Byron, 4to. p. 5.

Lord Byron had on all his manors. Lord Byron, in answer to this, proposed a bet of 100 guineas, and Mr. Chaworth called for pen, ink, and paper, to reduce the wager to writing, in order to take it up; but Mr. Sherwin treating it in a jesting manner, as a bet that never could be decided, no bet was laid, and the conversation went on. Mr. Chaworth said, that were it not for Sir Charles Sedley's care, and his own, Lord Byron would not have a hare on his estate; and Lord Byron asking with a smile, what Sir Charles Sedley's manors were, was answered by Mr. Chaworth, Nuttall and Bulwell. Lord Byron did not dispute Nuttall, but added, that Bulwell was his; on which, Mr. Chaworth with some heat replied, "if you want information with respect to Sir Charles Sedley's manors, he lives at Mr. Cooper's, in Dean-street, and, I doubt not, will be ready to give you satisfaction; and as to myself, your Lordship knows where to find me, in Berkeley-row;" or words to that effect. These words, uttered in a particular manner, could admit of no reply, and at once put an end to that subject of discourse; every gentleman in company at once fell into chat with him who sat next him, and nothing more was said generally till Mr. Chaworth called to settle the reckoning, as was his general practice; in doing of which, Mr. Fynmore, the master of the tavern, observed him a little flurried; for, in marking, he made a small mistake. The book had lines ruled in checks, and against each member present an 0 was placed; but, if absent, 5s. was set down. He placed 5s. against Lord Byron's name, but Mr. Fynmore observing to him that my Lord was present, he corrected his mistake. In a few minutes after this, Mr. Chaworth having paid his reckoning, went out, and was followed by Mr. Donston, who entered into discourse with him at the head of the stairs, and Mr. Chaworth asked him particularly, if he had attended to the conversation between himself and Lord Byron, and if he thought he had been short in what he said on the subject. To which Mr. Donston said, "No; he had rather gone too far upon so trifling an occasion, but did not believe that Lord Byron or the company would think any more about it;" and after a little ordinary discourse had passed, they parted. Mr. Donston returned to the company, and Mr. Chaworth turned to go down stairs; but just as Mr. Donston entered the door, he met Lord Byron coming out, and they passed, as there was a large screen that covered the door, without knowing each other. Lord Byron found Mr. Chaworth still on the stairs, and it now remains a doubt whether Lord Byron called upon Mr. Chaworth, or Mr. Chaworth upon Lord Byron; but both went down to the first landing place, having dined upon the second floor, and both called the

waiter to show an empty room, which a waiter did, and having first opened the door himself, and placed a small tallow candle, which he had in his hand, on the table, he retired when the gentlemen entered, and pulled the door after them.

In a few minutes the affair was decided; the bell was rung, but by whom is uncertain; the waiter went up, and perceiving what had happened, ran down stairs frightened, told his master the catastrophe, who ran instantly up stairs, and found the two combatants standing close together: Mr. Chaworth had his sword in his left hand, and Lord Byron his in his right; Lord Byron's left hand was round Mr. Chaworth, as Mr. Chaworth's right hand was round Lord Byron's neck, and over his shoulder. He desired Mr. Fynmore to take his sword, and Lord Byron delivered up his at the same time; one, or both, called to him to get some help immediately, and in a few minutes, Mr. Hawkins, the surgeon, was sent for, who came accordingly.

In the mean time, Mr. Montague, Mr. Hewet, Mr. Donston, Mr. Willoughby, Mr. Molineux, and Mr. Sherwin had entered the room; the account Mr. Chaworth then gave, was, "That he could not live many hours; that he forgave Lord Byron, and hoped the world would; that the affair had passed in the dark, only a small tallow candle burning in the room; that Lord Byron asked him, if he meant the conversation on the game to Sir Charles Sedley or to him? to which he replied, 'If you have any thing to say, we had better shut the door; that while he was doing this, Lord Byron bid him draw, and in turning, he saw his Lordship's sword half drawn, on which he whipped out his own, and made the first pass; the sword being through my Lord's waistcoat, he thought he had killed him, and asking whether he was not mortally wounded, Lord Byron while he was speaking, shortened his sword, and stabbed him in the belly.'"

When Mr. Hawkins, the surgeon, came in, he found Mr. Chaworth sitting by the fire, with the lower part of his waistcoat open, his shirt bloody, and his hand upon his belly; he was very earnest to know if he thought him in immediate danger; and being answered in the affirmative, he desired his uncle Levinz might be sent for, that he might settle his private affairs; and in the mean time, gave Mr. Hawkins a particular detail of what had passed. He said that Lord Byron and he entered the room together, Lord Byron leading the way; that his Lordship, in walking forwards, said something relative to the former dispute, on which he proposed fastening the door; that on turning himself round from this act, he perceived his Lordship, with his sword either drawn or nearly so; on which he instantly drew his

own, and made a thrust at him, which he thought had wounded or killed him; that then perceiving his Lordship shorten his sword to return the thrust, he thought to have parried it with his left hand, at which he looked twice, imagining he had cut it in the attempt; that he felt the sword enter his body, and go deep through his back; that he struggled, and being the stronger man, disarmed his lordship, and expressed a concern as under an apprehension of having mortally wounded him; that Lord Byron replied by saying something to the like effect; adding, at the same time, that he hoped now he would allow him to be as brave a man as any in the kingdom. Mr. Hawkins adds, that pained and distressed as Mr. Chaworth then was, and under the immediate danger of death, he repeated what he had heard he had declared to his friends before, that he had rather be in his present situation, than live under the misfortune of having killed another person.

After a little while he seemed to grow stronger, and he was then removed to his own house, where Mr. Adair, another surgeon, Mr. Man, an apothecary, and Dr. Addington, his physician, came to the assistance of Mr. Hawkins, but no relief could be given him; he continued sensible, however, till the time of his death, and Mr. Levinz being now come, Mr. Partington, an attorney, was sent for to make his will, for which he gave very sensible and distinct instructions: and while Mr. Partington was employed in this business, he gave Mr. Levinz, at his request, the same account which he had before given to Mr. Hawkins, lamenting, at the same time, his own folly in fighting in the dark, an expression that certainly conveyed no imputation on Lord Byron, and implied no more than this, that by fighting with a dim light he had given up the advantage of his own superiority in swordsmanship, and had been led into the mistake that he was in the breast of his lordship when he was only entangled in his waistcoat, for under that mistake he certainly was, when Lord Byron shortened his sword, and ran him through the body; he added to Mr. Levinz, that he died as a man of honour, and expressed a satisfaction that he was in his present situation, rather than in that of having the life of any man to answer for.

Mr. Partington, when he had finished the business he was sent for, and the will was properly executed, recollected the probability that he should one day be called upon to give testimony to the dying words of his unhappy client, and accordingly, with the caution that always accompanies a thorough knowledge of the law, he thought proper to commit to writing the last words he was heard to say on this occasion. This writing was put into the hands of Mr. Levinz, and

gave rise to a report that a paper was written by the deceased and sealed up, not to be opened till the time that Lord Byron should be tried; but no paper whatever was written by Mr. Chaworth, and that written by Mr. Partington was as follows:

"Sunday morning, the twenty-seventh of January, about three of the clock, Mr. Chaworth said, that my Lord's sword was half drawn, and that he, knowing the man, immediately, or as quick as he could, whipt out his sword and had the first thrust; that then my Lord wounded him, and he disarmed my Lord, who then said, 'By G—d, I have as much courage as any man in England.'"

These are the particulars of this unfortunate affair; by which it should seem, that neither Mr. Chaworth himself, nor any of his friends, could blame Lord Byron for the part he had in his death. Mr. Chaworth, it is manifest, was under the apprehensions of having mortally wounded Lord Byron; and Lord Byron, being still engaged, had a right to avail himself of that mistake for the preservation of his own life. His lordship himself, no doubt, may wish that he had, in that situation, disabled him only; but in the heat of duelling who can always be collected?

The Gatherer.

Truth.—Regnier Desmarais, the celebrated French writer, was inflexibly upright, and scrupulously veracious: when, on being urged to violate the truth in favour of a man in power, and under the penalty of losing his friendship, he said, "I had rather quarrel with him than myself."

Warning to Hard Drinkers.—Helius Eobanus, the celebrated Latin poet, who was born in the year 1488, took credit to himself for being a hard drinker, and would challenge any man as to the quantity of liquor which he would drink: in a contest of this kind his antagonist fell dead on the floor.

Imperial Architecture.—The Emperor Adrian was fond of architecture, and pretended to some skill in that art. Appollodorus, the famous architect, viewing the plans of the temple of Venus, which were designed by Adrian, observed, that the statues sitting as they were in the temple, (which it seems wanted much of its due proportion in height,) he said, if the goddesses should ever attempt to stand upon their feet, they would assuredly break their heads against the ceiling. Adrian banished the architect, and having caused him to be accused of crimes, put him to death.

Duelling.—In Mr. Hamilton's petition to Parliament against the practice of duelling, he says, there was once a duel took place on

account of an acre of anchovies. It arose from a traveller asserting that he had seen an acre of anchovies; this his antagonist would not believe, upon which he challenged him and shot him, and when in agony from the wound, which was fatal, he said, "I really beg your pardon, it was an acre of capers I meant."

P. T. W.

A Good Bargain.—Mr. L., a well known professional singer in the metropolis, one day entered a cheesemonger's or grocer's shop, to make a purchase. "Have you any more of this paper?" said he to the master, regarding with curiosity and astonishment that in which his purchase was wrapped. "Plenty, sir; a great pile of it." Mr. L. requested to see it, and followed the tradesman into a little back room, where many reams of waste paper were collected, to be used in his business. "Well," said Mr. L., after inspecting the pile from whence the wrapper of his parcel had been taken; "will you sell this: what would you ask for it?" "Twopence halfpenny per pound;" answered the man, much astonished at the uncommon greenness of his customer:—"You can have it, if you like, as waste paper, for that price." Mr. L. readily assented; and thus purchased for a few shillings, thirty-three complete oratorios and operas of Handel, besides fragments, of the best, viz. Arnold's edition! Henceforth, let no one despise the literature that may find its way to the trunkmaker's and chandler's, &c. &c.

M. L. B.

"Vote for my man, or else you'll get your head broke," is often the electioneering maxim in America.

In Tennessee, bacon is called "Old Ned;" there are no flour-mills, but the cob corn is grated on a piece of tin, with holes knocked in it with a nail.

Advice.—The only commodity that the world refuses to receive, though it is to be had gratis, with an allowance to those who take a quantity.

Bait.—One animal impaled on a hook, to torture a second for the amusement of a third.

Baker.—One who gets his own bread by adulterating that of others.

Breath.—Air received into the lungs for the purpose of smoking and whistling.

Challenge.—Giving your adversary an opportunity of shooting you through the body, to indemnify you for having injured your feelings.

Courage.—The fear of being thought a coward.

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MONUMENT TO HANDEL,
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MONUMENT TO HANDEL,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

IN our account of the recent Musical Festival, in Westminster Abbey, we referred to the enshrinement of the remains of the illustrious composer, HANDEL,* within the walls of that sacred pile. They lie in the south transept of the Abbey, called *Poets' Corner*, from the number of monuments erected here to celebrate English poets. The name is but partially appropriate; for, besides poets, many men of genius lie sleeping here; as Camden, the antiquary, and Casaubon, the critic; Hales, the experimental philosopher, and Barrow, the eminent divine. Yet, Handel had a more kindred claim than either of these great men to interment with poets. His music lends even a charm to their sublime thoughts, and force even to their soul-stirring energies.

Some time previous to his decease, or, from the year 1751, Handel was afflicted with cataract in his eyes. From this misfortune, repeated attempts were made to relieve him, but in vain. On the first attack, his usual flow of spirits left him; and he became much dejected. His own air, from the oratorio of *Samson*, "Total Eclipse," is said always to have affected and agitated him extremely, after his loss of sight. Unable to conduct his oratorios, he placed in his seat, a Mr. Smith, the son of his copyist, a young man of considerable abilities, and not inadequate to his new and honourable station. The composer, nevertheless, with

his extempore execution on the organ, continued to delight his auditory between the acts; and placed at his conductor's elbow, still assisted in the general direction of the performance.

That Handel's loss of sight preyed upon his spirits, and affected his health, will naturally be supposed. He sank under the affliction; and, about the beginning of 1758, his appetite failed him, and he began to decline rapidly. He was, however, as usual, at his post in the orchestra, on the 6th of April, 1759; but he expired, after a very short illness, on the 13th of the same month.

Handel was buried in Westminster Abbey. The funeral service was performed by Dr. Pearce, bishop of Rochester, assisted by the choir. Not long after, the monument represented on the annexed page, was erected to Handel's memory. It was designed by Roubiliac, the most distinguished sculptor of his day; for, Lord Chesterfield said, that Roubiliac was "our only statuary, and other artists were mere stone-cutters." It is also worthy of remark, that Handel's was the last monument which Roubiliac lived to finish. It represents the great composer at full length: the figure is very finely executed, and is considered to bear a striking likeness to the original. In one hand is a folio of music, with the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Above is a female figure, playing the harp; and in the distance is a stupendous organ. The kind of pedestal whereon stands the figure of Handel, also bears the following inscription:—

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, Esq.
born February xxiii. MDCLXXXIV.
died on Good Friday, April xiii. MDCCCLIX.
L. F. Roubiliac, Sc.

Over the pointed arch of the niche, in which this interesting monument is placed, is a tablet, bearing this inscription:

"Within these sacred Walls
the memory of HANDEL
was celebrated,
under the patronage
and in the presence
of his Most Gracious Majesty
George the IIIrd.
on the xxvi and xxix of May,
and on the iii. and v. of June,
MDCCLXXXIV.

"The Musick performed
on this Solemnity,
was selected from his own Works
under the direction of
Brownlow, Earl of Exeter,
John, Earl of Sandwich,
Henry, Earl of Uxbridge,
Sir Watkin William Wynn, Bart.
and
Sir Richard Jebb, Bart.

"The Band, consisting
of 525 Vocal and Instrumental Performers,
was conducted by
JOAH BATES, Esq."

G. F. Handel



The two annexed memorabilia of Handel may not inappropriately be appended.

First, is the great composer's Signature, from a memorandum in the original score of the opera of *Berenice*, which Handel composed in a month, and at the first performance of which, the King and Queen were present.

Secondly, is a cast of the features of Handel; the history of which is briefly as follows: Roubiliac, after the death of Handel, produced a mould from his face, which he afterwards touched upon, by opening the eyes. From this mould a few impressions were taken, of which number the original of the subjoined Engraving is one.

EARLY ENGLISH SHIPPING.

(Continued from page 6.)

EDWARD the Elder constantly kept up a fleet of 100 sail, to protect British trade and maintain the dominion of the seas; and Athelstan, his eldest son and successor, was at greater pains than his father had been to increase the naval glory and commerce of England. By one of his laws, that mariner, or merchant, was to be advanced to the dignity of a Thane who made "three voyages over the high seas, with a ship and cargo of his own;" which regulation, with others as wise, maintained for Athelstan the dominion of the seas, and obliged the princes of Denmark and Norway to pay court to him; in acknowledgment whereof, William of Malmesbury says, that "Harold, king of Norway, sent him a fine ship, with a gilded stern and purple sails, surrounded and defended on all sides with a row of gilded shields."

Respecting the maritime power of England during the reign of Edgar, much that has been related of it must be attributed to the partiality of this prince's monkish panegyrist. In the reign of Edward the Elder, the navy averaged about 100 ships; fifty years afterwards, 300 or 360 would have denoted a rapid increase in its strength and power; which number, given upon the authority of an old historian, is far more credible than

that of 3,000, or 3,600, at which latter rate 300,000 seamen, at least, would have been required to man them; and was this possible to have been the case, in the infancy of a kingdom, its trade, and shipping? It is, however, certain, though the accounts of the monks must be received with caution, that Edgar possessed more ships, and a greater degree of naval power than any of his predecessors; that thereby, the strength and wealth of his kingdom was greatly increased: and its peace he secured by dividing his fleet into three equal squadrons, which he stationed for defence on the north, south, and east coasts.

The weakness of Ethelred, and supineness of his people, caused the maritime power of England fearfully to languish and decline; nor was it until roused from their lethargy by the hostilities of their old enemies, the Danes, that they perceived their error, together with the expediency of maintaining a navy. A law was then passed (A. D. 1008) obliging "the proprietors of every 310 hides of land, to furnish a ship for the royal navy." Upon which an armament of 800 ships was raised, a greater number "than," says the Saxon chronicle, (at once stamping as fabulous the monkish histories of Edgar's navy,) "had ever been seen in England, in the reign of any former king." And humane laws were also enacted, respecting the persons, properties, and vessels of those who were wrecked near our coasts, or driven into English harbours by stress of weather. Canute's reign was so peaceful, that he reduced the number of vessels forming the royal navy to sixteen, in support of which a moderate tax was imposed, and continued during the reign of Harold, his successor.*

Hardicanute kept a fleet of sixty vessels, supported by a tax, and allowed the men the same pay as Canute; but his people considering the levy grievous, became discontented and exceedingly turbulent. An old writer gives rather a curious and dazzling description of the ships brought by Canute to invade England, as far as carving, gilding, burnishing of arms and armour, and adorning with images are concerned; if all be true that he relates, the Scandinavian nations had certainly attained at that period to a greater degree of perfection in the practice of various fine arts than we are apt to suppose. Vanes are also mentioned as attached to the mast-heads to show the direction of the wind. Yet, the representation of the Conqueror's vessels, in the celebrated Bayeux Tapestry, if also any-

* The pay was incredibly low, even at the then value of money: each mariner of this fleet received eight mancuses per annum, and each commander twelve. The mancus was a coin equivalent to about seven shillings and a farthing of our present money. So, that in the golden days of King Canute, 2*l*. 16*s*. 3*d*. was the annual income of the sailor, and 4*l*. 4*s*. 3*d*. of his officer!

thing like correct, must tend greatly to diminish our ideas of the progress made in naval architecture at this period. William's ships are there depicted as a kind of galleys, with one mast, to which a yard-arm and very large sail, worked by pulleys, were attached. However, it must be conceded that the art of drawing was then at an ebb too low for correctness in any delineation to be relied on, the art of representing objects in embroidery still more so, and that the ladies of all ages have been, and must ever be, the least capable, with all their transcendent capabilities, of correctly portraying that master-piece of man's ingenuity, a ship. This remark we deferentially offer *en passant*, because aware that with historians and antiquarians the Bayeux Tapestry is a text-book.

It is probable that at the Conquest, the number of English ships, men-of-war and merchant vessels, amounted to between 2 and 3,000, of from twenty to a hundred tons. But the fleet of the Conqueror made in itself an important and splendid addition to British shipping, consisting, as some authors affirm, of at least 3,000 vessels; the account may be exaggerated, but small as were the galleys at this period a numerous fleet of them must necessarily have been required for the transportation of 60,000 men, with their horses, arms, and other equipments. Some of these ships returned to the Continent, but the greater part of them, with their crews, remained in England, and proved a splendid reinforcement to the British navy.

Our first and second Henries abrogated the barbarous usages of their subjects towards those who had suffered shipwreck, and their laws not only condemned to a heavy punishment "such as did them injury, and seized any of their goods;" but by a decree of the latter prince, A. D. 1174, no vessel was to be considered a wreck, from which a man or an animal (cat or dog) had escaped alive; or in which an animal was found alive, &c. Henry II. also enacted a law, A. D. 1181, prohibiting the employment of British ships and sailors in the service of foreign potentates.

The reign of the warlike Cœur de Lion, appears to have been most favourable to the maritime interests of Britain, and Geoffrey de Vinesauf, who was an eye-witness of those romantic expeditions of which he is the chronicler, affords details at once explicit and interesting, respecting the vessels and modes of naval warfare during that period.*

* "When both parties prepared for battle," says Geoffrey de Vinesauf, describing a naval engagement of the days of Richard I., "our men drew up their ships, not in a straight line, but bending like a crescent, placing the strongest ships on the points, that if the enemy attempted to break our line, they might be surrounded." This manœuvre, then, considered an invention of modern times, was, in the twelfth century, anticipated and guarded against!

According to him, the largest, best, and strongest built ships then in use were called *dromones*, which carried three masts, sailed very slowly, and were too lofty to admit of being moved by oars. A Saracen ship taken by Richard I. near the port of Acon, was probably of this kind, and of enormous magnitude, since it contained not less than 1,500 men! Three-masted ships of the second rate, called *bussæ* or *buccæ*, were also large vessels. Galleys and galleots were ships of war; the former being long, low, and narrow, with a beam extended from their prow, called the spur, with which they pierced the ships of the enemy; the latter were much shorter, had only one bank of oars instead of two, or even three, were more easily worked, and fitter for throwing fire. The trade-ships commonly used, both at sea and on large rivers, were termed *barcæ*, or barks, (a piece of Latinity now retained, though corrupted in our barge,) and craft of the smallest size were called *bascæ*, or *barbotæ*. These all had decks; and besides them, the nation now possessed boats of various descriptions and dimensions, for plying on rivers, fishing, &c. The fleet of Cœur de Lion, on his way to the Holy Land, consisted of thirteen *dromones*, 150 *bussæ*, fifty-three galleys, and numerous tenders; of which the Sicilians declared that so fine a fleet had never been seen in the harbour of Messina, and probably never would be again. It is uncertain, whether English sailors enjoyed at this period the advantage of steering by the mariner's compass, the inventor of it, and the invention itself, being involved in considerable obscurity. Towards the end of the twelfth century, or commencement of the thirteenth, the properties of the magnetic needle, however, were certainly known, and the discovery was attempted to be applied to navigation.

Hugh de Bercy, a French poet of these times, mentions an instrument termed *la mariniere*, used by sailors in his day, viz. early in the thirteenth century; in this, the needle was placed upon a board that floated in a vessel of water, which hydraulic compass must have been continually subjected, in a double sense of the term, to the casualty of dipping on every motion of the vessel. In fact, the mariner's compass as we now have it, like every other important discovery designed by Providence to be lastingly useful to man, was probably not the invention of a single individual, or a single age, but has progressively arrived at perfection. English sailors were, so far back as the twelfth century, the envy and admiration of various nations for their dexterity and courage; and the proud character they thus early acquired, and have during many generations in suc-

Perhaps, it was sometimes, or had been, even practised, or why the fear that it might be? Truly, "there is nothing new under the sun!"

cession nobly maintained, may they never, never forfeit!

King John,—and the circumstance should serve to extenuate, or at least cast a softer light on the follies and errors of his character and conduct,—paid such extreme attention to the maritime interests of this kingdom, that his sailors remained zealous and faithful to his service and person, when he was abandoned by the rest of his subjects. By the edict of Hastings, (A. D. 1200,) he asserted boldly his dominion over the seas, and commanded the captains of British ships to seize all vessels which did not strike their top-sails to them, to imprison their crews, and to confiscate their cargoes, even though such vessels were subjects to, or in alliance with, England! His fleet, at the very period in which his affairs on shore were in the most desperate condition, destroyed the whole naval power of France, and sent home 300 sail of her captured vessels. M. L. B.

(To be continued.)

COTTON MANUFACTURES.

THE value of the cotton manufactures exported during the twenty-two years of the late war, from 1793 to 1815, amounted to 208 millions sterling, at the official value. The raw material, at four millions per annum, amounted to eighty-eight millions sterling. The net annual receipts from foreign countries for profits and wages, was, therefore, 120 millions, or about five and a-half millions per annum. But the whole value of all the British manufactures exported during that period was 548 millions, which, after deducting for the raw materials 148 millions, will leave 400 millions added to the taxable capital of the nation, at the rate of more than eighteen millions per annum, by amount received for wages and profit of British productive labour. In the eight years following, from 1815 to 1822, the cotton manufactures exported were upwards of 177 millions and a-half at their official value; and, deducting five millions per annum for the raw material, leave 137 millions and a-half, being about seventeen and a-quarter millions per annum; which, being added to the export of the twenty-two years preceding, will make upwards of 257 millions and a-half contributed in thirty years, by cotton manufactures alone, to the taxable capital of the nation. But in the eight years, the whole amount of exported British manufactures and produce was 332 millions; and deducting the raw materials at the increased rate of seven and a-half millions per annum, will leave 272 millions, being about thirty-four millions per annum, which being added to the produce of profits and wages for the twenty-two years of the war, as before mentioned, (400 millions,) will make 672 millions received from 1793 to 1822, being upwards of twenty-two mil-

lions and a-half per annum for wages and profits produced by British industry, and received from other nations. During the war, the sum added to the national debt by loans was 569 millions, which, it thus appears, was exceeded upwards of 100 millions by the amount received from foreign countries for the ingenuity of the English artisan, and industry of the English manufacturer.

W. G. C.

THE ROBIN.

(From the German.)

ONE cold winter's day, a robin stood pecking at the window of a cottager, as if begging for admittance. The humane cottager opened his window, and hospitably sheltered the confiding little creature. The children became much attached to the little bird, which fed upon the crumbs that fell from this poor man's table. When the spring had again clothed the trees and bushes with fresh verdure, the cottager opened his window and his little guest flew into the adjoining wood, where he built his nest and filled the air with his warbling songs. On the approach of winter, the robin, accompanied by his little mate, returned to the dwelling of the cottager. The good man and his family were much delighted when they saw them. "How expressive are the eyes of the little birds!" said one of the children; "they look as if they wish to say something." "My children," replied the father, "could the little birds speak, they would probably say 'a friendly confidence in, and a love of, man is only to be obtained by his acting with mercy and generosity.'" W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

ANTS WITH UMBRELLAS.

THE late Reverend Lansdown Guilding records the following singular habits, (in *Lou-don's Magazine of Natural History*, vol. vii. p. 363,) relating to what he calls the *parasol-ants*. "In Trinidad," he says, "we may see marching legions of these beings, with a leaf elevated over their heads, like a London crowd on a rainy day following the Lord Mayor's show with innumerable umbrellas; or rather, as they observe the order and decorum which the mob despise, they represent on a Lilliputian scale, with their leafy screens, the enemies of Macbeth descending from "Birnam wood to Dunsinane." These leaves are, however, probably collected to cover their nest, rather than to 'shadow the number of their host.'" J. H. F.

INCONVENIENT ABUNDANCE OF ANTS IN LONDON.

At a meeting of the Entomological Society, on June 2nd, "Mr. Spence," according to the

Entomological Magazine, "exhibited some very minute ants, which, he said, had swarmed to so great a degree at Brighton, and some parts of London, that, in several instances which had come to his knowledge, the inhabitants had found no other alternative than entirely quitting their houses." J. H. F.

VEGETABLE SHOT.

"The round, black seeds" of *Canna Indica*, L., are stated by the Reverend Lansdown Guilding, "to serve, at a small distance, for shot;" and hence the plant has received the English name of "Indian shot."—J. H. F.

EATABLE GRUBS.

Our foreign brethren manage to make of many creatures which we despise, excellent dishes, which to their tastes are, perhaps, as delicious as the best tit-bits and messes mentioned in the works of the renowned Messrs. Ude and Kitchiner, or of that savoury lady, Mrs. Glass. In both the Ladies, the larva or grub of a species of beetle, (*Calandra* or *Cordylia palmarius*), is considered a great delicacy, even at the present day. Madame Merian, in her famous, but frequently faulty, work on the Insects of Surinam, to which country she went purposely to study this interesting class of animals, states that the natives roast these grubs, which are in size equal to the human thumb, and then eat them with great enjoyment. The Reverend Mr. L. Guilding, (*Magazine of Natural History*, vol. vii. p. 370,) tells us that "they are fried in butter; and the greedy epicure, holding the hard, horny head between his fingers, sucks out the fat entrails." A friend of that veteran in entomology, Mr. Kirby, informed him that "the late Sir John La Forey, who was somewhat of an epicure, was extremely fond" of this sort of food. The just named entomologist, in his clever and voluminous work, entitled an "Introduction to Entomology," suspects that the "roasted worm," stated by Ælian to have been a delicacy among the Indians, and to have been set by an Indian king before his Grecian guests, who highly approved of it, was probably the grub of this species. Now, perhaps, some reader has been all this while "turning his nose up," and wondering at the queer likings of the grub-eaters; but can he assign any reason why the grubs and so forth that add flesh to poultry and other animals which we would readily eat, should not be as good as those creatures themselves?

Temple.

J. H. F.

Select Biography.

DOCTOR DEE.

(Continued from page 38.)

From Prague Dee and his followers proceeded to Cracow. Here he found means of

introduction to Stephen, king of Poland, to whom immediately he insinuated as intelligence from heaven, that Rodolph, the emperor, would speedily be assassinated, and that Stephen would succeed him in the throne of Germany. Stephen appears to have received Dee with more condescension than Rodolph had done, and was once present at his incantation and interview with the invisible spirits. Dee also lured him on with promises respecting the philosopher's stone. Meanwhile the magician was himself reduced to the strangest expedients for subsistence. He appears to have daily expected great riches from the transmutation of metals, and was unwilling to confess that he and his family were in the meantime almost starving.

When King Stephen at length became wearied with fruitless expectation, Dee was fortunate enough to meet with another and more patient dupe in Rosenburg, a nobleman of considerable wealth at Trebona in the kingdom of Bohemia. Here Dee appears to have remained till 1589, when he was sent for home by Elizabeth. In what manner he proceeded during this interval, and from whence he drew his supplies, we are only left to conjecture. He lured on his victim with the usual temptation, promising him that he should be king of Poland. In the meantime it is recorded by him, that, on the 9th of December, 1586, he arrived at the point of projection; having cut a piece of metal out of a brass warming-pan, and merely heating it by the fire, and pouring on it a portion of the elixir, it was presently converted into pure silver. We are told that he sent the warming-pan and the piece of silver to Queen Elizabeth, that she might be convinced by her own eyes how exactly they tallied, and that the one had unquestionably been a portion of the other. About the same time it is said, that Dee and his associate became more free in their expenditure; and in one instance it is stated as an example, that Kelly gave away to the value of four thousand pounds sterling in gold rings on occasion of the celebration of the marriage of one of his maid servants. On the 27th and 30th of July, 1587, Dee has recorded in his journal his gratitude to God for his unspeakable mercies on those days imparted, which has been interpreted to mean further acquisitions of wealth by means of the elixir.

Meanwhile perpetual occasions of dissension occurred between the two great confederates, Kelly and Dee. They were in many respects unfitted for each other's society. Dee was a man, who from his youth upward had been indefatigable in study and research, had the consciousness of great talents and intellect, and had been universally recognised as such, and had possessed a high character for fervent piety and blameless morals. Kelly was an impudent adventurer, a man of no

principles and of blasted reputation; yet fertile in resources, full of self-confidence, and of no small degree of ingenuity. In their mutual intercourse the audacious adventurer often had the upper hand of the man who had lately possessed a well-earned reputation. Kelly frequently professed himself tired of enacting the character of interpreter of the gods under Dee. He found Dee in all cases running away with the superior consideration; while he in his own opinion best deserved to possess it. The straitness of their circumstances, and the misery they were occasionally called on to endure, we may be sure did not improve their good understanding. Kelly once and again threatened to abandon his leader. Dee continually soothed him; and prevailed on him to stay.

Kelly at length started a very extraordinary proposition. Kelly, as interpreter to the spirits, and being the only person who heard and saw any thing, we may presume made them say whatever he pleased. Kelly and Dee had both of them wives. Kelly did not always live harmoniously with the partner of his bed. He sometimes went so far as to say that he hated her. Dee was more fortunate. His wife was a person of good family, and had hitherto been irreproachable in her demeanour. The spirits one day revealed to Kelly, that they must henceforth have their wives in common. The wife of Kelly was barren, and this curse could no otherwise be removed. Having started the proposition, Kelly played the reluctant party. Dee, who was pious and enthusiastic, inclined to submit. He first indeed started the notion, that it could only be meant that they should live in mutual harmony and good understanding. The spirits protested against this, and insisted upon the literal interpretation. Dee yielded, and compared his case to that of Abraham, who at the divine command consented to sacrifice his son Isaac. Kelly alleged that these spirits, which Dee had hitherto regarded as messengers from God, could be no other than servants of Satan. He persisted in his disobedience; and the spirits declared that he was no longer worthy to be their interpreter, and that another mediator must be found.

They named Arthur Dee, the son of the possessor of the stone, a promising and well-disposed boy of only eight years of age. Dee consecrated the youth accordingly to his high function by prayers and religious rites for several days together. Kelly took horse and rode away, protesting that they should meet no more. Arthur entered upon his office April 15, 1687. The experiment proved abortive. He saw something; but not to the purpose. He heard no voices. At length Kelly, on the third day, entered the room unexpectedly, "by miraculous fortune," as Dee says, "or a divine fate," sat down between them, and immediately saw figures

and heard voices, which the little Arthur was not enabled to perceive. In particular he saw four heads inclosed in an obelisk; which he perceived to represent the two magicians and their wives, and interpreted to signify that unlimited communion in which they were destined to engage. The matter, however, being still an occasion of scruple, a spirit appeared, who by the language he used was plainly no other than the Saviour of the world, and took away from them the larger stone; for now it appears there were two stones. This miracle at length induced all parties to submit; and the divine command was no sooner obeyed, than the stone which had been abstracted, was found again under the pillow of the wife of Dee.

It is not easy to imagine a state of greater degradation than that into which this person had now fallen. During all the prime and vigour of his intellect, he had sustained an eminent part among the learned and the great, distinguished and honoured by Elizabeth and her favourite. But his unbounded arrogance and self-opinion could never be satisfied. And seduced, partly by his own weakness, and partly by the insinuations of a crafty adventurer, he became a mystic of the most dishonourable sort. He was induced to believe in a series of miraculous communications without common sense, engaged in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone, and no doubt imagined that he was possessed of the great secret. Stirred up by these conceptions, he left his native country, and became a wanderer, preying upon the credulity of one prince and eminent man after another, and no sooner was he discarded by one victim of credulity, than he sought another, a vagabond on the earth, reduced from time to time to the greatest distress, persecuted, dishonoured, and despised by every party in their turn. At length by incessant degrees he became dead to all moral distinctions, and all sense of honour and self-respect. "Professing himself to be wise he became a fool, walked in the vanity of his imagination," and had his understanding under total eclipse. The immoral system of conduct in which he engaged, and the strange and shocking blasphemy that he mixed with it, render him at this time a sort of character that it is painful to contemplate.

Led on as Dee at this time was by the ascendancy and consummate art of Kelly, there was far from existing any genuine harmony between them; and, after many squabbles and heart-burnings, they appear finally to have parted in January, 1689, Dee having, according to his own account, at that time delivered up to Kelly, the elixir and the different implements by which the transmutation of metals was to be effected.

Various overtures appear to have passed

now for some years between Dee and Queen Elizabeth, intended to lead to his restoration to his native country. Dee had upon different occasions expressed a wish to that effect; and Elizabeth, in the spring of 1589, sent him a message, that removed from him all further thought of hesitation and delay. He set out from Trebona with three coaches, and a baggage train correspondent, and had an audience of the queen at Richmond towards the close of that year. Upon the whole it is impossible, perhaps, not to believe, that Elizabeth was influenced in this proceeding by the various reports that had reached her of his extraordinary success with the philosopher's stone, and the boundless wealth he had it in his power to bestow. Many princes at this time contended with each other, as to who should be happy enough by fair means or by force to have under his control the fortunate possessor of the great secret, and thus to have in his possession the means of inexhaustible wealth. Shortly after this time the Emperor Rodolph seized and committed to prison Kelly, the partner of Dee in this inestimable faculty, and, having once enlarged him, placed him in custody a second time. Meanwhile Elizabeth is said to have made him pressing overtures of so flattering a nature that he determined to escape and return to his native country. For this purpose he is said to have torn the sheets of his bed, and twisted them into a rope, that by that means he might descend from the tower in which he was confined. But, being a corpulent man of considerable weight, the rope broke with him before he was half way down, and, having fractured one or both of his legs, and being otherwise considerably bruised, he died shortly afterwards. This happened in the year 1595.

Dee (according to his own account, delivered to commissioners appointed by Queen Elizabeth to inquire into his circumstances) came from Trebona to England in a state little inferior to that of an ambassador. He had three coaches, with four horses harnessed to each coach, two or three loaded wagons, and a guard, sometimes of six, and sometimes of twenty-four soldiers, to defend him from enemies, who were supposed to lie in wait to intercept his passage. Immediately on his arrival he had an audience of the queen at Richmond, by whom he was most graciously received. She gave special orders, that he should do what he would in chemistry and philosophy, and that no one should on any account molest him.

But here end the prosperity and greatness of this extraordinary man. If he possessed the power of turning all baser metals into gold, he certainly acted unadvisedly in surrendering this power to his confederate, immediately before his return to his native country. He parted at the same time with

his gift of prophecy, since, though he brought away with him his miraculous stone, and at one time appointed one Bartholomew, and another one Hickman, his interpreters to look into the stone, to see the marvellous sights it was expected to disclose, and to hear the voices and report the words that issued from it, the experiments proved in both instances abortive. They wanted the finer sense, or the unparalleled effrontery and inexhaustible invention which Kelly alone possessed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Public Journals.

THE ENGLISH BOY.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Go, call thy sons; instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were
born." *Athenide.*

Look from the ancient mountains down
My noble English Boy!
Thy country's fields around thee gleam
In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have roll'd since foeman's march
Pass'd o'er that old firm sod;
For well the land hath fealty held
To Freedom and to God!

Gaze proudly on, my English Boy!
And let thy kindling mind
Drink in the spirit of high thought
From every chainless wind!

There, in the shadow of old Time,
The halls beneath thee lie,
Which pour'd forth to the fields of yore,
Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly!
They stand, 'midst oak and yew!
Whence Cressy's yeomen haply framed
The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good swords hang
Whose faith knew no alloy.
And shields of knighthood, pure from stain—
Gaze on, my English Boy!

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
Gleams by the antique elm,
Or where the minister lifts the cross
High thro' the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have shower'd their free hearts' blood,
That England's prayer might rise,
From those grey fanes of thoughtful years,
Unfetter'd, to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their trees,
This earth's most glorious dust,
Once fired with valour, wisdom, song,
Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, farther yet—
My gallant English Boy!
Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,
The billows' pride and joy!

Those waves in many a fight have closed
Above her faithful dead;
That red-cross flag victoriously
Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perish'd—this green turf to keep
By hostile tread unstain'd;
These knightly halls inviolate,
Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear, their memory's light
 Along our shore is set,
 And many an answering beacon-fire
 Shall there be kindled yet!
 Lift up thy heart, my English Boy!
 And pray, like *them* to stand,
 Should God so summon *thee* to guard
 The altars of the land.

Blackwood's Magazine.

BRINGING HOME.—BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

To every true Englishman, HOME is a magic sound; every true English author stamps upon his page an intense feeling of its sacred and affectionate power. The thousand incidents, interests, and relationships that spring thence, and wrap our mortal life in all its varieties of peace, or happiness, or misery, have been depicted by the strongest and the feeblest pens, with an equal feeling of pleasure, but with far different degrees of vigour. To my mind, no circumstances connected with home are more attractive or affecting than the bringing thither individuals in the various stages of existence, under the various aspects of fortune. I have seen the infant, who, to use a Hibernicism, was born from home, brought thither. I have seen the eager groups of servants, of brothers and sisters, springing forth from the domestic door as the sound of the carriage approached, in which the little stranger and its parents were coming. I have heard the exclamations of delight, of loving welcome,—seen the earnest looks and gestures of curious joy,—the crowding round to gaze on the little, unknown face,—the snatching up of the long-desired prize,—the hurrying altogether of the happy family into that abode which, henceforth, is the home of all.

Again, I have seen the boy come bounding in from his half-year's absence at school, all life, and health, and pleasure,—seen the glad embraces and shaking of hands,—heard the cries of surprise at his growth, his change, his improvement. I have seen, too, the gentle, timid girl return under the same circumstances—seen the mother's kisses, her tears, her proud smiles; seen the former playmate waiting to welcome her; and beheld what a change a little time had made even in those young creatures; how the gay familiarity of the days ere they parted, were gone,—how they looked at each other, and felt strange, and evidently wondered in their own minds at the alteration in each other, so grown, so different, so unlike the beings of each other's memory, till they became shy and silent.

I have seen the tall youth coming from abroad, from his first field perhaps,—a boy when he went, now a man, with a lofty, dashing figure, a manly face, a manly voice, and so grown out of his former self that it required some time and intercourse to discover, in the depths of his heart and nature,

the beloved being that he went away. I have seen such a youth come home, not to the joy and triumph of his family,—but to die. I have stood by the graves of the companions of my youth who have dispersed themselves in the world, and have not come back even to die, but have been borne to their native scenes on the bier, that their ashes might mingle with the ashes of their kindred.

* * * * *

These things I have seen;—these every one sees, and almost every day,—but it was my lot lately to notice one or two incidents arising out of this strong law of nature that deserve a more particular attention.

"Now," said my friend Pendock Pattel, "if you were a clergyman I could give you a good thing." "What is that?" said I. "Why," he replied, "a rectory of six hundred a year. Our old minister is dead, and I have the living to dispose of. I have already a dozen offers for its purchase; but if I sell any thing it shall be something of my own—this I shall give." "That is right," I replied. "And pray give it to some worthy man who has nothing besides." "Let me see," he added, "who that can be? I will—I think I know the man." He sat down to write, and rising up with a smile, said,—"*You shall see the effect of this,*"—and went out.

I attempted, on his return, to renew the subject; but he took down his gun, and said, "Come, let us have a turn into the fields." In the fields I again returned to the topic; he again turned it off. I was silent.

As we sat at dinner two days afterwards, the Rev. Charles N—— was announced. Pendock rose up, with a sudden flush, and said, "Show him in;"—and in the same instant entered a clergyman of about his own age, of a most interesting appearance. He made a most respectful yet dignified obeisance to Pendock; who, on his part, sprang towards him, seized him by the hand, cried, "Ten times welcome, my old friend Charles,"—and turning to me said, "Behold our new Rector!"

If I was pleased with the appearance of the clergyman, I was much more when the excitement and surprise of the moment were gone by, and we sat in the midst of general discourse. I felt him at once to be a man of high talent, genuine piety, and with a heart warm even to poetry. I looked repeatedly at Pendock, with the design of saying, *You have made an excellent choice*; but I saw in his gratified eye and manner, that he was so conscious of it that my words were needless. When I knew the history of Charles N——, I thanked Pendock, honoured his judgment, and loved him from my soul.

Charles was the son of a poor widow, who

had spent the bulk of her income, and lived herself in the narrowest style to educate him for the church. Scarcely had he taken orders when she died; her income died with her, and he had no resource but a small curacy, which he obtained in an obscure village. He had, however, passed through the University with high honours, his talents were of the first order; he was of an ardent temperament, and felt confident of pushing his way to a competence in the Church. In those days of youthful fancy and soaring hope, he saw, and loved, and married. His wife had but little property. Charles never connected the ideas of love and money in his mind; he found her every thing he wished, and he looked for fortune from another source. But years went on, and on, and still he was only a poor curate, while every year added regularly to his family. As he did not succeed to his wish in his profession, he determined to try the effects of his pen. He wrote poems and essays for periodicals,—he wrote a volume of sermons,—he wrote “*Tales of the Parish*,” illustrating scenes and characters which he had witnessed in the course of his pastoral duties; but he found the path of literature as fully pre-occupied as that of church preferment; and those buoyant dreams of youth dispersing at once, he saw before him a prospect of poverty, labour, and obscurity,—a prospect of toil, and degradation for his wife,—a prospect for his children which wrung his fine and sensitive spirit with inexpressible agony. He sank into a stupor of despondency that threatened to terminate in aberration of intellect. This, at length, passed away. The unwearied condolence and affection of his wife, the sense of his duty to her and to his children, the power of religion roused him again to pursue his gloomy track, though it was in tears and sadness of heart. Years still went on, and brought no change, but continued increase of family; his vicar regularly paid his annual visit, pocketed his eight hundred, paid him his eighty pounds, and departed to his distant abode. All his early hopes were dead; but they had left behind them a morbid fondness for castle-building, in which his wife would often join him. They would frequently sit in their little room, or as they went their quiet walk through the fields, beyond the village, while their children ran and gathered flowers, or pursued insects around them, they would please themselves with supposing that some distant relation, they could not tell who, should die, and leave them an unexpected property; or they would suppose some particular circumstance should throw a generous patron in their way, and they should, at once, rise to happiness and usefulness; but these dreams glided only a few moments, and left their horizon darker than before.

As they sat one autumn morning at their breakfast table, and saw the sun shining on the dark leaves of their little garden, and looking out beyond, saw its gleam lying on the silent fields, now cleared of harvest, Charles said, “Oh! how blessed are they that can ride far away in such a sun as this, and with a heart free from the vulture-beak of care, ascend heathy mountains, and look forth on the living sea, and breathe its vigorous gales. Such a life seems half-way to heaven; but for us, heaven must be reached at one stage, and that through the avenue of death.”

As he uttered these melancholy words, the servant entered, and laid a letter on the table. He took it up, opened it, and as he read, his wife, who watched him earnestly, saw his colour at once vanish, the letter fell, and he sat looking on the opposite wall, as stricken with some sense-destroying calamity. She sprang up, and seized the letter; and at the same instant, Charles sprang up, and clasping her in a convulsive embrace, burst into a torrent of passionate tears; and then snatching up his children, one after another, and embraced them with the vehemence and gestures of a man deranged. During this time, his trembling wife read the letter. It ran thus:—

“Aldacre, Sept. 9, 18—

“Old Friend,—What are you doing? Are you settled down to a plentiful portion, or will you accept one? Our old raven, who has croaked, rather than preached these last ten years, has fallen off the perch.—Will you succeed him? I want a man that will be a friend for myself, and a father for my parish.—Are you the man? There are six hundreds a-year, so it merits your attention. Pray, come and see.—Yours, very truly,

“PENDOCK PATTEL.”

Charles well remembered Pendock. At college they had been great companions, but he had never heard of him since; and in all his day-dreams, Pendock had never presented himself as a patron. There was a levity in the letter, which would have made the speculation, so far as it regarded friendship, rather dubious, had he not known the man. But he knew that, with a fondness for a little license of speech, he had a generous soul, unless much altered, and had, too, in his general mood, a sterling love of whatever was noble, intellectual, and pure in taste.

Charles was speedily at Aldacre, as we have seen; and a little time sufficed to convince both patron and rector, that the event which made the fortune of one, would eminently augment the happiness of both. I sat that evening a delighted listener, hearing the two friends recount the histories of college days, and hearing Charles lay open the detail of his after-life, up to this moment,—a detail which at once saddened us with the deepest

commiseration, and made us again rejoice that Providence had put it into the heart of Pendock to write to his old associate.

"And now," said Pendock, "you must be off in the morning for your family. You must pack up in haste, and be back in a week."

In the morning he was gone with a light heart; and immediately Pendock and myself set to work. We explored the rectory. The last incumbent left no family; there was not a moment's need of delay; we had immediate possession; and partly with the purchase of the best of the furniture, partly with new from the neighbouring town, we soon had the picturesque old place put into most comfortable, and even elegant array. By the day that the new rector and his family were to come, all was in order: every thing looked clean, bright, and habitable. Fires were burning within; the garden grass-plots and walks were all trimmed and cleaned; and the villagers were looking, ever and anon, out of their doors, to get the first glimpse of their new minister. Pendock and myself posted ourselves under a large, old mulberry-tree, in an elevated part of his pleasure-grounds, to watch their approach; and the moment we saw the yellow panels of the chaise flash between the trees in the lane, down we ran to meet them.

Never shall I forget this joyful Bringing Home! There was the happy father, all flushed with smiles, and tears, and happiness; there we handed out his wife—a gentle, delicate, creature, with a lovely face, that long care and sadness had stamped their melancholy upon, and which, with the expression of present joy, was pale as death. We handed her out, but she trembled so with emotion that she could not walk, and we bore her in our arms, and laid her upon her own sofa, in her own parlour. There, too, were seven children, all, except the youngest, who was too young to be conscious of the great change which had taken place in their destiny—full of eager joy and curiosity. And what a delight was it to see Pendock's exultation, and to see the happy father and mother, when Mrs. N—— had a little recovered herself, kneel down, with all their children about them, and with us, too, and pour out their souls to God in thanksgiving, for His great, great goodness, and call upon Him for strength and wisdom, to execute those plans of usefulness, so often vowed in the days of darkness.

What a delight was it, too, to go with the glad family, and to witness their satisfaction, as they beheld the extent, and comfort, and various conveniences of that ample, old house, and to hear them appropriate each room to its particular destination. This shall be our breakfast-room, this our drawing-room; this is Charles's study—oh! how well already

supplied with books. Kind, kind friend! This our bed-room,—this for our guests, there for the children, this for the nursery,—and so on. It was a beautiful, old place: somewhat low, and somewhat sombre, and its various projections and gables, overhung with vines, and ivy, and other creeping plants; but then it had large bay-windows opening into the garden, through which summer would send the odours of numberless flowers; and the sunshine would come in, and fill the place with a pleasant glory. Its garden was large and old-fashioned, with its bowery walks and hazel clumps; its fish-pond at the bottom, and its mighty plane-tree spreading its branches over the rustic seat,—over the smooth, mossy turf,—over the still waters themselves. But I cannot tell all the delights of the parsonage—its crofts and outhouses, and horse, and cow; nor the joy of the people, who instinctively discovered in a moment that a good friend was come amongst them. That evening was one of the most blessed of my life. We spent it with the Rector and his family, dining with him for the first time that he dined in the home of his whole future life. It was a day, like a day in heaven; and Pendock writes me, that every day is to him a day of thankfulness over this transaction.

Let us witness a different scene. I was sitting on a rocky eminence in the north of England, looking down into a deep, long vale, when the sound of a single bell from the lone, grey church, in the bottom of the valley, caught my ear. I arose and descended to the village. As I drew near I could perceive that the bell tolled for a funeral, and every face wore that depth of gloom which announces some more than ordinary sorrow. When I had learned the cause, my heart was touched also with a sadness, such as it had seldom experienced.

In this village had, for many generations, dwelt one great family. A gentleman of fortune, in a distant county, had married the sole heiress of this house; and to gratify her fondness for her native place, had built an elegant abode here, and here chiefly lived. They had been married some years, and had three children; when, during a winter spent in London, the lady had been seduced, and had fled to the Continent with her seducer. This, as might have been expected, upon a mind particularly sensitive, and upon a heart devotedly attached to her, and up to the fatal moment of the elopement totally unsuspecting, had nearly destroyed her husband. He retired with his children to his own ancestral seat, and lived in a deep and melancholy seclusion. The lady's father, a man of a stern and passionate character, at first exhibited the madness of passion, and then settled down into the sullen silence of

unappeasable hatred. Years went over; when, at length, the father and husband, at the same instant, received each a letter from the lost one—at the point of death—in penitence and in destitution. It was written with that harrowing sense of her crime, of all she had lost, and lost for ever, that would touch the most resentful spirit, if it possessed any portion of human feeling. She prayed for pardon—pardon ere she died; and she asked for nothing more except a grave—a grave in her native ground. With the approach of death, not all her sense of her crime and her ignominy could quench the spirit of her youth; it returned—and she yearned to lie in the spot where she had been born,—where alone she had been innocent and happy.

The father, more true to his resentment than to paternal nature, preserved a sullen silence. Her husband wrote that he forgave her,—that he prayed God to forgive her; and that, as the once-loved creature of his young affections,—as the once wife of his bosom,—as the mother of his children,—she should lie in a tomb which he would build on purpose for her in her native earth. She read the letter and expired!

They were now bringing the unconscious prodigal to her first and last home. I saw the hearse move slowly and gloomily up the mountain road; I saw the peasants go out and gaze upon it, as it drove up to the gates of the churchyard, with weeping eyes, and sobs of mingled emotions. The guilty, the punished, the repentant,—the once happy and idolized creature, come from a terrible and forsaken deathbed,—without one kindred mourner, one friend, one attendant, save the hirelings of death,—to sleep in the spot which one weak, guilty deed had sown with perpetual sorrows. Her husband, her children were in their distant home: her father, with a heart more hard and gloomy than the rock into which she was descending, was within sound of her funeral bell, and cursed her memory as he heard it toll.

It was a Bringing Home that filled me with indescribable sensations of wretchedness, and haunted me for many a day, though I again walked amid the crowds and cheerful sounds of the city.—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

THE DANISH THEATRE.

THE present flourishing condition of the stage in Denmark is a subject well worthy of notice. Mention has already been made, in these and preceding notices, of dramatic novelties—tragedies, comedies, operas, and vaudevilles—succeeding one another with astonishing rapidity, many of them capable of bearing a comparison with, perhaps, the best dramatic productions of any other country whatever. Nor are the performers on the

Copenhagen boards less eminent for skill in art: Ryge, for example, Winslow and Nielsen in the line of tragedy; Frydendahl, Stage,* Rosekilde, Foerson, and Phister, in comedy; and of female performers, Mrs. Wexschall, Miss Jurgenson, and Mrs. Heiberg, (the latter the wife of Professor Heiberg,) an actress of remarkable versatility of talent, being equally distinguished in scenes of humour and of pathos. In the department of the opera, the Danish stage possesses fewer attractions, though its *prima donna*, Miss Zrza, is not without a host of admirers, prepared to vindicate her claim to a high station among the vocalists of the day; and in that of the ballet, its condition, with a solitary exception, is, as might be expected, deplorable. On the other hand, it is distinguished by the excellence of its orchestra, than which, that of the Italian opera excepted, London itself possesses none superior. Attached to the theatre of Copenhagen, are a musical *conservatoire*, under the direction of Professor Siboni; and a school of elocution for the education of young aspirants to Thespian fame; none of whom are admitted to figure on the boards until they have served an apprenticeship, which is of longer or shorter duration, according to the talent and proficiency of the individual. From the moment of his admission, however, the actor becomes an *employé* of the crown; his salary is definitely fixed; and on his retirement from the stage from age, or whatever other cause, he receives a pension proportioned to his merit and past services.† “Benefits” are things unknown; but Evening Entertainments (as they are named) are occasionally permitted, which comes to the same thing. In like manner, the emoluments of writers for the stage, are determined by a graduated scale, regulating the prices of accepted plays, from a one-act to a five-act piece. One successful production of the latter class, and two or three of the former, entitle an author, moreover, to a free admission for life. Another novel feature in the theatrical concerns of Denmark is the mode adopted of letting out the boxes. In place of leaving their occupation to chance and the attractions of the play-bill, the boxes of the Copenhagen theatre are put up to public auction, and families hire and afterwards sub-let them for a certain night in the week throughout the season. A full box audience at any rate is thus secured, while the chance of filling the rest of the house is at the same time augmented, and the performers are spared the annoyance of playing to empty benches.

* This name is a dissyllable, and the *g* in it is pronounced hard.

† It is but fair to add that a system of strict discipline is maintained among the actors and actresses of the Copenhagen stage; and that acts of insubordination are punishable with incarceration in a prison called the Blue Tower.

Another arrangement also, not long since introduced from Germany, has been beneficial in preventing that uproar and confusion which characterize the *storming of a pit* by a London audience. A portion of the pit, railed off from the rest, and called the *Parquet*, is provided with comfortable seats, (a sort of arm-chairs,) and numbered; tickets with corresponding numbers are sold at the door, and give the purchaser easy access to his seat, sparing him the necessity and unpleasantness of forcing himself, *vi et armis*, into the part of the house where he wishes to go to. The decency and order, finally, of the Copenhagen theatre, are not less worthy of imitation. None of those scenes of riot and outrage are witnessed in it, which too frequently disgrace the theatres of London; and the performances are, with very rare exceptions, never interrupted by unreasonable applause, or the reverse, the audience withholding to the end of the act, or of the piece, the expression of their approval or disapprobation. The very *dramming* of a play is managed with a degree of decorum, five minutes only being allowed for the strife of conflicting voices, at the expiration of which time, silence is instantaneously restored, as if by magic, by three strokes on a gong.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

THE SHARK.

(From "The Cruise of the *Midge*," in *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

WE were not, where we sat, much above four feet out of the water, and several flying fish had come on board that morning, and just as I was helping Dicky to a little water, to wash down the soaked biscuit that, through Lennox's kindness, he had been feeding on, dash—a flying fish flew right against Dennis Donovan's cheek, and dropped wallowing and floundering into his plate.

"Blazes, what is that?"

"Oh, what a beautiful leetle fis!" said the child.

But Dennis, honest man, did not recover his equanimity during the whole meal. Immediately after breakfast, one of the men who was looking out astern, sung out in a low tone, as if afraid the fish should hear, "A shark, sir, close under the stern." We gently hauled the frigate's boat alongside to be out of the way, and, on looking over the taffarel, there was the monster, sure enough, about three feet below the surface of the clear green water, eyeing us with the greatest composure.

As if in no ways daunted, but as determined to have a nearer and better view of us, he gradually floated up, until his dorsal fin was a foot out of the water, and his head but just covered by it. We instantly got a hook baited, and let down. The fish was about twelve feet long; and, as I leant over the low stern of the vessel, when she sank

on the fall of the swell, I could have touched the monster's head with a handspike. There was something very exciting in being on terms of such intimacy with a creature who would have thought it capital sport to have nipped you in two.

He eyed the bait and the hook, and then drew back about a yard from it, and ogled me again, as much as to say, "Not to be had so clumsily, Master Brail; but if you would oblige me with one of your legs, now, or even an arm, I would vastly prefer it to the piece of rancid salt pork you offer me, on that rusty piece of crooked iron there."

Here again he reconnoitred the bait, and then looked up, with a languishing eye, at little Dicky Phantom, that Lennox was now holding on the taffarel. "Ah," again said sharkee to himself, I make no question, "ah, *that's* the thing I want. What a morsel *that* would be!" and he made one or two rushes hither and thither, as one has seen a dog do, before settling down steadily on end, to look up at the morsel an urchin is tantalizing him with. At length, seeing I was so unaccommodating, so inexorable, as not even to oblige him with a limb, and that Dicky Phantom was altogether forbidden fruit, he made an angry rush and vanished below the counter.

"Poo, confound him, he can't be hungry," quoth Mr. Weevil the purser, who had hold of the line, as he pulled it in, hand over hand, until the bait was close under foot, when, just as it was rising out of the water, the shark, finding that it must be either salt junk or no fare, made a sudden grab at the bait, gorged it, and dashed off with it, and, alack-a-daisy, with the purser also; for, dreaming no harm, he had taken a turn round his left arm, as he hauled in the line, which, by the sudden jerk, *ran*; and if Lennox and old Drainings had not caught him by the heels, he would have been overboard. And there was the hideous fish, wallowing, and floundering, and surging about, within a fathom of the purser, who was hanging over the stern, like a side of beef laid in, at sailing, for sea stock, his head dipping into the water every now and then, as the vessel rose and fell, while he struggled, and spluttered, and twisted, in a vain attempt to get his arm loose; while the shark backed and backed like a restive horse, and dragged and jerked about until I thought the purser's fin would, absolutely have been torn from his shoulder.

All this while, the crew were like to explode with laughter, while poor Weevil roared, "Haul me in, for goodness' sake, or he will swallow me—haul"—Here his head would sink into the water, and his sentence end in a great coughing and spluttering, until, just as he was on the point of being suffocated, out his nob would be dragged again by the pitching of the vessel, so as to enable him to

renew his shouts for succour. At length the shark being a good deal exhausted, was brought close under the stern, when I sent two bullets, from my double-barrelled Mantou, through his head, right between his eyes.

"Ah," quoth old Drainings, the cook, "that has settled him, or the devil is in it; so lend a hand, Lennox," (the marine had hold of one of the purser's legs, and the *artiste*! the other,) "so lend a hand, Lennox, and, during the lull, let us bouse in Mr. Weevil. Ho, yo, yo, yo, oh!"

The wounded shark had borne the loss of his brains with great composure, but the instant he felt the renewed pull at the pork in his maw, as if he had been only stunned, he started off at a tangent as strong as ever, and, before you could say Jack Robinson, the purser's starboard leg was whipped out of Jack Lennox's clutches; but the one to port being in old Drainings' iron claws, was held fast by the cook, for he was a great ally of Weevil.

"Don't, for goodness' sake, let me go, Mr. Drainings," roared Weevil, "don't,"—splutter—oh—cough, cough. The little vessel at this moment sendd heavily, giving a strange sort of swinging lurch or wallop, and, as if shaking her sides with laughter, again dipped his head a foot under water.

As the poor purser rose with a jerk to the surface, the shark, having had momentary scope to sink, kept his own so resolutely, that *clip*, as a climax to the fun, the old cook was torn from his hold, and away he went, still clinging to the purser's leg, and if his own had not been seized by Lennox and myself, he would have been overboard also. I was now like to die with laughter. I could scarcely keep my hold; as for speaking, it was out of the question, for the shark, and purser, and cook, like a string of Brobdignag sausages, were floundering in the calm water, close under our counter, all linked together.

"Mr. Peake, that boathook there,—quick, bring the boathook."—Little Joe was no admirer of Weevil, and, as he made believe to hook him by the waistband of the breeches, as he struggled in the water, he contrived to dig the sharp point of the instrument into his stern frame more than once; and at length, when he did catch him, it was by nothing that would hold, but by one of the pockets of his coat, which instantly gave, and out flew into the water, his snuff-box, pocket-handkerchief, and a nondescript pouch of seal-skin, rolled up.

"Lord save us, dinna drown the spleuchan," exclaimed Lennox, as it dropped into the sea.

"Hook him again," shouted I.

"Oh, Lord, captain, haul me in, haul me in, or I must let go Mr. Weevil's leg," sung out cookey.

"Don't, for goodness' sake, do that thing my dear Mr. Drainings," roared the purser. Here Joey caught him again with the boathook, by the cape of his coat; and, with the assistance of two men, he had got him a foot or two out of the water, when, *screed*,—the cloth, which was of no kindred to that which composed Bailie Jarvie's skirts,—gave way, and down he plumped again *souse*, and the splashing and struggling, and cursing and coughing, and blowing of fish and men, were renewed with two-fold extravagance, until, by a fortunate dig, the iron hook was finally passed through the head-band of his nether garment, and the canvass fortunately holding, we hauled him in, with Drainings still sticking to him like grim Death, or a big sucker-fish; then, by slipping down a bowling knot over the shark's head, and under his gills, we hoisted him in on deck; which he soon had all to himself entirely; I really expected he would have stove it in with the lashing of his tail. We hammered him on the head until we had crushed it to nummy, but, like many other strange fish, he appeared to get on as well without brains as with. In fine, he would have taken the ship from us out and out, had old Shavings not watched his opportunity, and nicked him on the tail with his hatchet, thereby severing his spine, when a complete paralysis instantly took place, and he lay still; but even an hour after he was disembowelled, he writhed about the deck like an eel.

New Books.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

[SIR EGERTON BRYDGES is a veteran in literature: he is in his seventy-second year; at the age of fourteen he first had a propensity to poetry, and at the age of fifteen he fixes his ambition to write verses for life; so that it is upwards of fifty years since Sir Egerton first appeared before the public as an author. Yet there is a paper from his pen in a Magazine of the present month, which evinces all the vigorous maturity of manhood; and in the Preface to the work before us, Sir Egerton writes: "I am fully conscious of the fault of my morbid sensitiveness, and that it has been my bane through life. But I am more serene and cheerful now in my old age than I have ever been before when in comparative prosperity; and I look upon the glories of creation with still more vivid and rapturous delight. I still continue to behold with ineffable pleasure the rosy sunrise over the gigantic Alps; and never for four years have I, for one day, been sleeping at the dawn: while I write these words, it is in full blaze over the Lake, which glitters with a splendour so dazzling as almost to blind

me!" Again, Sir Egerton tells us upon the same page, that when in the depression of his spirits six or seven years ago, he lost all hope, he clung to the few fragments of high praise, which two or three choice spirits had conferred upon him. He really believes that three or four cherished lines in the hand of Wordsworth, upon one of his sonnets, saved him from a total mental wreck; and the recovery was completed by the letters of Southey and Lockhart, which have been so deeply impressed on his heart, that, while it beats, they will never be effaced or faded. How gratifying must this acknowledgment be to the bestowers of such high praise; for it has the genuine fervour of sincerity.

The work before us professes to contain much that is acceptable to every reader. Its title-page, printed in black and red, is a literary curiosity.—"The Autobiography, Times, Opinions, and Contemporaries of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. R. J. (Per legem terræ) Baron Chandos of Sudeley, &c. (This is explained by Sir Egerton having, for several years, claimed that barony, but with defeat.) Then Sir Egerton's armorial bearings, which it would take a column to describe, for he is an optimist in such matters. Next, the motto:

Most men

Are cradled into poetry by wrong.
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.
Shelley.

Again, the label of the volumes is unique: it consists of an escutcheon with the title emblazoned in gold, and surmounted with a coronet. Surely this is in bad taste; though our cavil be matter of little moment.

The interior of the volume has more sterling claims upon our attention. It is a most fascinating specimen of autobiographic writing, besides a rich storehouse of ably written criticisms, and inquiries of intense interest—all mixed up with racy anecdotes of contemporaries, and curious sketches of their habits, their excellencies, and eccentricities. We intend to quote somewhat copiously from pages so rife with intellectual entertainment; though rather for the sake of its personal anecdotes than for the views and opinions of the autobiographer, since their examination would be unsuited to our columns. At present we quote from Sir Egerton's youth, in the first chapter:]

I was born 30th of November, 1762; the eighth child and second surviving son of a country gentleman. The spot of my nativity was the manor-house of Wootton, between Canterbury and Dover. I derived my baptismal names from my mother's first cousin, Samuel Egerton, Esq. of Tatton Park, in Cheshire, many years M. P. for that county; who, at his death in January, 1780, left my mother a legacy of 8,000*l*. The first eight

and a half years of my life were spent at Wootton, except the autumn of 1767, in my fifth year, when I was carried with my family to Margate for sea-bathing. I have a lively remembrance of the scenery, and many little incidents, and many feelings on that first occasion of separation from my native home.

In July, 1771, I was sent to Maidstone school; and in July, 1775, removed to Canterbury school, where I remained till August, 1780. In October of the same year I went to Queen's College, Cambridge; where I kept my terms till Christmas, 1782; and then removed to the Middle Temple, by which society I was called to the Bar in Michaelmas Term, 1787, at the age of twenty-five.

From eight years old I was passionately fond of reading, and had always a propensity to poetry, at least from the age of fourteen. I do not believe the theory promulgated by Johnson, in his *Life of Cowley*, that the literary bent a man takes is accidental. I am convinced that it entirely arises from the inborn structure of his mind. I cannot be mistaken in saying that Nature gave me extraordinary sensitiveness of impressions; and that those impressions remained sufficiently long on my mind to enable me to reflect on them, and by degrees make pictures of my own from them, on which it delighted me to dwell. This necessarily led me to love poetry, and to attempt to write it.

My sensitiveness from childhood was the source of the most morbid sufferings, as well as of the most intense pleasures. It unfitted me for concourse with other boys, and took away all self-possession in society. It also produced ebbs and flows in my spirits, and made me capricious and humorous; and the opinions formed of me were most opposite; some thinking well of my faculties, others deeming me little above an idiot. I was so timid on entering into school, and my spirits were so broken by separation from home, and the rudeness of my companions, that in my first schoolboy years I never enjoyed a moment of ease or cheerfulness. But I was perfect in my lessons, and never was punished during the nine years of my pupilage, for I got into no mischief or scrapes; and at Canterbury was, next to C. Abbott, (afterwards Lord Tenterden,) the head of my form. Our senior master, Dr. Osmond Beauvoir, was an excellent classical scholar, of fine taste, and some genius. Many of these feelings, which I should now consider as necessarily associated to a poetical temperament, I then painfully concealed, lest they should subject me to ridicule; but I always entertained the resolution and the hope, some day, to break into notice.

My eldest sister was fourteen years and a half older than me: she had an exquisite taste for poetry, and could almost repeat the chief English poets by heart, especially Milton, Pope, Collins, Gray, and the poetical passages of Shakspeare; and she composed easy verses herself with great facility. It is probable that her conversation and example contributed greatly to my early bent to poetry. Two versifications from Isaiah and Jeremiah, which I wrote for school-tasks at Christmas, 1777, my age fifteen, and which gained great applause, fixed my ambition to write verses for life.

On my arrival at Cambridge, October, 1780, I gave myself up to English poetry. I had, in studying Milton's noble sonnets,—noble in defiance of Johnson,—convinced myself of the force and majesty of plain language; and I resolved never to be seduced into a departure from it. The consequence was, that my first poems were coldly received, though praised in "Maty's Review" of May, 1785. I would not change my system; but this coldness chilled and blighted me for some years; and from 1785 to 1791, I wrote no more poetry. Then I poured out my unpremeditated strains rather copiously in my little novel of "Mary de Clifford," published anonymously in January, 1792, at the age of twenty-nine, which immediately obtained some popularity, and is not yet, after forty-one years, entirely forgotten. It was written with a fervid rapidity, which no one seems to believe;—begun in October, 1791, and the sheets sent to the press by the post as fast as they were scribbled. It found its way without name, advertisement, or the smallest interference on my part; and after a few months, the publisher soliciting to buy the copyright of me, I sold it him for a mere trifle, happy to release myself from the expense of the printing and paper, but not getting enough to pay the cost of the two etchings executed by Morris, a pupil of Woollet.

Altogether, the years from 1785 to 1791 were not amongst the most dangerous, but amongst the most wearisome and low-spirited of my life, and those on which I look back with the most regret;—in which my pride was most mortified, and my self-complacency most disturbed. The years from twenty-two to twenty-nine ought to have been the most vigorous period of life: with me it was a fall of faculties, which I cannot contemplate without deep debasement. I remember how I pored over "Dugdale's Baronage" during that time, and transcribed pedigrees from the British Museum! The consequence was, that I sank in the estimation of the few who knew me into the character of a mere compiler. I suspect that I did so even in my own estimation. I can scarcely account for the spell that broke through this superincumbence. It was a mist that broke it too!—a walk of an

October morning through the thickest grey vapours I ever encountered. Then it was that the outline of the tale of "Mary de Clifford" darted upon me; and I went home and wrote the first sheet, and sent it to the printer in London by that post. Seven years of dullness had not rendered my pen unpliant when I thus took it up. Thought, sentiment, poetry, language, flowed as quick as I could write. The "Monthly Review" had said that there was a stiffness in my first poems, 1785: no one will accuse of stiffness the language of "Mary de Clifford."

But the success of this tale only reassured me for a moment. I relapsed for six years more; but not into the same abasement. I made several vain efforts to get into Parliament, and I accepted a troop in a regiment of fencible cavalry, which I held for two years, from 1795 to 1797.

The Gatherer.

Curious Bequest.—Craven Hill, near Paddington, formerly belonged to the Earl of Craven. A field on this estate is liable to be used as a place of interment for persons dying of the plague, if that dreadful disease should again appear in London. It was the provision of the Earl of Craven, whose exertions were unabated during the Great Plague and the Fire of London: his lordship originally gave for the above purpose the spot of ground now occupied by Carnaby Market; but, as the town extended, an exchange took place for this field.

P. T. W.

At Leominster, Herefordshire, is an hospital for poor widows, founded by Mrs. Hester Clark; and in the centre of the building is a statue, in a cocked hat and wig, brandishing a hatchet. On one side of the statue is an inscription:—

"He that gives away all before he is dead,
Let 'em take this hatchet and knock him on the head."

W. G. C.

Poetry.—There is scarce any poet, except Shakspeare, in whom there are more original and more forcible passages than in Byron.

—Sir E. Brydges.

A Pleasant Election.—Dr. Hawkins, in his *Elements of Medical Statistics*, states that "a *Suicide Club* is said to have existed lately at Paris, but the members were not likely to become numerous; they were twelve in number, and the leading regulation directed, that one member should be annually elected to put an end to himself."

J. H. F.

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The Mirror

OF

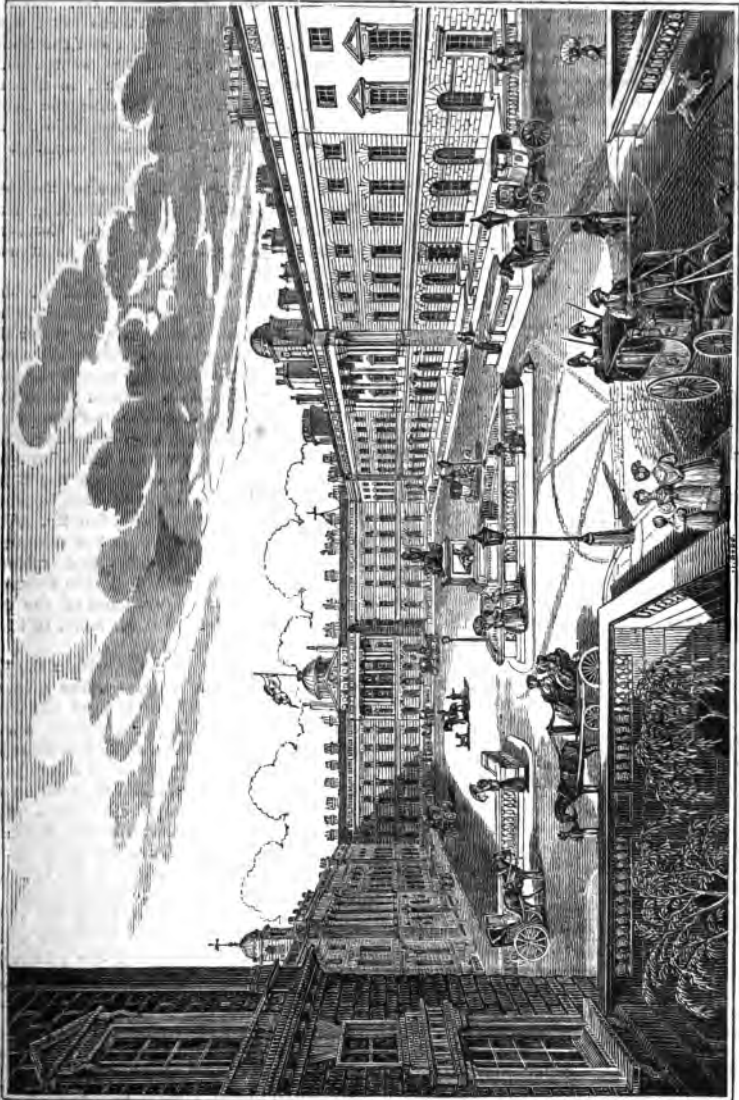
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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[PRICE 2d.

SOMERSET HOUSE.



THE QUADRANGLE.

SOMERSET HOUSE.

THE QUADRANGLE.

IN our thirteenth outline, (p. 242,) will be found an historical volume of Somerset House, from its foundation to the building of the present magnificent pile, from the designs and under the superintendence of the late Sir William Chambers, Knt., Comptroller of His Majesty's Works. In the summer of 1780, Sir William laid before the House of Commons, descriptive particulars of the state and progress of the edifice, and estimated that its cost would certainly not exceed 250,000*l.*; in 1790, it appeared that there had been expended on Somerset House, 334,703*l.*, and that 35,500*l.* was estimated to be still wanted to complete the structure. But the cost did not stop here; for, altogether, the building expenses of this edifice have amounted to more than half a million sterling, exclusive of the sum recently expended in completing the river front, appropriated as King's College.

Somerset House, occupying a space about 800 feet* in width, and 500 feet in depth, is built in the form of a quadrangle, with a large court in the centre. The northern front, or that facing the Strand, is composed of a rustic basement, supporting a range of 10 three-quarter Corinthian columns, of which, in the centre, is an attic; and, on each side, are balustrades. In the basement are nine large arches; the three central ones being open, and forming the entrance, or vestibule to the quadrangle: the others, on each side, are filled with windows of the Doric order, which are crowned by entablatures and pediments rising from pilasters. On the keystones of the arches are sculptured in bold relief, nine colossal masks, representing *Ocean*, and the eight great rivers of England, namely, the *Thames*, *Humber*, *Mersey*, *Medway*, *Dee*, *Tweed*, *Tyne*, and *Severn*, with appropriate emblems. Within the intercolumniations over the basement, are the windows of the two principal floors; the lowermost of which are ornamented with pilasters, entablatures, and pediments of the Ionic order: on the tablets which occupy the frieze of the three middle windows are medallions, in *basso-relievo*, of George the Third and his Queen, and George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales. The attic extends over three intercolumniations, and is surmounted by a group of the Genius of England and Fame, supporting a large shield, crowned, and sculptured with the arms of the British empire: four colossal statues, in senatorial habits, with the fasces in one hand, and the symbols of Justice, Truth, Valour, and Temperance, respectively,

* Sir William Chambers, in his description, stated that the river front would, when finished, according to the general design, extend in length 800 feet. It is now, certainly, one of the finest terraces in the world.

in the other, stand on pedestals, in front of the attic, which is thus separated into three divisions; those at the sides having elliptical windows, enriched with festoons of oak and laurel.

Within the vestibule are a carriage-way and two foot-ways, separated by two ranges of Doric columns, which, with their entablatures, support the vaults; on the latter are sculptures from the antique, &c. Here, on the east side, are the entrances to the apartments of the Royal Society, and the Society of Antiquaries, and, on the west side, to those of the Royal Academy, in which is their annual *Exhibition*:† over the central doorways are busts of Sir Isaac Newton, and Michael Angelo Buonarroti, executed by Wilton, in Portland stone.

We now proceed to describe the *Quadrangle*, figured in the subjoined Engraving, from a Sketch, by the obliging Correspondent who supplied the views of Chatsworth House, in our last volume.

The inner front of the division of the building already described, or the northern side of the Quadrangle, is considerably wider than that towards the Strand. It consists of a *corps de logis*, and two projecting wings, the architecture of which has a general resemblance to the Strand front; but, in the central part, pilasters are used instead of columns: statues of the four quarters of the globe ornament the attic, and over the centre are the British arms, supported by marine deities, holding a festoon of netting filled with fish, &c. Above the columns of the wings are ornaments, composed of antique altars and sphinxes, which are judiciously contrived to screen the chimneys. On the key-stones of the great arches are bold masks of the *lares*, or tutelary deities of the place.

In front of the vestibule, within the Quadrangle, close to a deep, well-like area, is a fine statue, in bronze, of George the Third, leaning upon a rudder; and behind are the prow of a Roman vessel, and a couchant lion. At the foot of the pedestal is a bronze, colossal figure of Ocean, reclining upon an urn: at his back is a large cornucopia. This group is one of the finest works of Bacon.

The bold and massive character of the east, west, and south sides of the Quadrangle, corresponds with the sides already described; but the central parts are varied. That of the south displays an arcade of four Corinthian columns, having two pilasters on

† The apartments of the Royal Society and the Society of Antiquaries were assigned to those bodies, on the completion of this division of the building, in 1780. Those of the Royal Academy were also allotted to that body in the same year; but the royal apartments in the old palace had been previously occupied by the Academicians, under a grant of George III., dated January 14th, 1771. The first Exhibition at Somerset House opened on May lat., 1780 (*Britton's Illustrations*); so that the Exhibition which was closed on Saturday last, was the fifty-fifth.

each side, within which the windows of the front slightly recede. These columns support a pediment, in the tympanum of which is a large *basso-relievo*, representing the arms of the navy of Great Britain, supported by a sea-nymph, drawn by sea-horses, and guarded by Tritons blowing conchs. On the corners of the pediment are military trophies, and the whole is terminated by elegant vases, placed above the columns.

The east and west fronts are similar to the preceding. In the centre of each is a small tower, with a clock; and in the centre of the south front is a dome. "On the east, west, and south sides, there are two stories of offices below the general level of the Quadrangle, and there is one on the northern side. The areas are fronted by stone balustrades; and flights of stone steps lead down to the underground offices and passages of communication."^{*}

The Thames front, which is composed more in the Venetian style of architecture, from its extent and elevation, is of striking magnificence. It consists of a centre and two wings, with columns, pilasters, pediments, &c.; and at the extremity of the buildings which form the Quadrangle, are archways, opening from the terrace to Somerset Place on the west, and, on the east, to the premises of King's College. The terrace is skirted with a balustrade, and forms a beautiful promenade, with an enlivening prospect of the river, with Waterloo Bridge, the finest structure of its kind in the world, directly on the west, and Westminster Bridge in the distance; with Blackfriars Bridge eastward. This terrace, or embankment, rises from an arcade of massive rustic work, having a wide arch, or water-gate in the centre, surmounted with a colossal mask of the river *Thames*; and the eighth arch on each side forms a landing-place to the warehouses, under the building. These latter arches are flanked by projections and rustic columns, and surmounted by enormous figures of couchant lions in Portland stone, between eight and nine feet in length.

The present arrangement of the offices in Somerset House, is as follows: on the north side, on the west of the principal entrance, are the Royal Academy, and the Legacy Duty Office; on the east side are the Royal Society, the Exchequer Offices, and the Geological Society; the eastern side of the court is occupied by the Audit, Tax, and Duchy of Cornwall Offices; the western side by the Victualling, Navy Pay, and Transport Offices; and the southern portion by the Navy Office and Stamp Office. The eastern wing of the building is now completed, and forms the locality of the King's College; the western wing, called *Somerset Place*, is occu-

pied by the Treasurer, Physician, Surveyor, and Hydrographer of the Navy; and by the Chairmen and Commissioners connected with the Admiralty.

The first stone of Somerset House was laid in the year 1776.† The period of its completion is not so easily to be ascertained; unless we refer it to the recent perfecting of the river front by King's College. It is, altogether, a magnificent pile. Its ornamental details are very elaborate. The Ionic, Composite, and Corinthian capitals to be seen in various parts of the building, were copied from models executed at Rome, under the direction of Sir William Chambers, and imitated, both in point of forms and manner of workmanship, from the choicest antique originals. The sculptors employed on the decorative accessories were Carlini, Wilton, Geracci, Nollekens, and Bacon.

Mr. Papworth, an architectural critic of accredited taste, observes: "The exterior of Somerset House is considered to be the perfection of masonry, and the sculptures that decorate the various parts, are not equalled by the ornamental accessories of any of our great national buildings: the decorations of the interior are no less entitled to applause. The elegant simplicity of the building as a whole; the proportion of its parts, and their relative accordance, may vie with the noblest structures in the metropolis; and, in some respects, may be pronounced superior to any."

Mr. Allan Cunningham considers that, "of the many buildings which Sir William Chambers designed, the most remarkable is Somerset House—a work magnificent in extent, abounding in splendid staircases, and exhibiting considerable skill in the interior arrangements—but cumbersome withal. There are errors in its detail which nothing can remove. On the side next the Thames, in each wing, a portico stands on the summit of a semicircular arch, the bases of two out of its four columns resting on the hollow part, and giving an air of insecurity altogether intolerable in architecture.‡ The vases on the summit are alike unmeaning and inelegant. Yet, with all its defects—and they are not few—Somerset House must be classed among the finest of our later public buildings: indeed, I know hardly any that rank before it, except the Bank of England and the Post-Office. It brought the architect an income during its erection of 2,000*l.* a-year, and greatly increased his reputation at home and abroad."[§]

† Upon a brick in the wall of the western terrace, or Somerset Place, is cut "R.S. 1780."

‡ Few persons are more sensible of this defect than ourselves: that is, if almost daily observation be considered sufficient testimony.—*Ed. M.*

§ *Liyes* of the British Architects, p. 351.

* Britton's Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London.

Manners and Customs.

PRISONERS BEGGING.

(To the Editor.)

WHILST looking over Somner's *Antiquities of Canterbury*, (edition 1703, p. 19,) I met with the following passage, which I should be obliged if some one of your antiquarian readers would elucidate.

The author, in speaking of the Castle, proves from a passage which he has extracted from the Crown Rolls, that the common prison was within it.

The Record says: "The Escape of Walter de Wedering, and Martinat Gate de Lamberherst. These prisoners of our Lord the King in the Castle at Canterbury, sat bound in a certain place called Barbican, nigh the same Castle, to beg their bread. It happened that, on Shrove-Tuesday, in the reign of King Edward the Second, before sunset, the same Walter broke the padlock, or a link of the chain, with which he was bound, and drew away with him the said Martin, against the will of the said Martin, to the Church of St. Marie's of the Castle, where he remained, and abjured the Kingdom of England: and Martin, of his own accord, returned to prison."

The point I wish explained is, that of prisoners being placed in a public situation, for the purpose of *begging their food*. I cannot find mention made of such a custom in any of the authorities which I have consulted.

ERNLE CRASHAW.

Near Weymouth.

[Was not the practice of the prisoners' box, at the grated window of the Fleet Prison, facing the Market, a relic of this custom?—*Ed. M.*]

BLESSING THE SEA.

AN old custom, which had been discontinued for the last forty years, was lately revived at Ostend, with great pomp. A very numerous procession, consisting of priests and a great number of inhabitants, with lighted tapers, fuming censers, and banners, attended by the civic guard and the troops of the garrison, marched to the shore, where, after the prayers proper on the occasion, the chief clergyman gave his benediction to the ocean.—*Antwerp Journal.*

Anecdote Gallery.

MILITARY ANECDOTES.

A COLONEL, to whom Henry IV. of France was attached, came to take orders previous to an engagement, and availed himself of the opportunity to request payment of a sum which was due to him. The King hastily told him it was unlike a man of honour to

ask for money when he ought to have been attending to the orders for battle. Immediately after, when Henry was ranging his troops, he went up to the officer, and said, "Colonel, we are now in the field—perhaps we shall never meet again—it is not just that I should deprive a brave gentleman of his honour—I come, therefore, to declare, that I know you to be an honest man, and incapable of committing a base action." Saying this, he embraced him with great affection. The Colonel burst into tears, and replied, "Oh, sire, in restoring me to my honour, you have deprived me of life—I should be unworthy of your favour did I not this day sacrifice it on this field." He fell in the action.

On the eve of the battle of Hohenlinden, Moreau was at supper with a party of officers, when a despatch was delivered to him. After he had read it, he said to his guests, though he was far from being in the habit of boasting, "I am here made acquainted with Baron Kray's movements: they are all I could wish. To-morrow we will take from him 10,000 prisoners." Moreau took 40,000, besides a great many flags.

Both the movements beyond the passes and the attack on Dresden were undertaken against the advice of Moreau. His conduct and demeanour, since his arrival at the army, had been generally spoken of in the highest terms; and he was the greatest loss the army could then have sustained. His heroism was truly great; after the fatal shot, he spoke to the Emperor Alexander with the most perfect self-possession, never uttered a groan, and smoked a cigar the moment after the shot had struck him.

Latour Maubourg lost his leg at the battle of Leipsic. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in one corner of the room. "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said his master; "you know you are very glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two."

At the siege of Valenciennes it was impossible to make the Duke of York cautious. He once came round to look at the works carrying on, so far as to be within reach of a gun of the enemy. Count Jarnac perceiving this, went up to him and said, "Your Royal Highness' coat has attracted attention. Let me advise you not to continue your walk this way." He then pointed out a path by which he might retreat in safety. The Duke took the warning very good-humouredly, but said, "I came with an intention to go this way round, and I cannot go back for fear of a cannon ball." He had passed the point of danger but a moment, when the ball reached the sentinel within a few yards of him.

The Duke of York remarked to Colonel W——, at the mess of the 11th regiment, that the Colonel was uncommonly bald, and, though a younger man than his Royal Highness, he stood more in need of a wig. The Colonel, who had been of very long standing in the service, and whose promotion had been by no means rapid, informed his Royal Highness that his baldness could be very easily accounted for. "In what manner?" asked his Royal Highness, rather eagerly. To which Colonel W—— replied, "By junior officers stepping over my head." The Duke was so pleased with the reply that the gallant Colonel obtained a promotion a few days afterwards.

General Meadows, equally renowned for his wit and bravery, being on a reconnoitring party in the Mysore country, a twenty-four pound shot struck the ground at some distance from the General, and was passing in such a direction as would have exposed him to danger, had he continued his route. Quick as lightning he stopped his horse, and pulling off his hat very gracefully, as the shot rolled on, good-humouredly said, "I beg you to proceed, sir; I never dispute precedence with any gentleman of your family."

Colonel Green, (says the Duchess of Abrantes,) was to dine with us one day. After waiting for him a long time, we sat down to dinner. He arrived at the second course. "It seems, my dear Green," said Junot, "that your watch is too slow." "Oh, no, General," replied Green; "but as I was passing through the Rue Vivienne, I had the misfortune to break twelve guineas' worth of an old woman, and that delayed my arrival." His carriage had, in fact, thrown down an old woman, who uttered such dreadful yells, that Green thought she must be seriously injured. He, therefore, got out, and examined her, and finding that she was not much hurt, gave her some money and was about to proceed; but she again cried out that she was about to die, had him arrested by the guard, and he only got off by giving her three or four hundred francs for an accident by no means serious.

Colonel Guise, going over on a campaign to Flanders, showed much kindness to a young raw officer who happened to take his passage in the same vessel, and the Colonel took him under his conduct to Antwerp. Some wags, noticing how simple and credulous was this youth, told him he would be despised by his corps if he did not soon challenge some distinguished officer to single combat. The youth said he knew no distinguished officer but Colonel Guise, and he owed him the greatest obligations: they replied, that Colonel Guise's favours were no obstacle, since he knew no one else, to become the instrument of vindicating his

honour by a rencontre; and a gentleman of such known bravery was the fittest antagonist he could have. The young man lost no time in applying to Colonel Guise; but feeling prevailed over all other objects, and he prefaced the challenge by expressing gratitude for the attention bestowed upon him. "Sir," replied the Colonel, "I have done my duty and no more." "But, Colonel," faltered the youth, "I am told that it is absolutely necessary for me to fight some gentleman of known courage and high honour; and that nobody——" "Oh, sir," answered Colonel Guise, "your friends do me too much honour; but there is a gentleman well known to have killed half the regiment." The youth, tractable to the advice of his benefactor and commanding officer, applied to a huge, fierce-looking man, seated at one of the coffee-house tables, and saying, that being well informed of his bravery, he must request a meeting with such a distinguished officer. "Who! I, sir," replied the gentleman; "I am Peel, the surgeon." Colonel Guise undecieved the youth, and the story ended, as it should, in a joke.

W. G. C.

Spirit of Discovery.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

[We have received within the last three months as many numbers of the *New South Wales Magazine*, printed at Sydney, and sold for half-a-crown each. Of the contents of the first Number, we gave a specimen or two in our volume just completed. As a first Number it was passing good; the Editor promised better things, and in Nos. 2 and 3 he has kept his word. They contain several papers of valuable information respecting the state and prospects of the Colony, its social condition, and occasional explorations of its natural wonders. The writers of these pages set about their subjects in right earnest, and a straight-forwardness characterises their views which makes them of sterling worth. In this Magazine, there is little of the silky subtlety, or the fine-spun fooleries, which disfigure most of the magazines of the old world. Such matters have little interest for men whose minds are bent upon framing a new scheme of society, and studying the avoidance of the leaven of the old system. The subjects in these Numbers are of a more manly character, though not without an admixture of poetry and romance, to suit the softer sex. Of sterner interest are such papers as, Proposed Improvements in Sydney,—Retribution of the Aborigines,—The Transportation System,—Australian Zoology,—The Revenue and Expenditure,—Australian Sand,—Improved Method of Washing Sheep,—and in each Number, a

Historical Register of the Legislative, Commercial, and other Occurrences of the Month. To our taste, the most striking paper in this infant Journal of an infant world, is an Outline of the Establishment of a Mechanics' School of Arts at Sydney, and the Introductory Lecture, by the Vice President, the Rev. H. Carmichael. The School originated with a party of "such labourers as the Colony stood most in want of," who, under the personal superintendence of Dr. Lang, left Greenock, in the *Stirling Castle*, in June, 1831. During the voyage, it was proposed to the steerage passengers to form a class for studying daily, arithmetic and the elements of geometry. At first, many professed their willingness to join such a class; but, from the varied circumstances under which their previous habits had been formed, and their knowledge of ciphering acquired, few came forward to join the class: there were many lookers-on, but not above five or six of the mechanics on board continued to keep together as a class to the end of the voyage. The class met daily, except on Sundays and Thursdays, (provision day,) and was seldom interrupted during the voyage; so that, before arriving at Port Jackson, the demonstrations of the whole six books of Euclid had been gone through.]

After leaving the Cape of Good Hope, a proposal was made to form another class,—to meet twice a-week, for the purpose of discussing, in conversation, the principles of Political Economy. This proposal was met with eagerness; and a class of thirty of the steerage passengers immediately enrolled themselves. This class met first on the 9th of September, and continued regularly to meet twice a-week till the vessel arrived in Bass's Straits, when the meeting took place four days consecutively, for the sake of finishing the prescribed course, before the termination of the voyage. During these conversations, the whole of the subjects illustrated so copiously in the first two books of the *Wealth of Nations* were brought under discussion, although not precisely in the order observed by Dr. Smith. The topics chiefly dwelt upon were—the laws which regulate the wages of labour, and the price of commodities in general; the origin and nature of rent; the question of population; the nature of capital; the nature and effects of machinery; and the importance of extending to all ranks of society such a course of education as should embrace an exposition of the leading truths of economical science.

[In connexion with these studies, the expediency and advantages were discussed, of forming an association to combine a Mechanics' Institution and a Benefit Society; and a skeleton of such a society was drawn up, with the intention, on the part of the mechanics, of bringing its plan into operation, as

soon as possible after their arrival in New South Wales. Amidst the difficulties of a first settlement, and especially those which beset the emigrants by the *Stirling Castle*, the scheme sketched on board for their guidance on shore was not followed up. Nothing was done effectually among the mechanics themselves; but some time after, the Governor of the Colony, (with a liberal policy, which some of the rulers of the Old World would do well to imitate,) consulted Mr. Carmichael upon the possibility of establishing a Mechanics' Institute in Sydney; and, from this, resulted the formation of a society for the dissemination of knowledge, and the play of mutual instruction among its members,—that should be as *inclusive* in its constitution, and as economical in its proceedings, as might seem consistent with its beneficial tendency. We request attention to the word marked in *Italic*, which gives to the Sydney society a character widely different from associations formed with the same main object in our own country. It is named the *Sydney Mechanics' School of Arts*; the Governor is the patron; lectures are delivered every week; evening classes are formed for instruction in Mathematics, Drawing, Music, and French. Up to August, 1833, there had been delivered Lectures on Agriculture, the Natural History of Man, Mechanics, Animal Physiology, the Steam Engine, and Hydrostatics. The proceedings of the Institution were opened by Mr. Carmichael's Lecture, already alluded to; and, from this very interesting document, we are enabled to quote a few passages, which throw considerable light upon the ascertained wealth, as well as upon the hitherto unexplored resources, of this important country.]

So different, in many respects, are the physical features of this vast island from those of other lands, that some intelligent men have considered it to have been of much more recent formation than other parts of the earth. It has been held not unlikely that, besides our moon, there revolve other satellites round our earth, which, from the smallness of their masses, taking into consideration the distance of their orbits, must be to us invisible. It has been further conceived, that from disturbing causes, the nature and agency of which are not yet known, these bodies may be deflected from their orbits, so that their centripetal may overbalance their centrifugal force. On this idea, the fall of meteoric stones has been considered as explicable; and to this class of phenomena the existence of New Holland itself has been referred. New Holland has been conjectured to have been one of these revolving bodies, drawn somehow or other out of its orbit, so as to come within the range of the earth's immediate attraction. This fanciful and unsupported opinion is

noticed here, merely for the sake of bringing into view, that the physical characteristics of this country are acknowledged to be peculiar: and that there is, therefore, in their determination, a vast field open to the scrutiny of the physical observer. We have, in this country, an almost unexplored field of research; and we know not what discoveries await our investigations. Some progress, no doubt, has been made in the observation of natural phenomena; and we know, in consequence, just enough to quicken our anxiety to know more. Several important facts, in geology, for instance, have come under observation. Our scientific and indefatigable President, Major Mitchell, has made a survey of the depositories of that immense collection of fossil bones which have been found imbedded in the rocks and in the lime-stone caves of Wellington valley; several hundred specimens of which, with numerous drawings, he is understood to have transmitted to the Royal Society of London. It has been found, it would appear, that these bones contain no animal matter, and may thus be considered as indicating an antiquity greater than can be claimed for those found in the rocks of Gibraltar. Among the specimens of these fossil bones which were taken to Europe by Dr. Lang, one, now in the possession of Professor Jameson, of Edinburgh, which was detached from the rock by Mr. Rankin, of Bathurst, has been pronounced by the celebrated Baron Cuvier to be part of the thigh-bone of a young elephant. In this department of research, therefore, we may yet have it in our power to produce ample facts for aiding the speculations of science. The mineralogical treasures of the country, however, are, properly speaking, yet to be ascertained; although several valuable products are well known to exist in abundance. We are all familiar with that excellent specimen of coal, which is brought to us abundantly from Newcastle, Hunter's river; and we know that a beginning has already been made in the furnishing of our Sydney houses with beautiful chimney pieces of Argyle marble. Both carbonate and sulphate of lime, (common limestone and plaster of Paris,) are found in great abundance in the districts of the William's and the Hunter; which would admit of easy and profitable transportation for architectural and agricultural purposes here; saltpetre, it is said, may be procured in any given quantity from the soil adjoining Lake George; and sulphur from an island near New Zealand: so that we may thus be considered as having within ourselves one of the essential elements of self-defence. The clay about Sydney is said, by competent judges, to be of the very best quality possible for the manufacture of pottery:—copper ore, of considerable richness, is found in the district of Wellington valley:—specimens of

magnetic iron ore, or loadstone, have been brought from the William's river. All these are important facts in the mineralogical history of the Colony; but they grow into still greater importance, when they are considered as embracing the assurance that, where these natural products are found, others of at least equal value can be at no great distance; and that they, as well as many yet undiscovered, will be turned to utility and profit at no very distant day. And as one of the important results of the establishment and successful working of the present Institution, we may surely consider the more speedy development of the still unknown resources of the territory. Who can doubt, for instance, that, had there been earlier established an Institution, such as has now been most auspiciously commenced, the iron and copper ores of the territory would have been smelted among us; especially, since we have reached that point of progress where we begin to deem it expedient to commence the manufacture of steam-engines in the Colony? And here it may be observed, that in using charcoal from the wood of the country for smelting the metallic ores, we would possess a considerable advantage over the iron smelters of the mother country; as it is well known that the greater purity of the iron and copper which are procured from Sweden, arises from the use of wood instead of coal in the process of smelting the ores.

As to the vegetable kingdom, too, although the botanical productions of this country have already contributed largely to the flora of the world, yet the mercantile and domestic value of our native vegetation has not been fully investigated; whilst the known capacities of the soil, and climate together, for bringing to maturity the varied vegetation of other countries, are yet in a great measure to be taken advantage of. In this respect, the ability and zeal of the late colonial botanist, Mr. Fraser—the success of Mr. William M'Arthur—the ambition of Mr. James Bueby—and the indefatigable industry of Mr. Shepherd—are not to be overlooked. Yet, in this department of exertion, there is still open, to the various settlers in the territory, the amplest field for pleasurable and profitable enterprises. Our industrious and intelligent townsman, Mr. Mackie, for instance, has succeeded in obtaining from the mangrove, a sufficiency of appropriate alkali, for the purposes of his valuable manufacture, and has been rewarded by that success which his superior sagacity has richly merited. The late Mr. Kent, it is well known, suggested a preparation of mimosa bark, for the purposes of tanning, which accomplished an important saving in the freight of the manufactured article, compared with that of the bark itself, and was justly rewarded by Government with a large grant of land for this exercise of his

ingenuity. And had a Mechanics' School of Arts been brought earlier into operation here, are we to doubt that, prosperous as our condition has been for some time back, we should, at the present moment, have been still much in advance, both in the value of our natural productions, and in the number of our manufacturing processes? Would not greater attention have been paid to that important chemical process, the manufacture of colonial leather? Would not the manufacture of salt, for the purposes of curing our colonial beef, have been conducted in such wise, as to render it unnecessary to procure it from the mother country? Had the gums of the country been properly examined and analyzed, there is every reason to think, that the discovery of some valuable article of commerce, or of medicine, would have been the result? Had the present illuminator of Sydney had the benefit of attending lectures in the theatre of a Mechanics' Institution, the town would, no doubt, long ago, have been lit up by "*blazing stars*" of gas, more worthy of the designation far than those which at present confer lustre on his name; and the manufacture of sperm, besides, would have, long ere now, been turned to profitable and useful account. Had men been accustomed to meet together here, professedly for the purpose of discussing matters of science, and of devising the best modes of multiplying the comforts of society, the various departments of art would have been plied among us with much greater efficiency, and our Colonial Government been saved the trouble and odium of much equivocal legislation. With the aid of science, and under the play of free competition, for instance, the important processes of distillation and brewing would have been on a far different footing from that on which they stand at present; and our agriculturists would have found out remedies for the prevention of scab much more effective and much more appropriate than legislative enactments.

(To be continued.)

The Naturalist.

HOW TO KEEP FLIES OUT OF HOUSES.

In the *Entomological Magazine* for the present month, it is reported that at a meeting of the Entomological Society on the seventh of last April, "The Secretary read a paper by Mr. Spence, detailing a curious mode, adopted in Italy, of excluding the house-fly from houses. The plan consisted simply in straining a net, made of white thread, across the aperture of an open window: the meshes of the net were about half an inch in diameter. It had occurred to Mr. Spence, whether it could be the dread of a spider's net which caused the flies to avoid this

thread-net, but on consideration he had determined otherwise, and he was totally at a loss how to account for so singular a circumstance." It is to be hoped that Mr. Spence's information will not be lost on the public. The proprietors of eating-houses, coffee-houses, and other establishments in which flies abound to so great an excess as to annoy the company, would do well to adopt the above ingenious and simple method of banishing the nuisance. The net could be stretched across a frame, so made as to allow of its being fixed to, and removed from, the open window at pleasure. J. H. F.

INSECTS INJURIOUS TO AGRICULTURE.

It appears, by the *Entomological Magazine*, that the Council of the Entomological Society have agreed "to appropriate annually the sum of five guineas, as a prize for the best essay on the history of any insect prejudicial to agriculture, accompanied with figures, and detailing the result of experiments made for prevention or cure of its attacks. The turnip-fly is the subject of the first essay, which must be delivered with a fictitious signature, at 17, Old Bond Street, by the fourth Monday, in January, 1835, and be addressed to the Secretary of the Society."

Temple.

J. H. F.

GIGANTIC HERRING.

THERE was lately caught in the stake-nets at Irwine, in Ireland, a herring 22 inches in length, and about 12 inches round the middle; the weight was $3\frac{1}{4}$ lb.

THE WILD-DOG, OR HUNTING HYÆNA.

This species of *Hyæna* is remarkable for hunting in regular packs: though in general a nocturnal animal, it frequently pursues its prey by day; and as it is well formed by nature for speed, none but the fleetest animals can escape. Sheep and oxen, therefore, are more particularly exposed to its attacks: the first openly, but the latter only by stealth, as in the present instance, surprising them in their sleep and suddenly biting off their tails; which the large opening and great power of their jaws, enable them to do with ease.

This animal is smaller, and of a more slender make, than either the common Striped Hyæna, or the Spotted, or *Crocota*. The general, or ground colour, is a sandy bay, or an ochraceous yellow, shaded with a darker brown. The whole body is blotched and brindled with black, intermingled in various parts with spots of white; and the legs are generally marked in the same manner. All these spots and markings are exceedingly irregular, and, in some degree, vary in different individuals. Its more constant marks are, a deep black stripe extending from the nose up the middle of the face and between the



(The Wild Dog, or Hunting Hyæna.)

ears: these, blackish both within and without, and covered with short close hair, which is sometimes very thin: at the anterior margin of the ears, on the inside, a thin and observable tuft of whitish hairs: the nose and muzzle, black. The tail is bushy, like that of the fox, and is divided in the middle by a ring of black, above which, or towards the insertion, the colour is nearly the same as the general tint of the body; but below, or towards the end, it is white.

The *osteology* of this animal throws some difficulty in the way of its generic arrangement, and even raises some doubt as to the propriety of dividing the Linnæan genus, *Canis*, by characters which might pass as merely specific, or as convenient only for a generic subdivision. The Dog, the Wolf, and this Hyæna, correspond in having six grinders in their upper jaw: and in their lower, seven; of which the hindmost is very small. They also agree in the form, and number, of their ribs and lumbar vertebræ; having seven of the latter. Their ribs, of which there are thirteen, are thin and narrow. But both in the Striped, and the Spotted, Hyæna, they are fifteen in number, and of an extraordinary breadth; and are, proportionally much stronger and larger, than in any quadruped of their size: in these, the grinders are only four, or at most five, in number; and the lumbar vertebræ not more than five.

The present animal, therefore, with respect to its teeth, ribs, and lumbar vertebræ, would be arranged in the genus *Canis*; from which, however, it differs by having but four toes on each foot; and, it is said, in other essential particulars. With the genus *Hyæna*, it agrees in number of toes, but differs from it in teeth, and in conformation of the skeleton.

The subjoined figures were drawn from a living subject given to Mr. Burchell by a friend; and which Mr. Burchell kept in his possession for thirteen months, chained up in

a stable. During that time its ferocious nature deterred every body from an attempt at taming it; but it became at length so much softened in manners, as to play with a common domestic dog, also chained up in the yard, without manifesting any desire of hurting its companion; but the man who fed it, dared never to venture his hand upon it.—*Abridged from Burchell's Travels in Africa.*

THE CELL OF THE BEE.

WHEN we behold this little creature constructing its cell, to contain its winter stock, and constructing it of that form which is demonstrably the strongest, and the most convenient, it seems the extravagance of absurdity to suppose, that the instinct by which it is directed is the offspring of ignorance. The phenomenon, indeed, is one of the most extraordinary that the animal world presents to our contemplation. It must be evident to every one who has given the least attention to the obvious properties of different figures, that there are only three which will admit the junction of their sides, without any vacant spaces between them—all the figures being equal and similar; namely, the square the equilateral triangle, and the hexædron: of these, the last is the strongest and the most convenient. In this form, then, we find that all the cells are constructed. This is a curious and wonderful fact; and, what is equally remarkable, the middle of every cell, on one side, is directly opposite to the point where the three partitions meet on the opposite side. By this position, the cell receives additional strength. This is not all. If human ingenuity were to contrive a cell, which would require the least expenditure of material and labour, it would be a question, not easily solved, at what precise angle the three planes which compose the bottom ought to meet. The late celebrated mathematician, Maclaurin, by a fluxionary calculus,

determined precisely the angle required; and he found, by the most exact measurement the subject would admit, that it is the very angle in which the three planes in the bottom of a cell of a honey-comb do actually meet. The same curious fact was ascertained by a German mathematician:—Reaumur, presuming that the angles were adopted for the purpose of saving material, proposed to Koenig, a mathematician of eminence, that he should determine what should be the angles of a hexagonal cell, with a pyramidal base, to require the least material. By the infinitesimal calculus, he ascertained that the greatest angle should be $109^{\circ} 26'$, and the smaller $70^{\circ} 34'$ —the very angles which the insect adopts. What an astonishing coincidence is this! A profound mathematician is required to solve a very difficult problem; and it is found that his conclusion, gained by the exercise of considerable ingenuity and deep thought, was practically exhibited in the operations of the bee. How few are capable of that scientific investigation which this insect illustrates by its practice? It seems the extravagance of folly to believe, that out of the numerous different combinations of which two angles are susceptible, that which most saves labour and material should be adopted by random chance or blind necessity.

—*Crombie's Natural Theology.*

Select Biography.

DOCTOR DEE,
(Concluded from page 56.)

THE remainder of the voyage of the life of Dee was "bound in shallows and in miseries." Queen Elizabeth, we may suppose, soon found that her dreams of immense wealth to be obtained through his intervention were nugatory. Yet would she not desert the favourite of her former years. He presently began to complain of poverty and difficulties. He represented that the revenue of two livings he held in the church had been withheld from him from the time of his going abroad. He stated that, shortly after that period, his house had been broken into and spoiled by a lawless mob, instigated by his ill fame as a dealer in prohibited and unlawful arts. They destroyed or dispersed his library, consisting of four thousand volumes, seven hundred of which were manuscripts, and of inestimable rarity. They ravaged his collection of curious implements and machines. He enumerated the expenses of his journey home by Elizabeth's commands for which he seemed to consider the queen as his debtor. Elizabeth, in consequence, ordered him at several times two or three small sums. But this being insufficient, she was prevailed upon in 1592, to appoint two members of her privy council to repair to his house at Mortlake to inquire into particulars,

to whom he made a compendious rehearsal of half a hundred years of his life, accompanied with documents and vouchers.

It is remarkable that in this rehearsal no mention occurs of the miraculous stone brought down to him by an angel, or of his pretensions respecting the transmutation of metals. He merely rests his claims to public support upon his literary labours, and the acknowledged eminence of his intellectual faculties. He passes over the years he had lately spent in foreign countries, in entire silence, unless we except his account of the particulars of his journey home. His representation to Elizabeth not being immediately productive of all the effects he expected, he wrote a letter to Archbishop Whitgift, two years after, lamenting the delay of the expected relief, and complaining of the "untrue reports, opinions, and fables, which had for so many years been spread of his studies." He represents these studies purely as literary, frank, and wholly divested of mystery. If the "True Relation of what passed for many years between Dr. Dee and certain Spirits" had not been preserved, and afterwards printed, we might have been disposed to consider all that was said on this subject as a calumny.

The promotion which Dee had set his heart on, was to the office of master of St. Cross Hospital, near Winchester, which the queen had promised him when the present holder should be made a bishop. But this never happened. He obtained, however, in lieu of it the chancellorship of St. Paul's Cathedral, December 8, 1594, which in the following year he exchanged for the wardenship of the college at Manchester. In this last office he continued till the year 1602 (according to other accounts 1604), during which time he complained of great dissensions and refractoriness on the part of the fellows; though it may perhaps be doubted whether equal blame may not fairly be imputed to the arrogance and restlessness of the warden. At length he receded altogether from public life, and retired to his ancient domicile at Mortlake. He made one attempt to propitiate the favour of King James: but it was ineffectual. Elizabeth had known him in the flower and vigour of his days; he had boasted the uniform patronage of her chief favourite; he had been recognised by the philosophical and the learned as inferior to none of their body; and he had finally excited the regard of his ancient mistress by his pretence to revelations, and the promises he held out of the philosopher's stone. She could not shake off her ingrafted prejudice in his favour; she could not find in her heart to cast him aside in his old age and decay. But then came a king, to whom in his prosperity and sunshine he had been a stranger. He wasted his latter days in dotage, obscu-

trity, and universal neglect. No one has told us how he contrived to subsist. We may be sure that his constant companions were mortification and the most humiliating privations. He lingered on till the year 1608; and the ancient people in the time of Antony Wood, nearly a century afterwards, pointed to his grave in the chancel of the church at Mortlake, and professed to know the very spot where his remains were deposited.

The history of Dee is exceedingly interesting, not only on its own account; not only for the eminence of his talents and attainments, and the incredible sottishness and blindness of understanding which marked his maturer years; but as strikingly illustrative of the credulity and superstitious faith of the time in which he lived. At a later period his miraculous stone which displayed such wonders, and was attended with so long a series of supernatural vocal communications would have deceived nobody: it was scarcely more ingenious than the idle tricks of the most ordinary conjuror. But at this period the crust of long ages of darkness had not yet been fully worn away. Men did not trust to the powers of human understanding, and were not familiarized with the main canons of evidence and belief. Dee passed six years on the continent, proceeding from the court of one prince or potent nobleman to another, listened to for a time by each, each regarding his oracular communications with astonishment and alarm, and at length irresolutely casting him off, when he found little or no difficulty in running a like career with another.

It is not the least curious circumstance respecting the life of Dee, that in 1659, half a century after his death, there remained still such an interest respecting practices of this sort, as to authorize the printing a folio volume, in a complex and elaborate form, of his communications with spirits. The book was brought out by Dr. Meric Casaubon, no contemptible name in the republic of letters. The editor observes respecting the hero and his achievements in the Preface, that, "though his carriage in certain respects seemed to lay in works of darkness, yet all was tendered by him to kings and princes, and by all (England alone excepted) was listened to for a good while with good respect, and by some for a long time embraced and entertained." He goes on to say, that "the fame of it made the pope bestir himself, and filled all, both learned and unlearned, with great wonder and astonishment." He adds, that, "as a whole it is undoubtedly not to be paralleled in its kind in any age or country." In a word the editor, though disavowing an entire belief in Dee's pretensions, yet plainly considers them with some degree of deference, and insinuates to how much more regard such undue and exaggerated pretensions are

entitled, than the impious incredulity of certain modern Sadducees, who say that "there is no resurrection; neither angel, nor spirit." The belief in witchcraft and sorcery has undoubtedly met with some degree of favour from this consideration, inasmuch as, by recognising the correspondence of human beings with the invisible world, it has one principle in common with the believers in revelation, of which the more daring infidel is destitute.

Notes of a Reader.

HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS.

[FROM NO. 1. of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, a work which promises to be an unfailing fund of popular information respecting arts, sciences, and literature in Asia, as well as of learned research in relation to those important objects. It has often occurred to ourselves that *Transactions* of public societies are neither so valuable nor so entertaining as the well-directed energies of their members and contributors might make such records of progressive civilization and refinement. The Number of the journal before us is, however, a splendid exception to this observation. Its subjects promise entertainment to every reader—as curious vessels employed on the coasts of Coromandel, with many illustrations—the Schools of the Hindûs—the River Indus—ancient Chinese vases—the Tabernacle, or Car, of the Hindûs in Ceylon—a Notice of the Circassians, of extreme interest—biographical sketches of a Hungarian traveller, and of Dekkan poets—with the proceedings of the Society, whose best interests this journal so ably represents.]

LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER BURNES, in a paper read before the Royal Asiatic Society, says:—

On the 1st of June, 1823, I visited the *Pinjra Pol*, at Surat; a place which is appropriated for the reception of old, worn-out, lame, or disabled animals. At that time they chiefly consisted of buffaloes and cows; but there were also goats and sheep, and even cocks and hens; some of which latter had lost their feathers, and here, shorn of their plumes, walked about the courts without molestation.

This establishment is supported by the Hindû Baniâs of Surat; and is situated in that part of the suburbs of the city called *Goptipura*, between the inner and outer walls. Animals of every description, and from all parts, are admitted to the benefits of this institution; as with their number, the Baniâs conceive they increase the general happiness, and their own reputation.

The establishment occupies a court about fifty feet square; to which there is a large area attached, to admit of the cattle roving about: it is strewn with grass and straw on all parts, that the aged may want neither food nor bedding. There are cages to protect such birds as have become objects of charity, but most of them were empty: there is, however, a colony of pigeons, which are daily fed.

By far the most remarkable object in this

singular establishment is a house on the left hand on entering, about twenty-five feet long, with a boarded floor, elevated about eight feet: between this and the ground is a depository where the deluded Banians throw in quantities of grain which gives life to and feeds a host of vermin, as dense as the sands on the sea-shore, and consisting of all the various genera usually found in the abodes of squalid misery.

The entrance to this loft is from the outside, by a stair; which I ascended. There are several holes cut in different parts of the floor, through which the grain is thrown: I examined a handful of it which had lost all the appearance of grain: it was a moving mass, and some of the pampered creatures which fed upon it were crawling about on the floor—a circumstance which hastened my retreat from the house in which this nest of vermin is deposited. The *Pinjra Pol* is in the very midst of houses, in one of the most populous cities in Asia; and must be a prolific source of nightly comfort to the citizens who reside in the neighbourhood; to say nothing of the strayed few who manage to make their way into the more distant domains of the inhabitants.

It did not appear that there was any regular period for feeding the vermin; many Hindús being in the habit of throwing in handfuls of grain, at different times, as suits their notions of duty. It is an annual custom in Surat to convey to this place the refuse of all the Banians' granaries in the town; and, at all times throughout the year, to dispose of such grain as may have become unfit for use, in this manner. The house of which I have now been speaking is exceedingly warm, and has a most disagreeable closeness, which I attributed to the quantity of decayed vegetable matter that must have been accumulating for many years, as the people themselves are not aware at what time this establishment was first founded. There are similar institutions to the one I have just described, at almost every large city on the western side of India, and particularly at those places where the Banians or Jains reside. They have their origin, it is well known, in the great desire which possesses the minds of these people to preserve animal life; and though it is comprehensible to a native of Europe why aged cows and horses are preserved, from the circumstance of their having done their owners some service, still there can be no stronger instance of human caprice than to nurture a noxious and offensive mass of vermin, which every other race but themselves are anxious to extirpate and destroy. The great body of Hindús do not protect and preserve animal life as the Banians do; but it is a very common practice among them to feed with regularity pigeons, and even the fish in rivers. I have seen too, at Anjár, in

Cutch, an establishment of rats, conjectured to exceed five thousand in number, which were kept in a temple, and daily fed with flour, which was procured by a tax on the inhabitants of the town!

CIRCASSIAN WOMEN.

In *fêtes*, a degree of gallantry towards the fair sex may be observed; for those who carry off the prizes only contend for them to present to the females. Indeed, on all occasions, the Circassians testify much consideration for them. If a horseman falls in with a woman going the same road, he alights, and requests her to mount: if she declines, he accompanies her on foot as far as their path lies together. But they are not allowed to be in idleness: they are obliged to share all the labour with the slaves. To the latter is allotted the field-work, and the former are charged with the household affairs. Even wealthy women, who, from the number of their servants, are freed from the drudgery of housewifery, do not cease to be well occupied in all the matters relating to clothing. They not only work for their own family, but for others who may be in want of their assistance: these give them the materials for what they require, but do not even thank them for their labour, for their industry is considered to belong to the republic. They exhibit much taste and intelligence in their works; the trimmings of dresses and shoes, in tresses of gold and silver thread, are of the greatest delicacy; and, in carefully examining their performance, we are surprised to see the most minute details attended to with much skill and care.

For the rest, the Circassian women, far from being subjected to the general rule of the East, which separates them from the society of men, enjoy unrestrained liberty, and they do not abuse it. The laws of chastity are known and respected in this country. It is undoubtedly from an excessive delicacy towards these laws that custom prohibits young married people from being found together in a company, especially in the presence of their elders. If it accidentally happens that they meet, even among their nearest relations, and the wife is surprised by the chance arrival of the husband, the other women conceal her, by ranging themselves before her, and withdraw her in this manner. If it is the husband who is in this predicament, he escapes by the window. In general, the Circassian women are tolerably pretty, but their beauty does not deserve the reputation which it has obtained. Their figure is slight and thin, and this appearance is also common to the men. They acquire it by their habit of binding themselves tightly from their earliest infancy—the boys with a belt; the girls with a corset of morocco leather, sewed upon the body, which they

do not change till it is torn, and do not finally leave off till their marriage: the husband removes it on the first night of the nuptials by cutting it off with his dagger. The sober and temperate habits of the Circassians, however, contribute not a little to this spareness of form; for those women who go into the Turkish harems become much fatter.—*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society.*

THE MANDRAKE.*

The Mandrake grows 'neath the galloway-tree,
And rank and green are its leaves to see;
Green and rank as the grass that waves
Over the unctuous earth of graves.
And though all around it be bleak and bare,
Freely the Mandrake flourisheth there.

Maranatha—Anathema!
Dread is the curse of Mandragora!
Euthanasy!

At the foot of the gibbet the Mandrake springs,
Just where the creaking carcass swings;
Some have thought it engendered
From the fat that drops from the bones of the dead;
Some have thought it a human thing;
But this is a vain imagining.

Maranatha—Anathema!
Dread is the curse of Mandragora!
Euthanasy!

A charnel leaf doth the Mandrake wear,
A charnel fruit doth the Mandrake bear;
Yet none like the Mandrake hath such great power,
Such virtue resides not in herb or flower;
Asconite, hemlock, or moonshade, I ween,
None hath a poison so subtle and keen.

Maranatha—Anathema!
Dread is the curse of Mandragora!
Euthanasy!

And whether the Mandrake be create
Flesh with the flower incorporate,
I know not; yet, if from the earth 'tis rent,
Shrieks and groans from the root are sent;
Shrieks and groans, and a sweat like gore
Oozes, and drops from the clammy core.

Maranatha—Anathema!
Dread is the curse of Mandragora!
Euthanasy!

* The imaginary malignant and fatal influence of this plant, is frequently alluded to by our elder dramatists; and with one of the greatest of them, Webster, (as might be expected from a charnel muse, that revels like a ghoul in graves and sepulchres, and rakes up hideous and revolting lore,) it is an especial favourite for illustration. But none have plunged so deeply into the disquisition of the supposititious virtues of the Mandrake, as the learned and profound Sir Thomas Browne. He tears up the fable, root and branch. Concerning the danger ensuing from the eradication of the Mandrake, he thus writeth:—"The last assertion is, that there follows a hazard of life to them that pull it up, that some evil fate pursues them, and that they live not very long hereafter. Therefore, the attempt hereof among the ancients, was not in ordinary way; but, as Pliny informeth, when they intended to take up the root of this plant, they took the wind thereof, and with a sword describing three circles about it, they digged it up, looking toward the West. A conceit not only injurious unto truth, and confutable by daily experience, but somewhat derogatory unto the Providence of God; that is, not only to impose so destructive a quality on any plant, but to conceive a vegetable, whose parts are so useful unto many, should, in the only taking up, prove mortal unto any. This were to introduce a second forbidden fruit, and enhance the first malediction, making it not only mortal for Adam to taste the one, but capital for his posterity to eradicate, or dig up the other."—*Velgar Errors*, book ii., c. vi.

Whoso gathereth the Mandrake shall surely die:
Blood for blood is his destiny.
Some who have plucked it have died with groans,
Like to the Mandrake's expiring moans;
Some have died raving, and some beside—
With penitent prayers—but *all* have died.

Jesu! save us, by night and day!
From the terrible death of Mandragora!
Euthanasy!
Rockwood.

THE TIGER AND THE LION.

LIEUTENANT JEEVIS, in his very entertaining *Journey to the Falls of the Cavery and Neilgherry Hills*, tells us that—

In the low land the nature of the tiger is very different from those on the hills. Water, food, and shelter can seldom be obtained but at immense distances, and the tigress as well as the tiger is compelled to traverse many miles before their natural appetites are appeased.

It is the same with the lion of Africa's burning shores; in their natural condition they are compelled to roam over sandy deserts and forests unfrequented by man, for water and food, and their unsettled life precludes any considerable increase. But, when brought to the Cape and kept in confinement, with plenty of food and water, their increase is prodigious. There were lately purchased, at Mons. Villet's, in Cape Town, a lion and lioness stuffed, who were the parents of forty cubs in the course of four years, and afterwards of twenty, making together sixty from one pair. The progeny are scattered over different parts of the world; some were sent to Paris, some to Vienna, some are in Calcutta, and two remain at the Cape. When the lion died, he was incautiously skinned near the den whence the lioness could see him; and her afflicted looks and moaning satisfied the owner, that her death, which took place a month afterwards, was owing to her grief for his loss, as stated in the following certificate, given when they were purchased from him:—

"This lion was fifteen years old, and died about two years since of the liver complaint.

"The lioness died about six weeks afterwards of grief. I had the lioness about fifteen years, and in that period she had sixty cubs.

"She had in the first four years five cubs in a litter, and twice each year. After the fifth year, she had only one litter a year. The names given them were Prince and Princess."

(Signed) "L. W. VILLET."

"Cape Town, 8th Jan. 1833."

HUNTING IN INDIA.

EXCLUSIVE of the sport, which is generally cheered by a good tiffin, occasionally enlivened by the presence of some who would adorn any assembly in the world, a hunting

or shooting party on the Neilgherries derived peculiar attractions, from the extreme beauty and variety of the landscapes. The fresh and purifying air breathing from the mountain tops, through rhododendron-trees clothed with their gorgeous flowers; the wild cinnamon-tree with its own delicate blossom and fragrance, encircled by the honeysuckle and great dog-rose, relieved by a background of stately evergreens; whilst the merry black-birds pouring their melodious notes and making the forest ring with tuneful harmony, made altogether such a scene, as dear Old England can alone surpass. Nor is the chorus the less perfect for an occasional deep note from a fine elk, looking down in seeming defiance from the summit of some neighbouring hill, and majestically descending, with his full antlers and measured step, into a wood on the other side, where some tumbling cataract, or a clear stream running at the bottom of it, affords a good promise of becoming better acquainted with him.—
Lieutenant Jervis's Journey.

Retrospective Cleanings.

CURIOUS ANCIENT PROSECUTION.

ARISTOTLE, when a boy, contracted an intimacy with Hermias, who, originally in a state of servitude, had been enabled by the bounty of a patron, to prosecute the study of philosophy, and became a fellow-student with Aristotle at Athens. Hermias was raised to the sovereignty of Assus and Atarna, Greek cities of Mysia. Thither, at the invitation of his royal friend, Aristotle repaired, and resided near three years at Atarna; but Hermias being deposed, Aristotle was obliged to fly. When Hermias was put to death by Ataxerxes, king of Persia, Aristotle erected a statue of his friend in the temple of Delphos, and wrote in praise of him an epitaph, and a hymn to virtue, for which he is said to have been arraigned in a court of justice, where he was accused of impiously lavishing upon a mortal such honour and praise as were due only to the gods. There is an elegant translation of this hymn, in Bishop Hurd's Notes on Horace's Art of Poetry. It is as follows:—

Virtue! thou source of pure delight,
Whose rugged mien can ne'er affright
The man with courage fir'd;
For thee the sons of Greece have run
To certain ills, which others shun,
And gloriously expir'd.
Whene'er thy sacred seeds take root,
Immortal are the flow'rs and fruit,
Unfading are the leaves;
Dearer than smiles of parent kind,
Than balmy sleep, or gold refin'd,
The joys thy triumph gives.
For thee the Twins of mighty Jove,
For thee divine Alcides strove,
From vice the world to free;

For thee Achilles quits the light,
And Ajax plunges into night,
Eternal night, for thee.

Hermias, the darling of mankind,
Shall leave a deathless name behind,
For thee untimely slain;
As long as Jove's bright altars blaze,
His worth shall furnish grateful praise.
To all the Muses' train. P. T. W.

VIOLETS.

THE following lines to a lady, with a present of violets, by T. Swift, Esq. appeared in the *Poetical Register*, for 1803. W. G. C.

These violets to my fair I bring,
The purple progeny of spring;
Nor thou, dear girl, the gift refuse,
Love's earliest tribute to the Muse.

Whate'er has beauty, worth, or power,
Or grace, or lustre, is a flower.
Wit is a flower, and bards prepare
The flowers of fancy for the fair.
In flower of youth the loves appear,
Leading in flowery youth the year;
And beauty's flowery letters bind
In sweet captivity the mind.
With flowers the Graces Venns deck,
And these adorn a fairer neck;
That neck whose paradise to range,
A flower I'd prove and bless the change;
One little hour I'd live—then die,
A violet in that heaven to lie.

Still as you charm, some flowers we trace,
Some blossom of the mind or face.
Does Laura lead the courtly dance?
We hail the flower of elegance.
Does fashion's wreath adorn her brow?
The flower of taste is Laura now.
In Laura's mien, in Laura's mind,
The twin-born flowers of grace we find;
And in her blushing cheek we see
The royal rose of dignity.
You lily, symbol of her youth,
Blossoms next her heart, the flower of truth.
Oh! might these violet buds express
The opening flower of tenderness.

But not the brightest flower of spring.
That fancy paints, or poets sing;
Nor these, nor all the sweets that blow,
The rose's blush, the lily's snow,
With thee in excellence compare,
Or breathe so fresh, or bloom so fair:
For in thy bosom lives a flower,
Not time shall spoil, nor death devour—
A flower that no rude season fears,
And virtue's sacred name it bears.

AN UN-LEARNED DOCTOR.

DR. JOHN BULL, who had the honour of being the first that was appointed music professor to Gresham College, was unable to compose and read his lectures in Latin, according to the founder's original intention. Such was his favour with the Queen and the public, that the executors of Sir Thomas Gresham, by the ordinances, bearing date 1597, dispensed with his knowledge of the Latin language, and ordered—"The solemn music lecture to be read twice every week, in manner following, viz. the theoretique part for one half hour, or thereabouts; and the practise, by concert of voice or instrument, for the rest of the hour: whereof the first lecture should be in the Latin tongue, and

the second in English. But because, at this time, Mr. Doctor Bull, who is recommended to the place by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, being not able to speak Latin, his lectures are permitted to be altogether in English, so long as he shall continue in the place of music lecturer there." (See *Ward's Lives of the Professors of Gresham College.*) P. T. W.

POWER OF MUSIC OVER A CREDITOR.

FILIPPO PALMA, the noted singer, was always in love and debt. Having been caught at home, by surprise, by one of his deepest and most enraged creditors, from whom he had been long skulking, in order to escape his gripe; and on the inexorable creditor informing him of his business, and of the care that would be taken of his person by the gentleman whom he had brought with him; Palma made no other reply to his abuse and his threats, than by sitting down to the harpsichord, and singing two or three of his most pleasing; and touching airs to his own accompaniments: when the fury of the creditor was so softened by degrees, that at length he was entirely appeased, and not only forgave him his debt, but lent him ten guineas to stop the mouths of other creditors, who threatened him with a gaol.

But this security was of short duration; for he was soon after thrown into the King's Bench, (as he could not subdue all his creditors with musical notes, not having notes of another kind,) where, (say his biographers,) we visited him, and found him writing to his brother, then a prisoner likewise in York gaol; when, finding that the male Syren was putting his letter into a cover, we informed him of the expense in which it would involve his brother, by a double letter: he replied, "Che fare? é capo di casa, ci vaol rispetto?—What can I do? He is my elder brother, and head of our house; we must show him respect." P. T. W.

BISHOP AYLMER.

AYLMER's zeal for the Reformation rendered him obnoxious to the Government, so that he found it necessary to withdraw from the country; and as he was of a diminutive size, he made his escape by being concealed in a pipe of wine which had a false bottom, the wine being drawn from the lower half, whilst Aylmer lay hid in the upper. In his exile, he wrote an answer to John Knox's book against the government of women, entitled, "*The First Blaste against the monstrous Regiment and Emptre of Women:*" his answer was entitled, "*An Harborowe for faithful and trewe Subjects against the late bloone Blaste,*" &c. printed at Strasburg, in 1569. This book, (says his biographer,) was written with vivacity and learning; but it contained some passages which seemed to

indicate a tendency towards Puritanism, and particularly one, in which he exhorted the bishops to content themselves with moderate incomes, and with a portion, "priest-like, and not prince-like." However, when this passage was afterwards objected to him by his enemies, he vindicated himself by saying, "When I was a child, I spoke as a child, and thought as a child," &c. Of his resolution and personal courage, the two following instances are recorded.

One was his submitting to the extraction of a tooth, in order to encourage Queen Elizabeth to undergo the same operation; and the other was his cudgelling his son-in-law for misconduct towards his wife, who was a favourite daughter.

Mr. Lysons tells us, on the authority of *Strype's Life of Aylmer*, that "the stipend of the curate of Paddington was formerly so small, that it was difficult to find a person who would supply the cure. When Bishop Aylmer's enemies, among other charges, accused him of *ordaining his porter*, the fact was admitted, and justified on this ground; that, being a man of honest life and conversation, the bishop had ordained him to preach to a small congregation at Paddington, where commonly, on account of the meanness of the stipend, no preacher could be had." Strype adds, that this ordained porter, "continued in Paddington, with the good liking of the people, eight or nine years, until he grew dull of sight for age, and thereby unable to serve any longer." Aylmer died at Fulham, 1594, and left seven sons and two daughters, to all of whom he bequeathed large legacies.

He ranked high in regard to talents and learning, but his temper was irritable and violent; he was immoderately fond both of power and money; and he, undoubtedly, possessed an arbitrary and persecuting spirit.

P. T. W.

The Gatherer.

Pleasure Towns.—Sir Francis Head, in his delightful *Bubbles*, after enumerating the economical comforts of the hotel at Schlangenbad, observes: "I have dwelt long upon these apparently trifling details, because, humble as they may sound, I conceive that they contain a very important moral. How many of our country people are always raving about the cheapness of the Continent, and how many every year break up their establishments in England to go in search of it; yet, if we had but sense, or rather courage, to live at home as economically and as rationally as princes and people of all ranks live throughout the rest of Europe, how unnecessary would be the sacrifice, and how much real happiness would be the result."

Dr. Dalton's Pension.—We have heard much of the preferment said to have been lately showered upon persons of high scientific and literary attainments; but, especially, of a small pension granted to Dr. Dalton, who has passed his eightieth year. The Duke of Sussex, at the last anniversary of the Royal Society, referred to this munificent grant, observing, that if not commensurate with Dr. Dalton's services, it is at least as considerable as the severity of existing regulations will allow: although his Royal Highness could not refrain from expressing his regret at the very narrow limits within which the munificence of the King, and the generosity of the nation, should be confined.

The late Sir John Malcolm was one of a family of seventeen children, which enjoyed the distinction of having three of its members created Knights of the Bath in the same year. A monument, by Chantrey, is to be erected to the memory of Sir John Malcolm, in Westminster Abbey, for which ample funds have been provided by the almost spontaneous contributions of his friends: among the subscribers is the name of the Pacha of Egypt.

Mr. Joshua Brookes was for more than forty years a distinguished teacher of anatomy; and he is said to have superintended the education of more than 7,000 pupils. Yet he died in comparative poverty, and despondency at the dispersion of his celebrated Museum!

The Rev. Fearon Fellows, late Astronomer Royal at the Cape of Good Hope, was so true to his duty, that during the most distressing affliction, he was carried daily in a blanket by his servants from his sick room to the observatory, for the purpose of winding up his clocks and chronometers.

The Peerage.—Sir Egerton Brydges considers, there is a want of genuine splendour in the Peerage, unless there be, what he calls, an original nobility. By this, he means that very ancient nobility which has an historical appearance of being derived from Charlemagne. This seems to have been the case with almost all the first Anglo-Norman earls and chief baronial houses.

Love, like death, is a leveller of all distinctions: it will admit of none—will perceive none; and when affection and worldly degree are put in comparison by the lover himself, it is not difficult to foretell by which the scales will be turned.

Love's kingdom is founded
Upon a parity; lord and subject,
Master and servant, are names banished thence.
They wear one fetter all, or all one freedom.

Cartwright.

—*Rookwood.*

A thunder-storm is the finest of all possible sights, when seen at a distance; but, to

be actually exposed to its fury, is another question. Grand it is, undoubtedly; but the sense of imminent danger, that will, in spite of every effort, suggest itself, and the force and distinctness with which every fatal casualty of the kind, with all its circumstances, will intrude itself upon the imagination, renders one painfully alive to the sublimity of the scene. Terror destroys delight; and we could well barter admiration for assurance of security.—*Rookwood.*

Old Books.—Rarity does give some degree of intrinsic value to a certain class of old books—as illustrative of manners and the progress of language;—but he who takes up this amusement, is almost always apt to lay too much stress upon it. Sir Egerton Brydges was fond of bibliography from the age of thirteen, and began at school to collect editions of Horace.

Selzer Water.—At Nieder-Selters, in the Duchy of Nassau, where the celebrated refreshing Selzer water is obtained, the moralists preach on bottles. Life, they say, is a sound bottle, and death a cracked one—thoughtless men are empty bottles—drunken men are leaky ones; and a man highly educated, fit to appear in any country and in any society, is, of course, a bottle corked, rosined, and stamped with the seal of the Duke of Nassau. By the way, Sir Francis Head considers the best analysis he can offer of the Selzer water, is the plain fact, that the inhabitants of the village, who have drunk it all their lives, were certainly, by many degrees, the healthiest and ruddiest-looking peasants he any where met with in the dominions of the Duke of Nassau.

Books.—The strictly original authors are incredibly few. Most books are, more or less, the result of memory or compilation; while the original thoughts that are intermixed, are faint and imperfect. In youth and middle age we can read almost anything: as we grow old, we grow very fastidious. Nothing secondary can any longer interest us: we demand what rises, like the freshness of the morning breath, from the pure earth.—*Sir E. Brydges.*

Dwarf Marriage.—A dwarf, named Don Santiago de los Saates, during his exhibitory travels, was lately married to another dwarf, Miss Hipkins, at Birmingham. The Don is 48 years of age, and about 25 inches high; and Miss Hipkins is 28 years of age, and about 40 inches high. The bride and bridegroom were carried to church in a sedan, and the High Bailiff of Birmingham gave away the bride.

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THE NEW ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE, STRAND.

THIS handsome structure occupies nearly the precise site of the former theatre, which was consumed by fire in February, 1830. A great portion of this interval was spent in negotiating means for connecting the rebuilding of the theatre with an important public improvement, viz. the opening of a new line of street from Waterloo Bridge to Long Acre. At length, to quote the lithograph circular issued by the proprietor, "after numerous impediments surmounted and unforeseen, he has been enabled by the kind assistance of Royal and Noble patrons, and many valuable friends, at a large outlay, to rebuild his theatre, which is situated in the most central part of the metropolis, in the new street opposite the Waterloo Bridge." Once begun, the erection of the theatre proceeded with great rapidity, so as to ensure its completion by the commencement of the summer thea-

trical season. It is, altogether, a structure of great beauty, and is, probably, more characteristic of its appropriation than any similar building in London. Covent Garden Theatre, it is true, is of stately architecture, but its magnificence is too heavy for a temple of the drama; and the severity of its Doric details, though easily associated with classic tragedy, are not suited for a theatre in which the pure drama is so little respected. Leaving these matters to critical heads, we are inclined to consider the New English Opera-House in grade of characteristic merit to resemble the Haymarket Theatre, which may be rated as one of Mr. Nash's most successful architectural labours.

The new theatre, in plan, may be divided into three portions:—1. the entrances and part used as a residence; 2. the auditory; 3. the stage. The front forms part of the

west side of the new street, and the back of the stage department faces Burleigh-street. The principal entrance is under an elegant portico of six, lofty, fluted columns of the Corinthian order; those at the two extremities being coupled—that is, placed on one base. The entablature and pediment which they support, are well proportioned; and the latter is enriched with a handsome cornice, which is continued throughout the entablature of the front, crowned with a balustrade. Above the entrance doors will be placed an appropriate basso-relievo. The front is otherwise embellished with six pilasters, with capitals corresponding with those of the columns; four being placed behind the portico, and one at each angle. On each side of the portico is a shop, with an elegant balustraded window above it: which may be considered to add much to the lively effect. Above the roof rises a dome, which is a judicious addition to the elevation, and is admirably adapted for ventilation.

Of the interior we shall be expected to say little: but that must be laudatory; for the arrangements are of the completest character of convenience.

Passing through a hall, with an arched roof, we enter a vestibule, opening into the dress circle of boxes; with a tasteful double staircase on each side, leading to the upper boxes and the saloon.

The auditory is in front semicircular, and at the sides of the horse-shoe form, or that which is best adapted for hearing. The architectural design consists of an elegant entablature, surmounted with a light balustrade, forming the front of the gallery and slips, supported on slender columns rising from the dress circle. The enrichments are raised in burnished gold on a white ground. The ceiling, which is circular and slightly concave, is ornamented with coloured arabesques in compartments, with chaste effect. There are two tiers of boxes: in front of the lower, or dress, circle, is a projection, called "the balcony," answering to the *premiere galerie* of the French theatres: the front consisting of an ornamental trellis-work of gilt metal. The front of the dress circle is ornamented with classical subjects, in the fresco style; and the first or upper tier is embellished with an imitation of rich tapestry, which is novel in an English theatre. The balustrades of the gallery and slips are lined with rose colour. There is only one gallery; but it is extensive.

The auditory is lit by a magnificent cut glass chandelier, executed by Mr. P. Phillips. "It is suspended by ten massive glass cords, surmounted by a most brilliant feather, divided into eight foliages, the whole composed of glass. The bottom has also ten elegant festoons of prismatic icicles, which produce a dazzling effect, with the gas-lights darting

through 400 prismatic spears, so that the whole appears like a blaze of sunshine upon a cornucopia of icicles. We understand the cost was 700l.*"

The proscenium is supported by four columns on each side, coupled, on a white marble base; between which are the stage-boxes. In the centre of the proscenium are the Royal arms, delicately painted. To the right and left, floral ornaments are introduced, with medallions of Mozart and Weber. The stage is 38 ft. 6 in. wide, being only 4 ft. less than the width of Covent Garden stage.

Behind the balcony is a range of small boxes, for family parties. There are also three private boxes at each end of each tier, besides those on the stage.

The house, when crowded, will contain 350l.

The architect of this superb structure is Mr. Beazley, whose experience in the erection of theatres has been very considerable. The design bears the stamp of classic elegance, and must certainly add to the well-earned reputation of the architect. The works have been constructed with substantial neatness, by Messrs. Grissell and Peto, the builders of the New Hungerford Market; and the internal decorations have been executed under the tasteful direction of Mr. Crace.

We have only to congratulate the architect upon his success, and to add our anxious wishes, that the proprietor and the performers may please the public, as highly as the theatre itself has pleased ourselves: the satisfaction of all parties will then be complete.

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGES.

PREVIOUS to the year 1770, (when an Act was passed "For the Further Preventing Delays of Justice by reason of Privilege of Parliament,") the Privileges of Parliament were so extensive, that a Member thereof, or his servants, were not only privileged from arrests, but their property was also exempted, (with a few trivial exceptions,) from the payment of their just debts.

The following cases will sufficiently show to what extent these pernicious privileges were carried in former times; and will likewise serve to explain what the subject has gained by the provisions of the several Acts of Parliament, which have restrained the privileges of Members, so far as they could be used as exceptions to, or infringements on, public justice.

In the first year of the reign of James I., Sir Thomas Shirley, a Member of Parliament, was arrested four days before the sitting of Parliament, and carried prisoner to the Fleet;

on which a warrant was issued to the Clerk of the Crown, for a Habeas Corpus to bring him to the House; and the sergeant was sent for in custody, who, being brought to the bar, and confessing his fault, was excused for that time: but, upon hearing counsel at the bar for Sir Thomas Shirley, and the warden of the Fleet, and upon producing precedent, Simpson, the prosecutor, who caused the arrest to be made, was ordered to be committed to the Tower; and afterwards, the warden refusing to execute the writ of Habeas Corpus, and the delivery of Sir Thomas being denied, he was likewise committed to the Tower; though on his agreeing to deliver up Sir Thomas, upon a new warrant for a new writ of Habeas Corpus, and making submission to the House, he was discharged. As this affair took up some time, the House entered into several debates touching their privilege, and how the debt of the party might be satisfied; which produced three questions: 1st, Whether Sir Thomas Shirley should have privilege? 2ndly, Whether presently, or to be deferred? And 3rdly, Whether the House should petition the King for some course for securing the debt of the party, according to former precedents, and saving harmless the warden of the Fleet? All these questions were resolved; and a Bill was brought in to secure Simpson's debt, &c. which also occasioned the statute, 1 James I., c. 13, for relief of plaintiffs in writs of execution, where the defendants in such writs are arrested, and set at liberty by Privilege of Parliament; by which a fresh prosecution and new execution may be had against them when that privilege ceases.

And again, in the nineteenth year of the same King's reign, one Johnson, a servant to Sir James Whitelock, a Member of the House of Commons, was arrested by two bailiffs; who being told that Sir James Whitelock was a Parliament-man, answered, that they had known greater men's servants than his taken from their masters in time of Parliament; and this appearing, the two bailiffs were sentenced to ask pardon of the House and Sir James Whitelock, on their knees; and to ride on one horse, bare-backed, back to back, from Westminster to the Exchange, with papers on their breasts signifying their offence; all which was to be executed presently, *sedente curiâ*.

Coke, in his *Institutes*, also tells us, that the King cannot take notice of any thing, said to be done in the House of Commons, but by the report of that House. And in *Atkins's Jurisdiction and Antiquities of the House of Commons*, the following instance is adduced in proof of this singular doctrine:

When Charles the First, being in the House of Commons, and sitting in the Speaker's chair, asked the then Speaker,

whether certain Members, (whom the King named,) were present;—the Speaker, it is reported, from a presence of mind which arose from the genius of that House, readily answered, that he had “neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, but as the House was pleased to direct him.” C. H.

EARLY ENGLISH SHIPPING.

(Continued from page 53.)

DURING some of the succeeding reigns, but few mariners appear to have been employed in English shipping: in 1304, the largest British man-of-war was manned but by forty sailors; and at the siege of Calais, in 1346, the number of men employed in Edward III.'s ships, did not average more than twenty in each; his fleet, nevertheless, was considerable, consisting of 700 English, and 38 foreign, vessels. Upon his invasion of France in 1359, he is said to have carried thither the enormous armament of 11,000 ships; which included all the vessels of Great Britain, of every size and description, which could be pressed into the king's service, from all the ports of England; and merchantmen coming into our roads, which had not yet made their destined ports, were unladed and applied to this purpose. By the accounts transmitted to Edward, from his naval parliament in 1344, it appears that Yarmouth and London boasted of shipping more numerous than any other ports in the kingdom.* Nevertheless, the complaints of the Commons in parliament on this subject, afford clear evidence that, notwithstanding the immense number of vessels alluded to in the foregoing paragraph, there was in reality a diminution in the shipping establishment of the realm; nor is it difficult to assign reasons for such a decrease. English ships, the private property of individuals, and English sailors, had small temptations to seek for support in a country where they might be, and were, both, most frequently seized on by government for the king's use; and where the greatest possible encouragement was given to merchant-strangers, (which were, by most solemn engagements, exempted from the action of the press warrant,) which monopolized trade, and which were encouraged by the British princes of this period, to the infinite detriment of their subjects, for the sake of the loans they were enabled to bestow upon them. To obviate this evil, was the design of the first navigation act, passed A. D. 1381, (*Statutes at Large*, 1381,) by which English mer-

* The naval parliament was assembled for the purpose of commanding every seaport town, to send commissioners to London in order to supply an exact account of the state of the shipping in Edward III.'s dominions at this period. Now Yarmouth and London were required to send four of these commissioners, whereas two, and even one, was the complement of many other of the great trading towns.

chants were compelled, under penalty of forfeiting all their cargoes embarked on foreign vessels, to freight with them none but English. When the act had had time, as it is technically termed, to work, it was quickly discovered that a procedure upon it tended greatly to interrupt and decrease the trade of native English merchants; it was, therefore, altered or repealed, and, in the following year, another act granted them permission to freight foreign vessels, when native ones could not be procured.

Few voyages of discovery appear to have been undertaken in the fourteenth century, either by British or foreign navigators, although the mariner's compass, invented as some assert by Flavis de Gioca of Almaphi, A. D. 1302, or, as others hold, improved by him in its construction with eight points, was now in constant use. Nicholas de Lenna, however, a Carmelite friar, is asserted to have made five voyages towards the North Pole, in the reign of Edward III., and to have presented that monarch with a written description of the unknown countries and people he had found. The discovery of Madeira, attributed to Macham, an Englishman, (with the particulars of whose romantic story few are at this day unacquainted,) is placed in the year 1344. In the same year, Pope Clement VI. created Lewis of Spain, King of the Fortunate Islands, (supposed to be the Canaries,) though the fortunate monarch of these delightful regions had never the happiness of knowing exactly what they were, or whereabouts they might be situated! But the Canary Islands, truly and actually, were discovered in 1395, by some Spanish and French adventurers; and, according to Hakluyt, they seem to have been the furthest point towards the S. W. to which any Europeans had penetrated by sea at the conclusion of the fourteenth century. The cannon used in ships of war at this period, appear to have been few in number, and small in size, but little is this to be wondered at, when gunpowder, (if previously known to monkish chemists,) was not used with guns until A. D. 1340, when Edward III. possessed but four field-pieces, and these contributed to gain him the battle of Crecy. The munition of the vessel called the Queen's Hall, in which Queen Philippa was sent over to her husband, is thus described in Rymer's *Fœdera*: "Henry Somers, keeper of the private wardrobe in the Tower, delivered to William Loveney, treasurer to Queen Philippa for the armament of her ship,—two guns, forty pounds of powder for these guns, forty stone balls," &c.; whence it is apparent that one pound of powder was the charge for each of these guns.

The reign of Henry IV. was favourable to the interests of the British navy, as the French, Flemings, and Bretons, were com-

pelled to confess; to whom our king amply repaid the insults he had received from them during his contests with the Earl of Northumberland and his confederates. William de Wilford, admiral of the narrow seas, in an expedition against Brittany, captured forty of their ships, and burnt as many. The Earl of Kent did even greater mischief on the coast of Flanders, and the celebrated Henry Pays, admiral of the Cinque ports, took a fleet of French merchantmen of 120 sail.

Henry V. was equally victorious by sea and by land, and the fleets of England during his reign maintained their supremacy over the narrow seas. His brother, John, Duke of Bedford, in 1416, and the Earl of Huntingdon in the following year, obtained decisive naval victories over the combined fleets of France and Genoa, to the complete establishment of the maritime ascendancy of Britain for several years. Henry appears to have been the first English monarch who had ships of his own; amongst these have come down to us the names of two which he had on his first invasion of France,—the King's Chamber, and the King's Hall—large and beautiful vessels with purple sails; he also possessed, says a poet of his days, "The Trinity, the Grace-de-Dieu, and Holy Ghost, And other more, which now be lost."

The reign of the barbarous Richard III. was too brief and disturbed to allow of his attending to the maritime interests of this kingdom; their present footing, however, was too firm to permit their being lightly shaken; yet, as things which do not progress are invariably allowed to retrograde, in all human probability, the landing of his rival, the Duke of Richmond, and the subsequent loss of his crown and his life, might have been prevented had he taken sufficient care to guard the narrow seas. The reign of his predecessor had been favourable for the navy, Edward IV. paying great attention to mercantile and maritime affairs, and sometimes collecting large fleets, (of course we omit all mention of the mere nominal sovereignty of the murdered infant Edward V.); the ships, his own private property, he sometimes employed in commerce for himself, to the great augmentation of his treasures, and sometimes protected with them that of his people. And although the imbecile reign of Henry VI. and the turbulent one of Richard III. were little favourable to the naval interests of England in general, yet it will certainly appear to our readers that, in spite of occasional languor and discrepancies, the maritime power of Britain was, with her commerce, during the periods we have latterly surveyed, exceedingly strengthened and extended. Attempts were also beginning to be made to build ships of greater burden than those heretofore in use, after the fashion

of those Italian carracks which were now frequently seen in the British harbours. Still, no voyages of discovery seem to have been undertaken, or at least with any success, till the succeeding reigns of Henry VII. and VIII.

It is somewhat singular, that after the discovery of the New World, a rage seems to have prevailed in England, Scotland, and even France, of building ships, which were, by comparison with those of former periods, of immoderate size, strength, and tonnage. Henry VII. built several such, which, when not in service for the public, he freighted to the merchants. On the Great Harry he expended 14,000*l.*, a sum by no means small in our days, but immense, indeed, according to the then value of money. This vessel, properly speaking, the first ship in the English navy, was a merchantman of 250 tons, of uncommon magnitude, and tall and stout, (in her, Hawkins of Plymouth, made his three successful voyages to the Brazils and coast of Guinea—the first in the year 1530); and the men-of-war of this period were proportionably augmented in size and strength.

Henry VIII. built many large ships, and, amongst others, the Regent, of 1,000 tons, manned by 800 men; which having grappled with the Cordelier, a gigantic vessel belonging to the King of France, and accommodating 1,100 men, in an engagement off Brest, A. D. 1512, was burnt with her adversary, and every creature of both crews! In lieu of the Regent, Henry VIII. built the *Henri Grace-de-Dieu*, of 1,000 tons, which carried nineteen brass, and 103 iron, guns; 349 soldiers, 301 mariners, and fifty gunners. A complete and interesting description of this unwieldy machine appears in the fourth volume of the *Naval and Military Magazine*, (Quarterly,) to which we refer our readers; and proceed to give a corresponding account of a vessel built at much the same time by James IV. of Scotland, contemporary for four years with our eighth Harry. He resolved to present in his turn “a faultless monster” to old Ocean; it was to be, in fact, larger than any ship which had yet appeared; and it proves that the fancy for “big barkies” is far from new, though confined in our days to the prodigious ideas and genius of Brother Jonathan. Lindsay of Pitcottie has preserved a circumstantial description of the Great Michael, from the information afforded him by her quartermaster, Sir Andrew Wood of Largo, and her master-skipper, Robert Bartyne:—

“In this same year, (1512,) the King of Scotland bigged a great ship, called the Great Michael, which was the greatest ship, and of the most strength, that ever sailed in England or France; for this ship was of so great stature, and took so much timber, that

except Falkland, she wasted all the woods in Fife, which was oak wood; besides all timber which was gotten out of Norway, for she was so strong, and of so great length and breadth: to wit, she was twelve score feet of length, and thirty-six feet within the sides. All the wrights of Scotland, yea, and many other strangers, were at her device by the King's commandment, who wrought very busily in her; but it was a year and a day ere she was complete. This great ship cumbered Scotland to get her to the sea. From that time that she was afloat and her masts and sails complete, with ropes and ancores officering thereto, she was counted to the King to be 30,000*l.* expence (equivalent to about 50,000*l.* of our present money), besides her artillery, which was very great and costly to the King, and besides all the rest of her furniture. She had 300 mariners to sail her, six score gunners to use her artillery, and had 1,000 men of war, besides her captains, skippers, and quartermasters.

“If any man believe that this description of the ship is not of verity, as we have written, let him pass to the gate of Tillibarden, and there before the same, ye will see the length and breadth of her, planted with hawthorn by the wright that helped to make her.” This ship, in 1514, was sold by the Duke of Albany to the King of France, for 40,000 francs.

Henry VIII. and James IV. both appear to have formed the design of raising a royal navy in their respective kingdoms; and Henry, who may justly be considered the founder of that of England, surviving James above thirty years, at least partially accomplished his intentions, and at his demise left a fleet superior to that of any of his predecessors, and inferior to that of no European prince whatsoever. The kings of the preceding reigns had used their vessels for war or commerce, as occasion required; and, with few exceptions latterly, had hired or pressed them from the merchants to whom they belonged as private property; but Henry VIII. left fifty-three ships, the possession of the crown, solely equipped for war.

To this prince, the nation is indebted for the establishment, A. D. 1512, of the Trinity House at Deptford, with similar maritime fraternities at Hull and Newcastle, for the purposes of instructing and examining pilots, erecting beacons, light-houses, and buoys, and preventing shipwrecks. He appointed a board of commissioners for the navy, erected naval storehouses, and formed the Woolwich and Deptford dockyards; he repaired harbours; expended on the port of Dover alone between 60 and 70,000*l.*; built strong forts at the mouths of rivers, and exposed parts of the coasts; cleared the sea of pirates, and passed several acts for the furtherance of internal navigation. In short, the obliga-

tions of the British navy to our bluff and turbulent Harry VIII. are numerous, weighty, and never to be forgotten. With this brief recital of the good deeds he performed in behalf of the maritime interests of his kingdom,—our country,—we close our glance at the history of England's ancient naval establishments, conceiving that the reign of Henry's Amazonian daughter, the illustrious Elizabeth, (and there is little or nothing to record during the intervening governments,) brings into, comparatively speaking, a modern era "the flag which has braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze!"

Long, long may it continue so to do, and to wave supreme upon old Ocean; and if, thanks to a gracious Providence, the reign of England's naval king be destined to remain undistinguished in the annals of glorious, but mournful, battles and victories by sea,—may our sailors never lose their olden character for courage and activity; and may their civil governors never forget all that they owe to the brave men who are gone,—all that they continue to expect from their successors of the present day,—and so, may they never, in legislating for them, ungratefully abridge them of long-established and well-earned salaries, immunities, privileges, and comforts.

M. L. B.

Spirit of Discovery.

SYDNEY MECHANICS' SCHOOL OF ARTS.

(Concluded from page 72.)

THE next important item in the Reverend Vice-President's Address is a reference to a discovery of national value—an exhaustless magazine of purely siliceous sand, which constitutes the great bulk of the soil of Sydney. A member of the Committee of the School of Arts has lately ascertained the unrivalled excellence of Sydney sand in the manufacture of glass,—that most beautiful article of every-day use. Specimens of this glass, made wholly of Sydney sand, which had been sent to Great Britain for the express purpose of experiment, have been received from the first glass-manufacturers in London, who pronounce the manufactured article to be superior to that which their best home materials have enabled them to make. Pellatt and Green, the manufacturers in question, are employed to supply Government with glass made expressly for astronomical and other philosophical purposes: so that this announcement of theirs concerning the Sydney sand, is to be regarded as of essential importance to science in general. The glass in question is pronounced to be especially fitted for the formation of lenses: and this, at a time when accurate observation of optical phenomena occupies a prominent and singularly interesting portion of philosophical

investigation. Thus may it be that the barren rocks of Sydney are no less destined to become famous in the annals of philosophy, than the observatory at Paramatta, where there now labours for immortality another member of our committee, who is, probably, better fitted for turning this glass to advantage in the service of science, than any other single observer at present on the surface of the globe.

But in a commercial and economic view, this discovery may be of greater consequence to the Colony than appears at first sight. By taking this sand as dead weight, our wool exporters, it appears, will be enabled to ship a much larger cargo of wool in any given vessel; whilst the sand will be a profitable article of sale in the London market: and thus, by the export of this sand, will a double advantage be gained by the ship-owner, which will tell directly in favour of the growth of wool, the staple commodity of the Colony. Besides, the existence here of so large a supply of the principal ingredient in the composition of glass, affords grounds for estimating some of the advantages of erecting a manufactory on the spot. This estimate would, of course, take into consideration how far it might be possible to procure advantageously within the Colony the other principal ingredient in the compound. And this consideration would lead to the inquiry whether an additional advantage of some importance might not accrue to the community from the preparation of potash from the wood of the country. Hitherto in clearing land, the wood has, generally speaking, been burned profitlessly; and the expense of clearing has been a heavy item in a settler's list of disbursements. But were a glass manufactory established, all the potash that could be collected from the burning of wood, might be disposed of, to the great relief of the settler. It is well known, that in America, the preparation of potash from the wood of the country pays half the expense of clearing the ground: and although the wood of New Holland is less fitted for yielding potash than that of America, yet it may safely be affirmed, that it will be found to yield a quantity sufficiently large to render the collection of it a matter of importance to the agriculturist.

Thus it is, that one benefit hinges on another; and a single discovery, apparently in its origin of little value, may become the parent of many advantages, and often involve consequences of national importance.

But apart from higher considerations, there are others of less ambitious bearing, yet of more immediate value, which merit mention in elucidating the importance of the objects of this Institution. These considerations may be classed under the head of the *prevention of the evils of ignorance*. The mischiefs done, the risks run, the time wasted,

the loss sustained, in the routine of mechanical operations, in consequence of the blundering of ignorant or unskilful workmen, would admit of exemplification drawn from every department of human labour. The expenses of unskilful workmanship to the community is enormous. It has been calculated that half the sum which ignorant workmanship has cost the British nation, would have paid the expense of educating all England. It is only by entering into details that the enormity of the expense can be properly exhibited. People seldom think of making the computation: yet a few remarks, by leading the mind upon the tract of observation, will be sufficient to bring into view the importance of counteracting so serious an evil. Instances in domestic life will occur readily to every one. A valuable chandelier, it may be, is insecurely suspended. At an unexpected moment it falls, is destroyed of course, breaks in its fall a valuable vase, a respected heir-loom of the family, which happens to be on the table, and damages the table seriously to boot. The panes of a window have been unskilfully glazed; a storm of more than ordinary violence blows a whole sashful of them into the drawing-room, deluges and damages the apartment; occasioning a serious loss of property, besides a large load of annoyance and discomfort to individuals of the family. In any complicated building whatever, it is seldom that the blunders in the various parts, although scarcely suspected to be blunders by the workmen themselves, occasioning delays, destruction of material, and loss of labour, would not, if strictly estimated, be found to augment the actual expense of the structure, a fourth, or a-fifth, of what it might otherwise have cost. A door is hung on the wrong side of the doorway: it has to be unhung, and suspended on the other side, occasioning a certain expenditure of time, and a certain amount of damage to the materials. Too great a weight is laid upon the frame of a roof: the tie-beams yield, and the abutments are put in jeopardy. The building must be unroofed, and a loss of labour and destruction of material are the consequences, which bear a large proportion to the cost of the whole. A new market-place has to be constructed, partly of stone, partly of carpentry. The wood-work is formed out of proportion to the masonry: the whole has to be lowered several inches. A waste of labour and materials is the result, amounting to a considerable item in the cost of the whole erection; besides that, in the correction of the error, the risk is run of upsetting the entire affair, masonry and all. From the faulty construction of a steam-engine boiler, an explosion takes place; part of the machinery is deranged; part of the buildings destroyed; the engine-man scalded to death,

and several attendants maimed for life.—To proceed in this train of particularization, however, would be endless. It is in the power of every one for himself to supply instances from his own experience, sufficient to produce conviction of the magnitude of that benefit, which must accrue to the community from the counteraction of the large class of evils here brought into review. It is to be taken into account, moreover, that it is from want of education, that there exists that universal aversion among workmen to alter long-established processes, which forms no inconsiderable bar to the progress of general improvement. It has been remarked by an able reviewer of the state of art and the progress of knowledge among different nations, that in England the prejudice on the part of workmen, against the adoption of alterations in their routine of operations, is remarkably strong. And as a proof of this, and, at the same time, as an evidence of the benefit reaped by the peculiar locality where Mechanics' Schools had their origin, it is stated as an important fact, that there were twenty-five steamboats plying on the river Clyde before one was established on the Thames.

[The Address is not concluded in the present, but promised in the future, Number. We shall not overlook its completion, as the document altogether presents an interesting picture of the resources of the Colony. There are, besides, other matters in the *New South Wales Magazine*, which demand our especial attention; for they are treasurable records in this book of beginnings. The motto to the Journal is a happy editorial choice:

For that same land much larger is than this,
And other men, and birds, and beasts doth feed;
There fruitful corn, faire trees, fresh herbage is,
And all things else that living creatures need.

Spenser.]

The Naturalist.

WATERSPOUTS.

WATERSPOUTS are among the most terrific of atmospheric phenomena. They are rarely witnessed in our climate; but, in warmer latitudes, they are not of uncommon occurrence.

Naturalists are not, therefore, at a loss to explain the origin of the waterspout. It is obvious, say they, that the phenomenon is caused by a change in the atmosphere when full of clouds, by different contrary currents of air opposing one another; perhaps, in the same manner as may be seen in streams of water, which, by the intervention of some body, are variously thrown into whirlpools, which, by their circular motion, carry down a conical column of air in their centres. In other words, they may be described as a whirlpool of water in the air. In this manner we may suppose, that when the atmo-

sphere is surcharged with gross and heavy vapours, put into violent motion by contending winds, one of which must prove the most powerful, they may force one another into a circular or spiral motion, to the centre of which the grossest and heaviest parts inclining, as is the case in all fluid bodies, they form into a body which we see descend.

Mr. Main, an able illustrator of meteorological phenomena, refers the frequent occurrence of waterspouts in the Indian Ocean, to the convergency of the air and the clouds to the spaces left unoccupied by the heavy and impetuous rains which precede them. "These generate various and contrary currents of air, whirling the clouds in violent commotion; partial tornadoes are consequently created; these, by their vertiginous course, affect the adjacent and surrounding vapours, drawing them into the vortices. The grosser parts of this whirling body of vapour naturally incline to the centre of the tornado, and there coalescing, form the aqueous column called a waterspout."

Sometimes, a waterspout at sea fills the beholder with indescribable terror, at the double dangers of the stormy skies and the troubled deep. The weight and velocity of such a body falling into the ocean, agitate and throw up the water in a surprising manner, till it is exhausted; when it disappears gradually, as it began.

Captain Beechey, when off Clermont Tonere, one of the numberless coral islands which gem the South Pacific Ocean, had, with the crew of *H. M. S. Blossom*, a narrow escape from a waterspout of more than ordinary size. It approached them amidst heavy rain, thunder, and lightning, and was not seen until it was very near the ship. As soon as they were within its influence, a gust of wind obliged them to take in every sail; and the topsails, which could not be furled in time, were in danger of splitting. The wind blew with great violence, momentarily changing its direction, as if it were sweeping round in short spirals: the rain, which fell in torrents, was also precipitated in curves, almost unceasingly. Amidst this thick shower, the waterspout was discovered, descending in a tapering form from a dense stratum of cloud, to within thirty feet of the water, where it was hid by the foam of the sea being whirled upwards with a tremendous gyration. It changed its direction after it was first seen, and threatened to pass over the ship; but, being diverted from its course by a heavy gust of wind, it gradually receded. On the dispersion of this magnificent phenomenon, the column diminished gradually, and at length retired to the cloud, from whence it had descended, in an undulating form.

The intimate connexion of these formations with electricity, or clouds surcharged with electric matter, has often been referred to

in explaining them generally. On the present occasion, a ball of fire was observed to be precipitated into the sea; and one of the *Blossom's* boats, which was away from the ship, was so surrounded by lightning, that the lieutenant thought it advisable to get rid of the anchor, by hanging it some fathoms under water, and to cover the seamen's muskets. From the accounts of this officer, and one of the mates, who were at a distance from the ship, the column of the waterspout first descended in a spiral form, until it met the ascending column a short distance from the sea, as shown in fig. 1.



(Fig. 1.)

Second and third spouts were afterwards formed, and exhibited the trifurcated appearance in fig. 2.

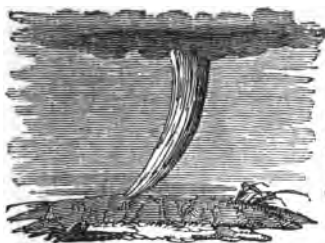


(Fig. 2.)

The three forks subsequently united into one large column, as seen in fig. 3; again

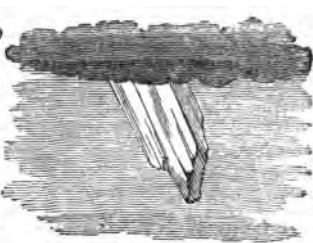


(Fig. 3.)



(Fig. 4.)

(Aërial Waterspout at Edinburgh, in 1828.)



(Fig. 5.)

they separated into three small spirals, and then dispersed. Captain Beechey considers it not impossible that the highly rarefied air, confined by the woods encircling the lagoon (coral) islands, may contribute to the formation of these phenomena.

The barometer was not sensibly affected by this partial disturbance of the atmosphere; but the temperature underwent a change of eight degrees, falling from 82° to 74° ; at midnight it rose to 78° . On the day succeeding this occurrence, several waterspouts were seen in the distance, the weather being squally and gloomy.*

The forms of these phenomena are extremely various; and, in illustration, here are the figures assumed by a waterspout, seen in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, in the summer of 1828. This was an aerial waterspout, and is of rarer occurrence than those we have hitherto illustrated. The appearances, as follow, are detailed in the *Philosophical Magazine*:

"A light dusky cloud of a funnel shape was seen in a north-westerly direction, clearly relieved from a darker cloud behind. It was evidently transfusing the contents of a very dense and dark black cloud into one immediately below, with which it formed the only connexion. At this time, the lower extremity of the waterspout was bent from the direction of the wind, being N.E.; the upper cloud was moving in a *contrary* direction. In a very few minutes it reached its greatest distinctness, and a manifest transfusion of the contents was taking place, the column presenting the appearance of smoke or steam, and the undulation at the edges was scarcely perceptible. The form it assumed at this period is shown in the engraving, (fig. 4,) according to a sketch made shortly after, the lower extremity being turned towards the west. The undulations at the edges gradually increasing in distinctness, the waterspout grew less elongated, and the bottom turned in a direction contrary to the wind, which

below still remained in the same point. The cloud above had now become less dense, while the one below increased in blackness, and that quarter of the sky became more generally dark; it then became short, with a broad, conical termination, nearly as represented at fig. 5. During this change, the currents descending on the east, and ascending on the west side, presented at the bottom the appearance of violent ebullition. The waterspout then merged into the cloud above, and, in about twenty minutes after being first observed, it wholly disappeared.

"The weather had been dry and sultry, (temperature $61^{\circ}3$), and the air appeared highly electrified. The change which followed was very remarkable. Partial torrents of rain fell in the direction in which the phenomenon was observed; and it was remarked in the vicinity of the place where the spout was noticed, that such a fall of rain had seldom been seen, although *there* only a few drops fell. The shower appears to have moved from the N.W. A very curious effect was observed upon the dusty roads, which were *extremely partially soaked* in that direction."

PRICES OF NATURAL HISTORY SPECIMENS.

THE following prices have been actually asked and given, according to the *Naturalist's Poetical Companion*, for some of our British insects; many of which are, beyond question, much rarer than some of our most precious gems. *Butterflies*:—Queen of Spain, Fritillary, thirty-five shillings a pair; Purple Emperor, thirty shillings a pair; Camberwell Beauty, thirty shillings a pair; large Copper *Lycæna*, thirty shillings a pair; White Admiral, fourteen shillings a pair. *Moths*:—Kentish Glory, twenty-five shillings a pair; Death's-head, twenty shillings a pair; and Whittlesea Mere Ermine, three shillings a pair. *Beetles*:—Mr. John Walton, (*Entomological Magazine*), says of *Licinus Silphoides*, a species of beetle, "I have captured upwards of five hundred specimens in two successive years; and it is surprising that an insect so common, and to be found

* The figures and the substance of the details are from the very interesting Narrative of Captain Beechey's Voyage, 4to. 1831.

in so many habitats near London, should have been so rare, a few years back, as to be estimated to be worth a guinea a pair: I apprehend they are now at a discount, for I cannot get rid of my duplicates." The stag-beetle, (*Lucanus Cervus*), is usually sold at the rate of ten, or, (if fine large specimens,) fourteen shillings a pair. But what are these prices compared to the sum, viz. eighty-three guineas, paid by Mr. Donovan for a single specimen of a bird, called the swift-foot (*Cursorius Isabellinus*). Of some rare species of shells, many hundred pounds are recorded to have been given for single specimens. J. H. F.

Temple.

The Public Journals.

THE NUN OF LANDISFERN.

YOUNG Linda sprang from a lofty line;
But though come of such high degree,
The meanest that knelt at St. Cuthbert's shrine
Was not so humble of heart as she—

Her soul was meek exceedingly.
She told her beads by the midnight lamp;
Forlorn she sat in the cloister damp;
The world and its vanities all forsaken;
For the veil and vows of a nun she had taken.

Soft were the visions from on high
That passed before her saintly eye;
Sweetly on her ravished ear
Fell the soul of music near—

Music more lovely than vesper hymn,
Or the strains of starry cherubim,
Or the witching tones of melody sent
From sweetest earthly instrument.

Her thoughts were radiant and sublime,
And ever arose to the heavenly clime;
Her aspirations sought the sky
Upon the wings of Piety.

For more divinely pure were they
Than morning of a summer day,
Or the snow-white cloud that sleeps upon
The palm-crowned top of Lebanon.

To visit this maiden of mortal birth,
An angel of heaven came down to earth.
He left the bright celestial dome,
His sweet and everlasting home,

Where choral cherubs on the wing
Of Love are ever wandering;
But the glorious regions of the sky
He floated, all unheeded, by;

Their splendours!—what were they to him
Who shone among the seraphim,
And saw the throne of God arise
Unveiled before his mystic eyes?

He sought the spot where the holy maid
In vestal snow-white was arrayed—
'Twas in the chapel dim and cold
Of Landisfern's black convent old.

Meek and solemn and demure
Was her saintly look—and pure
As the fountains of eternity
The glauce of heaven in her eye.

At the sacred altar kneeling,
Her aspect turned up to the ceiling.
She seemed, so pallid and so lone,
A form of monumental stone.

Each nun hath heard the convent-bell—
Each nun hath hied her to her cell;
And the Ladye-Abbess hath forsaken
Heavenly thoughts till she awaken:
Linda alone, with her glimmering lamp,
Will not forsake the chapel damp.

Rapt in delicious ecstasy,
Visions come athwart her eye;
Music on her ear doth fall
With a tone celestial;
And a thousand forms, by fancy bred,
Like halos, hover round her head.
But what doth Linda now behold
From that chapel, damp and cold?
She sees—she sees the angel bright
Descending through the fields of light;
For, although dark before, the sky
Was now lit up with a golden dye,
And wore a hue right heavenly.

"Do I slumber?" quoth the maid,
Of this vision half afraid—

"Do I slumber, do I dream?
Or art thou what thou dost seem—
One of that glorious choir who dwell
Round the throne of the Invisible,
Listening with heart-stricken awe
To the thunders of His law—

And now, in the light of loveliness,
Comest down the sons of men to bless?"

"Daughter of Earth!" the angel said,
"I am a spirit—thou a maid.
I dwell within a land divine;
But my thoughts are not more pure than thine.

Whilome, by the command of Heaven,
To me thy guardianship was given;
And if on earth thou couldst remain
Twice nine years without a stain,
Free from sin or sinful thought,
With a saintlike fervour fraught,

Thy inheritance should be
In the bowers of sanctitie,
Side by side, for ever with me.
Thou hast been pure as the morning air,

Pure as the downy gossamer—
Sinful thought had never part
In the chambers of thy heart—
Then, thy mansion-house of clay,
Linda, quit, and come away!"

Morning heard the convent-bell,
And each nun hath left her cell;
And to chapel all repair,
To say the holy matins there.

At the marble altar kneeling,
Eyes upraised unto the ceiling,
With the cross her hands between,
Saintly Linda's form was seen.

Death had left his pallid trace
On the fair lines of her face;
And her eye that wont to shine,
With a ray of light divine,

At the chant of matin hymn,
Now was curtained o'er and dim.
Pale as alabaster stone—
"Where hath sister Linda gone?"

Quoth the Ladye-Abbess, in solemn mood,
"She hath passed away to the land of the good;
For, though a child of mortal birth,
She was too holy, far, for earth."

Fraser's Magazine.

SKETCHES OF HUMAN FOLLY.

The Dead Alive.

ONE of the most extraordinary instances that have fallen within my notice, so far as concerns the general faith in the existence of spirits, and consequently in the possibility of the dead returning again to life, is the story of Johannes Cantius, which was related to Dr. Henry More by a Silesian physician, and the truth of which cannot be disputed. I do not, of course, mean to express my belief in the tale that Cantius after his death appeared again in his native town; it is certain, how-

ever, that his townsmen were violently agitated for some time by rumours to that effect, and that these rumours were credited to a great extent throughout the whole province of Silesia.

Cantius was one of the aldermen of the town of Pertach, and bore a high reputation for integrity and good sense. The Mayor sent for him one day to assist in settling a dispute which had taken place between some wagoners and a merchant of Pannonia. When the reference was brought to a conclusion, the Mayor invited Cantius to supper; the invitation was accepted. The supper, as usual in all mansion-houses, was excellent, and nobody enjoyed the feast more than Cantius, who frequently exclaimed, while he quaffed the Mayor's best Rhenish, "It is good to be merry while we may, for mischiefs grow up daily." Being obliged, however, to leave the party early, in consequence of a journey which he had to perform, he returned home, went to his stable, and ordered out one of his geldings. When the horse was led to the door, it appeared to have lost a shoe. Cantius lifted the leg of the animal to look at the hoof, when it gave him a violent kick in the stomach. He cried out immediately that he was a dead man, for that his interior was all on fire. He fell sick, and exhibited the greatest agony of mind, saying that his sins were so enormous that they could never be forgiven. This disclosure was so inconsistent with the general habits of his life, that no person could account for it, until by some means it was discovered, or suspected, that, with a view to secure his worldly interests, he had sold his soul to the Prince of Darkness. It was then remembered, that, though a prosperous man, his riches came to him very suddenly, and that a mysterious black cat was seen frequently in his company. The moment of his death was signalized by the commencement of an awful tempest, which raged at his funeral still more tremendously; but when he was buried, all was calm again, as if the earth had been relieved of the presence of some demon.

After he was buried, a rumour arose that a spirit was seen walking about on the premises of the late alderman. The report received "confirmation strong" from the watchman of the ward, who deposed that he heard unusual noises in the house, as if persons were within it, throwing the furniture and every thing else about in the most reckless manner. He added that the gates, which were carefully barred every night, were found wide open very early in the morning, although nobody was known to have withdrawn the bolts, or to have passed through the gates. The agitation of the scene extended even to the late worthy alderman's horses. They appeared in the morning covered all over with foam, as if they had been ridden vast distances

during the night, and yet it would appear, from the strange noises they made, that they had never been out of the stable. The dogs performed their part in the general incantation, for they kept the whole town awake, by barking and howling the night long in a most extraordinary manner.

A maid-servant of Pertach, who paid peculiar attention to the transactions that were going on, swore that she heard some person riding up and down the stairs on horseback, and galloping through the rooms. The house shook to its foundation, and she thought every moment that it would tumble about her ears. The windows were filled with flashes of a lurid light. The new master of the house, not knowing what to think of the matter, went out one morning to explore the adjacent territory; snow was on the ground, and he clearly traced upon it the impressions of feet, which were neither those of the horse, nor the cow, nor of any known animal. But the alarm of the town became indescribable, when it was ascertained that Cantius had been actually seen by several persons riding up and down in the courtyard of his *cidevant* domicile, and not only here, but also in the public streets, and along the neighbouring valleys and hills, with a terrific rapidity, as if he had been chased by some infernal huntsman. The ground flashed with fire as he fled on his courser over the rocks and ridges of the mountains.

At one time Cantius was seen wrestling with an unhappy Jew, and torturing him with the most wanton ferocity. At another, a wagoner reported that, as he was approaching the town, Cantius met him and vomited fire in his face. The person of the parish was every night rolled backward and forward in his bed by Cantius, who did not leave him until he was quite exhausted. The parson's wife was treated in the same manner by Cantius, who usually penetrated through the casement in the shape of a dwarf. A boy's lips were found pressed together in such a way that he could not open them again. This was the work of Cantius. At a certain hour of the night, the candles burned with a dismal blue flame. It was the sure token of the approach of Cantius. Bowls filled overnight with milk were found empty in the morning, or the milk was turned into blood; old men were discovered in their beds strangled; the water in the fountains was defiled; cows were already sucked dry when the milkmaid claimed her usual tribute; dogs were seen dead with their brains knocked out; and the poultry disappeared—all these extraordinary occurrences were the doings of Cantius.

In the shades of evening a head appeared looking out from the window of an old tower; suddenly it changed its form, and assumed that of a long staff, or a horrible

monster—it was Cantius. In short, so numerous were the shapes which this unquiet ghost assumed, and such was the terror which he excited among the good folks of Pertech, that travellers avoided the town, trade decayed, and the citizens were impoverished so much, that measures were at length taken for the purpose of ascertaining whether the alderman was dead or alive. Accordingly, a body of the people proceeded to open his grave; all his neighbours non-existent who had been buried before or after him, were found to have undergone the usual process of “dust to dust,” while the cuticle of Johannes was as soft and florid, and his limbs as supple, as if he had only just fallen asleep. A staff was put into his hand; he grasped it with the strength of a giant. His eyes opened and closed again. A vein in his leg was lanced, and blood issued from it in a copious stream. All this happened after Cantius had been reputed to have occupied his grave six months. An inquest was held on the body, for which there was a precedent in the case of a shoemaker of Breslaw; and the judges condemned the alderman to be burnt. But a difficulty still remained to be got over; for, with all the efforts they could make, they could not remove the body from the grave, it was so heavy. At length the citizens had the good luck to discover the horse which had killed Cantius; and, though the tug was tremendous, this animal succeeded in disinterring the remains. Another formidable obstacle to the absolute dissipation of the body remained to be conquered; it was placed over a fire, but it would not burn! It was then cut in small pieces, which were reduced to ashes, and the spirit of Cantius never appeared again! This is a very extraordinary story. But its preservation, and the minuteness with which it details so great a variety of circumstances, clearly show that, even if it had been wholly invented, it must have been, at all events, suited to the credulity of the age.

The Laughing Skull.

I have read many wonderful things about Ireland, in a strange, legendary account of that country I have met with; but the tradition of the Laughing Skull possesses a sort of horrible drollery altogether unequalled. It is said that a comic actor or minstrel, by name Clepsanus, once flourished in that island, who was the Laiton of his time; his face was such a farce in itself, that any person, no matter how much oppressed by the most agonizing grief at the moment, who looked at him, found it absolutely impossible to avoid laughing. Having fretted his hour upon the stage of this life, he made his exit, and was buried in the churchyard, where, in due course of time, all that was mortal of

him disappeared save his pericranium. The grave-digger, while making room in the same spot for a new claimant, shovelled up the skull of the minstrel, and without at all remembering to whom it had once belonged, placed it on a large stone that was on the surface of the earth. Some stragglers came into the churchyard, and happening to approach the said stone, they set up such a peal of laughter that the grave-digger was astonished. He looked about to ascertain the cause of their mirth, when his eye falling on that part of the caput, from which the mouth and tongue of Clepsanus had formerly set many an audience in a roar, he, too, yielded to the contagion, and laughed until he could dig no longer. The funeral train, for whose reception he had been preparing, next appeared, rending the air with that melancholy howl, which even yet may be heard in some parts of Ireland on such occasions. But as the procession advanced, and reached within view of the skull of Clepsanus, the notes were suddenly changed to shouts of irresistible merriment. The tradition adds, that this singular relic might be seen even within a century or two ago.

Sorcery, and Sacrifice of the Cock.

It is remarkable that the sacrifice of a cock seems to have been an indispensable part of the operations of enchantment in almost every part of the world. The charge of having made an offering of this description, was one of the accusations upon which the celebrated Galigai was condemned to the scaffold in France, in the early part of the seventeenth century. This unfortunate court favourite was born in the lowest ranks of society. Her mother was the nurse of Marie de Medicis; and when this princess went to France, in the year 1600, to marry Henry IV., Galigai, then the wife of an Italian named Concini, attended her as *femme de chambre*. She speedily acquired so great an ascendancy over the mind of the queen, that as Mezerai, the historiographer of France, informs us, she directed not only her Majesty's attachments, but also her antipathies. She certainly encouraged, if she did not generate, the misunderstanding which prevailed for several years between Henry and his consort. The jealousy of the latter was awakened by well-wrought tales of Galigai's invention; and so formidable even to the peace of the royal household were the intrigues of this woman, that the king adopted measures more than once for expelling her from the country. But these measures were uniformly defeated by the queen, who, under the able advice of her *confidante*, succeeded in compelling John de Medicis, the principal agent of the king on this occasion, to quit France altogether.

The death of Henry IV. (assassinated by

Ravillac,) placed not only the queen, but I may add the interests of the kingdom, entirely in the hands of Galigai. Her ambition knew no bounds. Her husband was raised to the dignity of Maréchal d'Ancre, and provided with a munificent income. Her apartments in the palace were soon crowded with courtiers of the first rank in the country. She had the insolence to shut her doors against them, whenever she chose to be relieved from their importunities. It was said that when she thus secreted herself, she was employed in incantations, the object of which was to preserve her influence over the queen, and to render it immutable. The young king, Louis XIII., was one day playing in his apartments, which were near those of the maréchal. Disturbed by the noise, she went and told him that he must desist; for that the noise gave her the *migraine*. Outraged by her audacity, the youth answered, that if his noises reached her chamber, Paris was large enough for her to choose another. This slight occurrence got bruited abroad, and conduced not a little to direct the tide of public opinion against both Galigai and her husband; they were hated by the king, the nobility, and the people.

Several persons, who evinced peculiar hostility to the two adventurers, died in a mysterious manner. Their deaths were publicly attributed to the contrivances of the maréchal, to which her magical powers enabled her to have recourse. Concini was assassinated by the direct orders of the king. She heard the intelligence without a tear—without even the slightest emotion. But when she was informed that his body was exhumed, and burnt as that of a convicted sorcerer, she trembled for the fate that impended over herself. She was ordered to the Bastille. Before she was removed from her apartments, they were plundered of every description of property which they contained,—her splendid furniture, her matchless caskets filled with jewels, and even of her wearing apparel,—under the pretence of searching for the instruments of her supernatural operations. She was obliged to appear before a commission specially appointed to try her. She was accused of being cognizant of the treason of Ravillac, and of assisting him to carry his designs into execution. But the principal charge against her was that of sorcery; and in proof of her guilt, certain letters were produced, which were written by her secretary, addressed to a Jewish physician named Montallo. It was deposed that after the arrival of this Italian Jew at Paris, the maréchal ceased to attend mass, and that she very frequently carried in her mouth small balls of wax, from which she divined whether her enemies were likely to die or live. It was further stated by her own coachman, that he had seen her sacrifice a cock in the

church at midnight; and the procureur-général cited several authorities from Hebrew books to show that this oblation was Jewish and pagan, and could have had no other object in view than that of contributing to the magical ceremonies practised by the prisoner. It appeared also in evidence, that the maréchale frequently expressed her repugnance to be looked at by particular persons because they enchanted her; and that she was known to have often consulted Isabel, a famous sorceress at Paris in those days. Amulets were produced which she admitted to have worn, according to the common practice of the age, as preservatives against the powers of darkness; and several Hebrew books, which were said to have been found in her cabinet, were brought forward as proofs of the illicit means which she had adopted, in order to enslave the mind of the queen. "My only sorcery," she nobly exclaimed, when interrogated on this point, "has been the power which a strong mind must always exercise over a weak one." She met her death with great firmness; the catastrophe was afterwards celebrated in a tragedy entitled, "The Foreign Magician."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

New Books.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR EGERTON BRYDGES BART.

(Continued from page 64.)

[ON retiring from his military occupation, in 1797, Sir Egerton gave himself up to literature, as far as distracted affairs would permit him. He compiled a new edition of Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum*, and collected *Memoirs of the Peers of James I.* He also wrote his novel of *Arthur Fitzalbin*, of which all the copies were instantly sold; and which gave great offence to some of his country neighbours, who supposed their characters alluded to. In 1792, Sir Egerton bought the old manor-house and estate of Denton. The former was a roomy, massy mansion, with a noble gallery over the first story, seventy feet long; and a hall about forty feet square. The character of its position is best described by the poet Gray, in one of his letters to Dr. Wharton. Sir Egerton found the mansion "gone much to ruin:" he repaired it, as may be imagined, expensively; indeed, it cost him 8,000*l*. Here he resided till the autumn of 1810, during the interval of eighteen years, taking up the amusement of agriculture on a large scale, without looking into his bailiff's accounts, or attending to the details of the management: corn and stock brought high prices, but Sir Egerton lost large sums of money by his farm: his thoughts were always on his books and airy visions: he tells us that "it

was a life of mingled pleasure and extreme anxiety." He loved "its quiet scenery, its solitude, its books, and literary occupations; but it would have required a gigantic strength, or obduracy of mind, to have suffered its interposing persecutions without the deepest disturbance of spirits;" and Sir Egerton confesses from experience, that among the most comfortless of human miseries, pecuniary embarrassment stands pre-eminent.

Sir Egerton married at the age of twenty-two—much too early—with inadequate income and no economy. He soon became involved; yet he had no personal expenses; he neither cared for dress, nor equipages, outdoor amusements, nor society; if he was left in quiet with his books and his pen, he was content. But he tells us that quiet was never his destiny. His mismanagement involved him in the meshes of debt; he lived in peril, and slept in fever and anxiety; he had many dull, brutal, and cruel neighbours: they did everything to traduce him, and in their society he felt as among a pack of hungry hounds, who would devour him. Yet Sir Egerton is revenged on his neighbours, many of whom were descended from high families: their spirit was gone, and nothing had descended to their successors, or their posterity: he rode away from them on his fiery blood-horse. He thus draws the picture of his own condition:—]

I lived at a vast expense without the smallest management: my household was numerous, though not for show; my butcher's weekly bill amounted to a sum that would appear incredible; and my horses ate up the produce of all my meadows and oat-fields, though those which I held in hand were numerous. In short, mine was a sort of "Castle Rack-rent," in which all was disorder, and all was waste, while those that plundered me most, and lived on me most, abused me most; and I then spent more in a week than I now spend in three months. Confusion grew upon confusion; and every day it became a more tremendous task to look into things. This was exactly what my neighbours enjoyed. They saw me live at a vast expense without comfort, or that vain ostentation on which they valued themselves, and which they kept up at a fourth of the cost which was exhausting me, and diminishing that strength which they envied and hated.

I had a good collection of biographical, genealogical, and historical works, as far as concerned England, and I was well conversant with their contents. I combined, compared, and criticized. Sometimes I rose early, and worked late: no sorrows or cares lessened my avidity for reading, though they often paralyzed my power of composition. I had a feverish curiosity for new publications; and my booksellers, Messrs. Longman,

had the goodness to supply them most abundantly,—and, I must add, a great part gratuitously. At that time a new book was like wine to me, and produced a temporary delirium of oblivion. Then my enthusiasms were all awakened, in defiance of earthly oppressions. I had a noble room for my library, and beautiful scenery around me. Before me rose a hill skirted with wood; and behind, another hill more precipitous, at the foot of which the mansion stood, and over the brow of which was placed the dear old seat in which I was born; to the east ran those meadows of emerald green, of which Gray the poet speaks in his letters.

I had a large family of children, and saw but little company, except my own alliances,—visiting my mother at Canterbury once a week, and sometimes oftener.

[Of his correspondence, Sir Egerton tells us:—]

In 1807, I received a beautiful letter from Mr. Southey, giving a character of John Bampfylde, which I had mislaid for more than twenty years, but lately recovered. I also corresponded with Hayley, Capel Lofft, Dunster, Archdeacon Wrangham, Gillies, Gilchrist, Lodge, Park, Dibdin, Pennington, Abbott, Sir Walter Scott, Bliss, Davenport, Blakeway, and many others. It was, I think, in 1806, that I undertook to give a new edition of Collins's Peerage, which was not published till July, 1812, in nine volumes, thick 8vo; and at this time also I began the *Censura Literaria*, which was carried on to ten volumes; this was followed by the *British Bibliographer*, four volumes; and *Restituta*, four volumes, which last ended in 1816; so that I was engaged ten years in the conduct of a monthly periodical, which, it is admitted, has revived much curious matter of our old literature, then buried in scarce books. There was not much mind in all this; it was principally manual labour.

[In 1806 or 1807, Sir Egerton became a candidate to represent Dover; but there was no opening for him. This leads him to speak of Cambridge and Pitt.]

I drank tea with Dr. Brown, the head of the college, and friend of Gray, the recollection of whom made me look upon this respectable and amiable survivor with veneration. The walls of the college were sacred to me on this account; and I thought I saw the spirit of the bard two or three times glide across my eyes. It was my nature

"To seek each haunt, and love each sacred shade,
By godlike poets venerable made!"

When about the year 1779, I visited Winchester School, and saw the name of *William Collins* written on the walls, it ran through my veins, and filled me with waking dreams for a day or two. In my own college of Queen's, Erasmus resided for some time, and I never entered the rooms he inhabited

without a delightful awe. We had scarce any poets at that time at Cambridge, unless Dr. Glyn of King's: poetry was never in fashion there even in Gray's time; nothing was valued but mathematics. Gray was neglected, and often even affronted at this University, and it is strange that he continued to live on there; but it had many conveniences for a single man of small income, and there was the attraction of rich libraries—and, above all, habit. Probably more stir in society would have brought out more fruits from a copious mind, which suffered its riches to expire within it. Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Spenser, Milton, Dryden—all led active lives. Byron was always in action. Indolence infallibly produces ennui and feebleness. What mind ever did so much as Burke's?—and all his days he was engaged in the bustle of public life.

Pitt derived nothing from the air of the place where Spenser studied and Gray passed a great part of his existence. He had no poetical ideas or feelings, and for this want many will say that he was the better statesman—an opinion which I cannot at all admit. If this theory be true, then Burke was a very bad statesman; and Clarendon, Somers, Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Fox, Chatham, Sheridan, Windham, and Canning, were also unfitted for such public services. Pitt did not see far enough, because he saw nothing by the blaze of imagination.

I was never introduced to Pitt: I saw him sometimes in the field, on hunting days, when he came down to Walmer. He seemed to delight in riding hard, with his chin in the air; but I believe had no skill as a sportsman—seeking merely exercise, and thinking, as Dryden says, that it was

"Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than see the doctor for his noxious draught."

[Sir Egerton calls attachment to the spot of his birth a "mischievous prejudice;" but, even after a residence of fifteen years on the Continent, he thus speaks of Denton:—]

I had many attractions and many enjoyments there. I had a spacious, ancient house, a noble gallery, a handsome library, emerald meadows, spreading woods, varied ground, wild walks, and healthy air. I had a small parish under my own patronage, and uninterfered with, and I had several adjoining manors. I have the four neighbouring churches still under my nomination—Denton, Wootton, Swingfield, and Kingston—altogether of the value of about 1,100*l.* a year. I was in a peninsular corner, surrounded by the sea from the South Foreland to the North Foreland, from Dungeness Point and Hythe to Margate, and Whitstable, and Herne Bay. It was a delightful variety of country and picturesque scenery; and the Cathedral of Canterbury, wherever its noble and graceful tower could be seen, formed a beautiful fea-

ture. I thought every day when I went to Canterbury, and passed in the valley the old rectory-house of Bishopsbourne, of humble Richard Hooker, and the mighty mind that produced the *Ecclesiastical Polity*. My father used to tell me to read that book as an example of a nervous, pure, and masterly style. Once, and only once, my father spoke to me in terms of literary encouragement; it was the last summer of his life; we were going for a ride: on some occasion he dropped the words "*your genius*," and they have ever since hung like a charm upon my ear. He was a stern-minded man, a severe reasoner, and a man of business, but grave and unimaginative. I never saw him take up, or heard him cite, a book of poetry or fiction.

In the early part of the precedent century the families of gentry in this neighbourhood produced many men who made their names known in the world by their literary attainments—as Sandys, Digges, Cowper, Hammond, Harflete, Boys, Bargrave, Hales, &c., and Swift's ancestor was rector of Kingston, the next parish to Hooker's, Bishopsbourne. Dover produced Bishop White Kennet, and the ancestors of the very eminent Lord Chancellor Hardwicke; and at the adjoining parish of Westcliffe lived the ancestors of the historian of the "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*."

[The following is truly characteristic of Sir Egerton's restless, insatiate mind:—]

I lived on literature; but it was the eagerness of fever, and ended in ennui. I panted for new publications, and devoured them. I counted the days, the hours, and the very minutes, till the new parcel arrived; and the first place I frequented when I went to London was a bookseller's shop. I have not even yet entirely lost that curiosity; though all opportunity is so nearly shut to me, that I have almost subdued the rage. Indeed, I have no longer the pleasure in reading which I used to have.

[Sir Egerton's recollections of his neighbours are occasionally interesting.]

The rector of my parish was a dull man, in whom I could find no companionship;—a good sportsman, and a good rider;—sprung from a family who had long made themselves of some little local consequence by electioneering influence at Hythe, where they were of ancient gentilitical record, which came within the cognisance of the visitations of the heralds. He was about my own age, and I had been at school with him; but he never looked into a book and scarcely knew the title of one. He died early in 1827, aged 65. I knew an old clergyman at Dover of the name of Lyon—self-educated, uncouth, and in some respects almost illiterate; but a good sort of man—naturally ingenious, inquisitive, a good antiquary, and versed in some parts of science, especially electricity. He

published many things in a style which wanted polish and attraction, and was, I believe, little known in the world. Some of his letters may, I believe, be found in Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*.

[Sir Egerton, strangely enough, omits all mention of Mr. Lyon's history of Dover, in two quarto volumes.

Boys, the historian of Sandwich, Sir Egerton says, was cold and heavy in his manner, and had not the appearance of a man of the world; Hasted, the historian of Kent, was a little, mean-looking man, with a long face and a high nose; quick in his movements, and sharp in his manner: he had no imagination or sentiment; nor any extraordinary quality of the mind, except memory. John Duncombe, the translator of Horace, was neglected and uncouth in his person, and awkward in his manner; a long face, with only one eye, and a shambling figure; his pockets stuffed with pamphlets, &c.]

I was acquainted with Sir Brooke Boothby; he had too much the manners of a *petit-maitre*. I remember his giving a dinner at a hired house in Canterbury, at which I was present, where he had for that one party the whole walls of the room newly painted with designs of gaudy flowers, as floors are often chalked for dancing! I never saw his paternal house at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire; but I understand that it was whimsically fitted up. I believe Sir Brooke died at Boulogne, about 1823, at an advanced age.

[The reader will startle at Sir Egerton's opinion of Porson: it is about as mistaken as Sir Egerton's estimate of some of his own capabilities.]

I was once or twice in company with Porson at college. His gift was a surprising memory: he appeared to me a mere linguist, without any original powers of mind. He was vain, petulant, arrogant, overbearing, rough, and vulgar. He was a great Greek scholar; but this was a department which very few much cultivated, and in which, therefore he had few competitors. What are the extraordinary productions which he has left to posterity? Where is the proof that he has left of energetic sentiments, of deep sagacity, of powerful reasoning, or of high eloquence? Admit that he has shown acuteness in verbal criticism, and verbal emendation;—what is that? He was one of those men, whose eccentricities excited a false notice. The fame of his erudition dazzled and blinded the public.

[Here we must halt, though we feel that we have scarcely been prodigal enough. We may, therefore, return to these volumes; but it may not be so easy to find an epithet characteristic of their admixture of pleasant and unpleasant reading. We shall, however, be content with the first of these impressions.]

The Gatherer.

"Food for the Mind."—It is a curious fact that, within these four or five years, no less than four corn mills in the neighbourhood of Uxbridge, and several in the neighbourhood of Maidstone, have been turned into paper-mills. One would think that the poor souls had actually taken to eating the books.—*Cobbett*.

Absenteeism.—James I. issued proclamations to drive back all the gentry from London to their country seats. These proclamations, which may be found in Rushworth, are very curious, for they point out these absentees by name.

Origin of the Word Colony.—A colony is a body of people drawn from the mother country to inhabit some distant place. The word originally signified no more than a farm, i. e. the habitation of a peasant, *colonus*, (hence the word *clown*,) with the quantity of land sufficient for the support of his family. It is derived from the Latin word, *colo*, I till or cultivate; hence *colonus*, a husbandman, and *colonia*, a body of farmers sent to cultivate the ground in a distant country, and, by metonymy, the place itself. M. Vaillant has filled a volume in folio with medals struck by the several colonies, in honour of the emperors who founded them. The ordinary symbol they engraved on their medals was either an eagle, as when the veteran legions were distributed in the colonies; or a labourer holding a plough, drawn by a pair of oxen, as when the colony consisted of ordinary inhabitants. P. T. W.

Napoleon, Wellington, and Cuvier, were all born in 1769, a year remarkably fertile in the production of great men.

Genius, like pure piety, indulges in no extravagancies.

The Kemble Pipe.—An ancestor of John Kemble, a Catholic priest, suffered martyrdom at Hereford, in the seventeenth century. On his way to execution, he smoked his pipe and conversed with his friends; and, in that county it was long usual to call the last pipe that was smoked in a social company, a Kemble's pipe.

Nahum Tate, it will be remembered, mutilated Shakspeare's *King Lear*. Garrick made partial alterations on Tate's *Lear*. "He would not venture to re-introduce the *Fool*, which Nahum had banished, as if he had wished to have no other fool than himself concerned with the tragedy."—*Campbell's Life of Mrs. Siddons*.

The Mirror

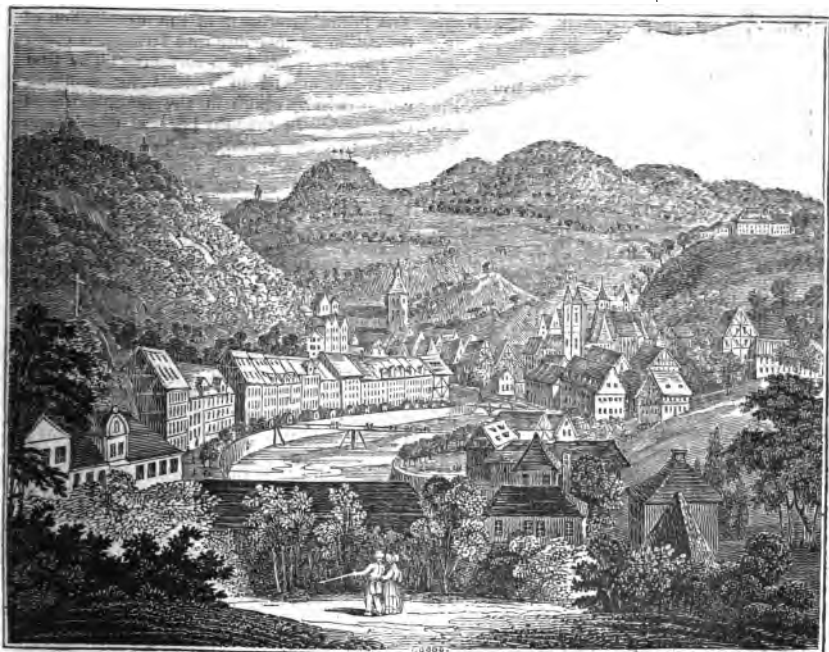
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CARLSBAD.

CARLSBAD is one of the most famous watering-places in the world; and has retained its celebrity through nearly five centuries. It is situated towards the northern verge of the kingdom of Bohemia, and the foot of a chain of metallic mountains called the Ertzeberg, in the Austrian dominions. The name of Carlsbad, signifying in German, Charles's Bath, is associated with the discovery of its warm springs. It is said that Charles IV. discovered them here, in 1358, during a chase. Peter Baier, his physician, directed him to use them, to obtain relief for a disorder of his foot. The application proved most effectual; and, in consequence, the emperor is related to have built a castle here, and houses gradually accumulated round it.

The situation of the town is very delightful, being in a deep, narrow valley of the

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river Tepel. It contains several public buildings, as the church, the Hôtel de Ville, the theatre, the Hall of Bohemia, and that of Saxony. The part called the Wiese, or the Meadow, is the most healthy and agreeable quarter of the town. It consists of a long range of houses, before which is an esplanade planted with fine chestnut trees, stretching even to the banks of the Tepel.

Carlsbad is most frequented in the months of June and July, when thousands resort here to drink the waters. The principal spring, called the Sprudel, discharges, with great velocity, about 325 cubic feet of water hourly, through a curious natural vault, or incrustation of stalactite; and it has a temperature of 165° of Fahrenheit. An esplanade and a fine saloon, built by M. Saldern, the Russian minister, serve as a promenade to

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those who drink the waters. The Neubrunnen, or New Spring, is not so warm as the former; but it has been in great request for several years. Here is a house built by the Empress Maria Theresa, the lower story of which contains very fine baths, and apartments for the bathers. The Schlossbrunnen, or Spring of the Castle, has been more recently discovered: it contains more fixed air than the rest, and has a temperature from 120° to 125° of Fahrenheit. The Kalte Sauesling is another excellent spring, which issues out of a rock of granite, and is covered with a stratum of fixed air, about five inches thick. According to a recent authority, the town has but 450 houses, with 2,510 inhabitants.

The waters of Carlsbad are used in a great variety of disorders, but particularly in dyspeptic complaints, obstructions, &c. They are of the class termed by Dr. Saunders, hot, saline, highly carbonated chalybeate; but they have only been of late years accurately analyzed, as we learn from the recent analysis of M. Berzelius, who has found many substances not hitherto suspected to exist in them. The following is the analysis:

Sulphate of Soda	- - -	2.58714
Carbonate of Soda	- - -	1.25200
Muriate of Soda	- - -	1.04893
Carbonate of Lime	- - -	0.21219
Fluate of Lime	- - -	0.00361
Phosphate of Lime	- - -	0.00019
Carbonate of Strontia	- - -	0.00097
Carbonate of Magnesia	- - -	0.18531
Phosphate of Alumina	- - -	0.00084
Carbonate of Iron	- - -	0.00424
Carbonate of Manganese	- - -	a trace
Silica	- - -	0.07540

5.46692*

Although the waters are the main attraction of Carlsbad, the place merits notice on other accounts. It has extensive works in tin and Damascus steel; and the arms fabricated here are celebrated all over Europe. Here is likewise a considerable trade in garnets, which are found of great beauty in Bohemia. They chiefly occur in clay, mingled with mica. Women wash the clay to find the garnets, which are sifted and arranged according to size, and sold by the pound weight, from about three to ten shillings. Many workmen are employed in cutting and piercing them, for necklaces and other ornaments: they are polished in facets, with emery, on a piece of freestone and pierced with a small diamond. This branch of commerce is of great antiquity at Carlsbad, where several mills are occupied in cutting and polishing garnets only.

Carlsbad is also known on account of the *Congress of Carlsbad*, the last act of which was closed in 1820, and then made a law of the German Confederation. Its avowed ob-

ject was to preserve the safety and internal order of Germany. This was to be effected by rigorous police commissions, the crushing of political societies, the censorship of the press, and the stemming of "dangerous theories every day becoming more and more widely spread," &c.

COTTON MANUFACTURE.

THE following account of the introduction of the cotton manufacture into Ireland, is given in *Hardy's Northern Tourist*:—"The first water-mill erected in Ireland for spinning cotton-twist was built in the neighbourhood of Belfast. In the year 1771, at which time there was not a single cotton loom in the whole north of Ireland, the late Robert Joy conceived the scheme of introducing into this then desponding kingdom the cotton manufacture, which has proved a source of industry and consequent opulence to the sister country. Having, in conjunction with Thomas M'Cabe, suggested that the spinning of cotton yarn might, as an introductory step to the establishment of the manufacture, be at once a fit and profitable employment for the children in the Belfast poor-house, several of them were set to work on the common wheel; but the various machinery in England giving that country so great a superiority, it was found that no benefit could be gained without the introduction of it here. A spinning machine was, therefore, made in Belfast, under the direction of Mr. N. Grimshaw, cotton and linen printer, from England, who had some time before settled in this country. And shortly after an experienced spinner was brought over by Mr. Joy, from Scotland, to instruct the children in the poor-house. Also, under the same direction, and at the expense of the gentleman mentioned, a carding machine was erected at Mr. Grimshaw's, to go by water, which was afterwards removed to the poor-house, and wrought by hand. A firm was now formed of the original projectors and others, under the names of Joy, M'Cabe, and M'Cracken, who contracted with the same charitable institution for the employment of a number of its children, as well as for the use of its vacant rooms. They also dispatched a skilful mechanic to England, who, at personal risk and considerable expense, procured a minute knowledge of the most improved machinery there, which the proprietors and inventors wished to have kept secret from this as well as foreign countries. But so far from confining their hopes of gain to themselves, these gentlemen encouraged the public to avail itself of their improvements. They exposed their machinery to open view, permitted numbers, even from distant parts, to be taught in their apartments, without any charge for such indulgence, and promoted

* Annales de Chimie et de Physique, xxi. 248.

the progress of the manufacture of cottons, dimities, and Marseilles quilting, equally by example and instruction. These exertions were in time followed, on an enlarged scale, by Messrs. Nathaniel Wilson and Nicholas Grimshaw. To the talents, property, and adventurous spirit of the former of these gentlemen, and to the practical knowledge, genius, and industry of the latter, this country stands very highly indebted. The first mill for spinning twist by water in Ireland was built by them in the year 1784, from which year the Irish cotton manufactures were considered as firmly established. In the year 1800, only twenty-three years from the origin of the enterprise by Joy and McCabe, it appeared in the evidence before Parliament, that the cotton manufacture that they had thus introduced, gave employment to 13,500 working people, and, including all manner of persons occupied in various ways, to 37,000, within a circuit of only ten miles, but comprehending within its bounds the towns of Belfast and Lisburn. In less than ten years from their first introduction into the country, several thousand looms were employed in the manufacture of cotton in the towns of Belfast, Lisburn, and Hillsborough; at present there are eight very large cotton mills in Belfast and its immediate vicinity, and seven others in different neighbouring towns; and although difficult to estimate the number of hands engaged in these mills, it is calculated that those in and about Belfast give employment to 30,000 individuals." W. G. C.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

PRÆHISTORICAL AND MÆDIEVAL FUNERAL RITES AND CEREMONIES.

THE early history of this country, like that of all other nations, is unavoidably merged in obscurity and fable; a natural consequence, resulting from the extreme lapse and manifold changes of time; from the inability of the early inhabitants in expressing their ideas by written characters; and even after their introduction, to that peculiar tenet of the Druidical theology, of not allowing their religious ceremonies and histories to be delivered otherwise than by oral recital. The latter was for the purpose of increasing the sanctity and veneration of their order; a circumstance which Cæsar, in his *Bel. Gal.* l. 6, particularly notices: "*Id mihi, duabus de causis, instituisse videtur, quod neque in vulgum disciplinam efferrî velint, neque eos qui discant, literis confisos, minus memoriæ studere; i. e. "They appear to me, to have established this custom, for two reasons; because they would not have their secrets divulged, and because they would not have their disciples depend on written documents, and neglect the exercise of memory."* To these causes must be ascribed the silence of

history; and it is only from a passage here and there, in some of the earlier writers, coupled with those occasional facts which present themselves to our notice, that we can possibly arrive at any conclusion respecting the customs of our ancestors.

It is necessary, in order to elucidate our subject, to revert to the time of the aborigines of this island; and no where is a finer field presented to the notice of the antiquarian, than in the county of Dorset, abounding, as it does, with the remains of the Cimmerii,* and their immediate successors, the Belgæ.

The range of hills which extend along the southern coast of Dorset, are so stored with these remains, that the most inattentive observer cannot fail having his attention drawn to them. This ridge was the undoubted ancient British trackway extending from the Danmonii to the Cantii. Here "many a green hill rises, with mossy stones and rustling grass," which convey a sure and silent tale of by-gone years; it is from these alone that we are enabled to gain some knowledge of the funeral ceremonies of the above people; such of these tumuli as have been opened, having, (with few exceptions,) been formed for funeral purposes,† and proving the great prevalence of cremation.‡

A tumulus was opened some four or five years since in the parish of Hilton, Dorset, in which several cists formed with flints, were found, which were filled exclusively with burnt bones and charcoal. This might be taken as a good specimen of the earliest period of barrow interment. The next we come to, are those in which the remains are contained in urns, or, more plainly speaking, urns; a class of barrows embracing a considerable period of time, as is plainly indicated by the great and distinct difference in the qualities of the urns which have been exhumed from them. A gradual improvement is easily and clearly traced, commencing with the earliest, which are merely dried in the sun, of the coarsest materials, and rudest form; to those of a later period, which are much better shaped, and often ornamented with a chevron border.

We now come to the last interments in barrows, as illustrative of the subject: such are those, in which other substances are

* Cimmerii, Cymri, or perhaps, more correctly, Gomerii; as Gomer, the son of Japhet, was the undoubted founder of this great north-western family.

† We find barrows for funeral purposes mentioned by Herodotus, and many others of the classical authors.

‡ "Belinus, (the brother of Brennus,) sometime king of this land, builded a haven, with a gate over the same, within the city of Troynovant, (London,) which place is now called Belinsgate; in the toppe whereof was sett a vessell of brasse, in the which were put the ashes of his bodye; which, after his decease, was burnt, as the manner of burninge in those days did require. Severus' body was also burnt, and the ashes, placed in a golden urn, were carried to Rome."—*Hearne's Curious Discourses.*

found in conjunction with the ashes. Two of these have within a short period been opened in this county; one, on the trackway before noticed, (in the parish of Broad Mayne,) which was singular as regards its contents. The description I received of it from a person who assisted at its removal, was nearly as follows:

The barrow was of a large size; on removing the crown, at a few feet under the surface, six skeletons were observed, placed horizontally, which had not undergone the process of cremation; upon removing more soil, a regular, laid stratum of flints, (upwards of thirty cart-loads,) became visible, and immediately underneath were urns, to the number of six or seven, promiscuously placed, with the mouths uppermost, and flat stones on the top of several. Whether from exposure to the atmosphere, or, (what is more probable,) from the carelessness of the persons employed, (for it appears there was no one present, who was at all interested in preserving these venerable relics,) they were all completely destroyed. The whole of the fragments being removed, the bed of the barrow was exposed on a level with the surface of the ground; here several large, flat stones were presented to view, which, on being removed, were found to cover a vault, five feet in length, two in breadth, and about five in depth; in this were the remains of a skeleton, and numerous pieces of metal, but in such small fragments as to prevent any conclusion being drawn as to their use. It cannot be sufficiently regretted that no one was present to rescue these very interesting relics from destruction; as this tumulus appears to me to have been second only in interest, to the celebrated "Deverel Barrow" of Miles.

In a barrow opened near Piddle Town, fragments of iron were found with the remains, and a hollow cone of brass, about six inches diameter at the base; this was undoubtedly part of the helmet of the chieftain there interred. A passage from the bard of Cona, (Ossian,) is so apposite to the subject, as to require no apology for its introduction:

"I took a stone from the stream, amidst the songs of bards. Beneath I placed, at intervals, three bosses from the shields of foes; Toscar laid a dagger in earth, a mail of sounding steel: we raised the mould around the stone, and bade it speak to other years."

In a barrow which was opened on Monckton Down, during the last summer, a portion of the horn of the red deer was found, in addition to the urn, thus "speaking to other years," and showing it to be the resting-place of some chief devoted to the chase.

From tumuli and numerous other relics of "the olden time" being generally found on elevated situations, we may naturally conclude, that in the primæval ages, the hills alone were, comparatively speaking, inha-

bited; the lowlands being, (as was the case on the continent of Europe, and is to this day in a considerable portion of America,) one wide extent of forest and morass.

The Mayne barrow was, I am fully persuaded, the place of interment of a particular clan; the chief of which, being entombed in the vault below, probably consecrated the spot, so that out of veneration to him the clan used it as the resting-place of their superiors. The bodies on the top of this tumulus were, probably, the remains of those who had fallen in some of the engagements which must have taken place between the Celtæ, and their invaders, the Belgæ; or at some subsequent period.

We possess no authentic account of the ceremonies observed, although we have every reason to believe that the Druids and Bards were the principal actors in these ceremonies: the former to perform the mystic rites of their religion, and the bards to recite the warlike achievements of the departed hero, and chant funeral dirges over his remains; as their souls were not believed to be in a state of rest, until after the performance of this office. Each clan had its respective bards, who sang the praises of their patron, at their feasts, and attended them in battle; they also performed the office of heralds, and their persons were considered sacred.

A contempt of death was one of the tenets of Druidism, as was also a belief in a future state; so that they oftentimes deferred settling their mundane affairs till they met in the next world. Pomponius Mela tells us that they also, on that account, often cast valuables into the fire with the body.

Tumuli are occasionally found containing unburnt remains. These might have been interred after some hostile affray, when time sufficient could not have been allowed for the observance of the usual ceremonies; or they might be Saxon barrows, as Olaus Wormius, (than whom there can be no better authority,) says that the Saxons, prior to their invasion of this kingdom, had abolished the system of cremation, and urn-burial. Still, we cannot find that they ceased to construct tumuli: indeed, it is proved that so late as the tenth century, Harold, King of Denmark, erected a tumulus to the honour of his father Gormo.

Arthur Agarde, Esq., one of the earliest members of the Antiquarian Society, in speaking of interments in barrows, says: "I have by tradition heard, that when any notable captain died in battle or campe, the souldyers used to take his bodye, and to sett him on his feet uprighte, and put his lance or pyke into his hand; and then his fellow souldyers did by travell, everye man bringe so much earthe and laye aboute him, as should cover him, and mount up to cover the toppe of his pyke."*

* Hearne's Curious Discourses.

We are not to suppose that interments were exclusively confined to tumuli; but that it was considered as an honorary mode of sepulture, and, as such, granted to particular families, and those who had deserved well of their respective clans, for their prowess in the field of battle or chase. In fact, this opinion appears strengthened, if we but take into consideration the number of tumuli, in comparison with the probable population of the country.

(To be continued.)

THE KINGS OF ARAGON.

ARAGON is one of the largest provinces of Spain; yet, it is, at the same time, one of the least populous, and the least susceptible of improvement. It was anciently an important kingdom; and in the preamble to one of its ancient laws, it is declared, that "such was the barrenness of the country, and the poverty of the inhabitants, that were it not on account of the liberties by which they were distinguished from those of other nations, the people would abandon it, and go in quest of a settlement to some more settled region." This circumstance renders some inquiry into the nature of these advantages a subject of retrospective interest; since the evidence of a people being attached to an unproductive country for the excellence of its laws is, by no means, a common position in historical record.

The origin of the kingdom of Aragon, Mr. Hallam thinks, might be contemporaneous with the Moorish conquests. "On both sides of the Pyrenees dwelt an aboriginal people, the last to undergo the yoke, and who had never acquired the language of Rome." After passing from the dominion of the Romans to that of the Goths, in 470, the province fell into the power of the Moors, in 714, and was one of the last which was freed from them; the inhabitants only escaping by parties, and at different times. A small district within it, was the first place where the Christians re-established their power. The people are characterized as hardy mountaineers, but we know little of them in the dark period which elapsed under the Gothic dynasty. Charlemagne, in his conquest of Spain—the first war in which that great warrior ever engaged with the sole view to conquest—met with stout resistance here; for we find these people cutting off the rear-guard of the Emperor at Roncesvalles.*

* On this defeat, almost all the annalists are silent, as if fearful of tarnishing the fame of Charlemagne by its record. It is vividly described by Mr. James, in his valuable *History of Charlemagne*, a work which has received all the commendation that we foresaw it would receive, when noticing its publication, in our twentieth volume. After enumerating the means of ambush and concealment, as immense and trackless woods, mountain torrents, rugged precipices, and a thousand difficulties, Mr. James says: "Mounted on heavy horses, and loaded with a com-

and subsequently maintaining their independence. "The tower of Jaca," says Mr. Hallam, "situated among long, narrow valleys that intersect the southern ridges of the Pyrenees, was the capital of a little, free state, which afterwards expanded into the monarchy of Aragon."† Such was the germ of this afterwards important kingdom.

We pass over the details of the history of Aragon, to come to its *Constitution*. "Perhaps, in no European monarchy, except our own," says Mr. Hallam, "was the form of government more interesting than in Aragon, as a fortunate temperament of law and justice with the royal authority." It was originally "a kind of regal aristocracy, where a small number of powerful barons elected their sovereign on every vacancy, though, as usual, in other countries out of one family; and considered him as little more than the chief of their confederacy. These were the *ricoshombrs* or barons, the first order of the state. The form of election supposed to have been used by these bold barons, is well known: 'We, who are as good as you, choose you for our king and lord, provided that you observe our laws and privileges; but if not, not.'" Mr. Hallam does not much believe the authenticity of this form of words;

plete armour of iron, the soldiers of Charlemagne returned from their victorious expedition into Spain, and entered the gorge of the Pyrenees, without even dreaming that an enemy beset their footsteps. The monarch himself, with the first division of his host, was suffered to pass unmolested; but when the second body of the Franks, following leisurely at a considerable distance, had entered the wild and narrow valley, called the *Roscida Vallis*, (now Roncesvalles,) the woods and mountains around them suddenly bristled into life, and they were attacked on all sides by the perfidious Gascons, whose light arms, distant arrows, and knowledge of the country, gave them every advantage over their opponents.

"In tumult and confusion, the Franks were driven down into the bottom of the pass, embarrassed both by their arms and baggage. The Gascons, (for Mr. James denies the participation of the Goths or Saracens in the victory,) pressed them on every point, and slaughtered them like a herd of deer, singling them out with their arrows from above, and rolling down the rocks upon their heads! Never wanting in courage, the Franks fought to the last man, and died unconquered. Rolando and his companions, after a thousand deeds of valour, were slain with the rest; and the Gascons, satiated with carnage, and rich in plunder, dispersed among the mountains, leaving Charlemagne to seek for immediate vengeance in vain.

"The battle must have been fierce and long, and the struggle great, though unequal; for during the lapse of many centuries, tradition has rung about the spot, and the memory of Rolando and his companions is consecrated in a thousand shapes throughout the country. Part of his armour has there given name to a flower; the stroke of his sword is shown upon the mountains; the tales and superstitions of the district are replete with his exploits and with his fame; and even had not Ariosto, on the slight basis which history affords, raised up the splendour of an immortal poem, and dedicated it to the name of Rolando, that name would still have been repeated through all the valleys of the Pyrenees, and ornamented with all the fictions of a thousand years."

† History of the Middle Ages, vol. ii. p. 4.

though it is sufficiently agreeable to the spirit of the old government.

Among these barons, the kings of Aragon, subsequently, as they extended their dominions, shared the conquered territory, in grants of honours on a feudal tenure; and hence the feudal system was fully established in the kingdom of Aragon.

A *ricos hombre* must hold of the king an honour or barony, capable of supporting more than three knights; and this he was bound to distribute among his vassals in military fiefs. Once in the year he might be summoned with his feudatories to serve the sovereign for two months, and to attend the royal court, or general assembly, as a counsellor, whenever called upon. In the towns and villages of his barony he might appoint bailiffs to administer justice, and receive penalties; but the higher criminal jurisdiction seems to have been reserved to the crown. The king could degrade these barons to mere tenants in chief; but this was not long tolerated by the high-spirited aristocracy.

Below these superior nobles were the *menadaries*, corresponding to our mere tenants in chief, holding estates not baronial immediately from the crown; and the military vassals of the high nobility, the knights and *infanzones*; a word which may be rendered by gentlemen. These were exempted from all taxes; they could only be tried by the royal judges for any crime; and offences committed against them were punished with additional severity. The ignoble classes were, as in other countries, the *burgesses* of towns, and the villeins, or peasantry. The peasantry seem to have been subject to territorial servitude, as in France and England. Vitalis says, that some villeins were originally so unprotected, that, as he expresses it, "they might be divided into pieces by the sword, among the sons of their masters;" till they were provoked to an insurrection, and established certain beneficial privileges.

"Though from the twelfth century, the principle of hereditary succession to the throne superseded in Aragon, the original right of choosing a sovereign within the royal family, it was still founded upon one more sacred and fundamental, that of compact. No king of Aragon was entitled to assume that name, until he had taken a coronation oath, administered by the judiciary at Saragoza, (the capital,) to observe the laws and liberties of the realm."

We have already spoken of the barrenness of the country, and its thin population; and the treasury was proportionally ill stored. The kings were forced to go to Catalonia for money; and indeed, were little able to maintain expensive contests: yet they impoverished their people by war. A hearth-tax

having been imposed in 1404, it was found that there were 42,683 houses in Aragon, which would not give more than 200,000 inhabitants; and in 1429, the number of houses was diminished in consequence of war.

The Aragonese were long animated by a high spirit of freedom. After protracted contests with the crown, they compelled Peter III., in 1283, to grant a law, called the General Privilege, the Magna Charta of Aragon, and perhaps a more full and satisfactory basis of civil liberty than our own. It contains provisions against arbitrary tallages, spoliation of property, secret processes after the manner of the Inquisition in criminal charges, sentences of the judiciary without assent of the Cortes, appointment of Jews to judicial offices, trials of accused persons in places beyond the kingdom, the use of torture, except in charges of falsifying the coin, and the bribery of judges. These are claimed as the ancient liberties of their country.

"The concessions extorted by our ancestors from John, Edward III., and Henry I., were secured by the only guarantee those times could afford—the determination of the barons to enforce them by armed confederacies. These, except in the famous commission of twenty-five conservators of Magna Charta, in the last year of John, were certainly unwarranted by law. But the Aragonese established a positive right of maintaining their liberties by arms. This was contained in the Privilege of Union, granted by Alfonso III., in 1287; but which was afterwards so completely abolished, and even eradicated from the records of the kingdom; for Peter IV. cut to pieces with his sword the original instrument. Its precise words have never been recovered." It has been characterized as "the last voice of an almost expiring state, full of weight and dignity to chastise the presumption of kings. The Privilege is said to have consisted of two articles: 1. That in case of the king's proceeding forcibly against any member of the Union, without previous sentence of the judiciary, the rest should be absolved from their allegiance; 2. That he should hold Cortes every year in Saragoza.

The nobles, upon one occasion in a revolt against Peter IV., used a remarkable seal for all public instruments, representing the king sitting on his throne, with the confederates kneeling in a suppliant attitude around, to denote their loyalty and unwillingness to offend. But in the background, tents and lines of spears are discovered, as a hint of their resolution and ability to defend themselves. Mr. Hallam observes: "This respectful demeanour towards a sovereign against whom they were waging war, reminds us of the language held out by our Long Parliament, before the Presbyterian party was overthrown."

• Hallam.

But, in return for the Privilege, the Aragonese received many excellent laws for the security of the subject, the execution of which "became the duty of the judiciary, a civil magistrate, accustomed to legal rules, responsible for his actions, whose office and functions are the most pleasing feature in the constitutional history of Aragon." And Mr. Hallam thinks that the functions of this magistrate were not, in any essential respect, different from those of the chief-justice of England, divided, from the time of Edward I., among the judges of the King's Bench. The judiciary was always a knight, chosen from the second order of nobility, the barons not being liable to personal punishment. He administered the coronation oath to the king; and, in the Cortes of Aragon, the judiciary acted as a sort of royal commissioner, opening or proroguing the assembly by the king's direction. Still, the judiciary, at one period, possessed much more unlimited power than ought to be entrusted to any single magistrate. In this respect the office differed from our Court of King's Bench, which, besides its consisting of four co-ordinate judges, is checked by the appellate jurisdictions of the Exchequer Chamber, and the House of Lords, and, still more importantly, by the rights of juries.

In Aragon, no laws could be enacted, or repealed, nor any tax imposed, without the consent of the estates duly assembled. Upon any attack of their rights, the nobility and commons united for the preservation of their franchises; and, upon the whole, these privileges were more respected than in any other monarchy. The General Privilege, already mentioned, formed a sort of groundwork for this legislation, like the Great Charter in England. By a clause in this law, Cortes were to be held every year at Saragoza: they were renewed every two years, and the assembly was prorogued from time to time. The Cortes claimed a right to be consulted in all important deliberations of the executive power, in remonstrating against abuses of government, or in superintending the proper expenditure of public money. Provisions to secure these parliamentary privileges, and the civil liberties of the subject, will be found dispersed in the collection of Aragonese laws, which may be favourably compared with those in our own statute-book; and such was the similitude of the Aragonese to our own parliament, that Zurita tells us the Cortes were usually divided into two parties, Whigs and Tories.

The Cortes were formed of four estates: the prelates and commanders of military orders, who passed for ecclesiastics; the barons, or *ricoshombrés*; the equestrian order, or *infanzones*; and the deputies of royal towns. The two former had a right of appearing by proxy. During the interval of

the Cortes, a permanent commission chosen from them, sat to manage the public revenue, &c. Altogether, popular representation was more ancient in Aragon than in any other monarchy.

Yet, with all these advantages, Mr. Hallam does not represent the actual condition of society in Aragon as equally excellent with the constitutional laws. There were, certainly, fewer excesses of the royal prerogative than in any other kingdom; but the licentious habits of a feudal aristocracy prevailed very long. Private wars between two great families disturbed the peace of the whole nation, till nearly the close of the fifteenth century. In the records are the right of avenging injury by arms, the ceremony of solemn defiance of an enemy, and the barbarous usage of paying a composition to the kindred of a murdered man. The citizens of Saragoza were sometimes turbulent, and a refractory nobleman has often defied the ministers of justice. In fine, the internal condition of society was far more peaceable in other parts of Europe than in Aragon.

Twenty names figure in the historian's list of the Kings of Aragon, from Ramires, 1035, to Ferdinand II., 1481, by whose marriage with Isabella, and the death of John II., in 1479, the two ancient and rival kingdoms of Castile and Aragon were forever consolidated in the monarchy of Spain, of which Aragon then only became, as it continues to this day, a province.

At the distance of three centuries and a-half, it must be interesting for the English reader to trace the lineaments of his own glorious constitution in that of Aragon! How different the fates of the two have been, will furnish us with matter of reflection for many an hour, day, or year.

The natures of the Aragonese rulers were as various as their fortunes; and we find among their titles the Chaste, the Conqueror, the Beneficent, the Just, the Great. Some of them played "fantastic tricks:" for James I. was made a prisoner in his own palace without any communication, and kept in sight during twenty days.

These kings were buried at Saragoza, where, in the convent of the Jeronymytes, called Santa Engracia, are to be seen their escutcheons or tombs. They occupy one side of a cloister, amidst a mixture of ancient and modern ornaments, in freestone, marble, stucco, and plaster, and decorated with small marble columns, plain and twisted. It is a desolate building, of great irregularity, which arose from Charles I. (1516) having ordered this cloister to be built, pursuant to the particular request of Ferdinand, his grandfather; but the money falling short, the ruins of an old cloister were used. Here also is buried Jerome Blancas, the highly esteemed historiographer of Aragon, who has not even a



(Tombs of the Kings of Aragon.)

stone or inscription to indicate his resting-place: although he wrote volumes to commemorate the glories of ancient Aragon. What is this but ingratitude! in short, what is the whole scene in its crumbling decay, but a lesson upon the vanity of power and wealth; and, as the wind sighs through the prison-like windows, and beneath the cracking arches of this desolate place, we may meditate a motto for each of the regal escutcheons—"How can you say to me, then, I am a king!"

New Books.

LIFE OF MRS. SIDDONS. BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[WHAT a title-page—how full of promise—and, bating a pun, how full of performance. The life of the most splendid tragic actress of her own, or perhaps any other time, by one of the most accomplished poets of his own age. It accords with a remark that we have just read in the clever but wispish autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges—"do what a poet will, he must still be a poet; and

what constitutes much of the interest of poetical biography is an exemplification of these principles." Now, these are volumes of *poetical biography*, with golden touches of genius shining in every page. Mr. Campbell's biography—and above all, his criticisms are of this sterling character, and their brilliancy lights up every chapter.

Mr. Campbell has been assisted in his grateful task by some autograph recollections which Mrs. Siddons left to aid her biographer. This is not the least interesting portion of the "life," and, to speak familiarly, it *sets off* Mr. Campbell's own admirable writing, and his qualification for a biographer; whose duty is not merely to chronicle the dates and incidents of the career of his subject, but to supply his reader with the best inferences in cases of doubt, and generally to illustrate points of character. For a specimen, and to make ourselves better understood, we refer to a commentary passage upon Garrick's unexplained neglect of Mrs. Siddons, in suddenly declining her services. "It was," observes Mrs. Siddons, "a stunning and cruel blow, overwhelming all my ambitious hopes, and involving peril, even to the

subsistence of my helpless babe. It was very near destroying me. My blighted prospects indeed, induced a state of mind that preyed upon my health, and for a year and a half I was supposed to be hastening to a decline. For the sake of my poor children; however, I roused myself to shake off this despondency, and my endeavours were blest with success, in spite of the degradation I had suffered in being banished from Drury Lane, as a worthless candidate for fame and fortune." Then follow Mr. Campbell's remarks:—]

These sentences, which were penned by Mrs. Siddons in her advanced age, show that neither a long lifetime, nor most forgiving habits of mind, had effaced the poignant feelings which this transaction had inflicted on her; and those who knew her best will have the most implicit belief in her veracity. Her statement, however, I think, shows that Garrick behaved to her rather like a man of the world than with absolute treachery. One traces in his conduct more of that thoughtlessness which the French call *une heurouse légèreté*, than of any bad meaning. It is utterly improbable that he was ever jealous of her genius, or that he sought to keep it back from popularity, for fear of its eclipsing his own. At that time she had not risen (at least in the common opinion) to rivalry with players far inferior to Garrick. His culpability, in failing to keep his promise to Mrs. Siddons as to her engagement, cannot be very definitely measured. In leaving so complicated a concern as Drury Lane, he might be obliged to sacrifice his influence. For the fact of his having depreciated her talents to the managers, we have only the testimony of Sheridan, who probably found her mind irritated on the subject, and was a man much disposed to say to a beautiful woman whatever was likely to fall in with her prevailing mood. When Garrick ceased to be the manager of Drury Lane, he ceased to have the power of dictating engagements. Still it were to be wished that he had left the affair explained.

[We shall not attempt to trace Mrs. Siddons's biographical outline, already tolerably well known and recorded. We shall rather pass lightly over the volumes before us, and note such anecdotal and other passages as may recommend themselves by their novelty, or other aptitude. The following is, at least, a new telling, or reading:—]

Respecting Roger Kemble, Mrs. Siddons's father, I have not been able to make out any very interesting particulars. His wife alleged that he was an unparalleled *Falstaff*, but I know of no impartial testimony to the same effect. Ward disapproved of his daughter marrying an actor; and, when he found that her union with Kemble was inevitable, he was with difficulty persuaded to speak to

her. He then forgave her with all the bitterness of his heart, saying, "*Sarah, you have not disobeyed me: I told you never to marry an actor; and you have married a man who neither is nor ever can be an actor.*" This anecdote has been often mistold, and the same words inaccurately ascribed to Roger Kemble, on his daughter's marriage with Mr. Siddons.

I have not a doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Roger Kemble were anxious to prevent their children from becoming actors, and that they sought out other means of providing for them; but they made this attempt too late, that is, after their offspring had been accustomed to theatrical joyousness. For parents who are players themselves, it is hardly possible to keep their children from following the same life. The conversations—the readings—the books of the family—the learning of parts—the rehearsals at home—the gaiety diffused by the getting-up of comic characters before they are acted, and the imposing dignity of tragic characters—the company—everything, indeed, which the children of play-acting parents hear and see, has a tendency to make them more prone to the stage than to any other such plodding and drudging occupations as the most of them would be otherwise destined to pursue.

[These observations are highly discriminatory, and would show the biographer's fitness, even were his name not identified with the present work.

There is a pretty vignette of the house in which Mrs. Siddons was born—"The Shoulder of Mutton" public-house, at Brecon, and a few historical particulars of Brecon, and Sir Hugh Evans, that "remnant of Welsh flannel," who was curate of the priory of Brecon, temp. Elizabeth, stating Shakspeare's intimacy with the Prices of the Priory, and that from the above part of the country, the poet drew much of the machinery of his *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

This was furnished by a learned Cambrian to Mr. Campbell, who observes: "It is so delightful to identify anything appertaining to the poet of poets with the birth-place of our heroine, that I am fain to indulge a pleasing belief in the probability of what my correspondent says."]

In the memoranda which she has left me, (says Mr. Campbell,) Mrs. Siddons says nothing of her juvenile days: but I remember her telling an anecdote of her infancy, which strongly illustrated her confidence in the efficacy of prayer, or rather of the Prayer Book. One day, her mother had promised to take her out the following, to a pleasure party in the neighbourhood, and she was to wear a new pink dress, which became her exceedingly. But whether the party was to hold and the pink apparel to be worn, was to depend on the weather of to-morrow morning.

On going to bed, she took with her her Prayer Book, opened, as she supposed, at the prayer for fine weather, and she fell asleep with the book folded in her little arms. At daybreak she found that she had been holding the prayer for rain to her breast, and that the rain, as if Heaven had taken her at her word, was pelting at the windows. But she went to bed again, with the book opened at the right place, and she found the mistake quite remedied; for the morning was as pink and beautiful as the dress she was to wear.

[Mrs. Siddons's first appearance:—]

I am unable to state the exact date of Mrs. Siddons's first appearance on the stage, but it must have been very early; for the company was offended at her appearance of childhood, and was for some time shaken with uproar. The timid *debutante* was about to retire, when her mother, with characteristic decision, led her to the front of the stage, and made her repeat the fable of the "Boys and the Frogs," which not only appeased the audience, but produced thunders of applause. At thirteen, she was the heroine in several English operas, and sang very tolerably. In the *History of Worcester*, there is found the copy of a play-bill, dated Feb. 12, 1767, in which Mr. Roger Kemble announces his company of comedians, as playing at the King's Head, in that city; with a concert of music. The play was *Charles the First*, by an actor named Havard, indifferently written, and from its subject ill calculated for the universal sympathy of a British audience. The characters were thus cast: *James, Duke of Richmond*, by Mr. Siddons, who was now an actor in Kemble's company; *James, Duke of York*, by Master John Kemble, who was then about twelve years old. *The Young Princess*, by Miss Kemble, then approaching to fourteen; *Lady Fairfax*, by Mrs. Kemble. *Singing between the acts*, by Mr. Fowler and Miss Kemble. In the April following, Master John Kemble is announced as *Philidel*, in *King Arthur*, and Miss Kemble as *Ariel*, in the *Tempest*.

[Mr. Combe, the author of *Dr. Syntax's Adventures*, had nearly been Mrs. Siddons's reading preceptor. Mr. Campbell gives a long and entertaining note of Mr. Combe's history, in which it would appear that Combe lived twenty years in the King's Bench, and never quitted the prison, which was not the fact; for, we remember to have called on Mr. Combe, then living near New Bethlehem Hospital, (probably in the rules of the King's Bench,) in the year 1822, and not long before his death.* We proceed:—]

It was on Friday, the 29th of December,

* The object of our call was to obtain some few biographical particulars of Mr. Combe; but he churlishly refused our application, adding that he should write his own life, and leave it to the world. We are not aware that he did so.

1775, that Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance on the London boards, in the character of *Portia*, in the *Merchant of Venice*. She was announced merely as a young lady, whose performances had met with great applause. The part of *Portia* was manifestly too gay for Mrs. Siddons under the appalling ordeal of a first appearance in London. She played it to be sure many years afterwards with very fair success; but that was when her triumphs had given her strength. The nobleness of her form, and the energy of her acting made her appear constitutionally strong; but she was far from being so, and her nerves were of the most delicate texture. Her health could not *now* be very robust. She had thus to throw the first die for her fame in a sprightly and half-comic part, under disadvantages both physical and moral. The great obstacle to the early development of her powers, I have heard Mrs. Siddons declare, was timidity.

[A few pages onward, after relating Mrs. Siddons's failure in *Lady Anne*, Mr. Campbell adds:—]

Altogether, though this first failure of the greatest of actresses evinces nothing like positive or acute discernment in the public taste; and though the criticism which I have quoted was most heartlessly uncandid; yet I am not prepared to blame her audiences implicitly for wilful blindness to her merit. By her own confession, she was infirm in her health, and fearfully nervous. It is true she was the identical Mrs. Siddons who, a year afterwards, electrified the provincial theatres, and who, in 1782, eclipsed all rivalry whatsoever: but it does not follow that she was the identical actress. Her case adds but one to the many instances in the history of great actors and orators, of timidity obscuring the brightest powers at their outset; like chilling vapours awhile retarding the beauty of a day in spring. But the day of her fame, when it rose, well repaid her for the lateness of its rising, and its splendour more than atoned for its morning shade: indeed, it renders her history more interesting by the contrast.

[Garrick as certainly overlooked Mrs. Siddons's merits as Henderson recognised them: for, in 1776, the latter wrote to Palmer, of the Bath Theatre, to engage her. Palmer could not immediately do so, but he kept Henderson's advice in his mind.]

Early in the year 1777, Mrs. Siddons played at Manchester, and became there so celebrated that her fame brought her an invitation to York. By this time her range of characters was considerable, though it included none of the great females of Shakspeare. She excelled in *Euphrasia* (*The Grecian Daughter*), *Alicia* (*Jane Shore*), *Rosalind* (*As You Like It*), and *Matilda* (*in Douglas*). She was even acceptable as

Lady Townley. At Manchester, one of her most applauded characters was *Hamlet*, which she performed many years afterwards in Dublin, though she could never be prevailed upon to play it in London.

At York, she was engaged from Easter to Whitsuntide, in 1777; and, on the 15th of April, played the *Grecian Daughter*. Tate Wilkinson, who acted with her as *Evander*, says, in his memoirs, that though he saw in her every other requisite for great acting, he trembled for fear her wretched health should disable her from sustaining the fatigues of her duty. She had at York at first to encounter some disparagers, among whom, the leading critic of the place, a Mr. Swan, was the most noisy. But she had only performed a few times when all the Yorkists knelt at her shrine, and the swan himself waddled forward to bow his neck in admiration.

Palmer subsequently engaged Mrs. Siddons at Bath, where she consummated the reputation that brought her in triumph to the London boards. "I now made an engagement at Bath," she says, in her memoranda: "there my talents and industry were encouraged by the greatest indulgence, and, I may say, with some admiration. Tragedies, which had been almost banished, again resumed their proper interest; but still I had the mortification of being obliged to personate many subordinate characters in comedy, the first being, by contract, in the possession of another lady. To this I was obliged to submit, or to forfeit a part of my salary, which was only three pounds a week. Tragedies were now becoming more and more fashionable. This was favourable to my cast of powers; and, whilst I laboured hard, I began to earn a distinct and flattering reputation. Hard labour indeed it was; for, after the rehearsal at Bath, and on a Monday morning, I had to go and act at Bristol on the evening of the same day; and reaching Bath again, after a drive of twelve miles, I was obliged to represent some fatiguing part there on the Tuesday evening. Meantime, I was gaining private friends, as well as public favour; and my industry and perseverance were indefatigable. When I recollect all this labour of mind and body, I wonder that I had strength and courage to support it, interrupted as I was by the cares of a mother, and by the childish sports of my little ones, who were often most unwillingly hushed to silence, for interrupting their mother's studies.

"I remained at Bath," she continues, "about three years, during which time Mr. Henderson came there to act for a few nights. He was most kindly encouraging to me, and, on his return to London, spoke of me most favourably. I acted *Beatrice* with his *Benedick*, and he commended my efforts even in comedy. He was a fine actor, with no great

personal advantages, indeed; but he was the soul of feeling and intelligence."

Henderson's name has a right to a place in Mrs. Siddons's biography. Within a year after her expulsion from Drury Lane, he pronounced that "she was an actress who never had had an equal, nor would ever have a superior." He was the only great player of his time who did her early justice; and if we had nothing more than this to inscribe on his tomb, it would be no ignoble epitaph.

"In the summer of 1782," Mrs. Siddons thus continues her memoranda, "I received an invitation to re-visit Drury Lane. After my former dismissal from thence, it may be imagined that this was to me a triumphant moment. My good reception in London I cannot but partly attribute to the enthusiastic accounts of me which the amiable Duchess of Devonshire had brought thither, and spread before my arrival. I had the honour of her acquaintance during her visit at Bath, and her unqualified approbation at my performances."

Mrs. Siddons returned to Drury Lane Theatre in 1782, and may be said to have mounted with but a few steps to unrivalled possession of the tragic throne. The oldest praisers of the by-gone time scarcely pretended to have beheld or heard of her superior in acting, though they had seen the best actresses of the century, and had heard their fathers describe those of the age before.

(To be continued.)

Retrospective Gleanings.

THE FIRST INTRODUCTION OF YARMOUTH RED-HERRINGS INTO ROME.

THE following fine piece of humour, on the first introduction of the Yarmouth red-herring to the wondering citizens of Rome, is given by Nashe in his *Lenten Stuff*, a pamphlet printed in 1599, and since gathered into the *Harleian Miscellany*:—"A fisherman who lived in the nonage of Cedrick sand, had by accident discovered the mode of curing red-herrings; and our herring-smoker, having worn his monsters stale throughout England, spirted over seas to Rome, with a pedlar's pack of them, in the papal chair of Vigiliis, he that first instituted Saint's eves, or vigils to be fasted. By that time he had come thither he had but three left. Folding them in a diaper napkin, to the market-place of Rome he was so bold as to prefer them; and there, on a high stool, unbraced and unlaced them to any chapman's eye that would buy them. The Pope's caterer, casting a liquorish glance that way, asked what it was he had to sell? 'The King of Fishes,' he answered. 'The King of Fishes,' replied he; 'what is the price of them?' 'A hundred ducats,' he told him,—The caterer re-

turns to the Pope, and tells him of the wonder; the Pope chides his servant for not purchasing, and sends him back to buy at any cost. The red-herring is eventually bought for three hundred ducats. The King of Fishes is taken to the kitchen with great solemnity, and being cooked, it was not come within three chambers of the Pope, but he smelt it; and upon the smelling of it, inquiring what it should be that sent forth such a puissant perfume, the standers-by declared that it was the King of Fishes. 'I concealed no less,' said the Pope, 'for less than a king he would not be that had so strong a scent; and if his breath be so strong, what is he himself? Like a great king, like a strong king, I will use him; let him be carried back, and my cardinals shall fetch him in with dirge and procession, under my canopy!' Hereupon the whole college of scarlet cardinals bore in the King of Fishes; the bells were rung, the ordnance fired from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the King of Fishes stood uncovered!" W. G. C.

EXCESSIVE HEAT.

In the year 1808, in the open air, in the shade, and with a northern aspect, near St. James's Park, the thermometer rose between the 11th and the 18th days of July, to the following extraordinary heights:—

Monday, July 11	80°
Tuesday 12	88½°
Wednesday 13	94°
Thursday 14	91°
Friday 15	77°
Saturday 16	86°
Sunday 17	83°
Monday 18	84°

The greatest heat, it will be observed, was on Wednesday, when the thermometer, in various parts of London, rose, in the shade, to 95, 100, 101, and 103 degrees; and in the sun, in particular situations, from 120° and upwards, to 140°! The general height of the mercury in this country, about three o'clock on that day, was 93°, and from 91° to 93° was also the general height throughout England.* The heat was so oppressive that both the animal and vegetable parts of creation suffered greatly. Many labourers in husbandry, and other persons, perished by what in India would be called a stroke of the sun, in different parts of the kingdom; and numerous post and mail-coach horses fell dead on their respective stages. The leaves of the trees were shrivelled, as if in the last days of autumn; and many plants, &c. were completely withered and burnt up beneath the scorching rays. These heats were followed by violent tempests and storms of wind; and lumps of ice fell in different parts, so large that several sheep were killed

* The average heat of the West Indies is from 82 to 85 degrees.

by them. Towards the end of the month, the rains were very heavy and lasting; and were accompanied occasionally with thunder and lightning.—*Brayley's London and Middlesex.*

The Public Journals.

THE NEGRO IS FREE.

Imitated from Moore's sacred melody, "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea."

Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea,
Britannia hath triumphed, the Negro is free;
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His scourges and fetters, all clotted with blood,
Are wrenched from his grasp;—for the word was but spoken,
And fetters and scourges were sunk in the flood;
Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea,
Britannia hath triumphed, the Negro is free.
Hail to Britannia, fair Liberty's ale!
Her frown quailed the tyrant, the slave caught her smile;
Fly on the winds to tell Afric the story!
Say to the Mother of mourners, "Rejoice!"
Britannia went forth in her beauty, her glory,
And slaves sprang to men at the sound of her voice;
Praise to the God of our fathers;—'twas HE,
JEHOVAH, that triumphed, my Country, by THEE,
Sheffield.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

From the Morning Herald.

THE VISIONS OF FANCY.

From the German of Schiller.

O! wilt thou faithless take thy flight,
And, with thy joys and sorrows, leave me—
Depart with Fancy's radiant light,
Deaf to my prayers, of all bereave me?
Bright Morn of Life, with flowers bestrewn
Can naught arrest thy rapid motion?
In vain! thy waves are rushing down
Into Eternity's dark ocean.

Quenched are the cloudless suns that shone
With splendour on my youthful course,
Those rapturous thoughts for ever flown,
That swelled my heart with maddening force;
Fled, too, the sweet enchanting faith
In beings formed by Fancy's spell;
To dull Reality's cold breath
A prey their heavenly beauty fell.

As erst Pygmalion prayed and glowed,
The marble clasped in his embrace,
Till warmth and feeling gushing flowed
Into the statue's icy face—
So round fair Nature, filled with love,
My youthful arms I fondly wreathed,
Till in my breast she 'gan to move,
And on my heart responsive breathed.

In passion's flame, that brightly burned,
She, kindling into speech, took part;
My fervent kiss of love returned,
And heard the music of my heart.
Then lived for me the rose, the tree—
To me the silver fountain sang;
And senseless things, in sympathy,
Even of my life an echo rang.

How did my teeming heart, too vast
For its small cell, impatient bound
To tread life's scenes with eager haste
In word and deed, in form and sound!
How great this world had Fancy moulded,
While in the bud it lay unseen!
How little proved it when unfolded!—
This little, oh! how poor and mean!

The youth's eye lit with daring gleam,
 How sped he on in Life's career!
 Beguiled by hope's illusive beam,
 A stranger yet to care and fear.
 High as the blue heaven's palest star,
 He soared in visionary schemes—
 Naught was too high, and naught too far,
 For his winged Fancy's golden dreams.
 How boldly did he build on air!
 What could resist his prospering hand?
 How danced around Life's chariot fair,
 In proud array the ethereal band!
 Fortune, with diadem of gold—
 Love, whose delights no sorrow mars—
 Truth, with her sunbright robe unrolled,
 And Glory, with her crown of stars.

But ere the middle of the way,
 Alas! he lost the escort bright;
 They turned their faithless steps away,
 And in succession took to flight.
 Away swift-footed Fortune flew,
 The thirst for knowledge found no spring;
 And Doubt o'er Truth's effulgence threw
 A dark cloud from his sable wing.

I saw the sacred wreaths of Fame
 Round worthless brows profanely twined;
 Too soon young Love's expiring flame
 In dreary darkness left the mind.
 Lonelier and lonelier still it grew
 Upon life's bleak and rugged waste;
 On the dark path hope scarcely threw
 A glimmering ray to cheer my breast.

Of all the gay attendant throng,
 Who tarried fondly by my side?
 Who still consoles with angel tongue,
 And will till death with me abide?
 Friendship, 'tis thou! whose hand prepares
 A healing balm for every wound,
 And kindly life's sad burden shares—
 Thou, whom I early sought and found!

And thou! her mate in willing band,
 When calms the soul her siren voice,
 Stern Industry's unwearied hand,
 Which slowly forms, yet ne'er destroys;
 Which to creation's work sublime,
 Atom on atom only bears;
 Yet from the mighty debt of time,
 Strikes away minutes, hours, and years.

Fraser's Magazine.

INCIDENTS ON THE HUDSON.

M. CHABERT, the fire-eater, would have found New York uncomfortable. I would mention the height of the thermometer but for an aversion I have to figures. Broadway, at noon, had been known to *fry soles*.

I had fixed upon the first of August for my annual trip to Saratoga, and with a steam hut, a portmanteau, and a black boy, was huddled into the "rather-faster-than-lightning" steamer, "North America," with about seven hundred other people, like myself, just in time. Some hundred and fifty gentlemen and ladies, thirty seconds too late, stood "larding" the pine chips upon the pier, gazing after the vanishing boat through showers of perspiration. Away we "streaked" at the rate of twelve miles in the hour against the current, and by the time I had penetrated to the baggage-closet, and seated William Wilberforce upon my portmanteau, with orders not to stir for eleven hours and seven minutes, we were far up the

Hudson, opening into its hills and rocks, like a witches' party steaming through the Harz in a cauldron.

A North River steam-boat, as a Vermont boy would phrase it, is *another guess sort o' thing from a Britisher*. A coal-barge and an eight-oars on the Thames are scarce more dissimilar. Built for smooth water only, our river boats are long, shallow, and graceful, of the exquisite proportions of a pleasure yacht, and painted as brilliantly and fantastically as an Indian shell. With her bow just leaning up from the surface of the stream, her cut-water throwing off a curved and transparent sheet from either side, her white awnings, her magical speed, and the gay spectacle of a thousand well-dressed people on her open decks, I know nothing prettier than the vision that shoots by your door as you sit smoking in your leaf-darkened portico on the bold shore of the Hudson.

For the mass of the women, as far as satin slippers, hats, dresses, and gloves could go, a Frenchman might have fancied himself in the midst of a transplantation from the Boulevards. The slight figure and small feet of the race rather favour the resemblance, and a French milliner, who would probably come to America expecting to see bears and buffaloes prowling about the landing-place, would rub her eyes in New York, and imagine she was still in France, and had crossed perhaps only the broad part of the Seine.

The men were a more original study. Near me sat a Kentuckian on three chairs. He had been to the metropolis, evidently for the first time, and had "looked round sharp." In a fist like the end of the club of Hercules, was crushed a pair of French kid gloves, which, if they fulfilled to him a glove's destiny, would flatter "the rich man" that "the camel" might yet give him the required precedent. His hair had still the traces of having been astonished with curling tongs, and across his Atlantean breast was looped, in a complicated zig-zag, a chain that must have cost him a wilderness of racoon-skins. His coat was evidently the production of a Mississippi tailor, though of the finest English material; his shirt-bosom was ruffled like a swan with her feathers full spread, and a black silk cravat, tied in a kind of curse-me-if-I-care-sort-of-a-knot, flung out its ends like the arms of an Italian *improvisatore*.

In a retired corner, near the wheel, stood a group of Indians, as motionless by the hour together as figures carved in *rosso antico*. They had been on their melancholy annual visit to the now-cultivated shore of Connecticut, the burial-place, but forgotten and once wild home of their fathers. With the money given them by the romantic persons whose sympathies are yearly moved by these stern and poetical pilgrims, they had

taken a passage in the "fire-canoë," which would set them two hundred miles on their weary journey back to the prairies.

There were three foreigners on board, two of them companions, and one apparently alone. With their coats too small for them, their thick soled boots and sturdy figures, collarless cravats, and assumed unconsciousness of the presence of another living soul, they were recognisable at once as Englishmen.—Two Birmingham bagmen "sinking the shop," and a quiet gentleman on a tour of information.

The only other persons I particularly noted were a Southerner, probably the son of a planter from Alabama, and a beautiful girl, dressed in singularly bad taste, who seemed his sister. I knew the "specimen" well. The indolent attitude, the thin but powerfully-jointed frame, the prompt politeness, the air of superiority acquired from constant command over slaves, the mouth habitually flexible and looking eloquent even in silence, and the eye in which slept a volcano of violent passions, were the marks that showed him of a race that I had studied much, and preferred to all the many and distinct classes of my countrymen. His sister was of the slightest and most fragile figure, graceful as a fawn, but with no trace of the dancing-master's precepts in her motions, vivid in her attention to everything about her, and amused with all she saw; a copy of Lalla Rookh sticking from the pocket of her French apron, a number of gold chains hung outside her travelling habit and looped to her belt, and a glorious profusion of dark curls broken loose from her combs and floating unheeded over her shoulders.

Toward noon we rounded West Point, and shot suddenly into the over-shadowed gorge of the mountains, as if we were dashing into the vein of a silver mine, laid open and molten into a flowing river by a flash of lightning.

The solitary Englishman, who had been watching the southern beauty with the greatest apparent interest, had lounged over to her side of the boat, and, with the instinctive knowledge that women have of character, she had shrunk from the more obtrusive attempts of the Brummages to engage her in conversation, and had addressed some remark to him, which seemed to have advanced them at once to acquaintances of a year. They were admiring the stupendous scenery together a moment before the boat stopped for a passenger, off a small town above the point. As the wheels were checked there was a sudden splash in the water, and a cry of "A lady overboard!" I looked for the fair creature who had been standing before me, and she was gone. The boat was sweeping on, and as I darted to the railing I saw the gurgling eddy where something had

just gone down; and in the next minute the Kentuckian and the youngest of the Indians rushed together to the stern, and clearing the taffrail with tremendous leaps, dived side by side into the very centre of the foaming circle. The Englishman had coolly seized a rope, and, by the time they re-appeared, stood on the railing with a coil in his hand, and flung it with accurate calculation directly over them. With immoveably grave faces, and eyes blinded with water, the two divers rose, holding high between them—a large pine faggot! Shouts of laughter pealed from the boat, and the Kentuckian, discovering his error, gave the log an indignant fling behind, and, taking hold of the rope, lay quietly to be drawn in; while the Indian, disdaining assistance, darted through the wake of the boat with arrowy swiftness, and sprang up the side with the agility of a tiger-cat. The lady re-appeared from the cabin as they jumped dripping upon the deck; the Kentuckian shook himself, and sat down in the sun to dry; and the graceful and stern Indian, too proud even to put the wet hair away from his forehead, resumed his place and folded his arms, as indifferent and calm, save the suppressed heaving of his chest, as if he had never stirred from his stone-like posture.

An hour or two more brought us to the foot of the Catskills, and here the boat lay alongside the pier to discharge those of her passengers who were bound to the house on the mountain. A hundred or more moved to the gangway at the summons to get ready, and among them the Southerners and the Kentuckian. I had begun to feel an interest in our fair fellow-passenger, and I suddenly determined to join their party—a resolution which the Englishman seemed to come to at the same moment, and probably for the same reason.

We slept at the pretty village on the bank of the river, and the next day made the twelve hours' ascent through glen and forest our way skirted with the most gorgeous and odorant flowers, and turned aside and towered over by trees, whose hoary and moss-covered trunks would have stretched the conceptions of the "Savage Rosa."

Near the end of our journey, we stopped together on a jutting rock, to look back on the obstacles we had overcome. The view extended over forty or fifty miles of vale and mountain, and, with a half-shut eye, it looked, in its green and lavish foliage, like a near and unequal bed of verdure, while the distant Hudson crept through it like a half-hid satin riband, lost as if in clumps of moss among the broken banks of the Highlands. I was trying to fix the eye of my companion upon West Point, when a steamer, with its black funnel and retreating line of smoke, issued as if from the bosom of the hills into an open

break of the river. It was as small apparently as the white hand that pointed to it so rapturously.

"Oh!" said the half-breathless girl, "is it not like some fairy bark on an Eastern stream, with a spice lamp a light in its prow?"

"More like an old shoe afloat, with a cigar stuck in it," interrupted Kentucky.

As the sun began to kindle into a blaze of fire the tumultuous masses so peculiar to an American sky, turning every tree and rock to a lambent and rosy gold, we stood on the broad platform on which the house is built, braced even beyond weariness by the invigorating and rarified air of the mountain.

A mile or two back from the mountain-house, on nearly the same level, the gigantic forest suddenly sinks two or three hundred feet into the earth, forming a tremendous chasm, over which a bold stag might almost leap, and above which the rocks hang on either side with the most threatening and frowning grandeur. A mountain-stream creeps through the forest to the precipice, and leaps as suddenly over the precipice, as if, Arethusa-like, it fled into the earth from the pursuing steps of a Satyr. Thirty paces from its brink, you would never suspect, but for the hollow reverberation of the plunging stream, that anything but a dim and mazy wood was within a day's journey. It is visited as a great curiosity in scenery, under the name of Cauterkill Falls.

We were all on the spot by ten the next morning, after a fatiguing tramp through the forest; for the Kentuckian had rejected the offer of a guide, undertaking to bring us to it in a straight line by only the signs of the watercourse. The caprices of the little stream had misled him, however, and we arrived half dead with the fatigue of our cross marches. I sat down on the bald edge of the precipice, and suffered my more impatient companions to attempt the difficult and dizzy descent before me. The Kentuckian leapt from rock to rock, followed daringly by the Southerner; and the Englishman, thoroughly enamoured of the exquisite child of nature, who knew no reserve beyond her maidenly modesty, devoted himself to her assistance, and compelled her with anxious entreaties to descend more cautiously. I lay at my length as they proceeded, and with my head over the projecting edge of the most prominent crag, watched them in a giddy dream, half-stupified by the grandeur of the scene, half-interested in their motions.

They reached the bottom of the glen at last, and shouted to the two who had gone before, but they had followed the dark passage of the stream to find its vent, and were beyond sight or hearing.

After sitting a minute or two, the restless but over-fatigued girl rose to go nearer the fall, and I was remarking to myself the

sudden heaviness in her steps, when she staggered, and turning towards her companion, fell senseless into his arms. The closeness of the air below, combined with over-exertion, had been too much for her.

The small hut of an old man who served as a guide stood a little back from the glen, and I had rushed into it, and was on the first step of the descent with a flask of spirits, when a cry from the opposite crag, in the husky and choking scream of infuriated passion, suddenly arrested me. On the edge of the yawning chasm, gazing down into it with a livid and deathlike paleness, stood the Southerner. I mechanically followed his eye. His sister lay on her back upon a flat rock immediately below him, and over her knelt the Englishman, loosening the dress that pressed close upon her throat, and with his face so near to hers as to conceal it entirely from the view. I felt the brother's misapprehension at a glance, but my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth; for in the madness of his fury he stood stretching clear over the brink, and every instant I looked to see him plunge headlong. Before I could recover my breath, he started back, gazed wildly round, and seizing upon a huge fragment of rock, heaved it up with supernatural strength, and hurled it into the abyss. Giddy and sick with horror, I turned away and covered up my eyes. I felt assured he had dashed them to atoms.

The lion roar of the Kentuckian was the first sound that followed the thundering crash of the fragments.

"Halloo, youngster! What in tarnation are you arter? You've killed the gal, by gosh!"

The next moment I heard the loosened stones as he went plunging down into the glen, and hurrying after him with my restorative, I found the poor Englishman lying senseless on the rocks, and the fainting girl, escaped miraculously from harm, struggling slowly to her senses.

On examination, the new sufferer appeared only stunned by a small fragment which had struck him on the temple, and the Kentuckian, taking him up in his arms like a child, strode through the spray of the fall, and held his head under the descending torrent till he kicked lustily for his freedom. With a draught from the flask, the pale Alabamian was soon perfectly restored, and we stood on the rock together looking at each other like people who have survived an earthquake.

We climbed the ascent and found the brother lying with his face to the earth, beside himself with his conflicting feelings. The rough tongue of the Kentuckian, to whom I had explained the apparent cause of the rash act, soon cleared up the tempest, and he joined us presently, and walked back by his sister's side in silence.

We made ourselves into a party to pass

the remainder of the summer on the lakes, unwillingly letting off the Kentuckian, who was in a hurry to get back to propose himself for the Legislature.—*Somewhat abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

A Hint to Utilitarians.—Vulgar arguers will insist on utility; but the baker and the shoemaker are more useful in the ordinary sense, than the most splendid genius. Usefulness must be estimated by its dignity and refinement. By ordinary measure, a horse or cow may be more useful than an intellectual being, and a pig, perhaps, more useful still. The multiplication table is thus more useful than the greatest discoveries of Newton. Johnson thought so, I presume, when on his tour, the book which he carried in his pocket was Cocker's Arithmetic.—*Sir E. Brydges.*

An Apology.—Thomas Hull, the dramatist, was many years deputy-manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and valued himself on his address in making apologies to the public. During the riots of 1780, the mob pelted his house, in consequence of his having sent them out a barrel of small beer instead of porter. The deputy-manager appeared on the first floor, with his velvet cap, and after making three low bows, said: "Ladies and Gentlemen—Upon my honour I have sent to Gifford's brewhouse for some porter. In the mean time, I must humbly solicit your usual indulgence." This reminds us of another manager of the same theatre, (upon whom Hull's mantle has fallen,) offering that some other vocalist of the company should sing while Brāham was sent for.

In the rehearsal of the *Fatal Marriage*, at Drury Lane Theatre, young Henry Siddons observing his mother in the agonies of the dying scene, took the fiction for reality, and burst into a flood of tears.

Study of Mathematics.—It was not without reason that the Greeks bestowed on this study the title of *the learning*;^{*} it well deserves the highest encomiums. Languages may become obsolete; systems of philosophy may spring up, flourish, fade and be forgotten; even what we are apt to account facts in natural history, may, by future discoveries, be proved to be fictions; but the truths of mathematics are unchangeable and indisputable. Time cannot alter them, scepticism cannot obscure them; they "are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." It would be difficult to point out, in the whole compass of human knowledge, one portion which so much tends to the enlargement of the mind, and the discipline of its powers, as the study of mathematics. It produces a habit of patient

investigation, of calm and deliberate judgment; it accustoms the mind to distinguish between that which is true, and that which is false; it takes nothing for granted that can possibly be gainsayed; it ascends from truths simple and easy of apprehension—truths that no man in his senses will venture to impugn—to the highest range of human thought and human intellect; while every step in the passage is as firmly fixed as the eternal rocks. J. R.

Origin of the Diadem.—The diadem was originally a sort of ribbon or fillet, woven of silk, thread, or wool, more or less broad. It was tied round the temples and forehead; the two ends being knotted behind and let fall on the neck. It was usually white, and quite plain, though sometimes embroidered with gold, and set with pearls and precious stones. Pliny tells us, that Bacchus was the first inventor of the diadem. Athenæus assures us, that the *topers*, and good fellows, first made use of it, to preserve themselves from the fumes of wine, by tying it tight round their heads; and that it long afterwards came to be a royal ornament. Swift ascribes it to the *coblers*:

"A list the *coblers'* temples ties,
To keep the pain out of their eyes;
From whence 'tis plain the *diadem*,
That princes wear, derives from them."

Pompey was suspected of aspiring to the royalty, because of his wearing a white gaiter; this was no other than a ligature for an ulcer he had on his leg, but which the people mistook for a *diadem*; which even appears to have been worn on divers parts of the body. P. T. W.

No Doctor, no Death.—Inglis, in his account of the Channel Islands, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, &c., mentions that at Sark there is no doctor, and in the years 1816 and 1820, there was *not one death on the island*, containing a population of 500 persons; and that on an average of ten years the mortality is not quite one in a hundred.

Primitive Life.—The same author says, speaking of Alderney, that the mode of life amongst the natives is *primitive*; and afterwards states that in 1833, 8,049 gallons of spirits were retailed and consumed in the island, which is at the rate of nearly *thirty gallons* per annum to every upgrown male person! But it is only just to add, these *primitives* have neither cider nor beer, and spirit is the only liquor drunk in Alderney.

J. H. J.

NOTICE.

* * A letter lies at the Publisher's, for R., the writer of "The Two Friends."

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* *Maθēta*, the Greek word for mathematics.

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CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



THE CHOIR.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

AN engraving of this magnificent structure will be found in the eighth volume of this *Miscellany*: which illustration precludes the necessity of our describing the exterior of the building, or the circumstances connected with its erection. We shall, therefore, confine our descriptive remarks principally to the choir, or that portion represented on the annexed page.

The term, magnificent, is rather applicable to the interior than to the exterior of the cathedral. Originally, the organ divided the nave from the choir, but the instrument having been removed to a side gallery,* the perspective is of vast extent, and with its "high embowed" roof, has an effect of almost indescribable grandeur. This vista, or the length of the whole building, from east to west, is 514 feet, of which the choir occupies 180 feet. The breadth of the nave, with its side aisles, is 71 feet, and its height, 80 feet. It is lit by three-tier windows; the roof-tree springs from lofty clustered columns, and its ribs and bosses give it the appearance of everlasting strength and solidity. But the upward view from beneath the great central tower is of still greater sublimity: it is open to the height of 200 feet, and being lighted by tiers of windows, it has the effect of a gigantic lantern. The nave was built towards the close of the fourteenth century; for it appears that, in 1379, Archbishop Sudbury took down the old nave, proposing to rebuild it; but, in the following year, before he had laid one stone, he was murdered by Wat Tyler's rabble. The monks then undertook the work at their own charge, in which they were assisted by the succeeding archbishops, Courtney and Arundel, by the benefactions of the pious King Richard II., and the munificence of his nobles. It was thirty years in building, and is now firm and entire, in beautiful condition. The great middle tower, up which we look from the area of the nave, is called Bell Harry Steeple, from a small bell of that name at the top of it, the only one remaining there, said to have been brought from France by Henry VIII., and given by him to this church. This tower was rebuilt about the end of the reign of Edward IV., by Priors Selling and Goldstone; the latter caused two large arches, and a smaller one of stone, to be fixed underneath, from pillar to pillar, in the nave. These arches are beautifully pierced, and on them, as well as on the upper part of the inside tower, are the initial letters of his name, and office of prior; his shield being three gold stones, and his motto, "Non nobis, Domine," &c. Archbishop Warham's arms

are at the top of the stonework of the tower; he having, probably, been an embellishing benefactor to it. The archbishop's monument is near the entrance to the nave: it represents the deceased in pontificals, lying at full length, and has lately been restored. The nave is beautifully paved with Portland stone. The north cross aisle, at the upper end, is called the martyrdom, from Becket's murder having taken place in it. We should not omit the great window over the western entrance of the nave, which was made about the end of the reign of Richard II., or 1400. It differs from those in the upper part of the church, being mitred at the top, and very large, with abundance of compartments in stories or stages, with the king's arms, those of his first wife, and the figures of several saints; above are, or rather were, seven figures of our kings, with the name of each in black letters underneath.

The ascent from the nave to the choir is by a noble flight of steps. Here is a highly enriched stone screen, built by Prior Hen de Estry, in 1304. It is rich in flutings, pyramids, and canopied arches, in which stand six statues crowned; five hold globes in their hands, the sixth, holding the model of a church, is supposed to be King Ethelbert, and the figure next to him is probably his queen, Bertha. There were also originally, thirteen figures, representing Christ and his apostles, in the mitred niches which are round the arched doorway, and twelve mitred saints in the loft along the stone-work: but these were wantonly spoiled by the Puritans. After a lapse of five centuries, the screen become in a dilapidated condition, when the dean and chapter, with exemplary liberality, restored the whole structure, with the statues; and it now presents one of the finest specimens of florid pointwork in the kingdom.

The choir is of greater age than the nave. Archbishop Anselm, who rebuilt the whole church, or nearly so, after he succeeded Lanfranc, in the reign of William II., raised the choir with such splendour, that Malmesbury says "the like was not to be seen in England, in respect of the clear light of the glass windows, the beauty and comeliness of the marble pavement, and the curious painting of the roof;" after which the Prior Conrad perfected the choir, magnificently adorned it with curious pictures, inasmuch that, from its more than ordinary beauty, it gained the name of the glorious choir of Conrad. The above embellishment indicates some advancement in the pictorial art.

In the year 1174, or 20th Henry II., great part of the church was destroyed by fire; after which the prior and convent rebuilt the choir so as to surpass all former choirs, in beauty as well as size, and even to exceed the glorious work of Conrad; while its extent is, to this day, unequalled by that of any other

* The organ is placed out of sight, and the works communicate by pipes with the keys below, where the organist sits.

choir in England. The roof was not only considerably raised, but was arched over with stone; previous to which it was of timber: the capitals of the columns were sculptured, whereas they before were plain, and six more columns were added; and the building altogether was made to assume its present character, which is that of the Anglo-Norman style, with slightly pointed arches, and short, thick columns, of different forms. The monks had been occupied eight years in this work, when they could not proceed for want of money; but a papal bull was issued, providing that the offerings to the then newly murdered Becket, should be appropriated to the restoration of the cathedral. This encouraged the monks to set about a grander design, which was to pull down the eastern end of the church, with the small chapel of the Holy Trinity adjoining, and to erect upon a stately undercroft, a more sumptuous one in the place of it, equally lofty with the roof of the church, and making part of it. At the east end of this chapel, another smaller one was afterwards erected, since called Becket's Crown. Here stood the gorgeous shrine of Becket; and the pavement around the spot has been worn by the thousands of pilgrims who kneeled here in devotional fervour for his memory, and to enrich the church with their offerings.

These sources supplied the monks with funds till the Reformation, and the final suppression of the priory itself. About the year 1304, the whole choir was repaired and beautified; and the two wings, or cross aisles on each side of the middle tower, were, for the most part, rebuilt.

Within the choir, before the dissolution of the priory, the magnificence of the church was almost unparalleled. The stalls on each side were elaborately carved in oak, and richly ornamented. The chancel, or presbyterium, was hung with costly and gorgeous tapestry; and above this, upon a flight of steps, stood the high altar, overloaded with gold, silver, and jewels, insomuch that Erasmus tells us, we should think the richest monarchs were beggars in comparison with the abundance of silver and gold which belonged to it; to this the blaze of the numerous wax candles and torches, provided constantly for the celebration of divine service, added greatly. It need scarcely be added, that such wealth did not escape the plundering hand of the Reformation.

Again, in the rebellion of 1641, the church was sacked; the dean and canons were turned out of their stalls; a costly font just erected was pulled down, and sold by piecemeal; the brasses were torn from the gravestones, and even the very graves were opened and rifled. In 1660, the church was restored to the Dean and Chapter, who were obliged to expend 12,000*l.* to fit it for divine service.

The present choir is the most spacious in the kingdom; its length being 180 feet; breadth from column to column, 40 feet; from thence to the screen of the choir, 36 feet; vaulting, from the pavement, 71 feet. At the west end, or on each side of the foreground of the Engraving are the stalls of the Dean and Prebendaries. These were put up in 1734; and some of the finest work is said to have been cut by Gibbons. The Archbishop's throne, at the east end of the seats, on the south side, erected in 1706, was a benefaction of Archbishop Tennison; at the right hand adjoining to it, is the Archbishop's pew; both being in the chancel, just above the two steps which separate it from the rest of the choir. Below these steps, the pavement of the choir is of grey marble, in small squares, placed diamondwise; but above them, to the altar-rail, the floor is laid with large slabs, in appearance resembling fossil wood.

The ascent to the communion-table is by black marble steps. The altar-screen has not long been erected, from the design of Mr. Austen, with the approbation of the late Dean, Dr. Percy. It is of florid pointwork, and very beautiful, but not in harmony with the general style of the choir.

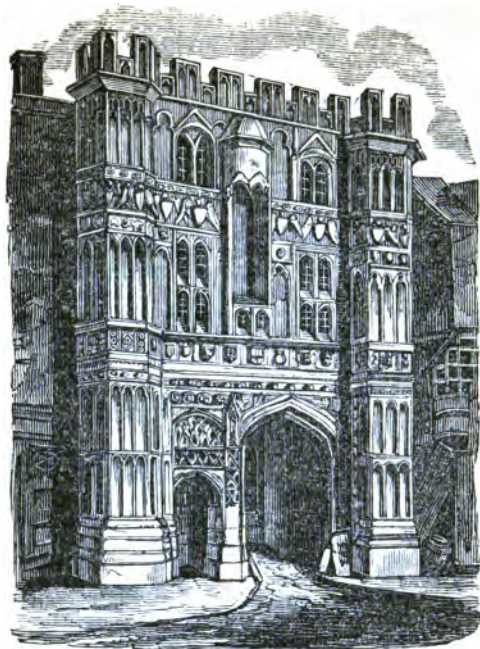
Through this screen is a good perspective across the Trinity Chapel to the east end of the church, terminated with the beautiful windows in Becket's Crown. The former altar-piece, carved and ornamented in blue and gold, forms the back part of the present one.

In the Trinity Chapel stands the patriarchal chair, in which the archbishops are enthroned. It consists of three slabs of grey marble paneled, the seat being solid. In this chapel also are, the shield and monument of Edward the Black Prince, the tombs of Henry IV. and his second wife, Queen Jane of Navarre, and those of Archbishop Courtney, and Cardinals Chatillon and Pole.

One of the most interesting portions of the whole cathedral is the undercroft, or crypt, over which the choir is raised. The columns have grotesque capitals, and the shafts are round or twisted. This part, extending eastward to the Trinity Chapel, is said to have been built by Lanfranc, and consequently to be the most ancient part of the cathedral.

Several thousand pounds have been expended within a few years, in cleaning and embellishing the interior of the cathedral; and some external repairs are in progress. The north-western tower is rebuilding, the first stone having been laid about two years since.

Christchurch Gate, the principal entrance to the cathedral precincts on the south side, is of enriched architectural character: although time has rounded its chiseled angles, and



(Christchurch Gate.)

invested its whole front with "hoar antiquity." Indeed, we have more than once halted before Christchurch Gate to witness this impressive effect—this verisimilitude of decay; for, in art, as in nature, objects wane into indistinctness with increasing age. But, in old buildings, such as that before us, the effect is highly picturesque; especially where age has blackened and whitened the front alternately, in disregard of the nicer details of the structure, if, perchance, they have not crumbled in the gradual wreck. Who has not observed many a corner-stone, rounded by a process of disintegration, in which the atmosphere has been the constant agent, until the substance resembled a piece of charred wood, checkered with white or greyish ash. In the case of Christchurch Gate, the porous nature of the stone has yielded an easy prey to these effects; but, here, as in many other monuments of past ages, the destroying hand of man has been at work; and, as though envious of the ingenuity of a preceding age, wiser and better than his own, he has, in the fury of a moment, destroyed the labours of months, nay, of years. Such destructive spirit, has, we shall see, aided in the defacement of the florid work in this enriched portal.

Christchurch Gate was built by Prior Goldstone, in the year 1517, as appears from an

inscription, now scarcely legible, which is continued along a cornice, crossing the whole gate above the large arch: the inscription is as follows: "*Hoc opus constructum est Anno Domini Millesimo Quingentesimo Decimo Septimo.*" The sculpture of this gate has been extremely elegant, and is still very interesting, though injured by time, and defaced through wantonness. The gates, which are of wood, are curiously carved, and, among other ornaments, display the arms of the see of Canterbury, and of Archbishop Juxon, in whose days they were set up, the former having been destroyed in the rebellion. The openings are a carriage and a footway arch. In the space over the latter are the arms of Prior Goldstone; and above, at the sides, the arms of the Prior of Christchurch, and of the see of Canterbury. In the compartments above the arches are various shields, displaying the cognizances of Henry VII., and the arms of some of the nobility and gentry of his time. Over these, in the centre, is a large canopied niche, in which stood a statue of Our Saviour. This statue is said to have been shot at, and destroyed, by the soldiers of the Parliamentary army. On each side of this, between smaller niches, are the windows, which open on the first floor, and above them is another compartment, sculptured with figures of half angels, sus-

taining shields. The windows of the second floor correspond with those of the first, and have small niches on each side; a range of lesser niches being continued along the whole length of the building, immediately below the battlements. The side towers are ornamented with arcades, having trefoil heads. The inner front of the gate, though less ornamented, is well deserving of attention.

PRIMROSE HILL.

THIS pleasant hill, the Londoner's delight, has also been called Green-Berry-Hill, from the names of the three persons who were executed for the supposed murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, and who are said to have brought him hither after he had been murdered near Somerset House. But Hume, while he considers this tragical affair as not to be accounted for, chooses, however, to suspect that that magistrate had murdered himself. Others have attributed this transaction "to one of the most mysterious parts of the machinations of the *Popish Plot*."

In a letter in relation to this affair published, London, 1681, the spot on which the corpse was found is thus described:—"As to the place, it was in a ditch on the south side of Primrose Hill, surrounded with divers closes, fenced in with high mounds and ditches; no road near, only some deep, dirty lanes, made for the conveniency of driving cows, and such like cattle, in and out of the grounds; and those very lanes not coming near 500 yards of the place."

The march of railways has now begun its operations near the base of this hill, and in a few years the rattling machine, with its bipeds and quadrupeds, will usurp this land, and dispossess the useful artisan of his rural walk: he will then look in vain for the green sward which cheered him after his daily or weekly toil, as also for the

"Pale primroses
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength." *Shakespeare.*

P. T. W.

Manners and Customs.

THE CIRCASSIANS.

[We quote these interesting traits from the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, where they occur in the abstract of a notice, drawn up by a German, who resided for eight years in Circassia; "a country," observes the writer, "as yet unknown to Europeans."]

The Circassians acknowledge a Supreme Being, a Mother of God, and several celestial powers of a secondary order, whom they call Apostles. They believe in the immortality of the soul, and that in a future state it is situated according to the deeds done in the body; but, little concerned at this prospect,

all their endeavours are directed to the acquisition of temporal benefits. The forests are their temples; and a cross placed before a tree consecrates an altar, before which they offer sacrifice. One of the elders of the community officiates as minister: standing by the side of the cross, habited in a mantle of *Bure* (a travelling cloak, commonly used by the Tartars and Circassians, in the manner of a *Dalmatique*), and bareheaded, he commences the ceremony by a propitiatory sacrifice.

The victim usually brought to him is a sheep or a goat; but on occasions of great solemnity it is an ox: he then takes a taper, which is at the foot of the altar, and burns a few hairs from the animal, at each place where it is to be struck; pours a little *bouza** on its head; and, after a short prayer of consecration, it is immolated. The head of the victim is sacred to the deity: they fix it on a pole at some distance from the altar. The skin belongs to the officiating priest who supplies the taper (the animal is purchased by the community jointly); and the remainder is dressed, during the service, for the repast of the assembly.

Several youths, for the most part slaves of the elder who officiates as priest, afford him their assistance. They stand behind him, with cups of *bouza* and slices of bread. As soon as the sacrifice is completed, the priest takes a piece of bread in one hand, and a cup in the other: he raises them towards heaven, and invokes the Supreme Being to be favourable to them: he blesses the two viands, and presents them to the eldest of the company, who eats them. The assistants supply him with another cup, and a fresh piece of bread; and he supplicates the Mother of God, repeating the same ceremonial as he presents them to another of the eldest persons present. It is thus continued, addressing a separate prayer to each of their Apostles, whom they thus reverence in succession. Before concluding the duty, the minister announces the day for holding the next festival, which he appoints at his discretion. It ought to take place once a week, either on Saturday, Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday; never on any other day.

He also proclaims articles which may have been lost or found; but the latter are seldom heard of. After this, the repast is spread: it consists, besides the animal sacrificed, of other meat brought by each family assisting at the ceremony, as well as *pasta*† and liquor.

If we attentively examine the nature of these ceremonies, we cannot mistake the diversity of their origin. In some, we perceive traces of an idolatrous people, who

* Liquor which is prepared by fermenting millet flour in water.

† *Pasta* is millet boiled to a paste: the common drink is *bouza*, but those tribes that have vines substitute wine, and even brandy.

sprinkled their altars with the blood of sacrifices; and in others we recognise a feeble imitation of the mysteries of Christianity, but which are so jumbled together as to have given birth to a new religion, a worthy production of ignorance.

Besides these weekly *fêtes*, the Circassians celebrate several others. That of Mercime, or the "Mother of God," is held in the month of September: it is not known why she is called "Mother of God," for her history has no connexion either with the title or the subject. Mercime is, simply, the *Patroness of Bees*. The Circassians say, that the thunder, in anger, exterminated the whole of these industrious insects; while Mercime concealed one in the sleeve of her chemise, which reproduced the species. Such is the fable; and all the homage paid to her consists in regaling, on her holiday, with meats and liquor prepared from honey. Towards the spring they keep the feast of their saint, Sozerise. The Circassians represent him to have been a great navigator, to whom the winds and waves were subject. He is particularly revered among those residing near the borders of the sea; and it is in the temples of those sacred woods nearest the coast that they recommend themselves to his protection. Each family preserves, for this holiday, a dry pear-tree, in the yard of its house, which no one touches but on this day. This tree is emblematical of Sozerise: it is plunged in water; it is bathed: they fix a new cheese to the highest branch; and they ornament the rest, in addition, with tapers collected from the company assembled. When the pear-tree is decorated in this manner, several persons take it up, to bring it into the house; and the remainder of the party wait for it before the door, to receive it, and compliment it upon its happy arrival. Its entry into the house is preceded by a sacrifice, and all the preparations for a great festival. They regale themselves, during three days, by praying to Sozerise, every now and then, to prevent the winds and waves from doing mischief. When this time has elapsed, they divide the cheese among the attendants; and return the tree to the same place, all the company attending it, and wishing it a happy voyage; and it is then left in its corner, till the following year.

Towards the end of October, they keep the Commemoration of the Dead. This periodical remembrance is separately performed by each family; and they recommend each of the deceased individually to the protection of their Saints, in order that they may not want for anything in the abodes of the departed.

A few days afterwards comes the Feast of Thunder: they return it thanks for the rain which it has procured, and for having refreshed and purified the air during the heats of summer. The thunder is much revered

by the Circassians, and they consider it as a distinguished favour of Heaven to be struck with a thunderbolt.

The new year, nearly at the same time as ours, and the resuming of the labours of the field which follows it, are also two holidays; but their most solemn feast-day is at Easter: the ceremonials which accompany it, and the time at which it is celebrated (at the latter end of March), cannot leave any doubt as to its origin.

The month of March is hardly commenced before they begin to abstain from eating eggs. They neither hire, nor lend, nor borrow, nor receive anything: they even do not take fire from a neighbour. The custom which requires each person to pass it at home, renders it very dull, by preventing the meeting of relations and friends, if they all celebrate it on the same day. For this reason each village chooses a different one. At break of day it is announced by the discharge of fire-arms. The neighbours then run, and assemble at the sacred wood, to commence the ceremony by the ordinary duties of religion. But on this occasion the number of victims immolated is in proportion to the number of the congregation, and the splendour of the feast: they add to it all the eggs saved during their Lent, that is, during all the month of March. The feast is terminated by firing at a mark, which is an egg; and the skins of the animals sacrificed are the prizes of skill. The next day it is recommenced in another village of the same canton.

The other Saints of the Circassians are Naokatash, Shuska, Telebs, Femish, and Mesite; and each has a day consecrated to him. It is only in the feasts and sacrifices that the Circassians eat meat; or on extraordinary occasions, when they have strangers residing with them. In the latter case, they diversify their cookery by a quantity of ragouts; but they use no other seasoning than salt, milk, honey, and pimenta.

Their meals are served in the same manner as those of the Turks, upon small round tables; and the dishes follow each other with tolerable rapidity. The stranger eats alone; and the master of the house with all his family, the females excepted, stand respectfully round the table. The guest does the honours of the table, by presenting first to one, and then to another, portions from what is set before him. The removes pass to the master of the house; from him again to his family; and what remains is given to the slaves: each table is thus disposed of. The women eat in a separate apartment; and they are ashamed if a man surprises them thus employed. Like the Turks, they use wooden spoons only, and their fingers supply the places of forks. Slaves attend with the requisites for washing before and after the

repast. They never sit down to table without invoking the name of God. Except on these occasions, the Circassians practise a rigid sobriety. They subsist only on boiled millet with a little salt. As soon as it is half boiled, they draw off the water, which they drink as broth; and the grain is constantly stirred with a spatula till it is of the consistence of a thick paste: it is then poured on a table to cool; and thus is produced the *pasta*, their common bread. They sometimes make it of wheat flour, especially for great solemnities, and religious ceremonies.

The Naturalist.

THE HONEY BEE.

[THE following sketch of honey-bees, and information concerning the culture of them, are extracted from the *Entomological Magazine*, a work in which it is to be hoped more matter of a popular kind like the present may find a place hereafter.]

Gentle Bee! bright example to mankind of industry, economy, concord, and obedience! what triumphs, what wonders, dost thou not achieve! It shall be our delightful task to talk of thee, to write of thee; and if we talk not, and write not, pleasantly, then, indeed, the fault is in ourselves, and not in thee. Sweet is the sound of thy mourning hum, attuned to music, when thou revelest on some gay bank of purple heather, visiting bell after bell in quest of their ambrosial essence, heaven-distilled! Sweet is the air around thee, air impregnated with the breath of flowers! Sweet is the joyous concert of feathered choristers above and about thee! Sweet is the memory of those few happy days when we have drunk freely of scenes like these, and basked in the early sunshine on some fragrant bed of thyme, "dazzled and drunk with beauty"—the beauty of nature.

Gentle reader! we will now give thee a few directions about thy bees; and these, not thrown together at random, but the result of much observation and experience. Select the site for thy colony with care; let not the wide and rapid river roll by it, nor the pool stagnate near it; these are often sources of great loss of life to bees, especially in windy weather; yet a gently murmuring brook, bubbling, in all its transparent purity, over flattened pebbles, may harmlessly meander through thy clovery meadows, or even through thy garden, stored, as it must be, with honey-distilling flowers. Let a high wall or a close hedge protect thy colony from the biting north wind; yet take care that it be not placed so as to hide the hives from thy view as thou art sitting in thy parlour, for thine eye should be continually upon thy

treasure, taking instant cognizance of anything that is amiss. Let each hive be placed on a stand, at least eight inches from the ground, and four feet from each other. Let the hives stand quite clear from the wall or hedge, so that thou mayest approach them readily from behind. Let no tree or house overshadow or drip on them. And, lastly, let no offensive smell or harsh noise trouble their quiet, for they enjoy quiet, and ease, and comfort.

Select, if possible, a county that abounds in lime-trees, furze, heath, clover, and thyme; let the bowers in thy garden be entwined and overshadowed with honeysuckle and jasmine; and cultivate, in abundance, borage, viper's-bugloss, mignonette, and sage.

A beehive consists, like this highly-favoured nation, of three estates, king, lords, and commons. The king of a bee-hive is, however, always a *queen*; here, only sometimes. The lords are useless, except as perpetuators of the kind, and are called *drones*; at the end of the season, instead of being allowed to riot on the riches of the commonwealth during the winter, they are all put to death in the most summary manner. The commons are called *worker bees*, or *neuters*.

The queen is slow and majestic in her movements, and differs from the workers in being larger, having a longer body, shorter wings, and a curved sting; she is accompanied by a guard of twelve workers, who are always on duty. In whatever direction she wishes to travel, these guards clear the way before her, always with the utmost courtesy, turning their faces towards her, and when she rests from her labours, approaching her in all humility, licking her face, mouth, and eyes, and fondling her with their antennæ. The principal engagement of the queen is the laying of eggs: she may be called the mother as well as the queen of the hive.

The drones are all males; they are less than the queen, but larger than the workers; they have no sting. The drones live on the fat of the land, and are wholly without use as members of the community, except as being the fathers of the future progeny: when this sole office is accomplished, the workers inform them very respectfully that they are no longer wanted; a buzzing and a bustle commence in the hive; the workers and the drones sally forth together, grapple each other in the air, hug and scuffle for a minute, during which the poisonous dagger of the workers is plunged into the side of the drones, who bow down their heads, gather their wings together, and gracefully drawing their wings as a gaudy mantle around them, hide their face from observation, and so die.

The workers are the smallest bees in the hive, and by far the most numerous; they have a longer lower lip for sucking honey

than either of the others; their thighs are furnished with a brush for the reception of the farina of flowers; and their sting is straight. The workers do the entire work of the community: they build the cells, guard the hive and the queen, collect and store the honey, elaborate wax, feed the young, and kill the drones. The respective number of individuals in a full hive are thus:—one queen, 2,000 drones, 20,000 workers.

The queen lays her eggs one in the bottom of each cell: the egg is long, slightly curved, and of a bluish colour; when laid, it is covered with a glutinous matter, which enables it to adhere to the bottom of the cell. For eleven months the queen lays only workers' eggs; after that, those which produce drones. As soon as this change has taken place, the workers begin to construct royal cells, in which, without discontinuing laying the drones' eggs, she deposits now and then, about once in three days, an egg which is destined to produce a queen. The workers' eggs hatch in a few days, and become little white maggots, which immediately open their mouths to be fed; this the workers attend to with the utmost assiduity. In six days the maggot fills up its cell; it is then roofed in by the workers, spins a silken cocoon and becomes a chrysalis, and on the twenty-first day it comes forth a perfect bee. The drones emerge on the twenty-fifth day, and the queens on the sixteenth.

As we have already stated, the queen for nearly a year lays no eggs that are destined to produce queens; it therefore follows, that if, during that period, any evil befall her, the hive is left without a queen: sometimes she dies, sometimes she wanders too near the mouth of the hive, falls out, and a bird devours her; sometimes she is taken away by the experimenting apiarian for the express purpose of watching the result. For twelve hours little notice is taken of the loss; it appears not to be known, and the workers labour as usual. After that period a hubbub commences, work is abandoned, the whole hive is in an uproar, the nation has lost its sovereign and feels the loss deeply; and every bee traverses the hive at random, with the most evident want of purpose. This state of anarchy sometimes continues for days; then the bees gather into knots, clusters of a dozen or so, as though engaged in consultation; shortly after a resolution seems to have been made: a few of the workers go to work at the cells in which are the eggs of workers; three of these cells are quickly broken into one, the edges polished, and the sides smoothed and rounded, a single egg being allowed to remain at the bottom. When this egg hatches, the maggot it produces is fed with a peculiarly nutritive food, called royal bee-bread, which is never given to any maggots but such as are to produce queens. Work is now

resumed over the whole hive, and goes on as briskly as before. On the sixteenth day the worker's egg produces a queen, whose appearance is hailed with every demonstration of delight, and who at once assumes sovereignty over the hive.

Gentle reader! in the course of thy earthly pilgrimage thou wilt meet with many things that may seem at the first glance rather unaccountable, and this is, perhaps, one of those things; but a calm inquiry will relieve our statement of all impossibility, at least; let us endeavour to explain it. There are, as we have set forth, three kinds of bees in a hive; but there are only two sexes, male and female. Drones are the males; queens and workers are the females, the workers being for the most part abortive. That the workers are females is amply proved by their possessing a sting, and various other anatomical similarities, besides the circumstance of their occasionally laying eggs; and, therefore, in the wonderful instance before us, the change is to be attributed solely to the difference of food* and care bestowed on the maggot by the workers.

Let us pause an instant, and look at this fact in another light; and let us recollect that if each maggot were supplied with a sufficiency of food, and that food sufficiently nutritious, then every female would be a queen. How then would the labour of the hive proceed? there would be no cells, no honey stored for the winter, and the whole community would consequently perish. It is as remarkable, indeed it is more remarkable, that so large a proportion should thus be stinted in their growth, purposely that they might never be encumbered with the cares of maternity, but their whole attention fixed on other matters, than that a maggot well supplied with wholesome nutriment should arrive at that perfect development which is the characteristic of its sex.

When, under ordinary circumstances, a young queen emerges from the chrysalis, the old one frequently leaves the hive, heading the first swarm for the season, and, flying to some neighbouring resting-place, is observed by the apiator, captured, placed under a new hive, and a new colony is immediately commenced. Before a swarm leaves the hive, sure indications are given of the intended movement; the workers leave their various occupations, and collect in groups, especially near the door of the hive, as though in consultation on the important event about to take place.

As the summer advances, many queens are hatched; but the workers do not allow them instant liberty, as severe battles would instantly take place between them and the reigning queen, in which one would be

* It is a question whether the change be owing to food or to a surgical operation.—J. H. F.

killed. The workers, therefore, merely make a small hole in the ceiling of the royal cell, through which the captive queen thrusts her tongue, and receives supplies of food from the attentive workers. In this state of confinement, the queens utter a low, querulous sound, which has been compared to singing. When the reigning or any other queen that has gained her liberty, finds one of these captives, she uses every effort to tear open the cell and destroy her rival. To prevent this, the workers often interpose, pulling her away by the legs and wings. To this she submits but a short time, when, uttering a peculiar cry, called her voice of sovereignty, she commands instant attention and obedience, and is at once freed from her assailants.

[Those who recollect the advice Virgil has given us concerning our bee-hives, (*Georgics* iv.,) will have discovered in the course of their perusal of the above interesting article that many of the instructions it contains respecting the culture of bees have been taken from that source. J. H. F.]



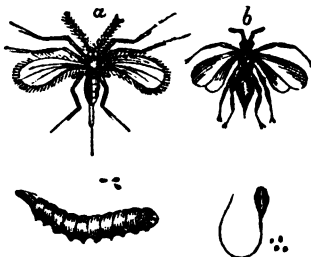
REMARKABLE SPRUCE FIR.

This curious tree, a beautiful specimen of the black American spruce, was flourishing about five years since in the wood of Braco Castle, Perthshire. It was then about forty years old: from its side shoots a number of young trees had sprung up of different altitudes around the mother plant. The circumference had regularly and gradually extended; and fresh roots struck root, and grew perpendicularly all around the original plant. The cut gives some idea of its singular appearance, and is taken from the *Magazine of Natural*

History. It may be proper to add that a natural seedling from this tree, standing not far distant from the mother plant, apparently about twelve years of age, was also in its turn surrounded by a numerous and healthy rising family.

WHEAT INSECTS.

The following facts are especially interesting at the present season. They illustrate the



means which Nature employs to restrain the most diminutive insects within bounds, and prove them to be the very same as she employs to keep within bounds whales of sixty feet long, viz. providing other species to prey upon them. The law of mutual destruction pervades the whole animal, and is found in the vegetable, creation. There are three other flies which seem to depend upon the wheat flies for their subsistence. One of these, the *Tipula*, or *Cecidomyia*, *tritici*, (see the cut *a*,) hovers around the ear in the evening; while another very minute fly, the *Ichneumon inserens*, (*b*,) is found round the ear all the day. These last flies appear of great self-denial and curious fancy; for they only lay an egg beside an egg of the wheat fly, which is hatched along with it, devours it, and saves the wheat. The most abundant species of these ichneumons, or flies of prey, positively lays its egg in the very body of the yellow maggot, while it is feeding busily. It has a long hollow rod, projected at pleasure from its tail, which it thrusts at pleasure into the body of the worm, and down which it then sends one egg from its body, which egg is hatched within the body of the maggot, and consumes it.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*.

Spirit of Discovery.

DEATH OF RICHARD LANDER.

[ONE of the companions of our unfortunate countryman at the period of his assassination has returned home; and we have now the melancholy satisfaction of stating the particulars of that mournful event as collected from an eye-witness, and a party to the contest. It is a saddening tale, but one in

which the public must feel a deep interest.—*Ed. Literary Gazette.*]

Richard Lander and his associates entered the Brass River, and began ascending it in excellent spirits. With them were two or three negro musicians; who, when the labours of the day were over, cheered their countrymen with their instruments, at the sound of which they danced and sang in company, while the few Englishmen belonging to the party amused themselves with angling on the banks of the stream, in which, though not very expert, they were tolerably successful. In this pleasing manner, stemming a strong current by day, and resting from their toil at night, Richard Lander and his little band, totally unapprehensive of danger, and unprepared to overcome or meet it, proceeded slowly up the Niger. At some distance from its mouth, and on his way thither, they met King Jacket, a relative of King Boy, and one of the heartless and sullen chiefs who rules over a large tract of marshy country on the banks of the Brass River. This individual was hailed by our travellers, and a present of tobacco and rum was offered him; he accepted it with a murmur of dissatisfaction, and his eyes sparkled with malignity as he said in his own language—"White man will never reach Eboe this time." This sentence was immediately interpreted to Lander by a native of the country, a boy, who afterwards bled to death from a wound in the knee; but Lander made light of the matter, and attributed Jacket's prophecy, for so it proved, to the petulance and malice of his disposition. Soon, however, he discovered his error, but it was too late to correct it, or evade the danger which threatened him. On ascending as far inland as sixty or seventy miles, the English approached an island, and their progress in the larger canoe was effectually obstructed by the shallowness of the stream. Amongst the trees and underwood which grew on this island, and on both banks of the river in its vicinity, large ambuscades of the natives had previously been formed; and shortly after the principal canoe had grounded, its unfortunate crew, busily occupied in endeavouring to heave it into deeper water, were saluted with irregular, but heavy and continued discharges of musketry. So great was Lander's confidence in the sincerity and good will of the natives, that he could not at first believe that the destructive fire, by which he was literally surrounded, was anything more than a mode of salutation they had adopted in honour of his arrival! But the Kroomen who had leaped into the boat, and who fell wounded by his side, convinced him of his mistake, and plainly discovered to him the fearful nature of the peril into which he had fallen so unexpectedly, and the difficulty he would experience in extricating himself from it. Encouraging

his comrades with his voice and gestures, the traveller prepared to defend himself to the last; and a loud and simultaneous shout from his little party assured him that they shared his feelings, and would follow his example. Meanwhile, several of the savages having come out from their concealment, were brought down by the shots of the English; but Lander, whilst stooping to pick up a cartridge from the bottom of the canoe, was struck near the hip by a musket-ball. The shock made him stagger, but he did not fall; and he continued cheering on his men. Soon finding, however, his ammunition expended, himself seriously wounded, the courage of his Kroomen beginning to droop, and the firing of his assailants, instead of diminishing, become more general than ever, he resolved to attempt getting into the smaller canoe, afloat at a short distance, as the only remaining chance of preserving a single life. For this purpose, abandoning their property, the survivors threw themselves into the stream, and with much difficulty, for the strength of the current was incredible, most of them succeeded in accomplishing their object. No sooner was this observed by the men in ambush, than they started up and rushed out with wild and hideous yells; canoes that had been hidden behind the luxuriant foliage which overhung the river, were, in an instant, pushed out into the middle of the current, and pursued the fugitives with surprising velocity; while numbers of people, with savage antics and furious gesticulation, ran and danced along the beach, uttering loud and startling cries. The Kroomen maintained, on this occasion, the good reputation which their countrymen have deservedly acquired; their lives depended on their energy and skill, and they impelled their slender bark through the water with unrivalled swiftness. The pursuit was kept up for four hours; and poor Lander, without ammunition or any defensive weapons whatever, was exposed to the straggling fire, as well as the insulting mockery of his pursuers. One incident which occurred in the flight deserves to be recorded. A white man named T—, completely overpowered by his fears, refused to fire on the savages who were within a paddle's length of him, but stood up in the canoe with a loaded musket in his hand, beseeching them, by his gestures, to take him prisoner rather than deprive him of his life. While in the act of making this dastardly appeal, a musket-ball from the enemy entered his mouth, and killed him on the spot. The others behaved with the greatest coolness and intrepidity. The fugitives gained on their pursuers; and when they found the chase discontinued altogether, Lander stood up, for the last time, in the canoe, and being seconded by his remaining associates, he waved his hat and gave a last

their in sight of his adversaries. He then became sick and faint from loss of blood, and sank back exhausted in the arms of those who were nearest him. Rallying shortly afterwards, the nature of his wound was communicated to him by Mr. Moore, a young surgeon from England, who had accompanied him up the river, and whose conduct throughout this disastrous affray was most admirable; the ball could not be extracted, and Lander felt convinced his career would soon be terminated. When the state of excitement to which his feelings had been wrought gave place to the languor which generally succeeds powerful excitement of any kind, the invalid's wound pained him exceedingly, and for several hours afterwards he endured with calmness the most intense suffering. From that time he could neither sit up, nor turn on his couch, nor hold a pen; but while he was proceeding down the river in a manner so melancholy, and so very different from the mode in which he was ascending it only the day before, he could not help indulging in mournful reflections; and he talked much of his wife, his children, his friends, his distant home, and his blighted expectations. It was a period of darkness, and distress, and sorrow to him; but his natural cheerfulness soon regained its ascendancy over his mind, and freely forgiving all his enemies, he resigned himself into the hands of his Maker, and derived considerable benefit from the consolations of religion. The traveller's arrival at Fernando Po, and the account of his death have already been made known to the public.

Various conjectures have been urged as to the probable cause of this cold-blooded and heartless attack. Some persons imagine that the natives had been stimulated to the perpetration of the disgraceful deed by the Portuguese and South American slave-dealers, who have considerable influence in the country, and whose interests would unquestionably decline by the introduction into the interior of British subjects and British manufactures. Others entertain the opinion, that the natives committed the assault in revenge for the loss of one of their towns, which, it is believed, was burnt to the ground by the crew of the *Alburkah* steamer, on her last voyage to Attá; whilst others hazard the conjecture, that the Brass people, perceiving that their lucrative carrying trade between the coast and the inland countries would be annihilated if they suffered the English to trade with the natives of the interior in their own vessels, formed a coalition with the people of Bonny, whose interests would likewise be affected by the new order of things; and that these men, aided by the savages inhabiting the country in the vicinity of the spot where the ruthless and cowardly assault was made, met together, and resolved on the destruction of the unoffending Englishmen.

From what cause soever it originated, this much is certain, that the attack had been premeditated, that the arrangements of the assassins had been made in a methodical and skilful manner, and that Brass and Bonny canoes were engaged in the assault. Those who have had the best means of knowing the character and disposition of the Brass people and their neighbours of Bonny, whose treacherous manœuvring can only be equalled by their insatiable rapacity, consider the last as by far the most probable hypothesis; and believe that King Boy, notwithstanding his affectation of sympathy for the sufferers, and his apparent distress on beholding his friend and benefactor mortally wounded, was, nevertheless, at the bottom of the plot, and had exerted his influence to bring that plot to maturity, in conjunction with the malignant wretch who foretold the fatal catastrophe. Boy, having with alacrity joined the party on all former occasions when they ascended the river, and having obstinately refused to accompany them on this, strengthens the supposition, that he was well aware of the formidable danger which awaited them, but in which, it is plain, he had no ambition to participate.

The Public Journals.

JACOB FAITHFUL—HIS FIRST CRUISE.

[CAPTAIN MARRYATT, in the *Metropolitan* for the present month, gets his hero, Jacob, and his fellow waterman, young Tom, pressed on board the *Immortalité*, forty-gun frigate, lying off Gravesend, which was to drop down the next morning, and wait for sailing orders in the Downs. The poor fellows' is a hard case, but they make the best of it, as a few quotations from the narrative will show.]

We had some money in our pockets, and we purchased some sheets of paper from the bumboat people, who were on the main-deck supplying the seamen; and I wrote to Mr. Drummond and Mr. Turnbull, as well as to Mary and old Tom, requesting the two latter to forward our clothes to Deal, in case of our being detained. Tom also wrote to comfort his mother, and the greatest comfort which he could give, was, as he said, to promise to keep sober. Having entrusted these letters to the bumboat woman, who promised faithfully to put them into the post-office, we had then nothing else to do but to look out for some place to sleep. Our clothes had dried on us, (for they were ducked in the upset, which led to their being pressed,) and we were walking under the half-deck; but not a soul spoke to us, or even took the least notice. In a newly-manned ship, just ready to sail, there is a universal feeling of selfishness prevailing among the ship's company. Some, if not most, had, like us, been pressed, and their thoughts were occupied with their situation,

and the change in their prospects. Others were busy in making their little arrangements with their wives or relations; while the mass of the seamen, not yet organized by discipline, or known to each other, were in a state of disunion and individuality, which naturally induced every man to look after himself, without caring for his neighbour. We therefore could not expect, nor did we receive, any sympathy; we were in a scene of bustle and noise, yet alone. A spare topsail, which had been stowed for the present between two of the guns, was the best accommodation which offered itself. We took possession of it, and tired with exertion of mind and body, were soon fast asleep.

At daylight the next morning, we were awakened with a start by the shrill whistles of the boatswain and his mates piping all hands to unmoor. The pilot was on board, and the wind was fair. As the frigate had no anchor down, but was hanging to the moorings in the river, we had nothing to do but to cast off, sheet home, and in less than half an hour, we were under all sail, stemming the last quarter of the flood tide. Tom and I had remained on the gangway, watching the proceedings, but not assisting, when the ship being fairly under sail, the order was given by the first lieutenant to coil down the ropes.

"I think, Jacob, we may as well help," said Tom, laying hold of the main tack, which was passed aft, and hauling it forward.

"With all my heart," replied I, and I hauled it forward, while he coiled it away.

While we were thus employed, the first lieutenant walked forward and recognised us. "That's what I like, my lads," said he; "you don't sulk, I see, and I shan't forget it."

We anchored in the Downs on the following morning. It came on to blow hard in the afternoon, and there was no communication with the shore, except by signals, until the third day, when it moderated, and the signal was made, "Prepare to weigh, and send boat for captain." In the mean time, several boats came off, and one had the postman on board. I had letters from Mr. Drummond, and Mr. Turnbull, telling me that they would immediately apply to the Admiralty, for our being liberated, and one from Mary, half of which was for me, and the rest to Tom. Stapleton had taken Tom's wherry, and pulled down to old Tom Beazeley with my clothes, which, with young Tom's, had been dispatched to Deal. Tom had a letter from his mother, half indited by his father, and the rest from herself; but I shall not trouble the reader with the contents, as he may imagine what was likely to be said upon such an occasion. Shortly afterwards our clothes, which had been sent to the care of an old shipmate of Tom's father, were brought on board.

I hardly need say, that for the first three or four days we were not very comfortable;

we had been put into the seventh mess, and were stationed in the fore-top; for although we had not been regularly bred up as seamen, the first lieutenant so decided, saying, that he was sure that in a few weeks there would be no smarter men in the ship.

We were soon clear of the channel, and all hands were anxious to know our destination, which in this almost solitary instance had really been kept a secret, although surmises were correct. The *Immortalité* was a very fast sailing vessel, and when the captain, whose name I have forgotten to mention, (it was Hector Maclean,) opened his sealed orders, we found that we were to cruise for two months between the Western Islands and Madeira, in quest of some privateers, who had captured many of our outward-bound West Indianmen, notwithstanding that they were well protected by convoy, and after that period, to join the admiral at Halifax, and relieve a frigate which had been many years on that station. In a week we were on our station, the weather was fine, and the whole of the day was passed in training the men to the guns, small arms, making and shortening sail, reefing topsails, and manœuvring the ship. The captain would never give up his point, and sometimes we were obliged to make or shorten sail twenty times running, until he was satisfied.

Tom and I adhered to our good resolutions. We were as active and as forward as we could be, and Mr. Knight, the first lieutenant, pointed us out to the captain. As soon as the merits of the different men were ascertained, several alterations were made in the watch and station bills, as well as in the ratings on the ship's books, and Tom and I were made *second* captains, larboard and starboard, of the foretop. This was great promotion for so young hands, especially as we were not bred as regular sailors; but it was for the activity and zeal which we displayed.

We continued our cruise, looking sharp out for the privateers, but without success; we then touched at Madeira for intelligence, and were informed that they had been seen more to the southward. The frigate's head was turned in that direction until we were abreast of the Canary Isles, and then we traversed east and west, north or south, just as the wind and weather, or the captain's *like*—thought proper. We had now cruised seven weeks out of our time without success, and the captain promised five guineas to the man who should discover the objects of our search. Often did Tom and I climb to the mast-head and scan the horizon, and so did many others; but those who were stationed at the look-out were equally on the alert.

Tom had gone up to the foreroyal yard, and was looking round for the five guineas, and cried out, "Sail, ho!" "Strange sail

reported." "Where?" cried the first lieutenant, going forward. "Right under the sun." "Mast-head there—do you make her out?" "Yes, sir; I think she's a schooner, but I can only see down to her mainyard." "That's one of them, depend upon it," said the captain. "Up there, Mr. Wilson, and see what you make of her. Who is the man who reported it?" "Tom Beazeley, sir." "Confound the fellow, he makes all my ship's company jump overboard, and now I must give him five guineas. What do you make of her, Mr. Wilson?" "A low schooner, sir, very rakish indeed. She is becalmed, as well as we." "Well, then, we must whistle for a breeze. In the mean time, Mr. Knight, we will have the boats all ready."

If you whistle long enough the wind is certain to come; the only question is, whether it would not come all the same, whether you whistle or not. In about an hour the breeze did come, and we took it down with us; but it was too dark to distinguish the schooner, which we had lost sight of as soon as the sun had set. About midnight the breeze failed us, and it was again calm. The captain and most of the officers were up all night, and the watch were employed preparing the boats for service. It was my morning watch, and at break of day I saw the schooner from the foretop-sail-yard, about four miles to the N.W. I ran down on deck, and reported her.

"Very good, my lad. I have her, Mr. Knight," said the captain, who had directed his glass to where I pointed; "and I will have her too, one way or the other. No signs of wind. Lower down the cutters. Get the yards and stays hooked all ready. We'll wait a little, and see a little more of her when it's broad daylight."

At broad daylight the schooner, with her appointments, was distinctly to be made out. She was pierced for sixteen guns, and was a formidable vessel to encounter with the boats. The calm still continuing, the launch, yawl, and pinnace, were hoisted out, manned, and armed. The schooner got out her sweeps, and was evidently preparing for her reception. Still the captain appeared unwilling to risk the lives of his men in such a dangerous conflict, and there we all lay alongside, each man sitting in his place with his oar raised on end. Cat-paws of wind, as they call them, flew across the water here and there, ruffling its smooth surface, portending that a breeze would soon spring up, and the hopes of this chance rendered the captain undecided. Thus did we remain alongside, for Tom and I were stationed in the first and second cutters, until twelve o'clock, when we were ordered out to take a hasty dinner, and the allowance of spirits was served out. At one it was still calm. Had we started when the boats were first

hoisted out, the affair would have been long before decided. At last, the captain perceiving that the chance of a breeze was still smaller then, than in the forenoon, ordered the boats to shove off. We were still about the same distance from the privateer, from three and a half to four miles. In less than half an hour we were within gunshot; the privateer swept her broadside to us, and commenced firing guns with single round shot, and with great precision. They *ricocheted* over the boats, and at every shot we made sure of our being struck. At this time a slight breeze swept along the water. It reached the schooner, filled her sails, and she increased her distance. Again it died away, and we neared her fast. She swept round again, and recommenced firing, and one of her shot passed through the second cutter, in which I was stationed, ripping open three of her planks, and wounding two men besides me. The boat, heavy with the gun, ammunition chests, &c., immediately filled and turned over with us, and it was with difficulty that we could escape from the weighty hamper which was poured out of her. One of the poor fellows, who had not been wounded, remained entangled under the boat, and never rose again. The remainder of the crew rose to the surface, and clung to the side of the boat. The first cutter hauled to our assistance, for we had separated to render the shot less effectual; but it was three or four minutes before she was able to render us any assistance, during which the other two wounded men, who had been apparently injured in the legs or body, exhausted with loss of blood, gradually unloosed their holds, and disappeared under the calm blue water. I had received a splinter in my left arm, and held on longer than the others who had been maimed; but I could not hold on till the cutter came: I lost my recollection and sank. Tom, who was in the bow of the cutter, perceiving me to go down, dived after me, brought me up again to the surface, and we were both hauled in. The other five men were also saved. As soon as we were picked up, the cutter followed the other boats, which continued to advance towards the privateer. I recovered my senses, and found that a piece of one of the thwarts of the boat, broken off by the shot, had been forced through the fleshy part of my arm below the elbow, where it still remained. It was a very dangerous as well as a painful wound. The officer of the boat, without asking me, laid hold of the splinter, and tore it out; but the pain was so great, from its jagged form, and the effusion of blood so excessive after it was out, that I again fainted. Fortunately no artery was wounded, or I must have lost my arm. They bound it up, and laid me at the bottom of the boat. The firing from the schooner was now very warm,

and we were within a quarter of a mile of her, when the breeze sprang up, and she increased her distance a mile. There was a prospect of wind from the appearance of the sky, although, for a time, it again died away. We were within less than half a mile of the privateer, when we perceived that the frigate was bringing up a smart breeze, and rapidly approaching the scene of conflict.

The breeze swept along the water, and caught the sails of the privateer, and she was again, in spite of all the exertions of our wearied men, out of gunshot, and the first lieutenant very properly decided upon making for the frigate, which was now within a mile of us. In less than ten minutes the boats were hoisted in, and the wind now rising fast, we were under all sail, going at the rate of seven miles an hour; the privateer having also gained the breeze, and gallantly holding her own.

I was taken down into the cockpit, the only wounded man brought on board. The surgeon examined my arm, and at first shook his head, and I expected immediate amputation; but on re-examination he gave his opinion that the limb might be saved. My wound was dressed, and I was put into my hammock, in a screened bulk under the half-deck, where the cooling breeze from the ports fanned my feverish cheeks. But I must return to the chase.

In less than an hour the wind had increased, so that we could with difficulty carry our royals; the privateer was holding her own about three miles right a-head, keeping our three masts in one. At sunset they were forced to take in the royals, and the sky gave every prospect of a rough gale. Still we carried on every stitch of canvass which the frigate could bear; keeping the chase in sight with our night-glasses, and watching all her motions.

The breeze increased; before morning there was a heavy sea, and the frigate could only carry top-gallant sails over double-reefed topsails. At daylight we had neared the schooner, by the sextants, about a quarter of a mile, and the captain and officers went down to take some repose and refreshment, not having quitted the deck for twenty-four hours. All that day did we chase the privateer, without gaining more than a mile upon her, and it now blew up a furious gale: the top-gallant sails had been before taken in; the topsails were close reefed, and we were running at the speed of nearly twelve miles an hour; still, so well did the privateer sail, that she was barely within gunshot, when the sun went down below the horizon, angry and fiery red. There was now great fear that she would escape, from the difficulty of keeping the glasses upon her during the night, in a heavy sea, and the expectation that she would furl all, and allow us to pass

her. It appeared, however, that this manoeuvre did not enter the head of the captain of the privateer. He stood on, under a press of sail, which even in day-time would have been considered alarming; and at daylight, owing to the steering during night never being so correct as during the day, she had recovered her distance, and was about four miles from us. The gale, if any thing, had increased, and Captain Maclean determined, notwithstanding, to shake a reef out of the topsails.

In the morning, as usual, Tom came to my cot, and asked me how I was? I told him I was better and in less pain, and that the surgeon had promised to dress my wound after breakfast, for the bandages had not been removed since I had first come on board. "And the privateer, Tom, I hope we shall take her; it will be some comfort to me that she is captured."

"I think we shall, if the masts stand, Jacob; but we have an enormous press of sail, as you may guess, by the way in which the frigate jumps; there is no standing on the forecaste, and there is a regular waterfall down in the waist from forward. We are nearing her now. It is beautiful to see how she behaves: when she heels over, we can perceive that all her men are lashed on deck, and she takes whole seas into her mainsail, and pours them out again as she rises from the lurch. She deserves to escape at all events."

She did not, however, obtain her deserts, for about twelve o'clock in the day we were within a mile of her. At two the marines were firing small arms at her, for we would not yaw to fire at her a gun, although she was right under our bows. When within a cable's length we shortened sail, so as to keep at that distance astern; and after having lost several men by musketry, the captain of her waved his hat in token of surrender. We immediately shortened sail to keep the weather gage, pelting her until every sail was lowered down: we then rounded to, keeping her under our lee, and firing at every man who made his appearance on deck. Taking possession of her was a difficult task: a boat could hardly live in such a sea, and when the captain called aloud for volunteers, and I heard Tom's voice in the cutter as it was lowering down, my heart misgave me lest he should meet with some accident. At last I knew, from the conversation on deck, that the cutter had got safe on board, and my mind was released. The surgeon came up and dressed my arm, and I then received comparative bodily as well as mental relief.

It was not until the next day, when we lay to, with the schooner close to us, that the weather became sufficiently moderate to enable us to receive the prisoners and put our own men and officers on board. The prize proved to be an American built schooner,

fitted out as a French privateer. She was called the *Cerf Agile*, mounting fourteen guns, of nearly three hundred tons measurement, and with a crew of one hundred and seventy men, of which forty-eight were away in prizes. It was, perhaps, fortunate that the boats were not able to attack her, as they would have received a very warm reception. Thus did we succeed in capturing this mischievous vessel, after a chase of two hundred and seventy miles. As soon as all the arrangements were made, we shaped our course, with the privateer in company, for Halifax, where we arrived in about five weeks. My wound was now nearly healed, but my arm had wasted away, and I was unable to return to my duty. It was well known that I wrote a good hand, and I volunteered, as I could do nothing else, to assist the purser and the clerk with the ship's books, &c.

The admiral was at Bermuda, and the frigate which we were to relieve had, from the exigence of the service, been despatched down to the Honduras, and was not expected back for some months. We sailed from Halifax for Bermuda and joined the admiral, and after three weeks, we were ordered on a cruise. My arm was now perfectly recovered, but I had become so useful in the clerk's office that I was retained, much against my own wishes; but the captain liked it, as Tom said, and after that, there was no more to be said about it.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

A FEW days before his death, this distinguished poet and metaphysician wrote the following impressive letter to his godchild. It is the last letter its writer ever penned; and happy would it be if all godfathers so well applied themselves to the dissemination of those principles which they undertake to inculcate upon the tender mind:—

"To Adam Steinmetz Kinnaird.

"My dear Godchild,—I offer up the same fervent prayer for you now as I did kneeling before the altar when you were baptized into Christ, and solemnly received as a living member of his spiritual body, the church. Years must pass before you will be able to read with an understanding heart what I now write. But I trust that the all-gracious God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, who by his only-begotten Son (all mercies in one sovereign mercy!) has redeemed you from the evil ground, and willed you to be born out of darkness, but into light; out of death, but into life; out of sin, but into righteousness; even into the "Lord our righteousness;" I trust that he will graciously hear the prayers of your dear parents, and be with you as the spirit of health and growth in body and in mind. My dear godchild! you received from Christ's minis-

ter, at the baptismal font, as your Christian name, the name of a most dear friend of your father's, and who was to me even as a son, the late *Adam Steinmetz*; whose fervent aspirations and ever paramount aim, even from early youth, was to be a Christian in thought, word, and deed, in will, mind, and affections.

I, too, your godfather, have known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow, and with all the experience that more than threescore years can give: I now, on the eve of my departure declare to you, (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act on the conviction,) that health is a great blessing; competence, obtained by honourable industry, a great blessing; and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relatives—but that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian. But I have been likewise, through a large portion of my later life, a sufferer, sorely afflicted with bodily pains, languor, and manifold infirmities; and for the last three or four years have, with few and brief intervals, been confined to a sick room, and at this moment, in great weakness and heaviness, write from a sick bed, hopeless of recovery, yet without prospect of a speedy removal. And I thus, on the brink of the grave, solemnly bear witness to you, that the Almighty Redeemer, most gracious in his promises to them that truly seek him, is faithful to perform what he has promised; and has reserved, under all my pains and infirmities, the inward peace that passeth all understanding, with the supporting assurance of a reconciled God, who will not withdraw his spirit from me in the conflict, and in his own time will deliver me from the evil one. O, my dear godchild! eminently blessed are they who begin early to seek, fear, and love their God, trusting wholly in the righteousness and mediation of their Lord, Redeemer, Saviour, and everlasting High Priest, Jesus Christ. O! preserve this as a legacy and bequest from your unseen godfather and friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

13th July, 1834,
Grove, Highgate.

From the Literary Gazette.

The Gatherer.

Public Taste.—Byron and Scott, each in his own department, led the public taste. It will always be led, though it affects to lead. Some master-spirit gives it the tone, and then it follows blindly: but, unless some accidental circumstances concur, no genius can, in the first place, command it. When once it has surrendered itself, it no longer

exercises any discretion or self-opinion. What one praises, another will praise; and so the reverse. Novelty cannot live long from its own nature; for every day it consumes a part of itself. What is profound, and according to the enduring consciousness of our heads and hearts, never loses its interest. Almost every one has his moments of soberness and reflection, when he embraces truth with fondness, and folds it to his bosom.—*Sir E. Brydges.*

Family Likenesses.—Mr. Southey, in a letter to Sir Egerton Brydges, says:—"Did you ever remark how remarkably old age brings out family likenesses,—which, having been kept, as it were, in abeyance while the passions and the business of the world engrossed the parties, come forth again in age, (as in infancy,) the features settling into their primary characters before dissolution? I have seen some affecting instances of this,—a brother and sister, than whom no two persons in middle life could have been more unlike in countenance or in character, becoming like as twins at last. I now see my father's lineaments in the looking-glass, where they never used to appear."

Compilation.—Sir Egerton Brydges, himself a laborious compiler, as well as an original thinker, says, "the mind that is frivolous will show its frivolity in spite of all attempts at reserve and disguise: it will remark on traits which are insignificant, without knowing their insignificance. Even in the selection of materials, the character of the intellect will show itself. Therefore, in the humble labour of compilation, the proof of talent, or the contrary, will break out."

Mrs. Barry appeared above a hundred times as the original heroine of some new comic or tragic dramas, which is more, I believe, than can be said of any actress that ever trod the British stage.—*Campbell.*

Tom Folio.—Rawlinson, a non-conjuring prelate, who is said to have been a man of learning, and a liberal patron, resided in Gray's Inn; and having filled four chambers with books, so that his bed was obliged to be moved into the passage, he took apartments in London House, Aldersgate-street, in which he died in 1725. Part of his extensive library was sold in London House, in 1725; and the remaining parts at Paul's Coffee-house, at different times till 1732. His collection was so considerable that it obtained him the appellation of "*Tom Folio.*" P. T. W.

Socrates.—He passed his time chiefly in public. It was his custom, in the morning, to visit the places made use of for walking and public exercises; at noon, to appear among the crowds in the markets or courts; and to spend the rest of the day in those parts of the city of Athens which were most

frequented. Sometimes he collected an audience about him in the Lyceum, (a pleasant meadow on the border of the river Illyssus,) where he delivered a discourse from the chair, whilst his auditors were seated on benches around him. At other times he conversed, in a less formal way, with any of his fellow-citizens in places of common resort, or with his friends at meals, or in their hours of amusement. He thus seized every opportunity of communicating moral wisdom to his fellow-citizens, by making every place to which he came a school of virtue. Not only did young men of rank and fortune attend upon his lectures, but he sought for disciples even among mechanics and labourers. P. T. W.

The Good-natured Doctor Brown.—Sir William Brown, M. D., lived for some time at Lynn, in Norfolk; where a pamphlet being published to ridicule him, he nailed it to the outside of his door, that it might be read by all who passed by. When in the eightieth year of his age, he went to Batson's coffee-house, on St. Luke's day, in his laced coat and band, with fringed white gloves, to show himself to Mr. Crosby, then lord mayor. A gentleman present, observing how well he looked, the doctor answered, "He had neither wife nor debts." He had, however, been married, and left one daughter, who became the wife of Martin Folkes. He was always fond of scribbling, and lived, the latter part of his life, in Queen-square, Great Ormond-street, where he ended his days on the 10th of March, 1774, aged 81.—P. T. W.

Law Bribery.—In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was the custom for persons of landed property to bribe attorneys not to be mischievous. The account of a steward to a nobleman which is deposited in the British Museum, has the following item: "Gave an annuity of 10*l.* per annum to an attorney, to stop him, as he was a title-bringer, and solicitor to encourage a claimant." W. G. C.

True Nobility.—He who is lord of himself, and exists upon his own resources, is a noble but a rare being.—*Sir E. Brydges.*

In the Dictum de Kenilworth, made in the fifty-first year of the reign of Henry III., there is the following curious clause:—"Knights and Squires, who are robbers, and among the principal robbers in war and plunderings, if they have no lands, but have goods, shall pay half their goods for their redemption, and find sufficient surety henceforward to keep the peace of the king and kingdom." W. G. C.

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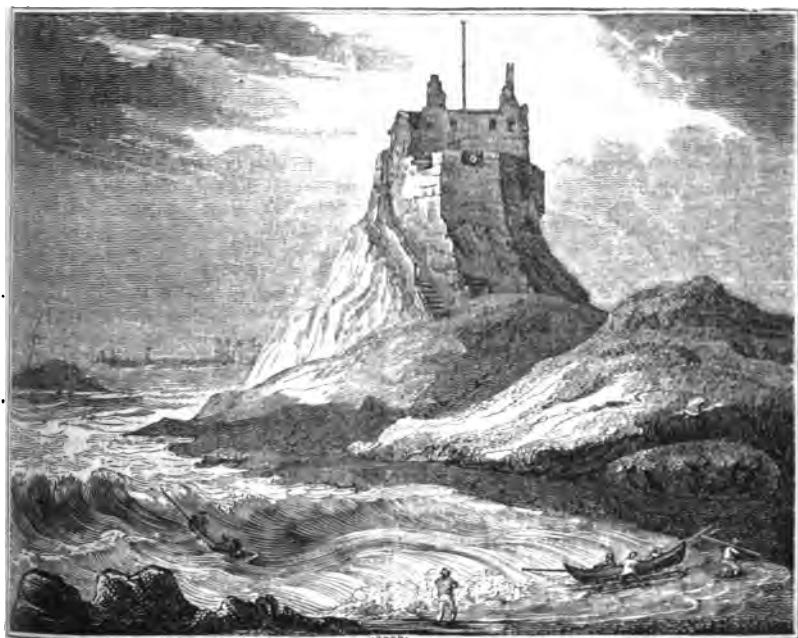
OR

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 678]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.]



HOLY ISLAND CASTLE.

"Bound to St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle."—SCOTT.

THE ancient Britons called this island *Inis Medicante*; but its more familiar appellation was that of *Lindisfarne*, till the sanctity of its inhabitants procured for it the name it now possesses.* *Lindisfarne* was derived from the small rivulet of *Lindi*, which here runs into the sea, and the Celtic word *farn*, or recess. Bede calls it a semi-island, being, as he justly observes, twice an island, and twice a continent, in one day; for at the flowing of the tide it is encompassed by water, and, at the ebb, there is an almost dry passage, both for horses and carriages, to and from the main land;† from which, if

* As well as from its having been the episcopal seat of the see of Durham, during the early ages of British Christianity. A succession of holy men held that office; but their merits were swallowed up in the superior fame of St. Cuthbert, who was sixth Bishop of Durham, and who bestowed the name of his "patrimony" upon the extensive property of the see.—*Notes to Marmion*.

† Sir Walter Scott refers to this in *Marmion*:

"The tide did now its flood-mark gain,
And girdled in the Saint's domain:

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measured in a straight line, it is distant about two miles eastward; but, on account of some quicksands, passengers are obliged to make so many detours that the length of the way is nearly doubled. The circumference of the island comprehends eight miles. It measures from east to west about two miles and a quarter, while its breadth from north to south is scarcely a mile and a half. At the north-west part there runs out a spit of land of about a mile in length. The island, though really part of Northumberland, belongs to Durham; and all civil disputes must be determined by the justices of that county. There is one small farm of cultivated land

For, with the flow and ebb, its stile
Varies, from continent to isle;
Dry-shod, o'er sand, twice every day,
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
Twice every day the waves efface,
Of staves and sandaled feet the trace.
As to the port the galley flew,
Higher and higher rose to view
The Castle, with its battered walls,
The ancient Monastery's halls."

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upon the island, with some few acres of good pasture ground; all the rest is covered with sand, from the violence of the tempests. The island consists chiefly of one continued plain, inclining to the south-west. The village stands upon an acclivity, which rises abruptly from the shore; and at the southern point there is a rock, almost perpendicular, of a conical figure, nearly sixty feet in height, and crowned with a small fortress or castle.

The scenery of Holy Island has but little attraction for tourists, since it does not boast a single tree; but the situation is both healthy and romantic, and the shore is said to be excellent for bathing. The north and east coasts of the island are formed of perpendicular rocks, while the other sides sink gradually towards the sands. The castle is accessible only by a winding path cut in its rocky base. The narrow limits of its crown will not admit of many works, the whole strength consisting of a single battery, mounted with seven or eight guns, and commanding the approach to the island by sea. The rest of the summit is taken up with a house for the governor and guard, the walls of which stand on the very brink of the precipice. Before the use of gunpowder, this fortress was, doubtless, impregnable; the superstructures being above the reach of any engine, and the rock too lofty to be scaled.

The castle is noted in the military establishment made by Queen Elizabeth for Berwick in 1576; and a patent for life was granted to Sir William Read, as keeper of the fortresses of Holy Island and Farn, with a yearly payment of 36*l.* 1*7s.* 6*d.*

The age of the castle remains unascertained, though the mention of it by Camden denotes it to be of considerable antiquity. The present fortifications do not appear older than the seventeenth century.

The first mention of the fortress being put in requisition occurs in the history of the civil war in the time of Charles I., when it appears to have been seized for the Parliament; and, according to Rushworth, in an order of the House of Commons, May 7, 1640, for sending forces thither, this reason is assigned—"it being of such consequence to the northern parts of the kingdom." This consequence, however, arose, perhaps, more from the convenience of its harbour than from the strength of the castle.

It does not appear that Holy Island ever fell into the hands of the Royalists; for it continued in the possession of the Parliamentarians anno 1648, when it was relieved with necessaries by Colonel Fenwick's horse and some dragoons. The next memorable period in the history of the island, was the rebellion of 1715, when the seizure of the castle was planned and executed by two men only. The following particulars of this transaction are related by Grose, to whom they

were communicated by a gentleman whose father was an eye-witness to the facts, and well knew both the parties.

"One Launcelot Errington, a man of an ancient and respectable family in Northumberland, and of a bold and enterprising spirit, entered into a conspiracy for seizing this castle for the Pretender; in which, it was said, he was promised assistance, not only by Mr. Foster, the rebel general then in arms, but also by the masters of several French privateers. At this time, the garrison consisted of a sergeant, a corporal, and ten or twelve men only. In order to put this scheme in execution, being well known in that country, he went to the castle, and, after some discourse with the sergeant, invited him and the rest of the men who were not immediately on duty, to partake of a treat on board of the ship of which he was master, then lying in the harbour. This being unsuspectingly accepted of, he so well plied his guests with brandy, that they were soon incapable of any opposition. These men being thus secured, he made some pretence for going on shore; and with Mark Errington, his nephew, returning again to the castle, they knocked down the sentinel, surprised and turned out an old gunner, the corporal, and two other soldiers, being the remainder of the garrison; and shutting the gates, hoisted the Pretender's colours as a signal of their success, anxiously expecting the promised succours. No reinforcement coming, but, on the contrary, a party of the King's troops arriving from Berwick, they were obliged to retreat over the walls of the castle among the rocks, hoping to conceal themselves under the sea-weeds till it was dark, and then, by swimming to the main land, to make their escape; but the tide rising, they were obliged to swim, when the soldiers firing at Launcelot as he was climbing up a rock, wounded him in the thigh. Thus disabled, he and his nephew were taken, and conveyed to Berwick gaol, where they continued till his wound was cured. During this time he had digged a burrow quite under the foundation of the prison, depositing the earth taken out in an old oven. Through this burrow, he and his nephew, with divers other prisoners, escaped; but most of the latter were soon after taken. The two Erringtons, however, had the good fortune to make their way to the Tweed side, where they found the Custom-house boat; they rowed themselves over, and afterwards turned it adrift. From thence they pursued their journey to Bamborough Castle, near which they were concealed nine days in a pea-stack, a relation who resided in the castle supplying them with provisions. At length, travelling in the night by secret paths, they reached Gatehead House, near Newcastle, where they were secreted till they

secured a passage from Sunderland to France. A reward of 500*l.* was now offered to any one who would apprehend them, notwithstanding which Lambelot was so daring as soon after to come into England, and even to visit some of his friends in Newgate. After the suppression of the rebellion, when every thing was quiet, he and his nephew took the benefit of the general pardon, and returned to Newcastle, where he died about the year 1746, as it is said, of grief at the victory of Culloden."

These particulars comprise all that tradition or record has preserved respecting the castle. Of the Abbey of Lindisfarne, of greater celebrity and antiquarian interest than its castle, more is known; and its venerable ruins may form the subject of our early illustration; although they may be seen in the dim distance of the annexed Engraving.

The prospect from Holy Island is beautiful. Northward the ancient town of Berwick arrests the eye, over an arm of the sea about seven miles in breadth; and at nearly the same distance on the south, Bamborough Castle appears, elevated upon a bold promontory.* On the one hand there is a view of the open sea, which in calm weather, is resplendent and majestic, and studded with vessels: on the other hand, a narrow channel appears, about two miles in width, by which the land is insulated; while the distant shore exhibits a beautiful hanging landscape of cultivated country, graced with a multitude of cottages, villages, and woodlands.

The original of the Engraving, and the substance of these details have been obtained from Sir Walter Scott's splendid *Border Antiquities*.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

(Concluded from page 101.)

An article on this subject in the *Cambrian Register* of 1796, says: "The tumuli and cairns were probably the funeral monuments of the ancient chiefs and their immediate dependents. The sepulchres of the commonalty are found on the hills, where there is a declivity, or slight hollow, to be seen, and the earth heaped below, like a small hillock of an oblong form. When these are opened, a stratum of ashes, and blackish or red burnt earth, is discovered. These sepulchres may be seen in great numbers, upon a hill called Pencoed, in Llangadfan. All these hollows are graves, and their manner of burial was thus performed: the dead body was laid upon the bare sward, plastered over with clay, and covered over with fine turf; a fire was then made over it with furze, wood, &c. until the corpse was reduced to ashes, or so that the flesh was consumed, and the bones nearly burnt; then the char-

coal and ashes were covered with earth, and sometimes stones were laid upon it."

We have no direct evidence of the time when barrow burial fell into desuetude. Sir R. C. Hoare writes:—"Barrow burial is said to have lasted till the eighth century;" while Gough carries it down so late as the twelfth; and we find, from the one before noticed, erected to the memory of Gormo, that barrow burial was certainly in use in the tenth century.

A friend has recently informed me, that many years since, a tumulus was removed in the parish of Okeford Fitzpaine, Dorset, where a great number of silver coins were found; he describes them as being semi-globular, the flat side rather concave, apparently caused by the impress, which consisted of six raised strokes; or to elucidate it more clearly, by using the words of my informant, "like as many sand-bags." They were all of the same form, and nearly the whole of them were, at the time, bought up by the itinerant Jews, from whom, they, no doubt, speedily found their way to the crucible; wherein many numismatic valuables have too often changed their venerable garb of antiquity, for a less precious, though more showy, exterior. I was myself, a short time since, so fortunate as to rescue a devoted Saxon coin, (Cuthred,) in a fine state of preservation, from such destruction. To return from my digression, my friend stated, that, some years afterwards, he was so fortunate as to procure two specimens from the family of one of the workmen who assisted at the removal. These specimens, but from the circumstance of their having been given by the workman as keepsake presents to his children, would, in all probability, have shared a similar fate with the others. They were submitted to the Royal Antiquarian Society, but they were not able to throw any light on the subject. I have omitted to state that, in this tumulus, the remains, which were of one person, were unburnt.

We must now take leave of such of our venerable ancestors, as

"O'er their graves in heapy hillocks threw
The crumbling mould;"—*Apollonius Rhodius*.—*Favos*.

for I am fearful I have so protracted my subject, as necessarily to oblige me to be less minute in my few remaining particulars.

Our attention is next drawn to the chivalrous Arthur of "the Round Table;" whose interment is the earliest instance we have on record, which approaches nearest to the mode now in use. The account given by Camden of the exhumation, (of which Giraldus Cambrensis was an eye-witness,) of the remains and coffin, is interesting:

"When Henrie the Second, King of England, tooke knowledge out of the songs of British bards or rythmers, how Arthur, that most noble worthy of the Britains, who, by

* For an engraving and description of this interesting structure, see *Mirror*, vol. xix. p. 323.

his martial prowess, had many a time daunted the fury of the English Saxons, lay buried here between two pyramids, or sharp-headed pillars, he caused the bodie to be searched for; and scarcely had they digged seven foot deepe into the earth, but they lighted upon a tomb or gravestone, on the upper parte whereof was fastened a broad crosse of lead, grosly wrought; which being taken forth, shewed an inscription of letters: and under the said stone, almost nine foot deeper, was found a sepulchre of oak made hollow, wherein the bones of that famous Arthur were bestowed, which inscription or epitaph, as it was sometime exemplified, and drawn out of the first copie in the Abbey of Glascon, I thought good here to put downe."

"*Hic jacet sepultus inclitus Rex Arturius. in Insula Avalonia.*"

This is, I believe, the earliest instance on record of the use of coffins and epitaphs. The next, A.D. 600, is that of St. Theodoric, chief or king of the Gwlad Voryanwg or Glamorgan, who was slain in battle against the Pagan Saxons, at Tinterne, on the banks of the Wye.

"The stone coffin, (says Barber,) containing the remains of St. Theodoric, was discovered some time since; upon removing the lid, the skeleton appeared perfectly entire, except a large fracture on the skull, which caused the death of the hero."

Churchyards were first introduced A.D. 742, by Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, at which time, it might be supposed, interments became general. Still, there does not appear to have been any fixed form; for, although we have instances of wood, stone, and leaden coffins, (which were exclusive to the higher orders,) their use was not general,* as the body of Cedwall, King of Wessex, who died at Rome, A.D. 688, was there discovered, wrapped in a garment of cloth of gold. Strutt says, "the body of a deceased person was wrapped closely round from head to foot, with a cloth wrapper, the head and shoulders being left uncovered for the view of friends; but these were afterwards covered, and the body perfumed with incense by the priests, when interred; sprigs of evergreens were carried by the mourners, and thrown in the grave with the corpse. The friends of the deceased usually met the day after the funeral to consult on his affairs."

At the entrance of most churchyards was a shed in which the corpse was rested till the arrival of the priest. Most of the interments were generally on the side of the church where the principal entrance was, for the benefit of the benedictions, "the Aves and

Paternosters," of the persons entering and leaving the church.

Malefactors and excommunicated persons were interred in a portion of the churchyard which was purposely left unconsecrated; this was called, "Burial without the procession."

In the middle ages, when persons of consequence died, service was performed in those churches to which they had been benefactors; and entries of such, as actual burials, occur, although they were interred in other places. We find that at "the sumptuous and stately funerals of the last Anne, Duchesse of Somerset, which were performed by the Righte Honorable Edward, Earle of Hertford, hir executor, anno 1587, there was a portraiture of the same Duchesse made, in robes of hir estate, with canonicals to a Duchesse, and the same representation bore under a canopie, and all the other ceremonie accomplished."†

Persons were frequently dressed in canonicals when on their deathbed, thinking that by so doing, they should meet with more favourable reception and treatment in the next world.

The arms and other warlike accoutrements of the nobility were usually presented to the church in which they were interred; but the valuable portion being accounted an oblation was usually compounded for, the arms and banners alone being placed over the tomb, as a mark of honour, in which case they were considered as belonging to the church. An instance occurs, temp. Edward IV., in which a bill was brought into the Court of King's Bench by a Lady Wyche, against the minister, for taking out of the church, a coat of armour, sword, and certain penons with the arms of Sir Hugh Wyche, her husband.

At the funerals of young persons of the middle and lower classes, garlands, (sometimes made of paper,) were carried; after which they were suspended in the church. I remember, some years since, seeing several of these paper garlands, with paper gloves, hung up in a church in Hampshire.‡ This is evidently a relic of Romanism, and was probably at first allowed only to virgins, in allusion to, and in honour of, the Virgin Mary.

Among the numerous superstitions of the early and middle ages, none appear to have had a stronger hold than those relating to the subject on which we have been treating: with the northern nations they were extremely prevalent. It would scarcely repay for entering into details respecting them; yet two or three instances may not be inappropriately added, as a conclusion.

It is evident that particular places had, and retain to this day, their local superstitions, independent of those which were universal. Among these was a belief that the spirits of departed persons came out of their

* The use of coffins did not become universal till a short time before the commencement of the last century; the poor, up to that time, being generally wrapped in a sheet, and carried to the grave in the parish shell, kept for such purpose.

† Hearne's Curious Discourses.

‡ See Mirror, vol. xx. p. 20.

tombs at night, and wandered about the place where the body was interred; in consequence of which, the living believed it indispensable that burials should take place in consecrated ground, thinking that, by so doing, they were confined within the limits of such places; and it was further believed, that the spirit of the last person interred, did not remain in perfect repose till after a subsequent interment, which in like manner took his place.

Another superstition which has partially maintained its hold till this time, is, that on the decease of the chief of the household, the whole of the bees, (if the person possessed any,) died likewise. This I have myself heard seriously asserted, by otherwise well-informed persons.*

In taking leave of this subject, we have not to regret that the time is fast approaching, when these few remaining and useless relics of the olden time, will be remembered only on record; to produce which effect, nothing will contribute more than the circulation of cheap, well-digested, and moral publications, by which influence, knowledge will be extensively disseminated, the mists of error dispersed, and the clouds of ignorance dissolved.

ERNLE CRASHAW.

Near Weymouth.

* See Mirror, vol. xxi. p. 15.

New Books.

DOMESTIC MANNERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[A THIN volume, with this title, has just appeared in Glasgow. It is written by the Ettrick Shepherd, and has been reprinted from an American edition, a circumstance which throws some mystery upon the production; but that the work in question is from the pen of the Shepherd, will, we think, be readily admitted by all who are acquainted with Hogg's style. Our extracts are "at random strung," and relate a few of Sir Walter's peculiarities.]

The only foible I ever could discover in the character of Sir Walter was a too strong leaning to the old aristocracy of the country. His devotion for titled rank was prodigious, and, in such an illustrious character, altogether out of place: it amounted almost to adoration; and, not to mention the numerous nobility whom I have met at his own house, and in his company, I shall give a few instances of that sort of feeling in him to which I allude.

Although he, of course, acknowledged Buccleuch as the head and chief of the whole clan of Scott, yet he always acknowledged Harden as his immediate chieftain, and head of that powerful and numerous sept of the name; and Sir Walter was wont often to relate how he, and his father before him, and his grandfather before that, always kept their

Christmas with Harden in acknowledgment of their vassalage. This he used to tell with a degree of exultation which I always thought must have been astounding to every one who heard it; as if his illustrious name did not throw a blaze of glory on the house of Harden a hundred times more than that van of old border barbarians, however brave, could throw over him.

He was, likewise, descended from the chiefs of Haliburton and Rutherford, on the maternal side, and to the circumstance of his descent from these three houses he adverted so often, mingling their arms in his escutcheon, that to me, alas! who to this day could never be brought to discover any distinction in ranks save what was constituted by talents or moral worth, it appeared perfectly ludicrous, thinking, as no man could help thinking, of the halo which his genius shed over those families, while he only valued himself as a descendant of theirs.

I may mention one other instance, at which I was both pleased and mortified. We chanced to meet at a great festival at Bowhill, when Duke Charles was living and in good health. The company being very numerous, there were two tables set in the dining-room, one along and one across; they were nearly of the same length, but at the one along the middle of the room all the ladies were seated, mixed alternately with gentlemen; and at this table all were noble, save, if I remember aright, Sir Adam Ferguson, whose everlasting good humour insures him a passport into every company. But I, having had some chat with the ladies before dinner, and always rather a flattered pet with them, imagined they could not possibly live without me, and placed myself among them. But I had a friend at the cross-table, at the head of the room, who saw better. Sir Walter, who presided there, arose, and addressing the Duke of Buccleuch, requested of him, as a particular favour and obligation, that he would allow Mr. Hogg to come to his table; for that, in fact, he could not do without him; and, moreover, he added,

"If ye reave the Hoggs of Fauldschope,
Ye harry Harden's gear."

I, of course, got permission, and retired to Sir Walter's table, when he placed me on the right hand of the gentleman on his right hand, who, of course, was Scott of Harden. And yet, notwithstanding the broad insinuation about the Hoggs of Fauldschope, I sat beside that esteemed gentleman the whole night, and all the while took him for an English clergyman! I knew there were some two or three clergymen of rank there, connected with the family, and I took Harden for one of them; and though I was mistaken, I still say, he ought to have been one. I was dumb-founded next day, when the duke told me, that my divine whom I thought so

much of, was Scott of Harden; for I would have liked so well to have talked with him about old matters, my forefathers having been vassals under that house, on the lands of Fauldschope, for more than two centuries, and were only obliged to change masters with the change of proprietors. It was, doubtless, owing to this connexion that my father had instilled into my youthful mind so many traditions relating to the house of Harden, of which I have made considerable use.

But the anecdote which I intended to relate, before my ruling passion of egotism came across me, was this. When the dinner came to be served, Sir Walter refused to let a dish be set on our table, which had not been first presented to the duke and the nobility. "No! no!" said he; "this is literally a meeting of the clan and its adherents, and we shall have one dinner in the feudal style; it may be but for once in our lives."

As soon as the duke perceived this whim, he admitted of it, although I believe the dishes were merely set down, and lifted again. In the mean time, the venison and beef stood on the sideboard, which was free to all; so that we were all alike busy from the beginning. At the end of our libations, and before we parted, some time in the course of the morning, the duke set his one foot on the table, and the other on his chair, requesting us all to do the same, with which every man complied, and in that position he sang, "Johnie Cope, are ye wauken yet?" while all joined in the chorus. Sir Walter set his weak foot on the table, and kept his position steadily, apparently more firm than when he stood on the floor, joining in the chorus with his straight-forward bass voice with great glee, enjoying the whole scene exceedingly, as he did every scene of hilarity that I ever saw. But though a more social companion never was born, he never filled himself drunk. He took always his wine after dinner, and, at least, for upwards of twenty years, a little gin-toddy after supper; but he was uniformly moderate in eating and drinking. He liked a good breakfast, but often confessed that he never knew what a good breakfast was till he came to my cottage; but he should never want it again, and he kept steadily to his resolution.

He was a most extraordinary being. How or when he composed his voluminous works, no man could tell. When in Edinburgh, he was bound to the Parliament House all the forenoon. He never was denied to any living, neither lady nor gentleman, poor, nor rich; and he never seemed discomposed when intruded on, but always good-humoured and kind. Many a time have I been sorry for him; for I have remained in his study in Castle-street, in hopes to get a quiet word of him, and witnessed the admission of ten intruders, forebly myself. Noblemen,

gentlemen, painters, poets, and players, all crowded to Sir Walter, not to mention booksellers and printers, who were never absent; but these spoke to him privately. When at Abbotsford, for a number of years, his house was almost constantly filled with company; for there was a correspondence carried on, and always as one freight went away, another came. It was impossible not to be sorry for the time of such a man thus broken in upon. I felt it exceedingly, and once, when I went down by particular invitation to stay a fortnight, I had not the heart to stay any longer than three days; and that space was generally the length of my visits. But Sir Walter never was discomposed; he was ready, as soon as breakfast was over, to accompany his guests wherever they chose to go, to stroll in the wood, or take a drive up to Yarrow, or down to Melrose or Dryburgh, where his revered ashes now repose. He was never out of humour when well, but when ill he was very cross, he being subject to a bilious complaint of the most dreadful and severe nature, accompanied by pangs the most excruciating; and when under the influence of that malady, it was not easy to speak to him, and I found it always the best plan to keep a due distance. But then his sufferings had been most intense; for he told me one day, when he was sitting as yellow as a primrose, that roasted salt had been prescribed to lay on the pit of his stomach, which was applied; and the next day it was discovered that his breast was all in a blister, and the bosom of his shirt burnt to an izel, and yet he never felt it!

But to return to our feast at Bowhill, from which I have strangely wandered, although the best of the fun is yet to come. When the duke retired to the drawing-room, he deputed Sir Alexander Don, who sat next him, to his chair. We had long before been all at one table. Sir Alexander instantly requested a bumper out of champagne glasses to the duke's health, with all the honours; it was instantly complied with, and every one drank it to the bottom. Don then proposed the following of so good an example as his Grace had set us; and accordingly, we were all obliged to mount our chairs again, and setting one foot on the table, sing Johnie Cope over again. Every one at least attempted it, and Sir Alexander sang the song in most capital style. The Scotts, and the Elliots, and some Taites, now began to fall with terrible thuds on the floor; but Sir Walter still kept his station as steady as a rock, and laughed immoderately. But this was too good fun to be given up. The Marquess of Queensberry, who was acting as croupier, said that such a loyal and social border clan could never separate without singing "God save the King;" and that though we had drunk to his health at the

beginning, we behaved to do it again, and join in the anthem. We were obliged to mount our chairs again, and in the same ticklish position, sing the king's anthem. Down we went one after another. Nay, they actually fell in heaps above each other. I fell off, and took a prodigious run to one corner of the room, against which I fell, which created great merriment. There were not above six stood the test this time, out of from thirty to forty. Sir Walter did, and he took all the latter bumpers off to the brim. He had a good head more ways than one.

* * * * *

I first met with Sir Walter at my own cottage, in the wilds of Ettrick Forest, and then I spent two days and two nights in his company. When we parted, he shook my hand most heartily, and invited me to his cottage on the banks of the North Esk, above Lasswade. "By all means come and see me," said he, "and I will there introduce you to my wife; she is a foreigner, as dark as a blackberry, and does not speak the broad Scotch as well as you and me; of course I don't expect you to admire her much, but I shall assure you of a hearty welcome."

I went and visited him the first time I had occasion to be in Edinburgh, expecting to see Mrs. Scott a kind of half blackamoor, whom our sheriff had married for a great deal of money. I knew nothing about her, and had never heard of her, save from his own description; but the words "as dark as a blackberry," had fixed her colour indelibly on my mind. Judge of my astonishment when I was introduced to one of the most beautiful and handsome creatures, as Mrs. Scott, whom I had ever seen in my life. A brunette certainly, with raven hair, and large black eyes, but in my estimation a perfect beauty. I found her quite affable, and she spoke English very well, save that she put always the *d* for the *th*, and left the aspiration of the *h* out altogether. She called me all her life Mr. Og. I understood perfectly well what she said; but for many years I could not make her understand what I said; she had frequently to ask an explanation from her husband; and I must say this of Lady Scott, though it was well known how jealous she was of the rank of Sir Walter's visitors, yet I was all my life received with the same kindness as if I had been a relation, or one of the family, although one of his most homely daily associates. But there were many others, both poets and play-actors, whom she received with no very pleasant countenance. Jeffrey and his satellites she could not endure; and there was none whom she disliked more than Brougham, for what reason I do not know, but I have heard her miscall him terribly, as well as "dat body Jeffrey." It might be owing to some reasons which I did not know about. After the re-

view of *Marmion* appeared, she never would speak to Jeffrey again; for, though not a lady who possessed great depth of penetration, she knew how to appreciate the great powers of her lord, from the beginning, and despised all those who ventured to depreciate them.

I have heard Sir Walter tell an anecdote of this review of *Marmion*. As he and Jeffrey, Southey, Curwin, and some other body, I have forgotten who, were sailing on Derwent Water, at Keswick, in Cumberland, one fine day, Mr. Jeffrey, to amuse the party, took from his pocket the manuscript of the review of *Marmion*, and read it throughout. This, I think, was honest in Jeffrey, but the rest of the company were astonished at his insolence, and, at some passages, did not know where to look. When he had finished, he said, "Well, Scott, what think you of it? what shall be done about it?" "At all events, I have taken my resolution what to do," said Scott; "I'll just sink the boat." The review was a little modified after that.

But to return to Lady Scott; she is cradled in my remembrance, and ever shall be, as a sweet, kind, and affectionate creature. When any of the cottagers or retainers about Abbotsford, grew ill, they durst not tell her, as it generally made her worse than the sufferers; and I have heard of her groaning, and occasionally weeping for a whole day and a good part of the night, for an old tailor who was dying, and leaving a small helpless family behind him. Her daughter Anne was very like her in the contour and expression of her countenance.

FERNANDO PO.

In the wide waters of the Atlantic, and off the western coast of Africa, lies Fernando Po—a spot of promise, whereon civilization is just beginning to dawn, and philanthropy has already commenced her glorious work.

To be more minute, this island is situated in the Gulf or Bight of Biafra, between 3° and 4° N. lat., and 8° and 9° E. lon., and is about 120 miles in circumference. It rises from the deep in a flattened pyramidal form, and its mountains are not infrequently capped with heavy clouds; but in approaching it from either side, it presents a magnificent display of mountain scenery, closely studded with large trees, and thick with underwood, whose luxuriant foliage of various tints and hues, blending with the scarcely ruffled bosom of the ocean, and the retiring clouds, form a variegated picture of natural beauty. How different is this newly found home upon the deep from the Holy Island, figured also in the present sheet. Upon that dreary spot, man fixed his abode many years, many centuries, since; and religion raised there a sumptuous temple for her homage. But, at

CLARENCE SETTLEMENT, FERNANDO PO.



Fernando Po, art has not reared her proud labours, though nature has luxuriated for ages.

Fernando Po, or Fernando Pao, is believed to have been discovered in the year 1471, by a Portuguese navigator, who named it *Ilha Formosa*, or the Beautiful Isle, afterwards changed for that of its discoverer, which it now retains. The Portuguese first established a settlement upon it, which they, however, abandoned; and subsequently transferred the right of possession to Spain, receiving in exchange the island of Trinidad, off the coast of Brazil. In 1764, a new settlement was founded by Spain; but this lasted only eighteen years, and the island has since been left to its natives; excepting that various European, and particularly English vessels, have occasionally touched at it, for the purpose of procuring water and yams. The latter grow finer here than in any other part of the world, and the natives are accustomed to barter them for pieces of hoop-iron.

Eight years since the British Government determined a new settlement on this island. Among the inducements were, in the first place, the convenient situation of the island at only twenty miles distance from the main land of Africa, and in the neighbourhood of the mouths of the many large rivers which pour their waters into the Gulf of Biafra; this position being eligible for checking the slave-trade, of which it may be considered the very centre. Secondly, it was imagined that here might be landed the unfortunate slaves, who too frequently sank under the confinement and disease incidental to a protracted voyage to Sierra Leone, before their liberation could be legally accomplished. Thirdly, it was hoped that the greater salubrity of the new colony would lead to the eventual abandonment of the settlements of Sierra Leone, and Cape Coast Castle, the direful effects of whose climates upon European life have long been proverbial. The insular position of Fernando Po, and the nature of its climate and localities, appeared to offer an earnest that it would not abound with those destructive malaria, which have proved, on the neighbouring continent, so fatal to our brave countrymen. Again, its position, at the estuaries of so many great rivers, holds out facilities for protecting our commercial relations with central Africa, and probably extending the blessings of civilization among its inhabitants. But the latter being minor considerations with the British Government, were left for private enterprise; as the recent death of Richard Lander, at Fernando Po, but too sadly proves.

In furtherance of the above objects, an Expedition was fitted out in 1827, under the command of Captain W. F. Owen, of His Majesty's ship, *Eden*, who was appointed superintendent of the colony; and with whom

sailed Lieutenant Holman, the celebrated blind traveller. Upon their return, both these gentlemen published narratives of the Expedition: Lieutenant Holman's being comprised in the first portion of his *Voyage round the World*, already noticed in the *Mirror*; and to which we are indebted for the substance of the present article, and the original of the accompanying Cut.

After several interviews with the natives, Captain Owen anchored in Maidstone Bay, which offered peculiar advantages, as its excellent anchorage, the smoothness of its water, its reception of the Barracouta river, with other smaller streams, and its abundance of fine fish and turtle. On the south-eastern side, adjoining to coves which have received the respective names of Clarence and Cockburn Coves, two necks of land project into the bay, the one named Point Adelaide, with two small islands off it, bearing the same name; the other Point William. It was on the latter, constituting a kind of peninsula, projecting nearly 600 yards into the sea, that Captain Owen fixed the infant settlement, giving it, in compliment to his present Majesty, then Lord High Admiral, the name of Clarence. Besides the above-named peninsula, the new settlement comprises other adjoining lands, which were named Bushy Park, Longfield, Paradise, and Newland, with others not yet named—the whole constituting an elevated plain, lying between one and two hundred feet above the level of the sea; and when Lieutenant Holman was there, it was thickly covered with timber and jungle. In Clarence Cove, there is an excellent spring of water issuing from a cliff, about sixty yards above low water-mark, well calculated to supply the exigencies of the settlement. The situation being thus decided upon, Captain Owen commenced operations by landing a party of a hundred Kroomen, and other black labourers; and under the command of the senior lieutenant, they immediately began to clear a road through the jungle, to the spot selected for the new town. The captain first fixed upon a spot for the site of a house, intended for his own residence: he also cleared a portion of ground, to form a garden for the use of the colony, and gave the name of Jacob's Ladder leading from the beach to the acclivity on which Clarence is situated.

As the settlers proceeded to clear the land, a deputation of native chiefs complained that cutting down the palms would deprive them of the many advantages of those valuable trees. To settle this grievance, Captain Owen's party took the chiefs a short distance beyond the points the men were occupied in clearing, and placing a quantity of iron on the ground, made them by signs to understand, that they would give them all that iron for the land contained within such

boundary. The nature of this treaty for purchase, they appeared to understand well, and signified their assent by placing sticks at equal distances from each other in the line proposed; at the same time, the settlers marked a tree, as an evidence of the agreement on their side. The quantity of land thus purchased was equal to about a square mile in extent. Bricks were next landed for the purpose of constructing a forge. A market was also held by the settlers for exchanging commodities; the natives soon found out how to sharpen knives, and grew eager to possess them. Some of the working settlers were criminal enough to sell their tools to the natives on such terms as an axe for a sheep or a goat; and three or four inches of iron hoop for two or four fowls, eight or twelve yams, and two or three calabashes of palm wine, each containing about one gallon.

The little establishment, (considering the few hands, and the many irons they had in the fire,) made rapid progress. The ready-framed wooden houses, that were brought in the *Eden*, served for excellent accommodation; and additional workmen from Sierra Leone, with the artificers who accompanied the Expedition, made up a very efficient party. The whole of them, afloat or ashore, lived well, having plenty of yams and palm wine served out to them daily, with fowls and fish occasionally; the former being purchased from the natives with iron hoop, and the latter taken by the fishermen of the Expedition. They caught a few hawksbill, green turtle, and occasionally dug turtles' eggs from sand on the beach. Skate, sometimes weighing ninety pounds, and abundance of mullet were among the fish taken. A monkey cooked with yams, instead of potatoes, like an Irish stew, was a favourite dish.

The first house erected in the settlement consisted of only one floor, twenty feet square, and built on piles, with a store-room beneath, the sides of which were formed by the piles. Ten other houses, of similar form and dimensions, were next built, besides six larger ones, of forty feet square, and the block-house, fifty by thirty feet: the whole consisting of single floors, with store-rooms underneath.

The system of labour among the workmen was, to commence at six in the morning, and leave off at eleven for dinner; recommencing at one, and concluding at half-past five: after which, during the remainder of the day, they were allowed to amuse themselves. The labourers and mechanics were formed into a military corps, and were occasionally taught to march *en militaire*, and exercise with the pike, which was, for some time, their only weapon; the *Eden* having but twenty muskets to share, which were distributed among the artificers who came out from England.

Upon Christmas-day, 1837, Captain Owen took formal possession of the settlement, in the name and on the behalf of his sovereign, George IV. This was a matter of some ceremony, the different parties of the colony marching in procession, with bugles, drums, and fifes, playing alternately. On arriving at the Point, the different divisions were formed around the flag-staff; and the colours having been hoisted, the proclamation was read. On returning to the Eden, Captain Owen performed divine service; Captain Harrison doing the same to the civil establishment on shore; after which Captain Owen gave a dinner to the whole of the officers engaged in the establishment.

Notes of a Reader.

DAY IN THE EAST IS DAWNING.

(A Dutch Popular Song, translated in the Foreign Quarterly Review.)

"Day in the east is dawning,
Light shineth over all;
How little knows my dearest
What fate shall me befall.

"Were every one a friend to me
Whom now I count my foe,
I'd bear thee far from this countree,
My trust, my own true joe."

"Then whither wouldst thou bear me,
Thou knight so stout and gay?"—

"All under the green linden,
Darling, we'd take our way."

"In my love's arms I'm lying
With great honour per fay,
In my love's arms I'm lying,
Thou knight so stout and gay."

"In thy love's arms thou'rt lying,—
Woe's me, that is not truth!
Seek under the green linden,
There lies he slain forsooth."

The maiden took her mantle,
And hastened on her way,
Where under the green linden,
Her murdered lover lay.

"Oh lyest thou here murdered,
And bathed in thy blood!
'Tis all because of thy high fame,
Thy noble mind and good."

"Oh lyest thou here murdered,
Who was my comfort all;
Alas! how many bitter days
Must I now weep thy fall!"

The maiden turned her homewards,
With grief and dolour sore,
And when she reached her father's,
Yclosed was every door.

"What—is there no one here within,
No lord, no man of birth,
Who will assist me bury
This corse in the cold earth?"

The lords within stood mute and still,
No help to her they lent;
The maiden turned her back again,
Loud weeping as she went.

Then with her hair so yellow,
She cleansed him from his gore;
And with her hands so snowy,
His wounds she covered o'er.

And with his own white sword,
A grave for him she made;
And with her own white arms,
His corse within it laid.

And with her hands so snowy,
Her lover's knell she rung;
And with her voice so gentle,
Her lover's dirge she sang.

"Now to some lonely cloister,
Straight I'll myself betake,
And wear for aye a sable veil,
For my own true love's sake."

. The words "Under the green linden," in the foregoing ballad, are supposed by the editor to contain an allusion to the old German criminal law. Courts of judicature were frequently held under the linden; and a passage quoted, in his opinion, implies that the corpse had already been borne to the place of judgment, that the customary declaration of murder might be duly pronounced over it by the judges.

THE LATE MR. COLERIDGE A COMMON SOLDIER.

THE *Athenæum* relates the following striking incident in the early life of the late Mr. Coleridge:—"We have reason to believe that during the early part of his life he enlisted as a common soldier in the Dragoons. Of course he did not remain long in the service. Perhaps his then democratical feelings made his officers willing to get rid of him; perhaps, which is a fact, he could not be taught to ride."

Upon this singular fact, or what might be called in the metaphysician's own language, "psychological curiosity," the Rev. Mr. Bowles has communicated the subsequent information to the *Times*.—I am, perhaps, the only person now living who can explain all the circumstances from Mr. Coleridge's own mouth, with whom I became acquainted after a sonnet addressed to me in his poems; moreover, being intimate from our school days, and at Oxford, with that very officer in his regiment who alone procured his discharge, from whom also I heard the facts after Coleridge became known as a poet.

The regiment was the 15th, Elliot's Light Dragoons; the officer was Nathaniel Ogle, eldest son of Dr. Newton Ogle, dean of Winchester, and brother of the late Mrs. Sheridan; he was a scholar, and leaving Merton-college, he entered this regiment a cornet. Some years afterwards, I believe he was then captain of Coleridge's troop, going into the stables, at Reading, he remarked written on the white wall, under one of the saddles, in large pencil characters, the following sentence, in Latin:

"Eheu! quam infortunii miserimum est fuisse felicem!"

Being struck with the circumstance, and himself a scholar, Captain Ogle inquired of a soldier whether he knew to whom the saddle belonged. "Please your honour, to Comberback," answered the dragoon. "Comberback!" said his captain, "send him to me." Comberback presented himself, with the inside of his hand in front of his cap. His officer mildly said, "Comberback, did you write the Latin sentence which I have just read under your saddle?" "Please your honour," an-

served the soldier, "I wrote it." "Then, my lad, you are not what you appear to be. I shall speak to the commanding officer, and you may depend on my speaking as a friend."

The commanding officer, I think, was General Churchill. Comberback* was examined, and it was found out, that having left Jesus-college, Cambridge, and being in London without resources, he had enlisted in this regiment. He was soon discharged,—not from his democratical feelings, for whatever those feelings might be, as a soldier he was remarkably orderly and obedient, though he could not rub down his own horse. He was discharged from respect to his friends and his station. His friends having been informed of his situation, a chaise was soon at the door of the Bear inn, Reading, and the officers of the 15th cordially shaking his hands, particularly the officer who had been the means of his discharge, he drove off, not without a tear in his eye, whilst his old companions of the tap-room† gave him three hearty cheers as the wheels rapidly rolled away along the Bath road to London and Cambridge.

WILLIAM L. BOWLES.

THE THREE MAIDENS.

(A Dutch Popular Song, translated in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.)

THERE were three maidens wander forth
In the spring time of the year;
The hail and the snow fell thick and fast,
And all three barefooted were.

The first of the three was weeping sore,
With joy skipped the second there;
The third of those maidens the first did ask,
"Oh how does thy true love fare?"

"Oh why and oh wherefore askest thou,
How does my true love fare?
Three men at arms did fall upon him,
His life they would not spare."

"Did three men at arms fall upon him,
His life would they not spare?
Another lover must kiss you then,
To be merry and glad prepare."

"If another lover should kiss me then,
Oh how sad would my poor heart be!
Adieu my father and mother!
Ye never more shall see me.

"Adieu my father and mother,
And my youngest sister dear!
And I whil to the green linden go,
My true love lieth there."

MAXIMS.

(From the *German of Goethe*, translated in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.)

How is man to become acquainted with himself? By reflection never, but possibly by

* When he enlisted he was asked his name. He hesitated, but saw the name Comberback over a shop-door near Westminster-bridge, and instantly said his name was Comberback.

† It should be mentioned that by far the most correct, sublime, chaste, and beautiful of his poems, *meo judicio*, "Religious Musings," was written, *non inter sylvas academi*, but in the tap-room at Reading. A fine subject for a painting by Wilkie.

action. Try to do thy duty, and thou wilt soon know what is in thee.

But what is thy duty? The furthering of the day.

Unlimited activity, be it of what kind it may, becomes bankrupt in the end.

It is not always necessary for truth to embody itself; enough if it float spiritually about and induce agreement; if, like the deep, friendly sound of a bell, it undulates through the air.

A capital error: that we think ourselves greater than we are, and value ourselves at less than we are really worth.

Music, in the best sense, is little in want of novelty; on the contrary, the older it is, and the more one is accustomed to it, by so much the greater the effect.

The best which we have from history is the enthusiasm it excites.

Deeply and earnestly reflecting men occupy an evil position as regards the public.

If I am to assent to the opinion of another, it must be positively pronounced; I have enough of the problematical in myself.

Literature is the fragment of fragments: the least part of that which happened and has been said, has been written: of what has been written the least part has survived.

Shakspeare is dangerous reading for budding talents; he compels them to reproduce him, and they fancy they are producing themselves.

He who is content with pure experience and acts accordingly, has truth enough. The growing child is wise in this sense.

Theory, in and for itself, is nothing worth, but in so far as it makes us believe in the connexion of phenomena.

Certain books appear to be written, not that we may learn anything from them, but that we may know that the author knew something.

The dust which is on the point of being laid for some time to come, raises itself powerfully for the last time before the storm.

He who is ignorant of foreign languages, is ignorant of his own.

It is a requisition of nature, that men should occasionally be stupified or have their senses deadened without falling asleep; hence the gratification they derive from tobacco-smoke, dram-drinking, opiates.

We do not possess what we do not understand.

All opposers of an intellectual matter only strike amongst the coals: these fly about and set on fire when they would otherwise have had no effect.

Every thing lyrical must in the whole be very reasonable, in particulars a little unreasonable.

Foresight is simple; retrospect, multiform. Truth belongs to the man, error to his age. For this reason it was said of an extraordi-

nary character: Le malheur du tems a causé son erreur, mais la force de son ame l'en a fait sortir avec gloire.

Men need only to grow old to become tolerant; I see no fault committed, which I might not have committed myself.

Some one questioned Timon as to the education of his children. Have them, said he, instructed in that which they will never comprehend.

Superstition is the poetry of life; wherefore it is an injury to the poet not to be superstitious.

He who feels no love, must learn to flatter, or he will not get on.

I can promise to be upright, but not to be impartial.

Ingratitude is a kind of weakness. I have never found able men ungrateful.

Accomplished people are always the best Conversations-Lexicon.

In every work of art, great or little, even down to the littlest, all depends upon the conception.

The question: which stands highest, the historian or the poet? ought not to be proposed: they contend against each other as little as the runner and the boxer. His proper crown is due to each.

My relation to Schiller was founded upon the decided direction of both towards one object; our common activity upon the difference of the means by which we sought to reach it.

It would not be worth while to be seventy years old, if all the wisdom of the world were folly in the eyes of God.

Several sayings of the ancients, which people are accustomed to repeat, had a totally different meaning from that which is given to them in modern times.

Men liken themselves to those whom they praise.

Some one compared thought and action to Rachel and Leah; the one was more pleasing, the other more fruitful.

Courage and modesty are the most undoubted virtues; for they are of a kind that hypocrisy cannot imitate; they have also the property in common of expressing themselves both by the same hue.

Of all thieves fools are the worst: they rob you of both time and temper.

Respect for self governs our morality: respect for others governs our behaviour.

At the present moment every man of cultivated mind should take Sterne's works in hand again, that the nineteenth century might know how much we *do* owe to him, and perceive how much we *might* owe to him.

In the spring and autumn we think little of a fire, and yet it happens that if we come upon one by accident, we find the feelings communicated by it so agreeable, that we feel inclined to indulge them. This would probably be found analogous to every temptation.

SMUGGLING BY DOGS.

THE following story has been already repeated on both sides of the water, but it affords such a felicitous proof of the unconquerable ingenuity of fraud, that we shall insert it in our own pages.

The director of the (French) custom-house says, that since the suppression of smuggling by horses, in 1825, dogs have been employed. In 1823 it was estimated that 100,000 kil. of goods were thus introduced into France; in 1825, 187,315; in 1826, 2,100,000 kil.—all these estimates being reported as rather under the mark: the calculation has been made at 2½ kil. as a *pro rata* per dog. The dogs sometimes carry 10 kil. and sometimes even 12. The above estimate supposes that one dog in ten in certain districts, and in others one in twenty, was killed; but these calculations must necessarily be vague. In the opinion of many of the custom-house officers, not more than one in seventy-five is destroyed, even when notice has been given, and the dogs are expected. Tobacco and colonial produce are generally the objects of this illicit trade; sometimes cotton twist and manufactures. In the neighbourhood of Dunkirk dogs have been taken with a burthen of the value of six, eight, or even twelve hundred francs. The dogs which are trained to these "dishonest habits" are conducted in packs to the foreign frontier; they are kept without food for many hours; they are then beaten and laden, and at the beginning of the night started on their travels. They reach the abodes of their masters, which are generally selected at two or three leagues from the frontiers, as speedily as they can, where they are sure to be well treated, and provided with a quantity of food. It is said they do much mischief by the destruction of agricultural property, inasmuch as they usually take the most direct course across the country. They are dogs of a large size for the most part. Among the measures proposed for the suppression of this mode of smuggling, a premium of three francs a head has been allowed for every frauding dog (*chien fraudeur*) destroyed; but this, as appears by the tables, has been wholly insufficient, though the cost has not been inconsiderable, namely, 11,000 francs per annum before 1827, and 15,000 francs per annum since that period, when the premium was allowed in the Thionville district, where the trade is still carried on by the aid of dogs, more extensively than elsewhere. It appears by the return that 40,278 dogs have been destroyed between 1820 and 1830, and premiums to the amount of 120,834 francs paid for their destruction.—*Report.—Foreign Quarterly Review.*

A gifted spirit goes forth into the world, not merely to hold a mirror to it, but to throw a light upon it.—*Sir E. Brydges.*

The Public Journals.

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SYDNEY.

[A CORRESPONDENT of the *New South Wales Magazine*, under the nom of "Phil's Grandfather," has thrown together a skeleton description of the capital of the colony, for the information of his children and grandchildren; for, to New South Wales, he writes, he has come to ascertain the propriety and probable consequence of all his generations following him to these antipodes of the land of his fathers. The modes by which he collected his information are certainly original, and the information itself is just of that kind which a very large number of persons in this country are anxious to obtain. The whole is in the form of a letter, which, after a few notes of the writer's three months' voyage, proceeds thus:—]

The name of the capital of New South Wales is Sydney. The latitude and longitude of the place you have already learned, and I have neither time nor inclination to transcribe the lessons of your geography; but the boundaries are of some considerable importance. On one side the town is bounded by the harbours of Port Jackson, which (though a common observation will suffer nothing by being often repeated and widely disseminated) is capable of affording complete and secure shelter for all the navies of the world. If nothing is made in vain, and every thing that is made is designed to answer some ulterior purpose commensurate with its means, Sydney must become a capital of a most extraordinary character, both in its power and splendour. There are no other natural boundaries of importance. To the interior excellent roads are formed for a long distance; and with the towns of Parramatta, Liverpool, and Windsor, there is communication by water. To the different settlements on the coast every reasonable facility of intercourse is to be found in the steam-vessels and colonial craft. The expense also of communication are not exorbitant.

Sydney is supplied with water from tanks, that are filled by a small stream that runs through part of the town, and certainly must be mixed with many vegetable and animal putrefactions;—by wells, having generally, I am informed, lateral springs, running over beds of schistose or iron-stone gravel, except in the more elevated parts of the town, where sand-stone rock prevails;—by water carted from a creek a small distance from the town;—and by metal pipes which communicate with a large lagoon near Botany Bay. I am sorry that I cannot give you any analysis of this latter water, nor any account of the vegetable, animal, or mineral productions of the lagoon from which it proceeds. For culinary and other domestic purposes, I apprehend no

better water needs be required. The local government has protected this property by an act of council, but will supply individuals and the ships in the harbour at very moderate charges. The subterranean moisture I shall inquire into as opportunity may serve, and will endeavour to ascertain whether any and what extent of influence it may have on the health of the people. The waters of the ocean supply a large variety of excellent fish, and frequently in incredible quantities. They are always cheap: at least I consider them to be so. The highest parts of the town are from 70 to 100 feet above the level of the sea.

The average temperature of the spring months is $65^{\circ} 5$; of summer, 72° ; of autumn, 66° ; of winter, 55° . The spring months are September, October, and November; the summer months are December, January, and February; autumn, March, April, and May; and winter, June, July, and August. March, April, and August, are generally considered rainy months. The barometrical pressure is about 29.94319 inches, and the average of the thermometer 65.20247° , or perhaps a degree and a half less. I have been informed that 64° of Fahrenheit is nearest the truth; and also that June, July, and August, are months that show the greatest cold in Sydney, but that in these months the thermometer falls even 20° lower in Parramatta than at Sydney. January and February are the hottest months in Sydney, as also in Parramatta; but in the latter place the mercury rises nearly 20° higher than at the capital. In Sydney, the thermometer is rarely, if ever, below 40° ; in Parramatta, it is frequently down to 27° . Ice in Sydney has very seldom been seen, and never before the last three or four years.

The westerly winds, I am informed, are uncommonly oppressive, and have a very strong influence on vegetation; but whether they produce any other effect on animal life than debility, I have not been able to ascertain. In fact, meteorological observations have been made by very few; and the application of the science to the purposes either of agriculture or medicine, have too generally been disregarded. It is, however, asserted that these evils are passing away, and that the science is making such a progress as will be available to many useful purposes.

The general conclusion to which I have arrived, fully assures me of the uncommon salubrity of the climate, and of its complete adaptation to European constitutions.

The soil in the neighbourhood of Sydney is extremely barren, and, of course, its exotic productions are few; but affords a most ample and delightful field for the botanist. In this particular, I apprehend the vicinity of Sydney excels any other part of the world. The principal animal products are a great variety of birds, generally of exquisite plumage, but

of no song; lizards in great abundance, and snakes, most of which are extremely dangerous. Of late, the minerals of Sydney have excited considerable attention.*

The immediate products of Sydney are of little or no importance, either as additions to human comfort, or as beneficial to commerce. Perhaps the excellent stone for building purposes, and good brick earth, are exceptions. But, relatively considered in its connexion with the whaling trade, and the production of fine wool, together with its exports of valuable timber, salted provisions, hides, horses, &c., the acquired products of Sydney, if the term may be allowed, are superior to all the necessary demands of life, and are equal to the requirements of the most fastidious luxury.

It ought to be observed, in this place, that the "kino" of the *Pharmacopœias* is to be found in the neighbourhood. Nor should it be entirely overlooked, that on various "mud banks," not far distant from the town, large quantities of shells are dug that are converted into excellent lime. Iron-stone also abounds; but I presume the quality of the material must be of very inferior character, or else some of the adventurous capitalists would have attempted to establish a manufacture. The emu and kangaroo were formerly inhabitants of where the town stands, but are now only to be found far in the interior. The stroke of the woodman was the signal for their departure to "where wilds immeasurably spread." Civilization has effected one thing for the aboriginal tenants of the soil—it has reduced the means of subsistence which the wretched native formerly possessed.

At this time a census of the population is being taken; but, as the results are not yet published, I cannot give you the exact number of the inhabitants of the town. I should, however, imagine that 16,000 is within compass. These may be divided into its aboriginal inhabitants, the free, the freed, the emancipist, the ticket of leave, and the prisoner. Of the first, I need only observe that the number does not exceed 40, and these are perfect and complete objects of human wretchedness. The free are, perhaps, about 7,000; the freed, about 3,500; the emancipists, 600; the ticket of leave, 1,200; and prisoners, 2,000.†

Among the free, a strong feeling of prejudice exists against the freed, the emancipists, and the ticket of leave. The freed and emancipists allege that they are entitled to

all the privileges and immunities of the freed, who assert, that a man who has once broken the laws of his country ought not to be permitted to share any of those popular rights which peculiarly belong to British subjects; such, for instance, as being eligible to be a legislator, to sit as a jurymen, &c. With the detail of the arguments, on both sides, at present I will not trouble you. The question has engaged many of my most serious hours, and in some form or other you shall know my thoughts when I consider them to be matured. I wish you would apply the principle of the following question to the present subject; and let me know, not only what your thoughts are, but the reasons why you come to any conclusion:—"Which character is the more worthy, he who has never fallen, or he who, after his fall, has risen from his degradation to fill his station in society?" The opponents of the emancipists say, that their characters are not changed, and that all the real and substantial change is in the circumstances of the freed and emancipist. In both parties I have discovered an amazing quantity of bad blood. A ticket of leave is an indulgence which a prisoner of good character procures after a certain period of servitude. Formerly, he was allowed to labour for his own benefit, to accumulate property, and to sue or to be sued in the supreme court. The latter privileges are now taken away by a late act of the imperial parliament.

The above population, be it more or less, is spread over nearly three square miles. The habitations, of all descriptions, will amount to somewhere about 2,000; and, in no instance, except the soldiers' barracks, the prisoners' barracks, the carters' barracks, and the gaol, are any large masses of people to be found.

The streets may be considered as running at right angles, with the exception of some few, which, from the nature of the ground, but more especially from the inattention of the first colonists in erecting their dwellings, are placed with all exposures, alike regardless of uniformity, architectural beauty, and general convenience. These deformities, however, will soon disappear.

The buildings are so various, from the progressive but rapid improvement which has taken place, that I feel at a loss how to describe them, so as to give you a correct idea of the town. The old houses are built principally of wood, and consist of two front rooms, one of which is a bed-room, the other a sitting and dining-room; besides, there are two rooms in the skilling, one for a kitchen, the other for a store-room. These dwellings are never more than one story, and are generally about eight feet high, with a frontage of 25 and a depth of 20 feet. Another class of buildings are raised only one story, but are finished in a very superior style; and, in

* See Sydney said, at p. 86. The Sydney earth was mentioned in the *Philosophical Transactions*, so early as 1790, and was discovered by Mr. Wedgewood.

† From the census, in the subsequent Number of the *Magazine*, we learn that Sydney contains free population, males, 7,958; females, 6,544; convict, males, 1,855; females, 385. Total number of males, 9,813; females, 6,409; General total, 16,222. Number of Protestants, 12,979; Catholics, 3,242.

every respect, are adapted to the purposes of a small, respectable family. Cellars are commonly attached to them, and the front elevation is generally sheltered by a veranda. The kitchen and store-rooms are detached, and to other offices a stable and coach-house are ordinarily added. The ventilation is always good. Elegant neatness is the characteristic of their dwellings. The next class of buildings are those which consist of two and three stories high, ordinarily with cellars, offices detached, and perfectly corresponding with the nature of the main building. In many of these buildings the front rooms contain upwards of 5,000 cubic feet. The halls are spacious, and, in most instances, the particular finish is highly creditable both to the proprietor and architect. Some splendid buildings are in the course of erection at this time that would do honour to Regent-street, London. The warehouses and stores are large and convenient. The windmills and steam-engines also merit a place here, as they contribute so much to the comfort and convenience of the people, who, a few years ago, were obliged to grind their wheat in small handmills.

From a detail of the superfluities and luxuries of the affluent, I am sure you could learn only a very little that would give you a correct notion of this country. It is from the state of the poor that correct and useful inferences are to be drawn; and under this impression I have frequently forsaken the society of the rich, the gay, and the luxurious, to circumnavigate every abode of wretchedness that came within my knowledge. I have assumed every variety of character, and frequently of costume, to secure my purpose; and you will feel surprised when I inform you, that I greatly doubt if I have met with one individual, who, in the correct sense of the term, ought to be called poor! The following facts I offer in proof:—

The general *bedding* of the poor consists of two blankets, two sheets, a rug, a wool bed, and frequently a feather pillow. The commonest arrangement for a bedstead is, to sink forked sticks into the ground to support side-rails, on which is laid a sheet of bark, and this supports the whole bedding materials. Very few, however, of this description are to be met with in town, as almost every one has either a common sofa or ordinary bedstead. It only happens occasionally that any of the inhabitants sleep on the floor. The wool of the beds is seldom either changed or washed, but the blankets may get a scouring once a year, and the sheets oftener. In dry weather the bedding is exposed to the air two or three times a week. This practice at once purifies them from foul air, and from a host of fleas. Very few have to complain of an insufficiency of bedding; for when age, accident, sickness, or misfortune, have created these wants, some

benevolent person is soon found by whom they are supplied. For *clothing*, a coarse, substantial, and warm cloth is made from the refuse wool of the exporter, and at a cheap rate: of this, two suits may be provided every year by the poorest wretch in the country. It is true that some are ragged and filthy, both in their persons, bedding, clothes, and lodging; but if the means which supply them with grog were applied to their proper and legitimate use, necessities of this nature have only to be known by name. The principal articles of *furniture* with which the habitations of the poorest are provided, consist of two tables, two or three chairs, and as many small stools, a long stool, two or three boxes, and a bed. To these may be added, a couple of iron pots, a frying-pan, a bucket, a washing-tub, half a dozen plates, two or three tin pots, and as many dishes, a few tea-cups and saucers, an old tin kettle, an axe, a few quart bottles, and a broken wine-glass, to measure out the abominable drains of the gossips. Those who are industrious and sober, are as comfortable in their dwellings as people need be; and even among those who cannot boast of any superfluity, they have few trials and many comforts. Having nothing beyond ordinary necessities to gratify, the least frugality places them beyond the reach of want. *Fuel* is certainly dear. Coals are brought to Sydney from the adjoining county, and sold at about 25s. or 30s. per ton. Wood is the most commonly used, at the rate of 1s. 3d. for a wheelbarrow load, and from 4s. to 6s. for a single horse load, three of which loads will supply one fire about a fortnight. The *diet* of the poor differs little from that of the rich, except as regards the mode of cooking, and the condiments that are used with it. Every labourer can readily procure a supply of excellent food “fresh and good.” Their meals are taken at regular hours—at eight, twelve, and six o’clock of the day. Some breakfast at day-light, or soon after. Bread, beef, mutton, pork, veal, fish, poultry, and eggs—vegetables, sometimes of an ordinary quality and not plentiful—tea, and colonial beer brewed from sugar—are articles of food that the poor can always command; and, with the exception of vegetables, not a single article needs be of inferior quality. Indeed, a surplus quantity is commonly found equal to the supply of two or three dogs and as many cats. The brewers are said to use several articles as a substitute for hops. It is certain that drinking the beer of some of the brewers, to the least excess, produces the heaviest sleep, excessive pain in the head, and irregularity of the bowels. Peach cider is sometimes used as a beverage. The average price of animal food is not more than 2d. per lb. Bread varies from 2d. to 8d. per lb.; every thing else proportionably reasonable. House rent is invariably dear.

I have not been able to learn whether or not the use of water, cider, or other beverage, has produced any calculus complaints, but should apprehend not. The water, almost in every case, is aperient, and especially to strangers. All the deep wells which I have seen contain hard water, but those of more shallow depth have the water soft.

A COUNTRY BALL ON THE ALMACK'S PLAN.

By Haynes Bayly.

On! joy to her who first began
A Country Ball on the Almack's plan!
Hogsnorton's Queen she walks erect,
The Ball exclusive and select;—
Four Ladies Patronesses sit
From morn to night arranging it;
And when you hear the names of all,
You'll guess the merits of the ball.
Plebeian persons they reject,
Hogsnorton balls are so select!

The Squire's own lady, Mistress Pearl,
Her sister, (quite a stylish girl,)
And then the wife of Mr. Flaw,
(Churchwarden and a mau of law,)
And Mistress Pitt's, the Doctor's bride,
Related on the mother's side
To Mr. Biggs, (who was, you know,
Lord Mayor of London long ago!)
By these, all upstart claims are checked,
Hogsnorton balls are so select!

They've quite excluded Mr. Squills,
Who makes the antibilious pills;
Not 'cause he makes 'em, but they say
He sells 'em in a retail way;
But Mr. Squills declares his wife
Has seen a deal of stylish life,
And votes Hogsnorton people low,
So if she could, she wouldn't go—
A strange remark, when you reflect
Hogsnorton balls are so select!

And then, you know, there's Mr. Flinn,
The rich old Mercer, can't get in;
And Sweet the Grocer has applied!
But Sweet the Grocer was denied;
And both appear to think it hard
That Slush the Brewer has a card;
And say, "Why should a brewer be
One bit more fit for hops than we?"
But Slush of course is quite correct,
Hogsnorton balls are so select!

Of course all those they won't admit,
Discuss the ball, and censure it;
And strange opinions they express
About each Lady Patroness;
Says Mrs. Flinn to Mrs. Sweet,
"I wash my hands of the *élite*;"
Says Mrs. Sweet to Mrs. Flinn,
"For all the world I'd not go in!"
Here envious feelings we detect;
Hogsnorton balls are so select!

Says Mrs. Squills, "There's Mrs. Pearl,
You'd think her father was an Earl!
So high and mighty! bless your heart,
I recollect her much less smart,
Before she married; and I knew
That people said—('tis *entre nous*)
She was a *lettle* indiscreet!
So much, my dear, for the *élite*!"
"Dear me! don't say she's incorrect,
Hogsnorton balls are so select."

Woe, woe to her who first began
A country ball on the Almack's plan!
Grim war is raging in the town,
The men are raving up and down;
And what may lead to worse mishaps,
The ladies all are pulling caps;

Indeed, we hear, from one and all,
As much of bullets as the ball!
Why was Hogsnorton's comfort wreck'd?
Because her balls were so select!
New Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

Smart Repartee.—Francis Henry de Montmorency, Duke of Luxemburg, was a celebrated French general, and much deformed; with him, it has been said, terminated the victories and grandeur of Lewis XIV. No general possessed, in so high a degree, the attachment and confidence of the soldiers. His uniform success, when contending with King William rendered him an object of jealousy to that prince, who once in the bitterness of his heart, called him "a hump-back;"—"what does he know of my back?" said the marshal, "he never saw it."—P.T.W.

Quid pro Quo.—Hannibal tried every art to draw Fabius Maximus into a battle. "If Fabius," said he, "be so great a general as he is reported to be, he ought to descend from the mountains, and fight me in the plains." Fabius replied, "If Hannibal be so great a general as he fancies himself to be, he ought to force me to fight him any where." THOS. GILL.

Compound Words in the Sanscrit.—The following specimen of Hindu sublimity, and of the mode in which words are compounded in the sacred dialect of Hindustan, is given in Yate's Sanscrit Grammar: "O Narayana! whose-moon-like-toe-nails-are-made-resplendent-by-the-intense-brightness-of-the-pearls-placed-on-the-top-of-the-magnificent-turbans-of-all-the-chief-divinities-making-their-suppliant-protestations, and who art the-purifier-of-the-three-worlds-by-the-stream-of-Ganga-which-is-bright-as-the-rays-of-the-autumnal-moon-proceeding-through-the-hole-of-that-concave-vessel-which-was-broken-by-the-top-of-the-nail-on-the-great-toe-of-thy-energetic-left-foot, do thou pity me, who am tossed-about-amidst-the-various-whirlpools-of-the-tremendous-and-shoreless-ocean-of-human-life." W. G. C.

Caput Lupinum.—An outlawed felon was anciently said to have *caput lupinum*, and might be knocked on the head like a wolf; because, having renounced all law, he was to be dealt with as in a state of nature, when every one that should find him might slay him.

Authors seldom exhibit their minds in conversation, and the best writers have often been the worst talkers.

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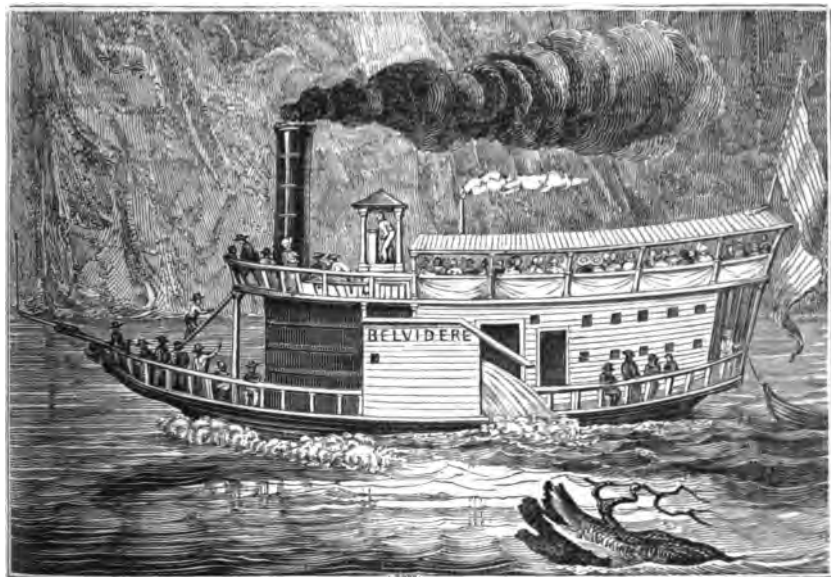
OF

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AMERICAN STEAM-BOAT.

Mrs. TROLLOPE, in one of the lithographs which accompany her otherwise graphic sketches of American manners, has furnished the original of the above Engraving. It represents the *Belvidere*, a large and handsome boat, in which our lady-traveller voyaged* from New Orleans to Memphis, along the vast Mississippi river. Yet Mrs. Trollope does not describe this as the largest or handsomest of the many steam-boats which displayed themselves along the wharfs; and, in a sentence for which even the Americans will thank the writer, she observes: "The innumerable steam-boats, which are the stage-coaches and fly-wagons of this land of lakes and rivers, are totally unlike any I had seen in Europe, and greatly superior to them." The fabrics which they most resemble in appearance are the floating baths, (*les bains Vigier*,) at Paris.† The annexed draw-

ing will give a correct idea of their form. The room to which the double line of windows belongs, is a very handsome apartment; before each window a neat little cot is arranged, in such a manner as to give its drapery the air of a window-curtain. This room is called the gentlemen's cabin, and their exclusive right is somewhat uncourtteously insisted upon. The breakfast, dinner, and supper are laid in this apartment, and the lady passengers are permitted to take their meals there. Mrs. Trollope describes the room destined for the ladies dismal enough, as its only windows are below the stern-gallery; but both this and the gentlemen's cabin are handsomely fitted up, and the former well carpeted; "but," adds the writer, "oh! that carpet! I will not, I may not describe its condition; indeed, it requires the pen of a Swift to do it justice. Let no one who wishes to receive agreeable impressions of American manners, commence their travels in a Mississippi steam-boat." The

* This is an awkward term, but sailing can scarcely be applied to a steam-boat passage. A Thames captain would, perhaps, call it steaming.

† These are stupendous baths kept by one Vigier. They are stationed in different parts of the Seine. That above the Pont Royal, (have they discarded this name?) opposite the Tuileries, is the most spacious and elegant. It was built in forty days, on a

boat as long as the largest vessel. It is two stories high; the galleries are adorned with pillars, pilasters, and handsome ceilings; and it contains 160 baths.

nuisance to which Mrs. Trollope alludes, is "the incessant, remorseless spitting of the Americans," her indignant censure of which has been made the sport of the critical circles.

There are some interesting particulars of Mrs. Trollope's voyage, which also throw some light upon the economical details of the *Belvidere*. The weather was warm and bright, and Mrs. Trollope found the guard of the boat, as they call the gallery that runs round the cabins, a very agreeable station; here Mrs. Trollope and her friend sat as long as light lasted, and sometimes, wrapped in their shawls, enjoyed the bright beauty of American moonlight, long after every passenger but themselves had retired. The boat had a full number of passengers on board. The deck, as usual, was crowded with the Kentucky flat-boat men, returning from New Orleans, after having disposed of the boat and cargo which they had conveyed thither, with no other labour than that of steering her, the current bringing her down at the rate of four miles an hour. There were about two hundred of these men on board, and when the vessel was stopped to take in wood for fuel, they ran, or rather sprang and vaulted over each other's heads to the shore, whence they all assisted in carrying wood to supply the steam-engine; the performance of this duty being a stipulated part of the payment of their passage.

When the Mississippi is swollen at New Orleans, another traveller, Captain Basil Hall, likens it to a bowl filled up to the brim, so that it seems as if the smallest shake, or the least addition, would send it over the edge, and thus submerge the city. The foot-path on the embankment is often but nine inches above the level of the stream; the colour of the water is of a dirty, muddy, reddish sort of white; and the surface everywhere strongly marked with a series of curling eddies or swells, indicative of great depth. Captain Hall likewise gives a brief description of the steam-boats which ply up and down the Mississippi; and the passage may be supplementarily tacked to Mrs. Trollope's outline of one of these boats—the *Belvidere*.

"Thirteen enormous vessels of this description were lying along the banks of the river. One of these, called the *Amazon*, was just setting off for Louisville, in Kentucky, upwards of 1,400 miles distant, in the heart of the Continent, which they hoped to reach in ten or eleven days, though they had to go in the very teeth of the current.

"These boats are employed exclusively upon the river, where the water is always smooth, and where also they are well sheltered by the woods. These circumstances allow of their accommodations being raised to the height of twenty and sometimes nearly thirty feet

above the water. They have two complete and distinct tiers of apartments. The upper one is appropriated entirely to what are called deck passengers, who pay a small sum of money, have no very luxurious accommodations, and provide themselves with food. The cabin passengers, or those who live in the lower apartments, fare differently, and are, of course, required to pay a higher sum for their passage.

"When the *Amazon* pushed off there could not have been fewer than 150 men standing on the roof, or deck, of the upper tier of berths, while in the lower gangways, passages, and balconies, or galleries, groups of ladies and gentlemen were moving about as if they had been in a fairy castle,—altogether a very lively and peculiar scene."

RELICS OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

(To the Editor.)

HAVING read with much interest your account of the finding of the crucifix and chain in the tomb of Edward the Confessor, I beg to add that this identical chain and cross were, and perhaps now are, in the possession of Mr. Donovan, the naturalist. These relics were put up for sale at Thomas's rooms, King-street, Covent Garden, a few years since; but, whether they were sold or not, I cannot say. They are truly of exquisite workmanship, and that part of the cross which is described as to be opened, contained a small portion of a substance, which was said by Mr. Donovan to be a portion of "the true cross."

The entire account of the discovery may be found in a work with the following title: "The Antiquities of St. Peter's, or the Abbey Church of Westminster. London, printed for J. Nutt. E. Curle, &c., 1715. Price 7s. 6d. 8vo. Supplement page, 56." J. J. A. F.

Anecdote Gallery.

LAW ANECDOTES.

LORD Chief Baron Yelverton once went a Lent circuit, and one of the assize towns happened to be where one of his college contemporaries was beneficed. The reverend gentleman, anxious to make a display of his zeal and talents, and at the same time, to show his respect for the Chief Baron, asked permission from the sheriff to preach the assize sermon before the judges, and his request was granted. It was in the month of March, and the weather was intensely cold; the sermon was tediously long, and the Chief Baron most annoyingly chilled. When the service was over, the preacher descended from the pulpit, and seemingly highly satisfied with his own performance, went to

the judge rubbing his hands, full of the joyful expectation of thanks for his discourse, and gratulations for the excellence of its matter and delivery. "Well, my lord," said he, "how do you like the sermon?" "Wonderfully, my dear friend," replied Yelverton; "it passed all understanding; and, I thought it would have endured for ever."

The following curious examination of a witness, who was desired to describe his house, took place a short time since at Brighton. Clerk: "Well now, what kind of a house was it?"—Witness: "Oh! it were a very comfortable house."—Clerk: "I don't doubt it, but what sort of a house was it?"—Witness: "Why, 'twas a tolerable sort of a house."—Clerk: "Yes, but what do you call a tolerable sort of a house?"—Witness: "Why, a house you can look at."—Clerk: "Well, I suppose you can look at any house."—Witness: "Why, yes, may be as how you can."—Clerk: "Very well, but can't you say how large it was?"—Witness: "Oh! as for that, 'twas a monstrous commodious house."—Clerk: "But, my good man, can't you explain to the magistrates the size of the house?"—Witness: "Oh, yes—why, may be it were—I don't know after all but what it warn't a very comfortable house."—Clerk: "Can't you give an answer, Sir? what do you mean by a comfortable house? how big was it?"—Witness: "Why, then, if I must, I must you know—why, it answered my purpose very well."—Clerk: "I wish I could say as much of you. Describe the house to the magistrates; I repeat again, how big was it?"—Witness: "Why, yes—I tell'e it were a very nice house."—Clerk: "Well, what do you mean by a very nice house?"—Witness: "Oh, why a house with a roof to it."

A chairman of the Quarter Sessions for Dublin, who was so remarkable for his lenity to female culprits that a woman was seldom convicted when he presided, was on one occasion not in the chair, which was occupied by an equally humane, though not so gallant a gentleman, when a prim-looking woman was put to the bar of the Commission Court, indicted for uttering forged banknotes. According to the usual form of law, the Clerk of the Crown asked the prisoner if she was ready to take her trial. With great disdain she answered—"No, my lord; I'll be tried by the other judge, or not at all." The simplicity of the woman, coupled with the well-known character of the absent chairman, caused a roar of laughter in the court. The chairman, about to explain the impossibility of being tried by the popular judge, said, "He can't try you," when the woman stopped him short, and with an inimitable sneer, exclaimed, "Can't try me! why he tried me twice before." She was tried, however, and for the third time acquitted.

L 2

Lord Gardenstone, in the course of a walk from Morningside, where he lived, met a rustic going to Edinburgh, in order to be present at the pleading of a cause in which he was deeply interested as a principal, and in which Mr. Crosbie had been retained as counsel. His lordship directed the man to get a dozen or two of farthings, at a snuff shop in the Grass-market, to wrap them up separately in white paper, as if they were so many guineas, and to present them, as the occasion served, in the capacity of fees. The counsel, who did not happen to be very warmly animated with his client's cause, frequently suffered his eloquence to droop, to the imminent danger of being nonsuited. His wary client, however, who had posted himself close to his back, ever and anon as he found the cadence of his voice hastening to a full stop for the purpose of winding up the argument, slipped another farthing into his hand. These repeated applications of the wrapped-up farthings so powerfully stimulated Mr. Crosbie's exertions, that he strained every nerve in grateful zeal for the interests of his treacherous client; and precisely as the fourteenth farthing was passing into his counsel's hand, the cause turned in his favour. The denouncement, which took place shortly afterwards in John's Coffee-house, over a bottle of wine with Lord Gardenstone, at the expense of Mr. Crosbie, from the profits of his pleading, may be better imagined than described.

While Lord Coalstoun lived in the Advocates' Close, Edinburgh, it was the custom for the judges to dress themselves in the Parliament House. When dressed, they were in the habit of leaning over their parlour windows for a few minutes, before St. Giles's bell started the sounding bell of a quarter to nine. One morning, while Lord Coalstoun was preparing to enjoy his matinal treat, two girls, who lived in the second flat above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which in sport they had swung over the window by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature got desperate with its exertions. In this crisis his lordship popped his head out of the window directly below that from which the kitten swung, little suspecting what danger impended over his head, when down came the exasperated animal, at full career, directly upon his wig. No sooner did the girls perceive what landing-place their kitten had found, than, in terror or surprise, they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late; for, along with the animal up also came the judge's wig fixed in its talons. His lordship's surprise on finding his wig lifted off his head, was ten thousand times redoubled, when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling its way upwards, without any means visible to him by which its motion might be accounted for. The asto-

nishment of the senator below, the mirth of the girls above, together with the fierce and retentive energy of puss between them, altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice. It was a joke soon explained and pardoned.

W. G. C.

BUONAPARTANIA.

THE Duchess of Weimar, daughter of the Landgrave Hesse Darmstadt, while all the rest of her family fled for safety to Brunswick, after the victory over the Prussians at Jena, had the hardihood to shut herself up in one of the wings of her castle with her ladies of honour, her friend Miss Gore, and some other English females, to whom she offered an asylum. During one day, neither herself nor her friends had any nourishment but what a few squares of chocolate afforded; the other apartments of the building were prepared for the reception of Napoleon. Towards night Buonaparte arrived at the castle, and the Duchess placing herself at the top of the grand staircase, received him with all due ceremony. "Who are you?" said Napoleon, retreating a few paces. "I am the Duchess of Weimar."—"I am sorry for you," said he, "I shall ruin your husband. Let the dinner be prepared in my own apartment." Having uttered these words, he left the Duchess abruptly. Notwithstanding this conduct, she despatched one of her chamberlains, the following morning, to inquire the state of his Majesty's health, and request an audience; Napoleon, sensibly impressed by such conduct, gave a gracious reply to the messenger, and invited himself to breakfast with his hostess. During the repast, the Emperor, with his accustomed vivacity, began to question the Duchess: "How could your husband, madam, be such a madman as to dare to wage war with me?" Whereto the Duchess replied with gravity, "My husband was in the service of the King of Prussia for nearly thirty years, consequently, it was not at the period when he had to contest with so formidable an enemy as your Majesty, that the Duke could with honour abandon him." This reply created a strong impression on Napoleon's mind, upon which he inquired, in a very softened tone, "How comes it that your husband was attached to the King of Prussia?"—"Your Majesty shall learn," answered the Duchess; "if you would so far trouble yourself as to inquire, [you would ascertain that the younger branches of the house of Saxony have uniformly followed the example of the Elector; therefore, in the actual state of things, motives of prudence and of policy combined to engage the Elector to enter into an alliance with Prussia rather than Austria." In short, after some further intercourse upon the same topic, Napoleon exclaimed: "Madam, you are certainly one

of the most respectable women I have ever known; you have saved your husband; I freely pardon him; but it is only upon your account; as to him, he is good for nothing."

We were at St. Polten, (says General Rapp,) and Napoleon was riding on horseback on the Vienna Road, when he perceived an open carriage advancing, in which were seated a priest and a lady bathed in tears. The Emperor was dressed, as usual, in the uniform of a Colonel of the Chasseurs of the guard. The lady did not know him. He inquired the cause of her affliction, and whither she was going. "Sir," she replied, "I have been robbed at about two leagues from hence by a party of soldiers, who have killed my gardener. I am going to request that your Emperor will grant me a guard. He once knew my family well, and lay under obligations to them."—"Your name?" inquired Napoleon.—"De Brunny," answered the lady; "I am the daughter of M. de Marbœuf, formerly governor of Corsica."—"I am delighted to meet you, Madam," exclaimed Napoleon, with the most charming frankness, "and to have an opportunity of serving you. I am the Emperor." The lady was amazed. Napoleon consoled her, and directed her to wait for him at head-quarters. He treated her with the utmost attention, granted her a piquet of Chasseurs of his guard, and sent her away happy and contented.

When Buonaparte was at Schoenbrunn, he occasionally amused himself with a game at *vingt-et-un*. One evening, having been fortunate, and won a small sum, he boastingly shook the pieces in his hand, saying, "The Germans love these little Napoleons, don't they?"—"Yes," answered General Rapp, "they do, Sire; but they are not at all fond of the great one."

Two days before the battle of Eylau, Napoleon lodged at the house of a Protestant minister, about two leagues from the field. He slept in the library. An album was on the table; and the next day, when the Emperor had departed, the minister found these words written in Napoleon's own hand:—"Happy abode of tranquillity! wherefore art thou so near the theatre and horrors of war?" This wonderful man, in the midst of his vast progress of ambition, would often moralize and speak with enthusiasm on such subjects.

During the Polish campaign of 1806, the mother of Prince Czartoriski, President of the government at Moscow, sent General Sokolnicki to Murat, at that time Napoleon's secretary, to solicit a specimen of the Emperor's autograph. At the very moment when the General presented himself, Murat chanced to be turning over a piece of paper, on which Napoleon had just been trying his pen with the following lines:—"The partition of

Poland is the deepest political crime committed in modern times." This relic was set in a rich frame, and placed among other mementos of the illustrious man, in the museum at Putavi. W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

REGULARITY IN THE PAST SEASONS AND THE PRESENT.

SEVERAL observations made by naturalists this season, accord to a day with those made on the same objects in preceding seasons. In the last number of the *Magazine of Natural History*, my friend, Mr. Edward Blyth, has recorded the following coincidences in the arrival of migratory birds at Tooting, in Surrey, viz. that the tree-pipit arrived in that neighbourhood this year on April 4, being the same day on which it was first noticed for "three successive years;" the nightingale, (*Sylvia lusciniæ*), was first heard on April 17, being the same day on which it was first noticed last year. The Rev. W. B. Clarke states that "the cuckoo was first heard at Parkstone, near Poole, (Dorsetshire,) on April 18, 1834: it came on the same day in 1833," and he is informed "by persons who are observant, that it always returns, and is first heard at Parkstone, about that day."

J. H. F.

DISTANCE OF THUNDER TOLD BY THE PULSE.

SOUNDS are known to travel a certain number of miles in a second, and philosophers usually calculate the distance of a thunder-storm by counting, by means of a watch, the number of seconds that elapse during the seeing of the flash and the hearing of its report. When one has not a watch, the distance may be estimated by remarking the number of beats the pulse makes during the same interval of time, provided of course, that one knows the rate at which the pulse beats in a certain time. This plan is given in the *Traité de L'Opinion*, where it is farther stated that if the pulse beat six times, the distance of the thunder is about 6,000 paces; if five times, at 5,000 paces.

J. H. F.

Temple.

ZOOLOGICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

The Dog.

It is remarkable that from this faithful animal, the companion of man, and the guardian of his person and property, should originate all the terms of vile reproach and low comparison; as, you dog, you cur, you hound, you whelp, you puppy: so, dog's trick, dog cheap, dog trot, dog sick, dog weary, doggerel rhymes, to lead the life of a dog, or to use like a dog. This may have originated in the East, where the dog is held in abhorrence, as the common scavenger

of the streets. "Him that dieth in the city, the dogs shall eat; and him that dieth in the fields, shall the fowls of the air eat;" was said of Jeroboam and his family (1 Kings, xiv. 11.), of Baasha, (1 Kings, xvi. 4.), a people about to be punished for their offences by famine and pestilence. A ravenous desire for food is called a canine appetite: and of a foul and gluttonous feeder it is said, that hungry dogs will eat dirty pudding. By the Israelites he was accounted so abominable, that, in the Levitical law, the price of a dog was forbidden to be offered in sacrifice. He has also been ever the miserable victim of most cruel experiments, by the anatomist and the philosopher: and when a tax was laid on his head, a general massacre of the species took place. By the Egyptians he was an object of adoration, as the representative of one of the celestial signs; and by the Indians, as one of the sacred forms of their deities.

"The Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for
Their faith made interecine war."—*Hudibras*.

The canicular or dog days are so called, not because dogs are at that season apt to run mad, but from the heliacal rising of Sirius, or the dogstar, as typical of the season of greatest heat, or wane of the summer.

In moonlight nights dogs, as the emblems of vigilance, are said to be more than usually watchful, and "to bay the moon;" and are supposed to have a sense of the odour of mortal dissolution, and to howl before the death of one of the family. They perspire by the tongue; and in hot countries, as in Africa, die if they be suddenly plunged into cold water. The young, or whelps, of the dog, as is the case with all quadrupeds which bring forth litters, and have the feet divided into many segments or toes, are born blind, and so continue for ten or twelve days; and at this time are probably deaf, as the valves of the ears are closed till the eyes are opened.

Among other useful purposes, he is harnessed, and draws a peculiar kind of carriage, called a sledge, over the snow in the colder regions of the north. In Holland he is fastened in pairs to a small wagon and draws vegetables and other light substances to the market. In Amsterdam there are regular dog ordinaries, where, as soon as he is unharnessed after his journey, he receives a small coin from his master, which he takes in his mouth to a well known establishment of this kind, and in exchange for his money is provided with a certain portion of meat. And in many country places he is taught to turn the spit and roast the meat, by continued exercise in a kind of tread wheel.

"But as a dog that turns the spit
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet
To climb the wheel; but all in vain
His own weight brings him back again,
And still he's in the self-same place
Where, at his setting out, he was."—*Hudibras*.

According to Horace, the sight of a bitch with young was considered as an unlucky omen; and of a sullen, discontented person we say, that the black dog has walked over him. A certain German empiric, when his patient was surfeited by eating too much hare, directed him, upon the principles of antipathy and contrast, to take greyhound broth. And at the time when the place of resort for recreation to the citizens of London was at the sign of the Dog and Duck, a learned traveller, in portraying the manners of the British capital, relates that the inhabitants flocked to a certain place of entertainment to feed on dog and duck.

Although in China and Tartary his flesh is used for food, and a living dog is said to be better than a dead lion, in Europe, his carcass is considered so utterly worthless, that even his skin is now of little value. The skins, however, of young puppies were formerly tanned, and formed a soft kind of leather which was manufactured into gloves. The hair of a dog, when burnt, was formerly prescribed as an antidote against the effects of intoxication: hence a man too much excited by drink at night, is recommended to take a hair of the same dog the next morning, as a means of gradually counteracting his state of debility.

The greyhound is so called, not from any allusion to colour, but because he came originally from Greece, *Canis Graius*, and therefore should be written graihound.

[These interesting notes have been contributed to the *Magazine of Natural History* by Dr. Turton. The subjoined are by another correspondent, and illustrate Shakespeare's mention of the dog.]

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So few'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd and dew-lap'd like Thessalian
bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each."

Midsummer Night's Dream, act 4, sc. 1.

"Spaniel-like, the more she spurs my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still."

Two Gentlemen of Verona, act 4, sc. 2.

"That island of England breeds very valiant creatures,
their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage."

Henry V., act 3, sc. 9.

"A dog, and bay the moon."

Julius Cæsar, act 4, sc. 3.

"Oft have I seen a hot & erewhining cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cried."

Henry VI. Part II., act 5, sc. 1.

The above description of the hound is highly picturesque. The obsequiousness of the spaniel is proverbial. For the following observation upon the British mastiff's celebrity, I am indebted to Dr. Fleming, *Brit. An.*, p. 11. "The Roman emperors held the British dogs of this kind in high estimation for combats in the amphitheatre, and,

according to Strabo, they were trained by the Gauls for battle." Every one who ever possessed a dog, knows that they "bay the moon," and that most piteously, sitting upon their haunches when the moon shines clear and frosty. To the former part of the last quotation, Ben Jonson has some lines of similar purport, which may confirm the truth of the remark:—

"The eager, but the generous greyhound,
Who ne'er so little from his game withheld,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat."
Every Man in his Humour.

The conflict of dogs with bears, Shakspeare may have seen at the Paris Garden, and frequently, I dare say, the very occurrence he here so graphically notices.—[I have known a dog, and not a young one, that standing, in moonlight nights, on the shadow side of trees in an orchard, would bark at their stems for a long time together. —*J. D.*]

Manners and Customs.

THE LOO-CHOOANS.

Loo-Choo, or Lieou-Kieou, or Lew-Chew, is the name of a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean, to the south of Japan, and east of China, to which they are tributary. But little was known of them in this country, until they were visited by Captains Maxwell and Hall, in the *Alceste*, on her return from the embassy to China, about eighteen years since. The climate of Loo-Choo is mild, the soil excellent, and fruits and vegetables abundant. What little connexion has subsisted between our countrymen and the Loo-Chooans, has been marked by the purest benevolence on their part. Indeed, Captain Hall paints the islands as a new Arcadia, in which the use of arms, money, and punishments is unknown. But he was ignorant of the language, and his intercourse with the natives was restricted by a despotic police. It is true that they treated the strangers kindly, and supplied them with provisions, uniformly refusing to be paid: but these supplies appear to have been furnished by authority, and not by individuals; and the refusal to receive compensation is accounted for on the ground that the government which shows such an aversion to strangers, is unwilling to suffer any traffic between them and its subjects. In fact, the statements of Captain Hall on several points, have been contradicted by Captain Beechey, who visited the islands in 1827, and who asserts that the Loo-Chooans have arms and money, and inflict the most severe and cruel punishments.

But Loo-Choo has been visited very recently, or about two years since, by Mr. Lindsay, one of the East India Company's

supra-cargoes, with the view of ascertaining how far the port of Loo-Choo might be gradually opened to British commerce. His proceedings in the islands possess some interest. He tells that no British ship has ever touched here without experiencing the hospitality of the natives. Their motives for this conduct might appear doubtful, did it only apply to the King's ships, which touched at Loo-Choo in 1816, (Hall,) and 1827, (Beechey;) but similar hospitality and kind feeling were shown to our countrymen in distress, when His Majesty's ship, *Providence*, was wrecked here in 1797. The natives were much pleased and astonished at hearing Mr. Lindsay address them in Chinese; and in a long conversation, held in a temple, he explained to them the object of their visit. He learned that a whaler, the *Partridge*, Captain Stavers, had visited Loo-Choo in the February previous, and had staid there some weeks on the most friendly terms; and Mr. Lindsay was shown a short English and Loo-Choo vocabulary, which one of the natives had made by the assistance of Captain Stavers. They invited Mr. Lindsay to take tea and pipes, and treated him with the utmost friendliness of manner; but all this urbanity did not conceal their utter indifference to truth, which appears barely to be considered in the light of a virtue among them; for they were convicted of the most flagrant self-contradictions in the space of a few minutes. This contempt of truth is any thing but corroborative of Captain Hall's poetical picture of their manners; and it lessens the regret at the Loo-Chooans declining Mr. Lindsay's commercial offers. They were willing to be on good terms, but cunningly avoided all trade, pretending that the land was very unproductive, and that neither gold nor silver was found in it; that they possessed nothing to offer in exchange for British cloth, camlets, and calicoes; that they never traded with foreign nations; that they could, by no means, change their laws, which were very strict; in fine, that they were as inveterate exclusionists as ever opposed the free-trade system. Still, they were willing to furnish any of our ships with supplies; and Mr. Lindsay considers this disinterested hospitality to be one of the best points in the character of the Loo-Chooans, who are, certainly, in many respects, a gentle and amiable race. After giving them a musical snuff-box and a telescope, Mr. Lindsay left these interesting people.

Captain Beechey's account of the Loo-Chooans is not the least attractive portion of his Narrative. He tells us, that they are, like the Chinese, extremely superstitious, and invoke their deities upon every occasion, sometimes praying to the good spirits, and at others to the evil. Near the beach, upon the shore which faces the coast of China,

Captain Beechey saw several square stones with pieces of paper attached to them, which, he was told, were the prayers of individuals. A label similarly placed to those upon the beach, was found by Captain Hall to contain a prayer for the safe voyage of a friend, who had gone from Loo-Choo to China; and it is probable, therefore, that those which Captain Beechey saw were for similar purposes. Pieces of paper seen suspended between the panels of a Jos House, were also supplications; and one taken to Macao was found to be an invocation of the devil; which some advocates of temperance would consider by no means misplaced in a Jos House.

In a natural cave, Captain Beechey found an emblem of virtue among these people. This was a rudely carved image, about three feet in height, of the goddess Kwan-yin, (pronounced Kwan-yong by the Loo-Chooans.) In front of the deity were several square stone vessels for offerings, and upon one of them were placed some short pieces of polished wood, which Captain Beechey conjectured to be for the purpose of deciding questions, in the manner practised by the Hoo sect in China, by being tossed in the air, or rattled in a bamboo case, until one falls on the ground with its mark uppermost; when it is referred to a number in the book of the priests, and an answer is given accordingly. In China, there are fasts in honour of this goddess, and no doubt there are the same in Loo-Choo. The natives were very unwilling to allow Captain Beechey to approach the figure, and pulled him back when he stepped into a small stone area in front of it, for the purpose of examining these pieces of wood.

Among the Loo-Chooan customs recorded by Captain Beechey, the reader will feel interested with those which relate to the disposal of the dead. It appears that they pay every possible attention and respect to their departed friends, by strictly attending to their mourning, frequently visiting the tombs, and in supplying the cups and other vessels placed there with tea, and the lamps with oil, for a certain time after the bodies are deposited, as well as by keeping the tombs exceedingly neat and clean. An old man was noticed strewing flowers and shells upon a newly made grave, which, he said, contained his son, and in watching several sticks of incense as they burned slowly down to the earth in which they were fixed.

In a tomb excavated in a cliff, Captain Beechey discovered a corpse lying upon its back, half-decayed and covered over with a mat; a jar of tea and some cups were placed by it, that the spirit might drink. This discovery strengthened some information which Captain Beechey afterwards received, namely, that the flesh is allowed to decay before the



(Loo-Chooan Idol—The Goddess of Mercy.)

bones are placed in jars in the cemetery; for Captain Beechey discovered a kind of urn-burial to be the practice here. In a tomb, the Captain saw about twenty jars of fine red pottery, covered with lids shaped like mandarins' caps; the size of the jars was about twenty inches deep by eight in the broadest part, which was one-third of the way from the

mouth: they were perforated in several places with holes an inch in diameter. Captain Beechey did not remove any of the lids, as it seemed to give offence; but he was told that the jars contained the bones of the dead, after the flesh had been stripped off, or had decayed. On putting the question, whether they burned the bones or the flesh off them, it was answered by surprise, and an inquiry, whether we did so in England? It has, however, been stated, upon the authority of a Chinese author, that the Loo-Chooans burn the flesh of the deceased, and preserve the bones; but, Captain Beechey thinks it not improbable that the custom may have changed.

RAMBOUILLET.

RAMBOUILLET is a village ten leagues south-west of Paris, on the road to Chartres. It has acquired some fame in history from one of the *chateaux* of the kings of France being situated here in a park, abounding in wood and water. The approach to the *chateau* from the village is by a long avenue planted on each side with double and treble rows of lofty trees, the tops of which are so broad and thick as nearly to meet. This avenue opens into a lawn area, in the centre of which stands the *chateau*. It is a structure of considerable extent, entirely of brick.

Francis I. died in this palace in 1547; and Louis XIV. held his court in it for some years. The apartment in which the latter monarch slept and held his levee, is still in the same condition as in his time. On the sides of the bed are portraits of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., and Philip V. of Spain, and his Queen.



(Chateau de Rambouillet.)

The rooms are magnificently furnished. The grand saloon is an immense hall, with a floor of white marble, and two rows of Corinthian pillars on each side. The gardens, which are extensive, were laid out by Le Nôtre. The park contains 2,000 acres, and is surrounded by a forest of nearly 30,000 acres.

Rambouillet has been the scene of many memorable incidents in the history of France. It was here that towards the close of the last French Revolution, (the three days of 1830,) the ill-fated Charles X. lingered in the forlorn hope of the Duc d'Orléans, or some of his own partisans, proclaiming his grandson, (Henry V.,) and thus retrieving the fortunes of his house. "But the career of the elder branch of the Bourbons was destined here to close. The Duc d'Orléans handed to the Chamber of Deputies the qualified abdication of the ex-king, which they passed over in silence. This doting prince had, however, established a formidable camp at Rambouillet, and the Duke, as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, felt the necessity of its being promptly dispersed. The people were fully ripe for a march thither, *en masse*. He, therefore, selected for them chiefs, and mustered the National Guard. It was then announced that Charles X. must be dislodged from his post, and that the government required the people to march on Rambouillet. General Pajol commanded this motley force, which was wisely preceded some hours by 6,000 of the National Guard, and still earlier by commissioners empowered to treat with the ex-king.* In the Bois de Boulogne, the people were first reduced to some kind of order; thence they passed by St. Cloud to Versailles. Need the sequel be told? Charles X. wisely closed with the commissioners, and received large sums of money to quit the kingdom; so that at Rambouillet he made his last stand for sovereignty.

* The late M. L. T. Ventouillac. Letter-press to Pugin's Paris and its Environs, 1831.

The Public Journals.

COLERIDGE.

PERHAPS OUR readers may have heard repeated a saying of Mr. Wordsworth, that many men of this age had done wonderful things; as Davy, Scott, Cuvier, &c.; but that Coleridge was the only wonderful man he ever knew. Something, of course, must be allowed in this as in all other such cases for the antithesis; but we believe the fact really to be, that the greater part of those who have occasionally visited Mr. Coleridge have left him with a feeling akin to the judgment indicated in the above remark. They admire the man more than his works, or they forget the works in the absorbing impression made by the living author. And no wonder. Those who remember him in his more vigo-

rous days can bear witness to the peculiarity and transcendent power of his conversational eloquence. It was unlike anything that could be heard elsewhere; the kind was different, the degree was different, the manner was different. The boundless range of scientific knowledge, the brilliancy and exquisite nicety of illustration, the deep and ready reasoning, the strangeness and immensity of bookish lore—were not all; the dramatic story, the joke, the pun, the festivity, must be added—and with these the clerical-looking dress, the thick waving silver hair, the youthful-coloured cheek, the indefinable mouth and lips, the quick yet steady and penetrating greenish-grey eye, the slow and continuous enunciation, and the everlasting music of his tones,—all went to make up the image and to constitute the living presence of the man. He is now no longer young, and bodily infirmities, we regret to know, have pressed heavily upon him. His natural force is indeed abated; but his eye is not dim, neither is his mind yet enfeebled. "O youth!" he says in one of the most exquisitely finished of his later poems—

"O youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper bell hath not yet tolled:—
And thou wert aye a masker hold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:—
But springtime blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought; so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still."

Mr. Coleridge's conversation, it is true, has not now all the brilliant versatility of his former years; yet we know not whether the contrast between his bodily weakness and his mental power does not leave a deeper and a more solemnly affecting impression, than his most triumphant displays in youth could ever have done. To see the pain-stricken countenance relax, and the contracted frame dilate under the kindling of intellectual fire alone—to watch the infirmities of the flesh shrinking out of sight, or glorified and transfigured in the brightness of the awakening spirit—is an awful object of contemplation; and in no other person did we ever witness such a distinction,—nay, alienation of mind from body,—such a mastery of the purely intellectual over the purely corporeal, as in the instance of this remarkable man. Even now his conversation is characterized by all the essentials of its former excellence; there is the same individuality, the same *unexpectedness*, the same universal grasp; nothing is too high, nothing too low for it: it glances from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, with a speed and a splendour, an ease and a power, which almost seem in-

spired : yet its universality is not of the same kind with the superficial ranging of the clever talkers whose criticism and whose information are called forth by, and spent upon, the particular topics in hand. No; in this more, perhaps, than in anything else is Mr. Coleridge's discourse distinguished : that it springs from an inner centre, and illustrates by light from the soul. His thoughts are, if we may so say, as the radii of a circle, the centre of which may be in the petals of a rose, and the circumference as wide as the boundary of things visible and invisible. In this it was that we always thought another eminent light of our time, recently lost to us, an exact contrast to Mr. Coleridge as to quality and style of conversation. You could not in all London or England hear a more fluent, a more brilliant, a more exquisitely elegant converser than Sir James Mackintosh; nor could you ever find him unprovided. But, somehow or other, it always seemed as if all the sharp and brilliant things he said were poured out of so many vials filled and labelled for the particular occasion; it struck us, to use a figure, as if his mind were an ample and well-arranged *hortus siccus*, from which you might have specimens of every kind of plant, but all of them cut and dried for store. You rarely saw nature working at the very moment in him. With Coleridge it was and still is otherwise. He may be slower, more rambling, less pertinent; he may not strike at the instant as so eloquent; but then, what he brings forth is fresh coined; his flowers are newly gathered, they are wet with dew, and, if you please, you may almost see them growing in the rich garden of his mind. The projection is visible; the enchantment is done before your eyes. To listen to Mackintosh was to inhale perfume; it pleased, but did not satisfy. The effect of an hour with Coleridge is to set you thinking; his words haunt you for a week afterwards; they are spells, brightenings, revelations. In short, it is, if we may venture to draw so bold a line, the whole difference between talent and genius.

A very experienced short-hand writer was employed to take down Mr. Coleridge's lectures on Shakspeare, but the manuscript was almost entirely unintelligible. Yet the lecturer was, as he always is, slow and measured. The writer—we have some notion it was no worse an artist than Mr. Gurney himself—gave this account of the difficulty : that with regard to every other speaker whom he had ever heard, however rapid or involved, he could almost always, by long experience in his art, guess the form of the latter part, or apodosis, of the sentence by the form of the beginning; but that the conclusion of every one of Coleridge's sentences was a *surprise* upon him. He was obliged to listen to the last word. Yet this unexpectedness, as we

termed it before, is not the effect of quaintness or confusion of construction; so far from it, that we believe foreigners of different nations, especially Germans and Italians, have often borne very remarkable testimony to the grammatical purity and simplicity of his language, and have declared that they generally understood what he said much better than the sustained conversation of any other Englishman whom they had met. It is the uncommonness of the thoughts or the image which prevents your anticipating the end.

We believe it has not been the lot of any other literary man in England, since Dr. Johnson, to command the devoted admiration and steady zeal of so many and such widely-differing disciples—some of them having become, and others being likely to become, fresh and independent sources of light and moral action in themselves upon the principles of their common master. One half of these affectionate disciples have learned their lessons of philosophy from the teacher's mouth. He has been to them as an old oracle of the Academy or Lyceum. The fulness, the inwardness, the ultimate scope of his doctrines has never yet been published in print, and if disclosed, it has been from time to time in the higher moments of conversation, when occasion, and mood, and person begot an exalted crisis. More than once has Mr. Coleridge said, that with pen in hand he felt a thousand checks and difficulties in the expression of his meaning; but that—authorship aside—he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the fullest utterance of his most subtle fancies by word of mouth. His abstrusest thoughts became rhythmical and clear when chanted to their own music.

Note.—It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Mr. Coleridge. When the foregoing article was printed, he was weak in body, but exhibited no obvious symptoms of so near a dissolution. The fatal change was sudden and decisive; and six days before his death, he knew, assuredly, that his hour was come. His few worldly affairs had been long settled, and, after many tender adieus, he expressed a wish that he might be as little interrupted as possible. His sufferings were severe and constant till within thirty-six hours of his end; but they had no power to affect the deep tranquillity of his mind, or the wonted sweetness of his address. His prayer from the beginning was, that God would not withdraw his Spirit; and that by the way in which he would bear the last struggle, he might be able to evince the sincerity of his faith in Christ. If ever man did so, Coleridge did.

Mr. Coleridge wrote, about a month or two ago, his own humble and affectionate epitaph.

"Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God,
And read, with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—
O, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C. !—
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death !
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He asked, and hoped through Christ. Do thou
the same."

Mr. Coleridge breathed his last at half-past six o'clock, in the morning of Friday, the 25th day of July last, under the roof of his dear and kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Gillman of Highgate; and was interred on the 2nd of August in the vault of Highgate Church.—*Quarterly Review.*

RECORDATIO RIVORUM.

By the Reverend John Mitford.

THE gentle rivers of the earth;

What are they but the gems that bind
Her beauteous bosom from its birth,
The mirrors of each form refined?

Now half unseen, the shadowy streams,
Their sylvan coves and hollows lave;
Now Evening's rich purpureal gleams
Are flashing o'er the phosphor wave.

I know them all—no waters kiss
Their haunted cliffs, or caverns old;
But I the amber flood have drank,
And trod their sands of fabled gold.

On Tiber's yellow shores I've stood;
Rich Brenta's marble halls I know;
And oft my little boat hath sail'd
Along the silver Po.

How dear, beneath thy banks of wood,
Lov'd Arno, hast thou been to me;
For by thy wave has Dante stood,
And sunny Florence looks on thee.

I've seen the Rhone with bridal haste,
Rush onward to the ocean bay;
And I have seen where in his cave
The giant Infant lay.

The Baden hills are steep to climb,
And dark their piny forests swell;
Beneath their shadows I have knelt,
Beside the Danube's well.

Elbe, mighty Elbe, thou roll'st along,
The heart of Germany is thine;
And well may I thy mountains love,
Thou castle-cover'd Rhine!

Old Drance, he hath a giant's step,
And tramples on from steep to steep;
And pale, oh! pale, the moonlight snows
Around the young Arveiron sleep.

I've seen thy blue wave glide beneath
Each mirror'd hue of rock and tree;
And it was like a fairy dream,
Delightful Meuse, to gaze on thee:

The Lese, he hath a palace built,
Beside thee gleam its crystal walls;
And dark and wild thy mountains rise,
To guard the old Enchanter's halls.

Ah! golden Treves! how like a queen
Thou sit'st amid thy flowery dell;
And twin'st around thy regal brow
The vine-wreath of thy lov'd Moselle.

A little mouth—a little mouth,
I roam'd among thine islets gay;
While o'er each wild and winding marge,
Gleam'd mouldering tower and turret grey.

But hark what evening-music floats,
Rich with the South's voluptuous air;
And who are they, the angel-forms,
That wave their long resplendent hair?

Dark are their brows, and light their step,
Who call the banks of Loire their own;
And, they, who touch the soft guitar,
Along thy hills, thou lov'd Garonne.
If Beauty were a fadeless flower;
If Love were more than Poet's dream;
With them I'd build my chosen bower
Where Sarga winds her wizard stream.

For I have sat in Petrarch's chair,
Have trod with awe the poet's room;
And one cold kiss these lips have laid,
Chaste Laura, on thy marble tomb.
Now let these gentle rivers glide,
Their own sweet path to choose or leave;
For see how softly Thames reflects
The silver lights of Eve.

When hopes are bright, when hearts are young,
By other hills and streams we roam;
Content, if in our later age
On Thames's shores we find a home.
Gentleman's Magazine.

HORRID MASSACRE OF 350 FRENCH REFUGEES IN AUGUSTA, IN 1800.

Furnished by an Eye-witness.

THE people of Augusta have deservedly the worst reputation in Sicily. Their treachery and cruelty are proverbial, and within these few years they have given more than one proof of their brutal disposition. Some Greek sailors, not long since, who were watering at the aqueduct, were, without provocation, wantonly attacked and cut to pieces by them. This was sufficiently dreadful; but what shall we say to the infamous murder of 350 French invalids, in the year 1800, on their return from Egypt? These unfortunate people, suffering under the ophthalmia and other diseases, unable to remain longer at sea, put into the port of Augusta, confiding in the hospitality of the inhabitants, and obtained permission to land and erect tents under the walls of the place. They were fast recovering their health, when the townspeople, imagining they had brought great wealth with them, rose with one accord, and precipitating themselves on their unsuspecting guests, murdered them with every species of barbarity; neither sex nor age was spared, women and children, of which there were many among these unfortunate people, were stabbed in the very act of supplication by these atrocious assassins. Having dispatched all they found on shore, they proceeded on board in quest of those who had gained the ships by throwing themselves into the sea, and finished the tragedy by destroying them. The wife of the French commandant contrived to push off in a boat with four sailors, and had got to some distance when her flight was discovered, and it was vociferated that she was escaping with the treasure. The blood-thirsty wretches pursued and soon overtook her; in vain, on her knees, she conjured them to spare her life, and to excite greater commiseration, informed them that she was advanced in pregnancy. These monsters—am I speak-

ing of human beings? spurned the unhappy woman from them with their feet, and beat her brains out with their oars. After the dreadful deed was completed, a party of the assassins, covered as they were with blood, sat down to a meal which was prepared on board one of the vessels; whilst they were eating, an unfortunate creature, who had concealed himself, was discovered and dragged from his lurking place. They made him sit down with them, and diverted themselves by obliging him to swallow a large quantity of macaroni. The poor man began to entertain hopes of having his life spared; he was deceived; one of these fiends coolly rose, and coming behind him cut his throat at the table, amidst the shouts and acclamations of his horrid companions.

This dreadful event is now usually designated as "*Li piccoli vesperi*," or the little vespers, in imitation of the famous Sicilian Vespers under Charles of Anjou, when every Frenchman in the island was murdered; at which time the enraged Sicilians did not even spare their own relations, but ripped up women who were pregnant by Frenchmen, and dashed the half-formed infants against the walls, as we are told by Giannone, in his History of Naples; whilst the priests, catching the general frenzy, butchered their French penitents. What increases our indignation is, that the court of Naples suffered the crime of the Augustanæ to pass without any attempt to punish it, and without any indication of disapproval.—*Metropolitan*.

New Books.

CAMPBELL'S LIFE OF MRS. SIDDONS.
(Concluded from page 107.)

[We left Mrs. Siddons in possession of the tragic throne at Drury Lane, in 1782. A delightful chapter follows upon the First Introduction of Females on the English Stage, and a retrospect of our greatest tragic actresses, which Mr. Campbell precedes by observing:—]

It is true, that all the information to be gleaned respecting those elder actresses is very scanty; and it is the misfortune of historic genius that the most vivid portraits of it convey but vague conceptions of its excellence. And yet, amidst all this vagueness, the mind can make out some general and trustworthy conclusions. I find, for instance, no Queen of our stage so unequivocally extolled for majesty and beauty of person as Mrs. Siddons: nor any one whose sway over her audiences can be imagined to have been stronger. My inference is, if I may parody Milton's phrase, that she was the fairest of her predecessors— and that if Time could rebuild his ruins, and re-act the lost scenes of existence, he would present no female to match her on the Tragic stage.

[In the chapter to which we have alluded, is the following shrewd defence of the player's part in the drama of real life:—]

We sometimes hear the player's vocation pronounced degrading, because it exposes him to public insults; but this is certainly a most unfair argument, at least when it comes from those who frequent the Theatre. By attending such entertainments, they recognise the player as a dispenser of innocent amusement; and, when they insult him, merely because he fails to please, they are no doubt obliging the actor to ply a degrading vocation; but, if cruelty and injustice be disgraceful, they are also degrading themselves. Either it should be proved that the stage is noxious to society, and that it should therefore be abolished, or, if it be tolerated, the player's occupation should be made as respectable as possible by good treatment. Even if it were admitted, for the sake of argument, that there is something in the actor's life, (that something I leave to others to ascertain,) which necessarily tends to impress faults on his moral character, still, what profession can be named, which, if it finds any weaknesses in the nature of a man, will not tend to increase them, and bring them out? All professions tend, more or less, to stamp us with something peculiar, and not always with amiable peculiarities. Yet society wisely honours several professions for their general usefulness, though they labour under this objection. To give but one instance: The world very properly holds the barrister's calling in high respect; for we know that life and property would be less secure than they now are, if every man were to be his own lawyer. And yet it is notorious, that the lawyer's life, which makes him daily and hourly a hireling, either on the right side or the wrong side of a cause, as his brief may chance to call him, must tend to imbue his mind with a taste for sophistry, as well as with adroitness in the practice of it. In fact, there is a great deal of acting, both in courts of justice and elsewhere, that goes by a different name.

[In this chapter also are a few interesting points of contrast between Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Siddons.]

Mrs. Siddons says, in her Autograph Recollections, "When I begged Dr. Johnson to let me know his opinion of Mrs. Pritchard, whom I had never seen, he answered, 'Madam, she was a vulgar idiot; she used to speak of her *gourd*, and she never read any part in a play in which she acted, except her own.' Is it possible, thought I," Mrs. Siddons continues, "that Mrs. Pritchard, the greatest of all the *Lady Macbeths*, should never have read the play? and I concluded that the doctor must have been misinformed; but I was afterwards assured by a gentleman, a friend of Mrs. Pritchard's, that he

had supped with her one night after she had acted *Lady Macbeth*, and that she declared she had never perused the whole tragedy:— I cannot believe it.”

Well might our great actress wonder at Mrs. Pritchard's sluttishness. Mrs. Siddon's own life was one of constant study and profound reflection on the characters which she played, and on their relations to surrounding parts. Mrs. Siddons had a right to be painted as the Tragic Muse, for her very manner in society was marked by an abstractedness and reserve that were the result of her studiousness. By the force of fancy and reflection she used to be so wrought up in preparing to play the *Lady Constance*, that when she set out from her own house to the theatre, she was already *Constance* herself.

Mrs. Pritchard, I dare say, was a *vulgar woman*; but, when I read the accounts of her acting worthily with Garrick, I cannot consent to Dr. Johnson calling her a *vulgar idiot*, even though she did pin an unnecessary *d* to her gown. Encrusted with indolence as she was, she was still a diamond. At the same time, being palpably devoid of devotion to her profession, she must have been unequal in her appearances.

[Mrs. Siddons re-appeared at Drury Lane, October 10, 1782; and of this eventful passage in her life, she writes:—]

For a whole fortnight before this (to me) memorable day, I suffered from nervous agitation more than can be imagined. No wonder! for my own fate, and that of my little family hung upon it. I had quitted Bath, where all my efforts had been successful, and I feared lest a second failure in London might influence the public mind greatly to my prejudice, in the event of my return from Drury Lane, disgraced as I formerly had been. In due time I was summoned to the rehearsal of ‘*Isabella*.’ Who can imagine my terror? I feared to utter a sound above an audible whisper; but by degrees enthusiasm cheered me into a forgetfulness of my fears, and I unconsciously threw out my voice, which failed not to be heard in the remotest part of the house, by a friend who kindly undertook to ascertain the happy circumstance. The countenances, no less than tears and flattering encouragements of my companions, emboldened me more and more; and the second rehearsal was even more affecting than the first. Mr. King, who was then manager, was loud in his applauses. This second rehearsal took place on the 8th of October, 1782, and on the evening of that day I was seized with a nervous hoarseness, which made me extremely wretched; for I dreaded being obliged to defer my appearance on the 10th, longing, as I most earnestly did, at least to know the worst. I went to bed, therefore, in a state

of dreadful suspense. Awaking the next morning, however, though out of restless, unrefreshing sleep, I found, upon speaking to my husband, that my voice was very much clearer. This, of course, was a great comfort to me; and, moreover, the sun, which had been completely obscured for many days, shone brightly through my curtains. I hailed it, though tearfully, yet thankfully, as a happy omen; and even now I am not ashamed of *this* (as it may perhaps be called) childish superstition. On the morning of the 10th, my voice was, most happily, perfectly restored; and again ‘*The blessed sun shone brightly on me.*’ On this eventful day, my father arrived to comfort me, and to be a witness of my trial. He accompanied me to my dressing-room at the theatre. There he left me; and I, in one of what I call my desperate tranquillities, which usually impress me under terrific circumstances, there completed my dress, to the astonishment of my attendants, without uttering one word, though often sighing most profoundly.

At length I was called to my fiery trial. I found my venerable father behind the scenes, little less agitated than myself. The awful consciousness that one is the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined as it were with human intellect from top to bottom, and all around, may perhaps be imagined, but can never be described, and by me can never be forgotten.

Of the general effect of this night's performance I need not speak: it has already been publicly recorded. I reached my own quiet fireside, on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead; and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words, or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself, sat down to a frugal, neat supper, in a silence uninterrupted, except by exclamations of gladness from Mr. Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments; but occasionally stopped short, and, laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face, and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night; and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour's retrospection, (who can conceive the intenseness of that reverie?) fell into a sweet and profound sleep, which lasted to the middle of the next day. I arose alert in mind and body.

“I should be afraid to say,” she continues, “how many times ‘*Isabella*’ was repeated successfully with still increasing favour. I was now highly gratified by a removal from my very indifferent and inconvenient dressing-room to one on the stage-floor, instead of climbing a long staircase; and this room (oh, unexpected happiness!) had been Garrick's dressing-room. It is impossible to conceive

my gratification, when I saw my own figure in the self-same glass which had so often reflected the face and form of that unequalled genius: not perhaps without some vague, fanciful hope of a little degree of inspiration from it. About this time I was honoured by the whole body of the Law with a present of a purse of one hundred guineas."

[A pleasant anecdote:—]

One day, after Mrs. Siddons's sitting for her portrait, Mr. Hamilton and his wife were bidding good morning to the great actress, and accompanying her downstairs, when they pointed out to her her own resemblance to an antique sculpture of Ariadne, that stood on the staircase. Mrs. Siddons was taken by surprise, and her honesty was here a traitor to her vanity. She clasped her hands in delight, and said, "Yes, it is very —" but, immediately recollecting herself, before she got out the word *like*, substituted the word, beautiful. "It is so very beautiful, that you must be flattering me." She then sat down on the staircase to contemplate the sculpture, frequently exclaiming, "It is so very beautiful that you must be flattering me." She departed, however, evidently well pleased to believe in the likeness: but it would require one to be as handsome as herself to have a right to blame her self-complacency.

[Of the conjoint acting of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, Mr. Campbell observes:—]

There was a pleasing harmony in their manner, although hers was the more natural; and, side by side, they appeared the two noblest specimens that could be produced of the breed of England. Her first appearance, in conjunction with her brother, was in the "Gamester," in which she played *Mrs. Beverley*, (November 22.) Their success was brilliant. As this tragedy has some great beauties, and as it continually affects large audiences with strong emotions, I shall trouble the reader with no lucubrations of my own on its imperfections, but content myself with stating the fact, that Mrs. Siddons made it deeply affecting. Mr. Young, the actor, related to me an instance of her power in the part of *Mrs. Beverley* over his own feelings. He was acting *Beverley* with her on the Edinburgh stage, and they had proceeded as far as the fourth scene in the fifth act, when *Beverley* has swallowed the poison, and when *Bates* comes in, and says to the dying sufferer, "*Jarvis* found you quarrelling with *Lewson* in the streets last night," *Mrs. Beverley* says, "No! I am sure he did not!" to which *Jarvis* replies, "Or if I did?"—meaning, it may be supposed, to add, "the fault was not with my master;"—but the moment he utters the words, "Or if I did?" *Mrs. Beverley* exclaims, "'Tis false, old man!—they had no quarrel—there was no cause for quarrel!"

In uttering this, Mrs. Siddons caught hold of *Jarvis*, and gave the exclamation with such piercing grief, that Mr. Young said, his throat swelled, and his utterance was choked. He stood unable to speak the few words, which, as *Beverley*, he ought to have immediately delivered: the pause lasted long enough to make the prompter several times repeat *Beverley's* speech, till Mrs. Siddons, coming up to her fellow actor, put the tips of her fingers on his shoulders, and said in a low voice, "Mr. Young, recollect yourself."

[Mr. Campbell's remarks on Mrs. Siddons's *Constance* are delightfully written, and in a spirit which soars high above ordinary dramatic criticism. He says:—]

She was ere long regarded as so consummate in the part of *Constance*, that it was not unusual for spectators to leave the house when her part in the tragedy of "King John" was over, as if they could no longer enjoy Shakspeare himself when she ceased to be his interpreter. I could speak as a wonder-struck witness to her power in the character, with almost as many circumstantial recollections of her as there are speeches in the part. I see her in my mind's eye, the embodied image of maternal love and intrepidity; of wronged and righteous feeling; of proud grief and majestic desolation. With what unutterable tenderness was her brow bent over her pretty *Arthur* at one moment, and in the next how nobly drawn back, in a look at her enemies that dignified her vituperation. When she patted *Lewis* on the breast, with the words, "Thine honour!—oh, thine honour!" there was a sublimity in the laugh of her sarcasm. I could point out the passages where her vicissitudes of hurried and deliberate gesture would have made you imagine that her very body seemed to think. Her elocution varied its tones from the height of vehemence to the lowest despondency, with an eagle-like power of stooping and soaring, and with the rapidity of thought. But there is a drawback in the pleasure of these recollections, from their being so little communicable to others; and, besides, in attempting to do them justice, I am detaining the reader from more interesting matter, which Mrs. Siddons has left me in her Memoranda, namely, her own remarks on the character of *Constance*.

[We regret that we have not room for these impassioned remarks, which occupy upwards of a dozen pages.

Mrs. Siddons had now, 1782, attained the summit of popularity; and we gather from her recollections, her fears and ready tears on each subsequent effort, lest she should fall from her high exaltation. She writes:—]

The crowds collected about my carriage, at my outgoings and incomings, and the gratifying and sometimes comical remarks I

heard on those occasions, were extremely diverting. The Royal Family very frequently honoured me with their presence. The King was often moved to tears, and the Queen at one time told me, in her gracious manner and broken English, that her only refuge was actually turning her back upon the stage, at the same time protesting that my acting was "indeed too disagreeable." In short, all went on most prosperously; and, to complete my triumph, I had the honour to receive the commands of their Majesties to go and read to them, which I frequently did, both at Buckingham House and at Windsor. Their Majesties were the most gratifying of auditors, because the most unremittingly attentive. The King was a most judicious and tasteful critic both in acting and dramatic composition. He told me, he had endeavoured, vainly, to detect me in a false emphasis, and very humorously repeated many of Mr. Smith's who was then a principal actor. He graciously recommended the propriety of my action, particularly my total repose in certain situations. This, he said, is a quality in which Garrick failed. "He never could stand still—he was a great fidget."

I do not exactly remember the time, (she continues,) that I was favoured with an invitation from Dr. Johnson, but I think it was during the first year of my celebrity.* The Doctor was then a wretched invalid, and had requested my friend, Mr. Windham, to persuade me to favour him by drinking tea with him, in Bolt Court. * * * * The Doctor spoke highly of Garrick's various powers of acting. When Mr. Windham and myself were discussing some point respecting Garrick, he said, "Madam, do not trouble yourself to convince Windham; he is the very bull-dog of argument, and will never lose his hold." Dr. Johnson's favourite female character in Shakspeare was *Katharine*, in "Henry VIII." He was most desirous of seeing me in that play; but said, "I am too deaf and too blind to see or hear at a greater distance than the stage-box, and have little taste for making myself a public gaze in so distinguished a situation." I assured him that nothing would gratify me so much as to have him for an auditor, and that I could procure for him an easy chair at the stage-door, where he would both see and hear, and be perfectly concealed. He appeared greatly pleased with this arrangement, but, unhappily for me, he did not live to fulfil our mutual wishes. Some weeks before he died, I made him some morning visits. He was extremely, though formally, polite; always

apologized for being unable to attend me to my carriage; conducted me to the head of the stairs, kissed my hand, and bowing, said, "Dear Madam, I am your most humble servant;" and these were always repeated without the smallest variation.

[Then follow her visits to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and her sitting for the tragic muse, and Sir Joshua's resolution "to go down to posterity on the hem of her garment," he having painted his name upon the border of the drapery. In those palmy days of the drama were to be seen in the orchestra of the theatre, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Gibbon, Sheridan, Windham, and Fox; and these great men would often visit Mrs. Siddons's dressing-room, after the play, to make their bows, and honour her with their applauses. Then she tells us how the good old King, who having been told that she used white paint, sent her, by her friend Sir Charles Hotham, a condescending message to warn her against its pernicious effects: to which Mrs. Siddons adds, "I cannot imagine how I could be suspected of this disgusting practice."

Here, upon the pinnacle of popularity which she so well merited, we must be content to leave this queen of actresses; and merely add that her worth in private life accorded with her excellence upon the stage.]

The Gatherer.

Roundheads.—During the tumults in the year 1641, it was the custom of the London apprentices to have their hair cut close and round to the form of the skull; and during their daily progress to Westminster they commonly stopped at Whitehall, where the queen observing, out of the window, Samuel Barnardiston among them, exclaimed, "See what a handsome young Roundhead is there." The term was first publicly used by Captain David Hyde, who whilst walking near Westminster Hall with three or four other officers, during the disturbances, drew his sword, and said he would "cut the throats of those round-headed, cropped-eared dogs that bawled against the bishops:"—See *Rapin* and *Rushworth*, relating to *Roundheads* and *Cavaliers*, by which the Parliamentarians and Royalists were stigmatized in these tumults.

At certain periods, G. F. Cooke was as mad as any inmate of Bedlam or St. Luke's. In one of his quarrels, a common soldier declined fighting with him because he (C.) was rich, and the persons present would, he affirmed, favour him. "Look ye here, sir," said Cooke, "all I possess in the world is here, 350*l.*; and he thrust the bank-notes into the fire, and held the poker upon them until they were consumed. "Now I'm a beggar, sir; will you fight me now?"

* Mrs. Siddons is pretty nearly right in her recollection. Her introduction to Dr. Johnson took place about a year after her return to Drury Lane, namely, in October, 1783, at the commencement of her second season.

When John Reeve was acting *Bombastes*, at Bristol, upon being stabbed by *Artaxominous*, he denied the fairness of the thrust, and appealing to the pit, said, "It is not fair, is it, sir?" A bald-headed gentleman, who, probably, took the whole representation to be serious, and to whom Reeve directed his glance, replied, "I really can't say, for I don't fence."

Consolation to Dramatists.—"The Rivals," "Three Weeks after Marriage," (then called, "What we must all come to,") "Fontainebleau," "Castle of Andalusia," (first called "Banditti of the Forest,") "Blue Devils," and that subsequently successful extravaganza, "Life in London," were all damned the first night!!!

Smith, better known as "Gentleman Smith," married the sister of Lord Sandwich; for some time the union was concealed, but an apt quotation of Charles Bannister elicited the truth. Smith, who was very reserved, evaded the banter of Foote upon the subject, when Charles exclaimed—

"Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?"

Smith was proof against curiosity, but not against wit, and acknowledged his marriage. "Well," said Bannister, "I rejoice that you've got a *Sandwich* from the family; but if you ever get a *dinner* from them, hang me." Charles proved himself a prophet as well as a punster.

Mr. Stephen Kemble, whose obesity unfitted him for the stage, was an actor of great talent, and an amiable man. On one occasion he offended Incledon, who, having exhausted his memory for some tangible cause for reprehension, at last said, "In fact, no good can be expected of a fat fellow, who—*never was shaved in his life.*" Stephen had no beard.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The best Education.—It is in youth as in after life, that vicious propensities are best counteracted, not by stern precept and rigid law, but by turning the feelings and passions into a purer channel, by giving a higher object to generous ambition, by centering the active energies on more worthy pursuits; by teaching them, in short, to find their highest gratification in mental and moral culture. Let a man's pride be to be a gentleman—furnish him with elegant and refined pleasures, imbue him with the love of intellectual pursuits, and you have a better security for his turning out a good citizen, and a good Christian, than if you have confined him by the strictest moral and religious discipline, kept him in innocent and unsuspecting ignorance of all the vices of youth, and in the mechanical and orderly routine of the severest system of education.—*Quarterly Review.*

The Schoolmaster.—After all, we suspect that, in a great school, it is not so much the

system, as the master himself, that gives the general tone and character to the studies of the place. It is the command which he obtains, the confidence which he inspires, the manner and the language in which he incites, encourages, admonishes—the interest which he appears to take in the general proficiency—the relative importance which he attaches to the different branches of study—his own taste, feeling, judgment—his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge—his moral discrimination in his comments on the lessons of the school, which are reflected and multiplied in the answering mirrors of the young minds around him. In him resides the power of converting the dry and irksome task into an exercise of the imagination, of the memory, and of the reason, cheerfully and emulatively, instead of heavily and reluctantly, performed. It is his part in every branch of knowledge, even in the highest—

"To allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way."

Quarterly Review.

Refusing to kiss the Pope's Toe.—James Harrington, the celebrated political writer, frequented several courts on the Continent, and at Rome distinguished himself by refusing, at a public ceremonial, to kiss the Pope's toe. When blamed, in the presence of his own king, for this want of attention to foreign customs, he replied, that having had the honour of kissing his Majesty's *hand*, he thought it beneath him to kiss the *toe* of any other sovereign.

Three Potent Excuses for Drinking.—"Give me a glass of brandy," says one, "for I am hot." "Give me a glass," says another, "because I am cold." And a third says, "Give me a glass, for I like it."

Three Reasons for Marrying.—Thomas Bastard, a clergyman and poet of the 16th century, was thrice married; first, as he informs us in one of his epigrams, in his youth for love; again, in maturer age, for money; and a third time, in his old age, for a nurse. He was educated at Winchester School; whence he was removed to New College, Oxford, and chosen perpetual fellow in 1588, but was expelled for a libel. He possessed great natural endowments, and skilled in languages. He died in an obscure and mean condition, in 1618, in Dorchester prison. P. T. W.

Laconic Letter written by Blake to the Admiralty.—"Please your honours and glory, yesterday met with the French fleet, beat, killed, took, sunk, and burned, as per margin.—Yours, &c." THOS. GILL.

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The Mirror

OF

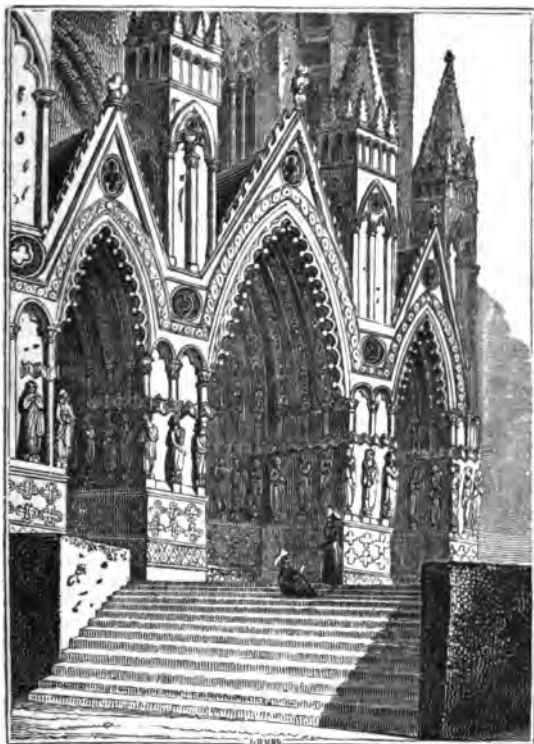
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[PRICE 2d.]

AMIENS CATHEDRAL.



THE GREAT PORTAL.

AMIENS is a well-built, ancient town in the north of France. It contains fourteen churches, two hospitals, and a magnificent cathedral, perhaps the finest Gothic structure in France, and remembered by most persons who have journeyed to Paris by the Amiens-road.

This noble building happily escaped destruction during the Revolution, by being designated a temple for the goddess of reason. This was indeed fortunate, since the exterior of the building is covered with rich Gothic ornaments and carving, with a great number of figures of a colossal size; all which are commonly attractive objects for the fury of levellers.

The plan of Amiens cathedral was designed

by a celebrated architect named Robert Lusarches; the first stone was laid A.D. 1220, by Bishop Evrard, in the reign of Philip Augustus. The church was finished in the year 1288, but the Great Portal, represented in the Engraving, was not completed till the end of the thirteenth century. On August 15, 1504, at the Assumption of the Virgin, the edifice was dedicated to our Lady, *La Sainte Vierge*.

The Great Portal is composed of three doorways, constructed beneath deep, vaulted arches, richly dight with sculpture. The centre door is called that of our Saviour; the entrance to the right, that of the Mother of God; and to the left, the gate of St. Tirmin, the Martyr. Above the first, our

Saviour is represented in the attitude of bestowing the benediction, surrounded by the twelve apostles, and trampling upon Sin, in the figures of a lion and serpent, under his feet. The Virgin appears above the second entrance, also trampling upon a serpent; several subjects are likewise sculptured from the Bible, representing the creation of the world, our first parents, and various histories from the New Testament. Above the third gate is seen the statue of St. Tirmin. Upon the front elevation appear fourteen colossal statues of holy bishops, and the figures of St. Dominica and St. Denis; this last saint, as well as St. Tirmin, is represented carrying his head in his hands. On the whole, this portal is, probably, the finest in Europe. The façade of the cathedral is composed of three exterior galleries, which extend along the front of the building: between the two first are placed, within niches, separated by columns richly ornamented, twenty-two colossal statues, said to be the figures of as many kings of France, Charlemagne being distinguished amongst them by bearing a globe. Upon the point of the arch, intermediate of the great portal, appears St. Michael, armed with a sword and buckler, destroying the angel of darkness.

The interior of the cathedral presents a magnificently imposing combination. At the entrance are the two brazen tombs of the bishops Evrard and Godfrey, the founders of the church. The height from the pavement to the roof is 130 feet, being 28 feet loftier than Westminster Abbey: the length of the nave is 213 feet, or 57 feet longer than at Westminster. The windows are large and numerous, with several circular, or, as they are called, wheel windows, all filled with brilliantly painted glass. The choir is divided from the side aisles, by richly carved and deeply perforated screens, containing subjects from the life of John the Baptist. The figures represented are nearly the size of life, and entirely relieved from each other: the whole of these subjects are painted and gilt. Altogether, the *coup d'œil* is strikingly superb, and the ceremony of high mass when performed here, far exceeds in magnificence the mass of Notre Dame, at Paris.

Our acknowledgments for these details and the original of the Cut, are due to Mrs. Charles Stothard's interesting *Tour in France*; the engravings in which are after drawings by the late Mr. Charles Stothard, F. S. A.

Manners and Customs.

THE CIRCASSIANS.
(Concluded from page 119.)

PHYSICIANS are not wanting in the country; there are both Turks and Circassians: the first, ignorant as they are everywhere, combine the grossest superstition with unskil-

fulness: they have no other remedies than verses of the Koran to apply to the diseased. The Circassians pursue a more reasonable plan: they use herbs, butter, wax, honey, and bleeding. They employ the latter, especially, for affections of the head: they make an incision with a cutting-iron in the painful part, and stop the bleeding with nettles or cotton. They are particularly successful in curing wounds, for which they only use vegetable substances; but the ceremonial which accompanies the treatment of the wounded is somewhat curious.

The patient is laid in a separate room: they place at the foot of his bed a ploughshare, a hammer, and a cup of water, in which he places a new-laid egg. The people who come to visit him, when entering, strike three blows of the hammer upon the ploughshare; and dipping their fingers in the water, they sprinkle him with it, at the same time praying that God will speedily restore him to health: they then range themselves round the chamber.

He who accidentally seats himself in the place of the physician pays him a forfeit; and these little presents are the principal emoluments of the son of Esculapius. It is usual to pass the whole night in the apartment of the invalid: the relations and friends take their supper with them, which, among other things, often consists of a sheep or a goat. Towards evening, the young people of both sexes repair to this assembly, with a flute, and an instrument much resembling a lute. The boys place themselves on one side of the chamber, and the girls on the other: they commence with a warlike song, of which the accompanying words are in praise of valour: the girls then dance around. The instrumentalists then play for some time; and they conclude, before supper, with the recital of some fable.—As soon as supper is removed, they play at different trifling games; and the last is that of fastening a packthread to the ceiling, and tying to the end of it a kind of flat cake or biscuit, which the young people throw to one another, and try to catch with their teeth; so that frequently the game does not end without some of them being broken. Thus the first night is spent, without any one venturing to go to sleep, for which he would be reproached. The sick person does not appear to be at all incommoded by the noise.

But if sports and smiles surround the brave to soothe his wounds, his death is honoured by all which the most affecting sorrow can exhibit. The tears and cries of the women who are in the house announce his decease, and the tidings are soon spread in the vicinity. The friends and neighbours of the mother or wife of the warrior who has just terminated his career go to mingle their sighs with those of the desolated family. The intention

of these visits is not to bring consolation, but to weep together; and they mingle tears with the praises of the deceased.

The corpse is next washed; the hair is shaved off; it is entirely clothed anew, and is laid upon a mat on the ground. Upon another mat, by its side, there is a new cushion, on which all the clothes are piled. His arms are displayed, in the form of a trophy, at the entrance to the yard, to indicate a house of mourning: it is on passing this boundary that the visitors begin to make their lamentations heard. The men, however, are not so noisy in the expression of their grief: they come with reddened eyes, but covered with one hand; and with the other they violently strike the breast. They throw themselves on their knees, upon the mat which is by the side of the corpse; and they remain in this posture, sighing and beating themselves, till they are relieved, by being told, "It is enough." they are then furnished with water to wash their hands and face, and they proceed to pay their compliments of condolence to the inmates of the house. Custom requires that the dead should be interred within twenty-four hours from the time of decease. Whilst they are performing expiatory sacrifices in the house, of which the meats serve for the entertainment which forms part of the ceremony, several young people go to prepare the grave; when all is ready, the funeral cavalcade moves towards the burial-ground. The elders are at its head, reciting prayers; and the bier follows immediately after, surrounded by the relations, friends, and neighbours of the deceased. The women close the procession, with a handkerchief, of which they hold an end in each hand, and swing it from side to side, exhibiting all the signs of the deepest woe. The wife, mother, and the nearest relations, tear their hair, scratch their faces, and perform other acts of despair, of which they for a long time retain the marks.

After the interment, they place upon the grave part of the meat of the victims, as well as *pasta* and *bouza*, which is left for passengers, who, when availing themselves of it, bestow a thousand blessings on the departed. Those persons who accompanied the procession return to the relations of the deceased, where a repast awaits them; and the ceremony is terminated by firing at a mark, for which the prizes are the skins of the victims. The memory of the deceased is preserved in a tale which contains his biography; and which descends to posterity, if his exploits are worthy of it. These romances are the only fragments which the Circassians retain of their history.

It is, however, in the following year, at the anniversary fête, that the relations of the dead display all the pomp which is in their power: for this ceremony they prepare several

pieces of net-work of nuts, to represent coats of mail and helmets, which the relations and friends put on. The number of victims immolated on this occasion sometimes amounts to fifty; and besides this, great quantity of meat prepared for the festival, each family adds some dish to it.

On the day of the anniversary, which is announced some weeks beforehand, they assemble upon the consecrated ground, which occupies a vast space, sprinkled with tombstones. The clothes and arms of the deceased are placed upon the grave, as well as several pieces of new stuff of different colours; and if the relations are rich, they add to these a coat of mail, horses, and slaves. The whole is surrounded by the materials for the feast, and destined to those who carry off the prizes of the course.

The fête is opened by a triple discharge of all the fire-arms belonging to those whose deaths are celebrated, and the women sing their praises. Next, four or six of the nearest relations march round each tomb three times, leading their horses, newly caparisoned: they draw a little blood from their ears, which they offer as a libation to the dead, saying these words: "It is for thee." Each of them then takes a piece of cloth, which they display like a flag, throw themselves on their horses, and ride away at full speed. All the other horsemen hold themselves in readiness to pursue them, in order to capture the pieces of cloth; but the latter consider it a point of honour not to allow them to be taken, but to preserve them, to present, in their turns, to the women who attend.

A new trial is afterwards performed for each individual, either on horseback or on foot; and the skins of the victims are always the prizes, for shooting either with fire-arms or with bows and arrows.

The day passes between these games and feasting: each passenger may freely take his share; and a part is sent to those friends who have not been able to attend the fête.

The Circassians, on their marriage, pay a dowry to the parents of the girl: it consists of cattle, arms, horses, slaves, and other things, according to the condition of the parties. If they are of the first rank, a coat of mail, worth usually from 2,000 to 3,000 piastres, always forms part of the price.

When two persons wish to unite, the young man causes the girl to be demanded of her parents: if they agree, his father goes to settle the dowry; of which half is always paid at the time of the marriage, and the other half at a time agreed upon. These preliminaries being first settled by the parents, the lover meets his fair one by night: he waits for her with some young people, and they carry her off: they usually conduct her to the wife of a mutual friend of the two families.

The parents of the girl go, next morning, to seek her of those of the intended husband; affecting an enraged manner, and requiring the reason of her being carried away. The latter reply, that their son, wishing to be married, has complied with the custom of the country, and therefore they demand the consent of the former to the union. The father of the person claimed then demands the dowry; and that of the young man offers him the half directly, and the rest at a certain term already arranged between themselves: but custom requires that they should not agree upon anything in public, but refer their dispute to arbitrators, who, as may readily be supposed, decide in the manner previously settled by the parties.

The day following they celebrate the nuptials. All the relations and friends assemble, and divide themselves in two parties; of which one proceeds to the neighbour where the bride is remaining, and the other accompanies the intended husband to claim her. The first party waits for these in good order, to prevent them carrying her away; and they are all armed with sticks. A sham fight ensues; during which the fair one appears at the door, between two others, who cry "Victory," as the bridegroom carries her off. All the company then follow the conqueror home in triumph; where they find awaiting them good cheer, music, and dancing.

The Circassians are not destitute of capacity for the mechanic arts, if they were but less disinclined to work. This may be observed in many of their productions, in which that good taste is apparent which indicates talent. But this talent is wasted by indolence, and the want of instructors for its development: it is, however, manifest in the objects of their luxury. The mounting of their arms, the temper of their steel, and their work in gold, equal every expectation. They have, in particular, a method of staining silver, which is inimitable. Ornaments of this metal, with which they enrich their arms, are finished in the best style; and generally, in every thing connected with their equipments, they do not yield to good European workmen.

Their dress resembles that of the ancient French knights; but they have in front, and on each side of the coat, a fluted pocket, containing from ten to twelve wooden cases, which serve them as cartridge-boxes. These are again covered with green or red morocco-leather, and, by throwing out the chest, gives a manly elegance to the figure. They are all horsemen; and their arms consist of a curved sabre without the guard, a dagger, a pistol, and an Albanian musket, or a bow. When they enter a house, they hang their arms against the wall, keeping only the dagger. They charge their pieces with ball; and they fire with the musket supported at the end,

on two rods of about four feet in length, which they fix in the ground, in a slanting position. The Turks furnish them with cannon and fire-arms; but many of them are found in the country inscribed with the name of Lazzaro Lazzarini, formerly an armourer of Venice.

Nearly all the princes have a coat of mail, with steel armlets, which secure the hands and arms from the elbow downwards, and which they use as shields to turn off sabre cuts. Their head is covered with a steel helmet, attached to the coat of mail; and the whole forms a hood, which allows nothing to be seen but that part of the face between the eyebrows and the mouth. They procure these arms from the Persians; but since their frontier has been separated by the conquests of Russia, it is very difficult to get them, and the price is considerably augmented. They look upon coats of mail as the principal articles of riches in a family. It is natural for a warlike people to think highly of the beauty of their weapons; and thus they constitute the ambition and the luxury of the Circassians.

As to the other parts of the costume, they do not think so much of it, although they are not strangers to the custom of sacrificing at the shrine of fashion. They frequently vary the ornaments, and the cut of their clothes, as well as the shape of their caps; in which they follow, as elsewhere, the taste of some of the most elegant of the young people. But they always preserve long sleeves, because, after the example of the ancient Persians, it is proper to stand with the arms hanging down, and the hands covered, in the presence of those who command respect.

Except in the articles of clothing, of which we have spoken, the Circassians do not exhibit any industry, but in very rude forms. Agriculture is with them absolutely in its infancy, and they derive but very little benefit from rural economy. It is within a very short time that a few windmills have been erected, but the use of them is by no means general: the greater part still reduce their grain to flour in mortars; nor have they any idea of using leaven for baking bread.—*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society.*

The Naturalist.

THE CAT

ORIGINALLY came from Persia, and was unknown to Pliny and the Roman writers; whence the term puss, probably a corruption of Pers. Soon after her introduction into these islands, she was considered of such value, that by the laws of Howel Dha, who-soever killed the king's cat, for his fine and atonement was to hold her up by the tip of the tail, so that her nose touched the ground,

and heap up wheat till the body, to the tail's tip, was covered.

The cat is a fixed and settled domestic animal, attached to the premises, and unwilling to remove; while the dog follows the master: and such is the natural antipathy and discordance between these two animals, that, of persons living in no very social harmony, it is said, they lead the life of cat and dog. She has a more voluminous and expressive vocabulary than any other known brute: the short twitter of complacency and affection to her kittens; the pur of tranquillity and pleasure, when seated on the knee of her master; the spit of defiance; the mew of distress; the growl of anger; and the horrible wailings of pain or fighting, which give name to the noisy and discordant instrument of disapprobation, the catcall.

She is the emblem of the moon, from the great changeableness of the pupil of the eye, which in the daytime is a mere narrow line, dilatable in the dark to a luminous globe; and she can, for this reason, like most animals of prey, see best by night.

It was formerly the trick of the countrymen to substitute a cat for a sucking pig, and bring it to market in a bag: so that he who, without careful examination, made a hasty bargain, was said to buy a pig in a poke, and might get a cat in a bag; and a discovery of this cheat gave origin to the expression of letting the cat out of the bag, as a premature and unlucky disclosure.

The fur of the cat was formerly used in the ornamental trimming of coats and cloaks: and in allusion to the unfitness of her flesh for food, it is said of anything confined to one purpose only, What can you have of a cat but her skin? The catgut used by ladies, and for rackets, and also the finer strings for violins, are made from the dried intestines of the cat; and a smaller kind of fiddle is called a kit: the larger strings are from the intestines of sheep and lambs. Her claws are retractile, and can be protruded with great violence in anger. Her scratch is supposed to be venomous, because a lacerated wound is more apt to fester than a definite cut with a sharp instrument. The tenacity of her hold gave origin to many metaphorical expressions and appellations; as the cat, or tackle, for drawing up the anchor of a ship; and a cat-o'-nine tails, or scourge, so called from the scratches it leaves on the skin like the clawings of a cat. A domestic implement for holding a plate before the fire, with six spokes or radii, three of which rest on the ground in whatever position it is placed, is called a cat, from the belief that, however a cat may be thrown, she always falls on her legs. From her great powers of resistance, she is said to have nine lives. "Tis a pity you had not ten lives, a cat's and your own," says Ben

Jonson, in *Every Man in his Humour*. The well-known tale of the monkey seizing hold of the paw of the cat, to get the roasted chestnuts from the hot embers, gave origin to the proverb, "to make a cat's paw of one," or to make another subservient to one's own purposes.*

The cat is very subject to vomitings: and every one too much addicted to excess of wine knows what is meant by shooting a cat. She has been supposed to be particularly fond of fish, giving rise to the poetical simile,—

"What female heart can gold despise?

What cat's averse to fish?"

GRAY, *Ode on the death of a favourite Cat*.

But this is not a probable fact: for if a plate of fish, and a plate of meat, either raw or dressed, be placed before her, she will generally prefer the meat. And it would be a propensity not very natural, as she abhors water, and can in a great measure live without it; and is extremely cautious of wetting her feet. It is equally erroneous that she is subject to fleas: the small insect which infests the half-grown kitten being a totally different animal, exceedingly swift in running, but not salient, or leaping, like the flea. She is, however, especially the black kind, highly charged with electricity, visible in the dark, when irritated.

Her attitudes and motions are all of great elegance, in consequence of her being furnished with collar bones; she can, therefore, convey food to her mouth by the paw,† like the monkey, can climb and clasp, strike sideways, toss her prey upwards, and seat herself on an eminence of very confined and narrow surface, as the arm of an elbow chair, or her

* This expression is of greater antiquity than many suppose; for we find the story of the cat and the monkey thus related, as an original anecdote, in the *Voyage round the World*, by Dr. John Francis Gemelli Careri, in 1695. The Doctor, treating of the kingdom of Canara, in Hindostan, after reciting three anecdotes of monkeys, not distinguished for their delicacy, proceeds as follows:—"D. Antony Machado de Brito, admiral of the Portuguese fleet in India, told me, that one of these creatures continually troubling him, and breaking all it found in the kitchen, he once, to be even with it, ordered a cocoa nut to be put upon the fire, which sort of fruit the monkeys are most greedy of, and hid himself to see how that beast would take it without burning his paws. The cunning creature, coming at the usual hour, and finding its beloved food on the fire, looked about, and seeing a cat by the chimney, held her head in his mouth, and made use of her paws to take off the cocoa-nut, and, then cooling it in water, ate it; the Portuguese laughing to see the cat mew-ing about all day with the pain it had been put to." (*Gem. Hindostan*, b. ii. chap. 1.) An ancient Latin author, in allusion to this, says:—"Simia quam similis turpissima bestia nobis."—*J. T.*

† A cat once kept by my father would jump upon one of his shoulders, pass behind his head, and along the arm on the other side, extended, with the milk jug dangling between the finger and thumb, into which puss, standing upon the hand, would dip his paw, get it suffused with milk, and then lick it for his pains.—*J. D.*

favourite position, the knee of her master. She is fond of looking out of a window, and gazing with complacency on the passers by; whence the child's puzzle of, what is most like a cat looking out of a window? but a cat looking in.

The favourite and most usual transformation of witches was into a cat; and as all old or deformed women, particularly single or solitary ones, were suspected for witches, old maids are still called cats or tabbies.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

Select Biography.

EARLY ADVENTURES OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

PATRIOTISM holds few more celebrated names in her proud roll than that of the Scottish warrior, Wallace—a man whom the extraordinary circumstances of the times called forth from comparative obscurity to direct the councils, and virtually to fill the throne, of his country. At the period to which we allude, Edward I. had so extended his conquests in Scotland, as to march unresistedly as far north as Aberdeen and Elgin; and John Baliol, whom Edward had nominated King of Scotland, was literally stripped of his royal robes, and confessing his feudal transgression in rebelling against his lord paramount, he made a formal surrender of his kingdom to the victor; who, after appointing a guardian, treasurer, and justiciary of the captured kingdom, and placing English governors and garrisons in the Scottish castles—returned to England. Nor was this all: for Edward not only destroyed all evidence of Scotland ever having been free, but he carried to London the crown and sceptre surrendered by Baliol, and even the sacred stone on which the Scottish monarchs were placed when they received the royal inauguration. The latter relic is preserved to this day in the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey.

As soon, however, as Edward had crossed the frontiers on his victorious return, the Scots broke out into a number of petty insurrections, unconnected, indeed, but sufficiently numerous to indicate a disposition for hostilities, which wanted but a leader to render it general. They found one in Sir William Wallace.

This champion of his country was born about the middle of the reign of Alexander III. Though of Anglo-Norman descent, he was not so distinguished by birth and fortune as to enjoy high rank or great honour. He was the second son of Sir Malcolm Wallace of Elderslie, three miles west of Paisley; and his mother appears to have been a sister of Reginald de Crawford, sheriff of Ayr. Winton, his most ancient and authentic biographer, says

He was come of gentlemen,
In simple state he was then;
His father was a manly knight,
His mother was a lady bright;
He was gotten and born in marriage;
And his eldest brother the heritage
Had and joyed all his days.

Wallace was, however, born in a rank which insured him a martial education; and the condition of his father entitled him, if not to claim an equality, yet certainly to associate with the proudest of the land. "Popular Scottish tradition," says a fascinating historian, "which delights to dwell upon the beloved champion of the people, describes William Wallace as of dignified stature, unequalled strength and dexterity, and so brave, that only on one occasion, and then under the influence of a supernatural power, is he allowed by tradition to have experienced the sensation of fear."*

A sense of private injuries as well as of public wrongs appear to have stimulated Wallace to vengeance upon the English. His father, upon the first publication of the orders for all to come in and take their oaths of allegiance to Edward I., had fled from Elderslie into the mountainous district of the Lennox, accompanied by his eldest son; and it is said, (though upon questionable authority,) that he was, not long afterwards, slain in an encounter with the English at Kyle, in Ayrshire. His mother, meanwhile, had taken refuge with her father's relations; and Wallace, now advancing into manhood, found himself driven from his paternal home, an object of suspicion to the government, and shunned by cautious and timid friends who regarded Scotland as lost.

"Over all this," says one of Wallace's biographers, "his mind, pent up in a silent restraint, which, for a season, he was compelled to observe, brooded and rankled in secret; but, an event now took place, which settled his destiny, and drove him into open rebellion. It appears that he had formed an attachment to a beautiful woman who resided in the town of Lanark, and that, in passing through the streets of that burgh, well armed, and somewhat richly dressed, he was recognised by a troop of English soldiers, who surrounded and insulted him. Wallace, at first, would have prudently got clear of their insolence, but a contemptuous stroke which one of them made against his sword, provoked him to draw, and the culprit was laid dead at his feet. A tumult now arose, when, almost overpowered by numbers, he escaped with difficulty into the house of his mistress, and through it by a back passage, into the neighbouring woods. For this ready aid, the unfortunate girl was seized next day by William de Heslope, the English sheriff, and with inhuman cruelty, condemned and executed. But Wallace's revenge, when he

* Sir Walter Scott, *Hist. Scotland*, vol. i. 71

heard of her unmerited fate, was as rapid as it was stern. That very night he collected thirty faithful and powerful partisans, who, entering the town when all were in their beds, reached the sheriff's lodging in silence. It was a room or loft, constructed, like most of the buildings of those times, of wood, and communicating with the street by a high stair. Up this Wallace rushed at midnight, and, beating down the door, presented himself in full armour, and with his naked weapon, before the affrighted officer, who asked him whence he came, or who he was? 'I am William Wallace,' he replied, 'whose life you sought yesterday; and now thou shalt answer me for my poor maiden's death.' With these words, he seized his naked victim by the throat, and passing his sword through his body, cast the bleeding wretch down the stair into the street, where he was immediately slain. He then collected his soldiers, and, as the stir and tumult arose, drew off through the streets into the woods which surrounded the town.* There he lay concealed for some time, and tradition points out one of his hiding-places, which is still called Wallace's Cave, and is a small slit in the western face of the chasm of Carlane Crags, near Cora Linn waterfall on the romantic Clyde. (*See the Cut.*)

Proscription and outlawry followed this audacious murder; and, from this period we must date Wallace's systematic and determined resistance to England. "It was from this time," says an ancient historian, "that all who were of bitter mind, and who had become weary of the servitude which was imposed by the domination of the English, flocked to this brave man like bees to their swarm, and he became their leader."

Long after this adventure at Lanark, Wallace and his men lived by plunder, retreating, when pursued, to the woods and fastnesses, from which they again issued to attack the convoys and foraging parties of the English. All the soldiers who fell into their hands were instantly put to death; the arms and harness which they wore, and the stores of flour, wine, and other provisions which they were accompanying to the different castles and garrisons being immediately appropriated to the use of the band, and divided by Wallace with a liberality which left little or nothing for himself. On other occasions, when they were either unsuccessful in their attacks, or too small in numbers to venture against the enemy, the chase afforded them a livelihood; whilst the skins and furs of the animals which they slew, supplied them with clothing against the inclemency of a cold and damp country, and with warm bedding and carpeting for the

caves and rocky retreats where they concealed their plunder and had their only home.

To gain some knowledge of the strength and resources of the English, Wallace would often assume various disguises, and mingle with their soldiers, and visit the towns in which their garrisons were stationed. In districts where he was little known, he ventured in his common dress, with a short dagger or knife at his girdle, and a staff or hunting-pole in his hand; or, he would openly join in the chase, attended by a few followers, in the usual style of a smaller baron or Scottish gentleman. This rashness led him into many encounters, which have been exaggerated by his romantic biographers. Still, his animosity against the English could scarcely be restrained, and his great personal strength made him exceedingly confident; though, to slay a buckler-player at Ayr, to attack and put to flight a party of soldiers who attempted to rob him of his day's sport, as he fished on Irvine water; to braid an angry steward of Henry Percy; or repay the rudeness of the Squire Longcastle, by a mortal thrust in the throat with his dagger; were exactly such incidents as might be expected from the situation in which Wallace was then placed. Much as he trusted in his great personal strength, he usually, it seems, took the precaution to wear a light coat of mail under his common clothes.—He wore a habergeon under his gown or mantle; his bonnet, which to common sight, was nothing more than a cap of cloth or velvet, had a steel basnet concealed under it; a collar, or neckpiece, of the same metal, fitted him so closely, that it was hid completely by his doublet; and below his gloves, which, to those who stood by, seemed merely leather or cloth, he took care to have strong gauntlets of plate.† Thus, his enemies instead of finding Wallace a quiet traveller, clad "in the summer weeds of peace," had to contend with an assailant in full armour, and of extraordinary personal strength. In all these encounters, his extreme bravery, his hair-breadth escapes, and knightly prowess, commanded the admiration of the people. Hence he trained his followers to imitate these shining qualities; and, in after-times he led them on to battle and victory.

To tell the perils of this patriot's career would occupy more space than we can devote even to such interesting details: how Wallace made himself master of the country beyond the Forth, and took several castles, deserted as he was by the apostate nobility; how he defeated the English at Stirling, then led his forces across the English border, and sweeping it lengthwise from Newcastle to the gates of Carlisle, left nothing behind him but blood and ashes; how he was

* Wynton, ii. 95. Fordun, ii. 170.—Quoted by Mr. P. F. Tytler, in his entertaining *Lives of Scottish Worthies*.

† Jamieson's "Wallace."



(Wallace's Cave.)

chosen guardian of Scotland in the Forest church in Selkirkshire; how Edward, alarmed at Wallace's success, hastened to suppress the Scottish revolt with the most superb army that had ever entered Scotland; how Wallace first laid waste the intermediate country between Stirling and the frontiers, and then withdrew to the centre of the kingdom, to receive the English attack, when their army should be exhausted by privation; how Wallace was defeated at Falkirk, notwithstanding his phalanxes of spearmen, with lances like a castle walled with steel;* how Wallace then disgusted with faction and envy, in addition to his defeat, resigned the guardianship of the kingdom; how the English king renewed hostilities, and the Scottish leaders submitting, a price of 300 marks was set upon the head of Wallace; and how Stirling Castle long held out with a handful of brave men, and was the last fortress which resisted the arms of Edward in Scotland. But what Edward prized more than the surrender of this last fortress, was the captivity of Scotland's last patriot. Mean-

* Some minute particulars are recorded by an ancient English historian, whose information regarding the Scottish war was evidently derived from eye-witnesses. "Each soldier slept upon the ground, and used none other pillow than his shield; each horseman had his horse bridled and armed beside him; and the horses themselves tasted nothing but cold iron, champing their steel bits for want of better fodder." In the midst of this army lay the King himself, sharing no better couch than the meanest soldier, and sleeping on the ground in full armour, whilst his single attendant, a page, held his war-horse. As the King slept, the horse put his heavy foot upon his royal master, and wounded him seriously; yet, at day-break, the King mounted his steed, and marched with the army.

while, treachery was at work, and Wallace was betrayed by an apostate Scottish nobleman, Sir John Monteath, who went searching in the wilds where Wallace had been driven for refuge, and seized the patriot at Robroyston, near Glasgow, by the treachery of a servant. Scott tells the sequel:—

"Sir William Wallace was instantly transferred to London, where he was brought to trial in Westminster Hall, with as much apparatus of infamy as the ingenuity of his enemies could devise. He was crowned with a garland of oak, to intimate that he had been king of outlaws. The arraignment charged him with high treason, in respect that he had stormed and taken towns and castles, and shed much blood. "Traitor," said Wallace, "was I never." The rest of the charges he confessed, and proceeded to justify them. He was condemned, and executed by decapitation. His head was placed on a pinnacle on London bridge, and his quarters were distributed over the kingdom."

"Thus," A.D. 1305, adds the historian, "died this courageous patriot, leaving a remembrance which will be immortal in the hearts of his countrymen."† Tradition has hallowed many a spot, and endeared it with his name. Abbey Craig, near Stirling, the scene of Wallace's signal defeat of the English, is proudly pointed out by the Scottish guides; and, at Elderslie, the paternal seat of Wallace, is the memorial represented on the opposite page. "The castle," says Chambers, "appears to be of later erection than the hero; but the tree, whose branches concealed him on one momentous occasion from the En-

† History of Scotland, i. 79.



(Wallace's Tree.)

lish, yet survives near the wayside, at a short distance from the house." The accompanying vignette shows this interesting tree, as it stood in the year 1792. Through how many ages of rapine war has this venerable lordling of the forest stood firm; and how it seems to mock the vanity of human life!

The Public Journals.

SHAKESPEARE AND MILTON.

THE English flatter themselves by a pretence that Shakspeare and Milton are popular in England. It is good taste, indeed, to wish to have it believed that those poets are popular. Their names are so; but if it be said that the works of Shakspeare and Milton are popular—that is, liked and studied—among the wide circle whom it is now the fashion to talk of as enlightened, we are obliged to express our doubts whether a grosser delusion was ever promulgated. Not a play of Shakspeare's can be ventured on the London stage without mutilation—and without the most revolting balderdash foisted into the reuts made by managers in his divine dramas; nay, it is only some three or four of his pieces that can be borne at all by our all-intelligent public, unless the burthen be lightened by dancing, singing, or processioning. This for the stage. But is it otherwise with "the reading public?" We believe it is worse; we think, verily, that the apprentice or his master who sets out Othello or Richard at the theatres, does get a sort of glimpse, a touch, an atmosphere of intellectual grandeur; but he could not keep himself awake during the perusal of that which he admires—or fancies he admires—in scenic representation. As to understanding Shakspeare

—as to entering into all Shakspeare's thoughts and feelings—as to seeing the idea of Hamlet, or Lear, or Othello, as Shakspeare saw it—this we believe falls, and can only fall, to the lot of the really cultivated few, and of those who may have so much of the temperament of genius in themselves, as to comprehend and sympathize with the criticism of men of genius. Shakspeare is now popular by name, because, in the first place, great men, more on a level with the rest of mankind, have said that he is admirable, and also because, in the absolute universality of his genius, he has presented points to all. Every man, woman, and child, may pick at least one flower from his garden, the name and scent of which are familiar. To all which must of course be added, the effect of theatrical representation, be that representation what it may. There are tens of thousands of persons in this country whose only acquaintance with Shakspeare, such as it is, is through the stage.

Waller, upon the coming out of the "Paradise Lost," wrote to the Duke of Buckingham, amongst other pretty things, as follows:—"Milton, the old blind schoolmaster, has lately written a poem on the Fall of Man—*remarkable for nothing but its extreme length!*" Our divine poet asked a fit audience, although it should be but few. His prayer was heard; a fit audience for the "Paradise Lost" has ever been, and at this moment must be, a small one, and we cannot affect to believe that it is destined to be much increased by what is called the march of intellect.—*Quarterly Review.*

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

Suett.—The actors of a bygone day had a characteristic humour; the public then

thought more of their sayings, cared less for their doings; men would rather record, in my time, the bright things or the merry stories that Suett uttered, than delight in expatiating on his love of the lasses or the bottle. It was impossible to remain for any length of time angry with him; he had about him an "unconsciousness of offending" that disarmed you. It is not generally known, that Dickey, in a comic part, nearly damned Pizarro the first night—but so it was; the part was ill-written, and its introduction ill-timed; and most furiously did the public hiss it. Sheridan was distracted, and Dicky, with the utmost gravity, said, "This comes of putting me into a German drama. You know, Sir, I know nothing of German."

Tate Wilkinson, when York was the nursery where genius learned to soar, was always most anxious to secure a comedian who could give a faithful picture of rustic manners. Suett, Fawcett, Emery, Mathews, and Knight, were successively the low comedians of the York circuit; and, different as their styles were, all justly esteemed as admirable in the personations of Clowns. When Emery first came to London, his extreme simplicity and frankness of manner, and his fine, full dialect were glorious weapons in Suett's hands, who hoaxed the York laddie to the great delight of his brethren, and "several persons of distinction." Unfortunately, many of Suett's stories are unprintable, and much that he told was a vast invention hung upon a slender thread of fact. One instance, however, I remember from the pure simplicity of Emery's reply: some one had interested Emery very much respecting the dissipation of a gentleman, well known to each, whose father, a Yorkshire landholder, was averse to his son's dramatic notions; Emery followed the thread of the narrative, entering into the grief of the mother and the sister, till the narrator came to—"At last, sir, the father said, 'Robert, your conduct will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'" "That wean't do, Mr. —," said John, "dean't I know that odd chap's been *bad* these ten years?"

Forty years since, "ere the schoolmaster was abroad," some of the Bonifaces had strange notions of grammatical accuracy—this was glorious work for Dicky, who had (not unjustly) the reputation of being a learned clerk; he wrote an *affiche* for an inn-keeper at Folkstone in these words;—

"To Travellers.—Return chaises stop here going and coming."

Poor Suett had no wit, but an infinitude of humour. Davis's strange simile on Dr. Johnson's laughter has been often recorded; but I am not aware that a phrase containing almost as odd a metaphor has ever been printed—poor Parsons said that Suett walked like a *camel-leopard*.

Miss O'Neill—like Mrs. Siddons,—was cradled to the craft while a poor child amid "the finest pisantry in the world." In the town of Drogheda and villages thereabout, her father had a small sharing scheme, as it is termed, fitting up barns for the purposes of theatres, and dividing the receipts amid the performers, he having no capital to incur the risk of offering salaries. Amid all this, and despite of all this, he did, as many others have done, support his family in honest and virtuous indigence; and they repaid their father's care by working their way to comfort, and one of them to fame and fortune. Talbot, (the Irish Elliston,) was the manager that first noticed the talents of the child, who was then enacting the Duke of York in "Richard the Third;" at an early age, she was the heroine of his (Talbot's) company in the Irish provinces. Gamble, in his "Views of Manners and Society in the North of Ireland," says:—

"Miss O'Neill, if she is not a native, passed her early life in this town (Dundalk). Her father was the manager of a little party which played in a brewhouse or barn there, and a hundred times the inhabitants have seen her, when a little girl, running about bare-footed and bare-legged. As she grew up, she became the heroine of this humble theatre, and played with great applause in tragedy, comedy, and farce. That a young woman, brought up as Miss O'Neill had been, should be a little intoxicated by a change, sudden as the wildest shifting of the scene on which she moves, is not to be wondered at; but to her praise be it told, she remembers her evil days, and those who befriended her in them. A shopkeeper, to whom she and her father were indebted for various acts of kindness, lately fell into indigence; she sent for him to London, and having supported him some time in her own house, gave him money again to commence business."

When Cherry was in Ireland, he heard of Miss O'Neill, and applied to her to join him at Clonmell, but she was otherwise engaged, or obtained better terms at Belfast; had she accepted the offer, she would have played the heroines to Kean, who was then Cherry's tragedian. However, it so happened that Kean not only never saw, but never heard of Miss O'Neill, until she was announced to appear in London. Talbot,* who took great merit to himself for the instructions he had

* Talbot was an admirable young Mirabel and the like; he was so learned in the art of the toilet, that he not only painted with a camel's hair brush his moustache and whiskers upon his tip and cheek, but also painted in sepia and Indian ink curls on his forehead; and this so admirably that the deception could not be detected even in the orchestra. He came out in Young Norval, in London, upwards of forty years ago, and died in Dublin a short time since.

bestowed on the young actress, was then waxing old, and yet persisted in playing all the young lovers in comedies; taught Miss O. all the traditional business of the old stock-plays, (much of which she wisely eschewed on coming to London.) He had always the highest opinion of her genius and talent, and fought her battles manfully with those who contended that Miss Walstein was her superior. Mathews spoke of her to the Covent-Garden proprietors, she being then in treaty with the committee of Drury-lane; and to Mathews the former theatre was indebted for the immense profits her engagement secured. She was engaged at Covent-garden for three years, at 15, 16, and 18*l.* per week—terms which, for untried talent, appear high; but Mrs. Glover, (then Miss Betterton,) had higher in the year 1797.

It is customary to say that those who have produced immense effect in London have generally been unnoticed in the provinces, and to talk of the wearisome years passed in privation and poverty; but what are the facts? John Kemble came to London aged 26; Charles at 18; and Stephen at about 23; Mrs. Siddons first at 21; and when she made her great hit, she was only 28; Kean was not seven-and-twenty when he appeared as Shylock; Miss O'Neill was under three-and-twenty when she appeared as Juliet at Covent-garden Theatre. Nor had Miss O'Neill's life been one of sorrow or of penury to any extent; her childhood, indeed, knew no luxury, nor her girlhood idle ease; but at the age of seventeen she was known as an actress of promise, and as a beautiful and amiable girl. A considerable time before she appeared in London, Shiel dedicated his tragedy of "Adelaide" to her; and in his preface has addressed this "unknown" actress, as dramatic biographers delighted to call her, in terms of eulogy that in the olden times a parasitical poet might have offered to a princess, viz., after saying "Adelaide" was written for her, he adds—

"I endeavoured to combine beauty, innocence, and feeling, as I knew that your representation of such a character would not be an effort of art, but the spontaneous effusion of nature."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

New Books.

BOKHARA, IN CENTRAL ASIA.

(From Lieutenant Burnes's recent Travels into that interesting country.)

Our first care on entering Bokhara was to change our garb, and conform to the usages prescribed by the laws of the country. Our turbans were exchanged for shabby sheepskin caps, with the fur inside; and our "kum-murbuands," (girdles,) were thrown aside for a

rude piece of rope or tape. The outer garment of the country was discontinued, as well as our stockings; since these are the emblems of distinction in the holy city of Bokhara between an infidel and a true believer. We knew also that none but a Mahomedan might ride within the walls of the city, and had an inward feeling which told us to be satisfied if we were permitted, at such trifling sacrifices, to continue our abode in the capital.

* * * * *

My usual resort in the evening was the *registan* of Bokhara, which is the name given to a spacious area in the city, near the palace, which opens upon it. On two other sides there are massive buildings, colleges of the learned, and on the fourth side is a fountain, filled with water, and shaded by lofty trees, where idlers and newsmongers assemble round the wares of Asia and Europe, which are here exposed for sale. A stranger has only to seat himself on a bench of the *registan*, to know the *Uzbeks* and the people of Bokhara. He may here converse with the natives of Persia, Turkey, Russia, Tartary, China, India, and Cabool. He will meet with *Toorkmans*, *Calmuks*, and *Kuzsaks*, (*Cossacks*,) from the surrounding deserts, as well as the natives of more favoured lands. He may contrast the polished manners of the subjects of the "Great King" with the ruder habits of a roaming Tartar. He may see the *Uzbeks* from all the states of *Mawur-ool nuhr*, and speculate from their physiognomy on the changes which time and place effect among any race of men. The *Uzbek* of Bokhara is hardly to be recognised as a *Toork* or *Tartar* from his intermixture of Persian blood. Those from the neighbouring country of *Kokan* are less changed; and the natives of *Orgunje*, the ancient *Kharasm*, have yet a harshness of feature peculiar to themselves. They may be distinguished from all others by dark sheep-skin caps, called "tilpak," about a foot high. A red beard, grey eyes, and fair skin, will now and then arrest the notice of a stranger, and his attention will have been fixed on a poor Russian, who has lost his country and his liberty, and here drags out a miserable life of slavery. A native of China may be seen here and there in the same forlorn predicament, shorn of his long cue of hair, with his crown under a turban, since both he and the Russian act the part of *Mohammedans*. Then follows a *Hindoo*, in a garb foreign to himself and his country. A small square cap, and a string instead of a girdle, distinguish him from the *Mahomedans*, and, as the Moslems themselves tell you, prevents their profaning the prescribed salutations of their language by using them to an idolater. Without these distinctions, the native of India is to be recognised by his demure look,

and the studious manner in which he avoids all communication with the crowd. He herds only with a few individuals, similarly circumstanced with himself. The Jew is as marked a being as the Hindoo: he wears a somewhat different dress, and a conical cap. No mark, however, is so distinguishing as the well-known features of the Hebrew people. In Bokhara they are a race remarkably handsome, and I saw more than one Rebecca in my peregrinations. Their features are set off by ringlets of beautiful hair hanging over their cheeks and neck. There are about 4,000 Jews in Bokhara, emigrants from Meshid, in Persia, who are chiefly employed in dying cloth. They receive the same treatment as the Hindoos. A stray Armenian, in a still different dress, represents this wandering nation; but there are few of them in Bokhara. With these exceptions, the stranger beholds in the bazars, a portly, fair, and well-dressed mass of people, the Mahomedans of Toorkistan. A large white turban, and a "chogha," or pelisse, of some dark colour, over three or four others of the same description, is the general costume; but the registan leads to the palace, and the Uzbeks delight to appear before their king in a mottled garment of silk, called "udrus," made of the brightest colours, and which would be intolerable to any but an Uzbek. Some of the higher persons are clothed in brocade, and one may distinguish the gradations of the chiefs, since those in favour ride into the citadel, and the others dismount at the gate. Almost every individual who visits the king is attended by his slave; and though this class of people are, for the most part, Persians or their descendants, they have a peculiar appearance. It is said, indeed, that three-fourths of the people of Bokhara are of slave extraction; for of the captives brought from Persia into Toorkistan few are permitted to return, and, by all accounts, there are many who have no inclination to do so. A great portion of the people of Bokhara appear on horseback; but whether mounted or on foot, they are dressed in boots, and the pedestrians strut on high and small heels, in which it was difficult for me to walk or even stand. They are about an inch and a half high, and the pinnacle is not one-third the diameter. This is the national dress of the Uzbeks. Some men of rank have a shoe over the boot, which is taken off on entering a room. I must not forget the ladies in my enumeration of the inhabitants. They generally appear on horseback, riding as the men; a few walk, and all are veiled with a black hair-cloth. The difficulty of seeing through it makes the fair ones stare at every one as in a masquerade. Here, however, no one must speak to them; and if any of the king's harem pass, you are admonished to look in another direction, and get a blow on

the head if you neglect the advice. So holy are the fair ones of the "holy Bokhara."

My readers may now, perhaps, form some idea of the appearance of the inhabitants of Bokhara. From morn to night the crowd which assembles raises a humming noise, and one is stunned at the moving mass of human beings. In the middle of the area, the fruits of the season are sold under the shade of a square piece of mat, supported by a single pole. One wonders at the never-ending employment of the fruiterers, in dealing out their grapes, melons, apricots, apples, peaches, pears, and plums, to a continued succession of purchasers. It is with difficulty that a passage can be forced through the streets, and it is only done at the momentary risk of being rode over by some one on a horse or donkey. These latter animals are exceedingly fine, and amble along at a quick pace with their riders and burdens. Carts of a light construction are also driving up and down, since the streets are not too narrow to admit of wheeled carriages. In every part of the bazar there are people making tea, which is done in large European urns, instead of teapots, and kept hot by a metal tube. The love of the Bokharees for tea is, I believe, without parallel; for they drink it at all times and places, and in half a dozen ways: with and without sugar, with and without milk, with grease, with salt, &c. Next to the venders of this hot beverage, one may purchase "rahit i jan," or the delight of life,—grape jelly or syrup, mixed up with chopped ice. This abundance of ice is one of the greatest luxuries in Bokhara, and it may be had till the cold weather makes it unnecessary. It is pitted in winter, and sold at a price within the reach of the poorest people. No one ever thinks of drinking water in Bokhara without icing it, and a beggar may be seen purchasing it as he proclaims his poverty, and entreates the bounty of the passenger. It is a refreshing sight to see the huge masses of it, with the thermometer at 90°, coloured, scraped, and piled into heaps like snow. It would be endless to describe the whole body of traders; suffice it to say that almost every thing may be purchased in the registan: the jewellery and cutlery of Europe, (coarse enough, however,) the tea of China, the sugar of India, the spices of Manila, &c. &c. One may also add to his lore both Toorke and Persian at the book-stalls, where the learned, or would-be-so, pore over the tattered pages. As one withdraws in the evening from this bustling crowd to the more retired parts of the city, he winds his way through arched bazars, now empty, and passes mosques, surmounted by handsome cupolas, and adorned by all the simple ornaments which are admitted by Mahomedans. After the bazar hours, these are crowded for evening prayers. At

the doors of the colleges, which generally face the mosques, one may see the students lounging after the labours of the day; not, however, so gay or so young as the tyros of an European university, but many of them grave and demure old men, with more hypocrisy, but by no means less vice, than the youths in other quarters of the world. With the twilight this busy scene closes, the king's drum beats, it is re-echoed by others in every part of the city, and, at a certain hour, no one is permitted to move out without a lantern. From these arrangements, the police of the city is excellent; and in every street, large bales of cloth are left on the stalls at night with perfect safety. All is silence until morning, when the bustle again commences in the registan. The day is ushered in with the same guzzling and tea-drinking, and hundreds of boys and donkeys laden with milk hasten to the busy throng. The milk is sold in small bowls, over which the cream floats: a lad will bring twenty or thirty of these to market in shelves, supported and suspended by a stick over his shoulder. Whatever number may be brought speedily disappears among the tea-drinking population of this great city.

I took an early opportunity of seeing the slave-bazar of Bokhara, which is held every Saturday morning. The Uzbeks manage all their affairs by means of slaves, who are chiefly brought from Persia by the Toorkmans. Here these poor wretches are exposed for sale, and occupy thirty or forty stalls, where they are examined like cattle, only with this difference, that they are able to give an account of themselves *visà voce*. On the morning I visited the bazar, there were only six unfortunate beings, and I witnessed the manner in which they are disposed of. They are first interrogated regarding their parentage and capture, and if they are Mahomedans, that is, Soonees. The question is put in that form, for the Uzbeks do not consider a Shiah to be a true believer; with them, as with the primitive Christians, a sectary is more odious than an unbeliever. After the intended purchaser is satisfied of the slave being an infidel, (kaffir,) he examines his body, particularly noting if he be free from leprosy, so common in Toorkistan, and then proceeds to bargain for his price. Three of the Persian boys were for sale at thirty tillas of gold apiece,* and it was surprising to see how contented the poor fellows sat under their lot.

From the slave-market I passed on that morning to the great bazar, and the very first sight which fell under my notice was the offenders against Mahomedanism of the preceding Friday. They consisted of four individuals, who had been caught asleep at prayer time, and a youth, who had been

smoking in public. They were all tied to each other, and the person who had been found using tobacco led the way, holding the hookah, or pipe, in his hand. The officer of police followed with a thick thong, and chastised them as he went, calling aloud, "Ye followers of Islam, behold the punishment of those who violate the law!" Never, however, was there such a series of contradiction and absurdity as in the practice and theory of religion in Bokhara. You may openly purchase tobacco and all the most approved apparatus for inhaling it; yet if seen smoking in public you are straightway dragged before the casee, punished by stripes, or paraded on a donkey, with a blackened face, as a warning to others. If a person is caught flying pigeons on a Friday, he is sent forth with the dead bird round his neck, seated on a camel.

The Hindoos of Bokhara courted our society, for that people seem to look upon the English as their natural superiors. They visited us in every country we passed, and would never speak any other language than Hindoostanee, which was a bond of union between us and them. In this country they appeared to enjoy a sufficient degree of toleration to enable them to live happily. An enumeration of their restrictions might make them appear a persecuted race. They are not permitted to build temples, nor set up idols, nor walk in procession: they do not ride within the walls of the city, and must wear a peculiar dress. They pay the "jizyu," or poll-tax, which varies from four to eight rupees a year; but this they only render in common with others, not Mahomedans. They must never abuse or ill-use a Mahomedan. When the king passes their quarter of the city, they must draw up and wish him health and prosperity; when on horseback outside the city, they must dismount if they meet his Majesty or the casee. They are not permitted to purchase female slaves, as an infidel would defile a believer; nor do any of them bring their families beyond the Oxus. For these sacrifices the Hindoos in Bokhara live unmolested, and in all trials and suits have equal justice with the Mahomedans.

Among the Hindoos we had a singular visiter in a deserter from the Indian army at Bombay. He had set out on a pilgrimage to all the shrines of the Hindoo world, and was then proceeding to the fire temples on the shores of the Caspian! I knew many of the officers of the regiment, (the 24th N. I.) to which he had belonged, and felt pleased at hearing names which were familiar to me in this remote city. I listened with interest to the man's detail of his adventures and travels; nor was he deterred by any fear that I would lodge information against him, and secure his apprehension. I looked upon him

* 200 rupees, equal to 30l.

as a brother in arms, and he amused me with many a tale of my friend Moorad Beg of Koondooz, whom he had followed in his campaigns, and served as a bombardier. This man, when he first showed himself, was disguised in the dress of a pilgrim: but the carriage of a soldier is not to be mistaken, even if met in Bokhara.

The house in which we lived was exceedingly small, and overlooked on every side; but we could not regret it, since it presented an opportunity of seeing a Toorksee beauty, a handsome young lady, who promenaded one of the surrounding balconies, and *wished to think* she was not seen. A pretended flight was not even neglected by this fair one, whose curiosity often prompted her to steal a glance at the Firingees. Since we had a fair exchange, she was anything but an intruder, though unfortunately too distant for us to indulge in the "sweet music of speech." The ladies of Bokhara stain their teeth quite black; they braid their hair, and allow it to hang in tresses down their shoulders. Their dress differs little from the men: they wear the same pelisses, only that the two sleeves, instead of being used as such, are tucked together and tied behind. In the house even they dress in huge Hessian boots, made of velvet, and highly ornamented.

Notes of a Reader.

INTRODUCTION* OF MERINO SHEEP INTO ENGLAND.

THE breed of Spanish Merino sheep having now become an object of so much importance to New South Wales, the following anecdote respecting their introduction into England may, to some of our readers, be both amusing and interesting.

In consequence of a portion of Windsor Forest coming into the possession of his late Majesty George III., through the expiration of a lease which had been granted, his Majesty, who was very fond of rural occupations, commenced experimental farming. A little time previously to the breaking out of the war against Spain, caused by the French Revolution, a British homeward-bound fleet met at sea a Spanish fleet outward-bound. Visits of compliment passed between the flag officers, and the Spanish admiral presented to the British admiral some sheep, for sea stock, which, not being used, were brought home, where they happened to be seen by Sir Joseph Banks,—and

were through him presented to his Majesty, who was known to be extremely desirous of having a flock of pure Merinos. But unfortunately they were all females, the exportation of rams from Spain being strictly prohibited.

The wish of his Majesty was to be gratified at any cost, or by any means, and his "aids" set their wits to work accordingly. The Spanish ambassador was applied to, but he was too much of a patriot to enter into any project prejudicial to the interests of his own country—and further hinted, that both his appointment and his head would be endangered by his undertaking to bring Merino sheep from Spain, and that the flocks were exclusively the property of the clergy and church, which would render any endeavour to obtain them still more uncertain and hazardous.

But his Majesty's employers were not to be deterred by this repulse. The lady ambassador was closely beset and watched—to find out if any vulnerable point could be discovered whereby she might be taken, and induced to enter into the conspiracy against the Merinos.

Shortly after this, the lady ambassador went to see the King go in state to the House of Lords, on which occasion she expressed great admiration of the state coach cream-coloured horses.

"Would her Excellency accept of a pair?" "Oh! they were above all others the most beautiful, and to be desired!" A pair was ordered from Hanover, where they are bred, and at a cost of nearly 8,000*l.* brought to England, and presented to her. Her vanity was now gratified, as she possessed what no other lord or lady could boast of.

The donors would accept a few Spanish sheep, in the way of complimentary return.

To make any direct application, it was well known, would be useless—but a class of men that much abound in Spain, contrabandists (*i. e.* smugglers), were applied to; they took a favourable opportunity by night to select (steal) from the flocks what number and gender they required; and their prey were driven northward, through Spain, France, and part of Germany, and shipped at Hamburg for London. Many were lost on the journey, but a sufficient number was obtained.

The sheep, upon landing, were first placed to graze in the royal gardens and parks about London, and the writer of this has seen the Spaniards, who had them there in charge, playing at chuck and toss with dollars and doubloons, the reward of their enterprising speculation.—*New South Wales Magazine.*

* The writer might say re-introduction: for the famed Merino sheep of Spain originated from the English breed, sent to that country by Edward IV. as a present to King John of Aragon.—This fact is little known; though corroborated by history. (*Bak. Chron.* p. 206.)

WEST INDIA SLAVERY.

[In the second volume of Mr. Montgomery Martin's *History of the British Colonies* occur the following passages, which will be read with interest in connexion with the

cessation of slavery in the West Indies, from the 1st of August last.

Origin and Progress of West Indian Slavery.—When the Spaniards found how rapidly the aboriginal or Indian population of the West India isles perished under the system of forced labour, and beneath the tyranny of their rule, the expedient of introducing negro slaves from Africa was resorted to, and that infernal traffic in human blood and agony—doubly cursed to the enslaver and enslaved—sprang into deadly and ferocious activity. The example of the Spaniards was soon followed by the Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English; companies for the horrid traffic were formed; monopolies granted, and kings, princes, and nobles, enriched their coffers with the price of human blood.

About *thirty millions* of our fellow creatures have been dragged from their native homes, shipped like cattle in chains to a distant land, worked like the beasts of the field, shot like dogs if they murmured forth a claim in behalf of humanity; and, finally, they have (with few exceptions) pined and perished under the cruelties, avarice, and brutality, of a handful of Europeans, for of the thirty millions exported from Africa to the West Indies since the commencement of the sixteenth century, not half a million of the original slaves, or of their unmixed descendants, are now in existence!

Slave Trade in America, France, &c.—In 1807, the foreign slave trade was abolished throughout the United States, by the Act of Congress; a revolting internal slave trade still, however, exists in the Southern States, and nearly 2,000,000 of wretched beings are there in bondage. Mexico abolished the slave trade in 1824, and Buenos Ayres, Chili, and Columbia, since the treaty of Vienna. The Conventional Assembly of France, in 1794, abolished slavery, but the act became void. Buonaparte, on his return from Elba, in 1815, again decreed its abolition, but the Bourbons had neither the wisdom, humanity, nor gratitude, to carry his decree into execution. England has paid nearly half a million of money to Spain and Portugal, for the suppression of the slave trade, but without a final effect. Now is the moment to enforce it, and to invite the co-operation of France and the United States for the abolition of internal slavery.

Desolating Effects of Slavery—its abolition by England.—In the West India chronicles for 300 years I find nothing but wars, usurpations, crimes, misery, and vice: no green spot in the desert of human wretchedness on which the mind of a philanthropist would love to dwell; all—all is one revolting scene of infamy, bloodshed, and unmitigated woe. *Slavery* (both Indian and Negro) that blighting upas, has been the curse of the West Indies; it has accom-

panied the white colonist, whether Spaniard, Frenchman, or Briton, in his progress, tainting, like a plague, every incipient association, and blasting the efforts of man, however originally well disposed, by its demon-like influence over the natural virtues with which his Creator had endowed him—leaving all dark, and cold, and desolate within.

But now a glorious and happier era bursts upon the Western World, it diffuses the light of a new existence over the soul, *Liberty* is the spirit it has awakened; already her voice resounds along the beautiful hills and through the fertile valleys of the West, and is swept over the ocean to the uttermost bounds of the earth. Long may England wear the crown of glory that encircles her with a halo far brighter than that of all her conquests and battles; millions of the human race will bless her name for ages to come, and Africa's swarthy sons will pour forth prayers for her honour and prosperity to the Giver of all good. She was the last nation in Europe to enter into that accursed traffic in human beings, to her eternal honour be it said, she was the first to relinquish it—to strike the manacle from the slave, to bid the bond go free!

Tell me not that Christianity has no power over the soul when I witness the consummation of this splendid act, of which the history of Paganism affords no parallel. Slavery we are told existed from the period when time was, and for four thousand years has continued to afflict the earth; under the benign influence of our Christian faith it ceases on the first day of August, *Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-four*! it ceases throughout an empire on which the sun never sets; and myriads "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled," walk forth in all the majesty of freedom.

*Allocation of the 20,000,000*l.* West India Grant.*—The principles on which the sum of 20,000,000*l.* allocated by the Legislature for the reimbursement of loss owing to the emancipation of slaves, may, I believe, be considered settled as regards the questions of *ad valorem* or *per capita*; it seems to be now acknowledged that the sworn or arbitrated value of a slave, according to his current market price, is the fairest principle for awarding compensation. In order to determine the amount of compensation, accurate and complete returns from every plantation in the slave colonies are to be sent in by the 1st of August, 1834, or within three months from that date. These returns are to be transmitted to England, and as soon as they have all arrived, the process of awarding the compensation-monies will commence, unless where counter-claims may be sent in from mortgagees, &c. Although the mortgagees have an undoubted claim on the property, I think measures should be taken to secure a

portion of the compensation-money to the planter, and not allow the creditor to grasp all, thus leaving the former in no condition to proceed with the culture of the estate; if the mortgagee were secured the interest of his money for five or seven years, binding him down at the same time not to foreclose the deed, the planter would have time to raise his head above water, and struggle through past difficulties; or if this he not acceded to, the mortgagee should have the option of entering into a fair compromise for his claims, say, one-half or two-thirds of his dues being paid down in order to give up any farther lien on the planter. If some step of this kind be not taken, the half of the planters will be utterly ruined, and land, which under the present system has little value according to its geographical extent, will lose the chance it now has of possessing intrinsic worth *per se*. By the planter having his land unincumbered, and some ready money in his pocket, he will be enabled to commence the *Metayer System*, as now practised in British India, &c. The British nation having munificently granted 20,000,000*l.* compensation, have a right to see it beneficially distributed.

The Gatherer.

Epitaph on the Mareschal Comte de Ranzau, a Swede, who accompanied Oxenstiern to Paris, and was taken into the French service by Louis XIII. He died of hydrophobia in 1650. He had been in innumerable battles, had lost an eye and two limbs, and his body was found to be entirely covered with scars:

Stop, passenger! this stone below
Lies half the body of Ranzau:
The other moiety's scattered far
And wide o'er many a field of war;
For to no land the hero came
On which he shed not blood and fame.
Mangled or maim'd each meaner part,
One thing remain'd entire—his heart.

On a tombstone in the churchyard at Hochheim, a village where one of the best species of Rhenish is produced, and from the name of which our generic Hock is derived:—

This grave holds Casper Schink, who came to dine,
And taste the noblest vintage of the Rhine;
Three nights he sat, and thirty bottles drank.
Then lifeless by the board of Bacchus sank;
One only comfort have we in the case,—
The trump will raise him in the proper place.

Modest Wants.—Monsieur de Vivonne, who was general of the expedition against Messina, writing from that place to the King, closed his letter in these words—"To finish the affair, we only want ten thousand men." He gave the letter to seal to Du Terron, commissioner for the army, who was bold enough to add—"And a general."

THOS. GILL.

At Court.—On birthdays, and other great occasions, at St. Petersburg, it is usual for foreign consuls to go to Court. Mr. C., the British consul, some years since, went, and placing himself in one of the rooms, took his station as usual, waiting to be presented, when the Empress passed by. The master of the ceremonies announcing, as he walked on, the names of noblemen and gentlemen present, at last announced "the British Consul, Mr. C." The Consul bowed, but unfortunately standing under a cut-glass chandelier, he had entangled the toupee of his bag-wig in the wire drops, so that when he bowed, (and that he did, very low,) there was a space of about two feet between his bald pate and the suspended periwig, and he could not, on rising, get his head into dock again. W. G. C.

An American Inn.—The following description of an American inn, is given by Mr. Fowler in his *Tour in New York*:—"There is a very striking difference perceptible between an English and an American inn; here you must look for no bowing landlord, or obsequious waiter, at the door, to welcome your arrival; you may alight or not, as you please; and, in some instances, be served as if you, and not they, were the party obliged. Neither expect to find any snug parlour, nor travellers', nor I suppose I must now say, commercial room, to retire to. The bar seems the only inhabited apartment about the house; and there, upon arrival, the company immediately proceed; within it are always to be met with conveniences for washing—the very first operation—and a comb and a brush attached together by a string, suspended most likely from the ceiling, *pro bono publico*, and used, *sans ceremonie*, by all comers and goers; though I took the liberty of declining the accommodation. You would suppose that all the news and affairs of the Congress had gained access to this place, or, at any rate, you feel perfectly assured of being in a land where that valuable engine, the press, suffers not the slightest embarrassment. Papers, daily and weekly, local, and from different parts of the Union, are strewn about in charming profusion; the merits of all persons and all things are discussed by all present; the walls are covered with advertisements of elections, fares of stages and steam-boats, auctions, sales of land, sales of stock, sales of merchandise, sales of every thing that can be sold; quack medicines without end, &c. &c. Such is an American Inn." W. G. C.

It is some loss of liberty to resolve on schemes beforehand.—*Shenstone.*

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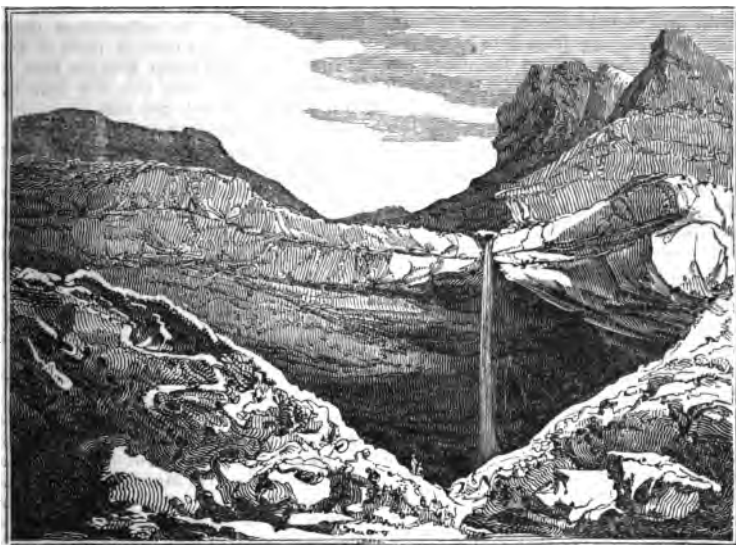
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.]

THE ISLE OF WIGHT:



SAND ROCK SPRING.



BLACK GANG CHINE.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT:

THE UNDERCLIFF.

WHOEVER has visited the Isle of Wight—that

Beauteous gem, set in the silver sea—must have heard of, if not journeyed over, the romantic district of the Undercliff, which will alone repay the tourist for an excursion to the island. Yet, thousands who *steam it* *viâ* Southampton and Cowes, do not reach the Undercliff, which lies directly on the opposite shore. There is so much to delight a sight-loving visitor at Cowes; there is so much of the watering-place, with its parades, regattas, libraries, and lounges, that we are not surprised at its being the focus of the island; and leaving Newport, which is the metropolis, and lies in the centre, comparatively deserted; notwithstanding Carisbrook Castle in the vicinity of the latter.

The Undercliff is, however, the Daphne of the isle, and its situation is so delightful as to render it particularly adapted as a winter residence, a kind of marine Montpellier, for invalids. It comprehends a small tract of country on the south-east coast, about six miles in length, and from a quarter to half a mile in breadth. This singular district consists of a series of terraces, formed by fragments of rock, of chalk, and sandstone, which have been detached from the cliffs and hills above, and deposited upon a substratum of blue marl. It is dry, free from moist or impure exhalations, and completely sheltered from the north, north-east, north-west, and west winds, by a range of lofty downs, or hills of chalk and sandstone, which rise boldly from the upper termination of these terraces, in elevations varying from four to six and seven hundred feet, leaving the Undercliff open only in a direct line to the south-east, and obliquely to the south-west winds, which rarely blow here with great force. "On this part of the coast," says Dr. Lempriere, (who has made the natural history of the island his study,) "we have a climate as favourable to the invalid as any part of England can afford. This is proved, not only by thermometrical observation, but also by the state of vegetation during the colder months of the year, when the myrtle, geranium, and many other exotic plants flourish luxuriantly in the open air; and that even in seasons when the severity of the frost has destroyed the greenhouse plants in the north side of the island, though placed in sheltered apartments. Snow is rarely seen, and frosts are only partially felt here." Dr. James Clark corroborates these views, and adds: the protection afforded by the northern range of hills is greatly increased by the singular abruptness with which it terminates on its southern aspect. This, in many places, consists of the bare perpendicular rock of sandstone, in others of

chalk, assuming its characteristic rounded form, covered with fine turf and underwood; but, almost every where the southern face of the hill is so steep as to justify the appellation, (Undercliff, *i. e.* under the Cliff,) conferred on this beautiful tract, which extends from its base to the sea-shore. The defence afforded by this natural bulwark against northerly winds is, indeed, more perfect than anything of the kind Dr. Clarke has met with in this country; and the transition of climate experienced in descending from the exposure of the open and elevated down, to the shelter of the Undercliff, will remind the Italian traveller of his sensations on entering the valley of Domo d'Ossola, after quitting the chilly defiles of the Simplon. You feel at once that you have entered a new climate, and the luxuriance of the vegetable tribes which you find around you, proves that the impression made on the senses has not been deceitful.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Undercliff is a close and confined situation. Although low, relatively with its northern boundary, it is still very considerably elevated above the sea level, as its southern limit terminates, on the shore, in a perpendicular cliff, from sixty to eighty feet in height. The Undercliff may, therefore, be represented as a lofty natural terrace, backed by a mountainous wall on the north, and open on the south to the full influence of the sun, from his rising to his going down, during that season, at least, when his influence is most wanted in a northern climate. Its elevation above the sea level, differing from most of the situations on our coast, in being less directly exposed to the influence of the sea air, is important in a medical point of view. It is, accordingly, exempt from sea fogs, and it is believed that less rain falls here than on the southern coast, generally.

The Engravings show two vignettes of this picturesque shore. First is the Sand Rock Chalybeate Spring, a short distance from the hotel at which tourists take their temporary *sejour*, and from which, judging from our own feelings, every lover of nature must take an unwilling departure: for, the windows command the boldest Undercliff prospects, and an extent of marine scenery not to be surpassed along the whole range of this singular tract. The sea prospect may be enjoyed from three sides of the house.

The Sand Rock Spring was discovered by Mr. Waterworth, a surgeon of Newport, in the year 1808; and this gentleman has meritoriously established a dispensary on the spot, for the distribution of the water, and other medicines. Dr. Marcet, who published an analysis of this spring in the Transactions of the Geological Society, found it to contain sulphate of iron, and sulphate of alumine, substances which, though rarely met

with in combination with water, exist in this spring in such proportions as to give it a very distinctive character. The spring is situated 500 feet from the shore, and about 130 feet above the level of the sea. The prospect from the adjoining cottage is enchanting; the cultivated scenery of the Undercliff being succeeded by an indented coast extending to Freshwater, the celebrated Needles rocks, with their lighthouse, and Alum Bay.

About half a mile from the spring, we arrive at the summit of Black Gang Chine,* a chasm of tremendous shelving rocks; the sides nearly 500 feet in height, shelving down to the shore, and terminating in an overhanging precipice, upwards of forty feet high, over which a small stream, from the summit of the Chine, falls, and finds its way into the bay beneath. The view from the summit, comprises the whole of the coast to the Needles, with the Dorsetshire coast in the distance.

The reader may recollect a few entertaining Notes from a Correspondent's pedestrian Tour in the Isle of Wight, about two years since;† but, it may be as well to state, that the tract we have been describing, commences at the point where our Correspondent halted, viz. at Dunnose, and extends to St. Catherine's Hill, towards the foot of which are the Sand Rock Spring and Black Gang Chine.

APOTHEGMS.

I HAD a mind (says Prior) to collect and digest such observations and *apothegms*, as tend to the proof of that great assertion "All is vanity."

Never allow yourself to be idle, whilst others are in want of anything that your hands can make for them.—*Law.*

The learning of Latin being nothing but the learning of words, join as much other real knowledge with it as you can.—*Locke.*

The Supreme Being has made the best arguments for his own existence in the formation of the heavens and the earth, and which a man of sense cannot forbear attend-

* The term *chine* is applied to the back bone of an animal, both in the manage and ordinary language, which forms the highest ridge of the body. *Chine*, in the French, is used in the same sense; and Boyer has the word *chinfreneau* for a great cut, or slash. Hence the word *chine* might be thought peculiarly expressive of a high ridge of land cleft abruptly down; and the several parts of the southern coast, denominated *chines*, all correspond with this description. A *chine* also appears to signify the same as a *chasm*, and both to be derived from the Greek word *χασμα*, *haseo*, or *dahisco*, that is to cleave asunder, so as to form a chasm, or *chine*. It is well known that the X in the Greek alphabet is always expressed in English by ch, and that it is pronounced by the modern Greeks, as our ch, in church, charity, &c. and, perhaps, it was so pronounced by the ancients.—Sir Richard Worsley's History of the Isle of Wight, quoted in Sheridan's intelligent Guide.

† Mirror, vol. xx. p. 225.

ing to, who is out of the noise of human affairs.—*Addison.*

The works of nature will bear a thousand views and reviews; the more narrowly we look into them, the more occasion we shall have to admire.—*Atterbury.*

If the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the wise and that of the fool; there are infinite reveries and numberless extravagancies pass through both.—*Addison.*

If we are idle and disturb the industrious in their business, we shall ruin the faster.—*Locke.*

Zelira was the first of the Ottomans that did shave his beard: a bashaw asked why he altered the custom of his predecessors? He answered "Because you bashaws may not lead me by the beard as you did them."—*Bacon.*

Sheer argument is not the talent of the man; little wrested sentences are the bladders which bear him up, and he sinks down-right, when he once pretends to swim without them.—*Atterbury.*

An old gentleman mounting on horseback, got up heavily; but desired the spectators that they would count fourscore and eight before they judged him.—*Dryden.*

Temperance, that virtue without pride, and fortune without envy, that gives indolence of body, with an equality of mind, the best guardian of youth and support of old age; the precept of reason, as well as religion, and physician of the soul as well as the body; the tutelar goddess of health, and universal medicine of life.—*Temple.*

Cato the elder being aged, buried his wife, and married a young woman: his son came to him, and said, "Sir, what have I offended that you have brought a stepmother into your house?" The old man answered, "Nay, quite the contrary, son; thou pleasest me so well, as I would be glad to have more such."—*Bacon.*

Queen Elisabeth used to say of her instructions to great officers, that they were like to garments, strait at the first putting on, but did by and by wear loose enough.—*Ibid.*

Man was not meant to gape, or look upward, but to have his thoughts sublime, and not only behold, but speculate their nature with the eye of the understanding.—*Brown.*

P. T. W.

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

I. JESSE'S GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY. (SECOND SERIES.)

The Mole.—Mr. Jesse (p. 24) says he has not seen it noticed by any one that the colour

of the mole is subject to much variation. In the *Magazine of Natural History*, (vol. v. p. 571.) he will find it stated that the mole is occasionally found, in Renfrew, of a white colour. In various works, besides the above periodical, white varieties are recorded.

The Heron.—"It has been supposed that a light is emitted by herons from their breasts, as they stand in the water of an evening waiting for fish. I should like to be assured of the accuracy of this supposition"—(p. 285.) I have never met with any statement, either conjectural or positively made, respecting such a circumstance as regards the heron; but it is asserted by the best ornithologists that the breast of the Great American Bittern emits a powerful light, which has been considered of service to it in finding its prey at night-time. Perhaps, Mr. Jesse may have confounded this fact with the heron.

Colour of Birds.—Mr. Jesse says he has sometimes speculated on the possibility of the colours of birds being varied, owing to the pores of the egg-shell that contained them having been stopped up during the period of incubation. If the pores of the egg be clogged, the chick cannot draw air through them, it dies for the want of atmospheric nourishment, and consequently, is never fledged: hence the above speculation falls to the ground. The principal causes of the variations in the plumage of birds, arise from the qualities of the food with which they are fed, and the localities in which they are reared, which circumstances also exercise an influence over their song.

Dead Birds.—Our author expresses his astonishment at the rarity of the occurrence of finding a dead bird, and wonders what can become of the immense numbers that must necessarily die, and fall to the ground (p. 296.) The fact is, that certain insects perform the office of undertaker; and as soon as they learn of the death of a bird, a mouse, a toad, &c., by the smell that arises from the corrupting corpse, they hasten to the spot, creep beneath the body, and excavate a vault beneath it; and as they proceed in this task, which occupies but a very short time, the lifeless remains gradually disappear from the surface, until they are fairly buried. When the interment ceases, the undertakers regale themselves upon the flesh and juices of the departed; and here we have another example of the death of one animal supporting the lives of many. The insect to which we are chiefly indebted for thus removing from the earth bodies, which, if allowed to remain, would taint our atmosphere, is the *Necrophorus Sepultor*, or burying beetle, which, unlike our undertakers, is not totally dressed in black, but only partially, the remainder being yellow. Now, Mr. Jesse and others may henceforth know what

becomes of dead birds. For a *naturalist* to be at a loss to account for such a circumstance, looks rather strange.

Vegetation dependent on Birds.—"I have lately heard a curious idea advanced, that all mucilaginous seeds must undergo the process of passing through the stomach of birds before they will vegetate. This was applied principally, however, to the seeds of the mistletoe and ivy"—(p. 133.) In some botanical works it is stated, that the seeds of the nutmeg, (I have never seen it previously asserted of any other seeds,) will not grow, unless they have passed through the stomach of a species of pigeon; if I remember rightly, the *Columba nigratoria* is the one specified. The dung of the pigeon may have the effect of accelerating the process of germination; but that the vegetation of any plant should be so entirely dependent on a bird, seems somewhat doubtful.

Grasshopper.—If Mr. Jesse wishes to be considered a naturalist, he should refrain from quoting verses, however "pretty" they may be, which propagate inaccuracies respecting the works of nature; unless he quotes them to expose their glaring errors. This observation is induced in consequence of his having quoted with approbation, the following faulty lines, by Cowley, on the grasshopper:—

"Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine."

These lines, though intended to relate to the *grasshopper*, are totally inapplicable to it, as are most verses on the same subject by modern poets, who studying nature in the works of classic authors, instead of seeing for themselves, conceive what the ancients have sung of the *Cicada*, (a word which the schoolmasters in their wisdom teach them to translate very erroneously,) to allude to the present insect, which is very different in size, form, and habits, and very inferior as a musician. To translate "*Cicada*" as the *grasshopper*, is as absurd as the French translation of Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale*, into *Conte de Monsieur Winter*. However, let it be remembered, that grasshoppers feed on something more substantial than dew, and do not, like the *Cicada*, produce their noise while sitting on thorns, but as they rest on the ground. Abernethy defined a stomach as being a stomach, and in a similar manner, we can only say that a *cicada* is a *cicada*.

May-fly and Cadis-fly.—"I think I have ascertained," says Mr. Jesse, "beyond a doubt, or rather to my own satisfaction, that the cadis-worm is not the grub of the common May-fly, having found the cadis long after the May-fly has appeared on the water." What entomologist ever stated, or even hinted, so close a relation to subsist between the cadis-grub and the May-fly? Why, even the

older naturalists were well aware of the wide distinction between these insects, and never were so fanciful as to suspect their identity. The cadis-grub lives in the water, and inhabits a case, made of materials differing according to its species, and eventually becomes a cadis-fly. The grub or larva of the other insect also lives in the water, but inhabits no case.

Superstitions concerning Natural History.

—One of the most obstinate barriers to the dissemination of a knowledge of natural history, and a taste for it as a pursuit, among the people, is formed by the absurd superstitions that they possess relating to natural objects, which, instead of viewing as objects of delight and instruction they, in consequence, regard as objects of dread, and producers of every calamity. This being the case, we should never have expected to see a sentence like the following, from the pen of any man, unless one of that class who would keep the minds of the poor in that darkness, which causes them to commit those follies, for which the rich monopolisers of knowledge are the very first to blame them. "Could I but see," says Mr. Jesse, "our peasantry prosperous and happy, all their little superstitions, their prejudices, and their many virtues would only serve to increase the gratification I should experience in living amongst them"—(p. 299.) How can any peasantry be "prosperous and happy," when their unwarrantable superstitions and prejudices render them not only ignorant, but keep them in a constant state of alarm at every natural occurrence, which they view as portending the approach of dreadful visitations. Let us hope that Mr. Jesse does not mean what he says.

2. MUDIE'S FEATHERED TRIBES.

Although these elegant volumes will fully gratify all those who are contented with graphic descriptions and fine plates, yet the naturalist will find little that is new in the shape of discovery. As far as description and imagination are concerned, the author has displayed considerable tact and originality; but the solid matter of fact respecting the habits of birds is of a stale character, though, as it comes before us in a new garb, it "is made to look as good as new." The title of the work is not good, as other creatures besides birds are feathered; for example, the plume-moths, whose wings are composed of long and beautiful feathers.

Skylark.—"The lark rises," says Mudie, "not like most birds, which climb the air upon one slope, by a succession of leaps, as if a heavy body were raised by a succession of efforts or steps, with pauses between; it twines upwards like a vapour, borne lightly on the atmosphere, and yielding to the motions of that as other vapours do. Its course is a spiral, gradually enlarging; and seen on

the side, it is as if it were keeping the boundary of a pillar of ascending smoke, always on the surface of that logarithmic column, (or funnel, rather,) which is the only figure that, on a narrow base, and spreading as it ascends, satisfies the eye with its stability and self-balancing in the thin and invisible fluid. Nor can it seem otherwise; for it is true to nature. In the case of smoke or vapour, it diffuses itself in the exact proportion as the density, or power of support in the air diminishes; and the lark widens the volutions of its spiral in the very same proportion: of course, it does so only when perfectly free from disturbance or alarm, because either of these is a new element in the cause, and, as such, it must modify the effect. When equally undisturbed, the descent is by a reversal of the same spiral; and when that is the case, the song is continued during the whole time that the bird is in the air." This assertion of the skylark ascending spirally and descending conically, let the bird be ever so "free from disturbance or alarm," can only be confirmed by an observer possessing a curious defect in his own vision; for any one who pleases to watch the bird carefully, will not fail to detect the incorrectness of such a statement; and this we have done repeatedly, and not so long since, in different secluded and quiet parts of the country.

The Bottle-Titmouse, (Parus caudatus.)

—Another notion of our author's, and one which was pointed out to him by the press, previous to the appearance of the present work, as being unfounded and ridiculous, we find he still adheres to. The nest of the bottle titmouse is sometimes, but not invariably, furnished with two holes or apertures; one of which is intended, according to Mr. Mudie, for the bird's head to come through, and the other for its long tail to come through!! Surely Mr. Mudie, when writing this, must have been misled by some sudden recollection of Porson's famous description of his Satanic Majesty:—

"His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,
With a hole behind for his tail to come through.

3. REMNIE'S ARCHITECTURE OF BIRDS.

Mining Birds.—The second and third chapters of this work are devoted to "Mining Birds," but, strange to say, the shieldrake, (*Anas Tadorna*.) is omitted, notwithstanding the fact of its nestling in holes underground, which circumstance is sufficient to entitle it to a place under this head.

Eider-Duck, (Somateria mollissima.)—

"Martens says she mixes the down with moss, but as this is not recorded by any other observer, we think it not a little doubtful, particularly as in the places chosen for nestling, she would find it no easy matter to procure moss." May not Martens mean Iceland moss, which is found in the countries this bird frequents?

Fish-Hawk, (Pandion Halicetus).—"The people of the sea-coast of North America, where these birds frequently build, are of opinion that the most thriving tree will die in a few years, after being taken possession of by a fish-hawk, a circumstance which has been ascribed to the quantities of fish-oil and the excrements of the bird destroying vegetation; others think it occasioned by the great mass of salt materials of which the nest is composed." The death of the tree, if owing at all to the bird, is most likely occasioned by its excrement, which may be destructive to vegetation, as the excrements of several other birds are. The dung of the pigeon, for instance, is acknowledged by chemists and others to be one of the strongest and hottest manures there is; and from experiments made some years ago, I found that a very small quantity introduced into the earth in a flower-pot, was sufficiently powerful to destroy a plant by its parching up the roots. Some geraniums were destroyed merely by the pigeons, I kept, occasionally muting upon the mould in which they grew. Perhaps then, the dung of the fish-hawk may have a similar effect on the trees around which it falls.

4. RENNIE'S HABITS OF BIRDS.

Shrew-mouse.—Speaking of the diseases of animals, the author of this work states, that he "lately caught a mouse, which was in the last stage of malignant erysipelas, which carried it off in a few hours; and the common shrew, (*Sorex araneus*), is often observed to be subject to great mortality in the autumn, numbers of the dead being found strewn in paths, by gateways, and in garden-walks"—(p. 342.) I have myself noticed the great mortality, during certain months, among shrew-mice; but, from all that I have examined, I am quite confident that their death is not ascribable to any particular disease, but to a disorder, which consists in their being infested with troublesome parasites, apparently a species of *Acarus*. Coming one day, in March, 1829, from Holloway to Battle-bridge, I captured and conveyed home in my gloves, half-a-dozen shrew-mice, that were evidently, by their non-resistance and helplessness, in a very weak condition, which I attributed to the extreme frost that prevailed at that time. Upon looking at them when I reached my home, I found the cause of their extreme debility to arise from their being infested with millions of little parasites, who, perhaps, derived sustenance from the body of their unfortunate victims. On referring to a small work on natural history, entitled "The Natural Historian," which was the only work I possessed at that period on the subject, I found the following passage: "It is a remarkable but well authenticated circum-

stance, that there is an annual mortality, among these little animals, about the month of August, during which they are found dead in great numbers in the roads, woods, and fields, without any appearance of violence on their bodies." In the Cyclopædia of Natural Phenomena, by Dr. Forster, is the following notice, which would tend to show that that gentleman, though aware of the occurrence, was unaware of its cause: "Field-mice are found in great numbers on the paths and highways in August. We noticed great numbers of these animals running by the roadside in the plains of Alsace"—(p. 96.) The diseases and disorders of animals, together with their causes, are matters regarding which but very little is known; hence an inquiring and patient mind may here find an ample field for research. J. H. F.

Camden Town.

The Sketch-Book.

THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

(From Mr. Thoms's *Lays and Legends of France*.)

THERE was once a gentleman, who is asserted by some to have been one of the archers of the guard to the king; but whom I prefer to call a simple gentleman or a courtier, because the Latin history from which this is taken styles him *auticus*. By some historians he is called the Chevalier Macaire, and who, being jealous of the favour shown by the king to one of his companions, named Aubry de Montdidier, watched him continually, until at length he surprised him in the forest of Bondy, accompanied only by his dog, (which some historians, and notably the Sieur Dodiguiet, say was a greyhound,) and finding the opportunity favourable to the satisfaction of his unhappy jealousy, slew him, and having buried him in the forest, returned with alacrity to the court. The dog, for his part, never stirred from the ditch wherein his master was concealed, until hunger obliged him to go to Paris, where the king was, to beg for food from the friends of his late master—which, when he had obtained, he then incontinently returned to the spot where the assassin had buried his victim. And as he was continually doing this thing, some of these who saw him come and go, howling and whining, and seeking by his extraordinary actions to discover his grief, and declare the misfortunes of his master, followed him to the forest, and watching exactly what he did, saw that he stopped at a spot where the earth had been recently disturbed. Whereupon they searched, and there found the murdered corpse, which they honoured with a more worthy sepulture, without being able to discover the author of so execrable a murder. As the dog still resided with one of these friends of the deceased, and followed him, he by chance discovered

the murderer of his first master; and having picked him out from the midst of all the other gentlemen and archers, attacked him with great violence, leaped at his throat, and did his utmost to tear him to pieces, and strangle him; they beat him off, they drove him away—but he continually returned—and when he could not reach him, kept growling at the spot where he perceived the assassin had concealed himself. And as the dog repeated these attacks every time he encountered this man, some suspicions of the fact arose, the more so that the poor dog, more faithful and mindful of his late master than any other follower would have been, only attacked the murderer, and never ceased from flying at him, in order to be avenged.

The king, having been informed by some of his attendants of the obstinacy of the dog, which was recognised as having belonged to a gentleman who had been found miserably slain and buried, was willing to witness the actions of the poor animal. He was accordingly brought before him, the king having first commanded that the suspected gentleman should conceal himself in the midst of the other attendants, who were very numerous. But the dog, with its accustomed fury, soon discovered this man from among all the others; and as if he felt encouraged by the presence of the king, he flew at him more violently than ever, uttering at the same time a piteous cry, as if demanding justice from the sagacious prince.

And he obtained it—for the case appearing strange and marvellous to the king, when joined to some other circumstances, he called before him the suspected gentleman, interrogated him, and publicly pressed him, to ascertain the truth of what common report, and the attacks and yelpings of this dog, (which were so many accusations,) brought against him. But shame, and the fear of dying an ignominious death, rendered the criminal so obstinate and firm in his denial, that the king was at length compelled to ordain, that the complaint of the dog and the gentleman's denial, should be settled by a single combat between the two, in order that the truth might, through God's grace, be thereby brought to light.

Accordingly they were both placed in the field, like two champions, in the presence of the king, and of his whole court. The gentleman was armed with a large and massive baton, and the dog with his natural arms, having only an empty barrel for his retreat. Immediately that the dog was loosened, he did not wait for the enemy to begin the battle, he knew that it was for the challenger to commence the attack; but the club of his adversary was strong enough to annihilate him at one blow, which obliged the dog to dodge here and there around him, to avoid the heavy weight of it. But after turning

first on one side, and then on the other, he watched the time so well, that at length he threw himself full at the throat of his enemy, and there fastened himself so securely, that he threw him to the ground, and compelled him to cry for mercy; which he did, begging the king would order the beast to be removed, and he would then confess the whole circumstances.

Upon this the attendants of the field removed the dog, and the judges having, by command of the king, approached the gentleman, he confessed before them all, that he had slain his companion, without any person having seen him but the dog, by whom he acknowledged himself vanquished. History says, that he was punished, but it does not say with what death, nor in what manner he had slain his friend.

If this dog had lived in the time of the ancient Greeks, when the city of Athens was in its lustre, he would have been kept at the public expense—his name would have figured in history—a statue would have been dedicated to him, and his body would have been buried, with more reason and with more justice than that of Xantippus. The history of this dog, besides the honourable painted traces of its victory, which are to be seen at Montargis, has been recommended to posterity by several authors, and especially by Julius Scaliger, in his book against Cardan, Exerc. 22.

I forgot to mention that the combat took place in the Island of Notre Dame, in the presence of the King and of all the Court.

Note.—“De la Colombe—Le Theatre d'honneur et de Chevalerie,” Tome 2, c. 23, from which it is quoted in a dissertation upon the subject, in *Bullet Dissertation sur la Mythologie de France*, 8vo, Paris, 1771. The earliest mention of this incident, is by Albericus de Tribus Fontibus, whose Chronicle is printed in Leibnitz, (*Access. Hist. Tom. 2, part 1.*) It forms an important feature of the metrical Romance of “Berte aux Grans Piés,” by Adener, which has lately been published by M. Paulin Paris, and figures no less conspicuously in the Spanish Prose Romance, “*Hystoria de la Reyna Sevilla*,”—Seville, 1532. The reader, whose curiosity is not now satisfied, is referred for further information on the subject to Wolf—“*Ueber die Alt. Franz. Heldengedichte*.”—Vienna, 1833. s. 137, u. 156.

The Naturalist.

THE CASHMERE GOAT.

THIS is the animal from whose wool is made the Cashmere shawls, so highly prized by our lady readers. It is a nobler species of the common goat, and is descended from the goat of Thibet, which pastures on the Himalaya mountains. The climate of Thibet is subject to sudden changes. There is little rain, but much snow, as the cold in winter is below the freezing point. Thibet is situated at the northern descent of the Himalaya mountains, and Cashmere at the southern; hence the latter is a little warmer than Thibet.



(The Cashmere Goat.)

In Thibet, this goat is domesticated. It is not allowed a very luxuriant pasture. Its favourite food is buds, aromatic plants, rue and heath. The people of Thibet give their goats, at least once a week, some salt, which has always proved a useful accompaniment to the customary food of these animals.

The highest mountains of the Himalaya, inhabitable by man, contain also a kind of goat with black wool, which, in India, and in the mountainous country of the goats, obtains the best price as a material for shawls.

The general colour of the upper hair of the Cashmere goat is greyish. It has fine curled wool close to the skin, just as the under-hair of our common goat lies below the coarse upper hair. The wool is shorn in the spring, shortly before the warm season—the time when the animal, in its natural state, seeks thorns and hedges, in order to free itself from the burthen of its warm covering. All the hard and long hairs are carefully picked out. The wool is then washed, first in a warm solution of potash, and afterwards in cold water, in which process, felting, or the hairs curling one with another, must be avoided. It is then bleached upon the grass, and carded for spinning. The shawl wool is three times dyed—before carding, after spinning, and in the shawl. The Asiatics, in spinning it, use a spindle, which consists of a ball of clay, with an iron wire attached; the finger and thumb of the spinner being kept smooth by steatite powder. A large shawl of the finest quality requires five pounds of the wool. A machine has been invented in this country, which spins the Cashmere wool in a very simple manner, finer than can be done by the best spindles of Thibet, and, at the same time, of a firmer thread.

Since 1820, the Cashmere goat has been

introduced into France, and from thence into this country; and several interesting particulars of its domestication here have been given in a previous volume of our Miscellany.*

* See Mirror, vol. xx. p. 94.

The Public Journals.

THE CRISIS AT WATERLOO.

(From a Strategic Examination of the Campaign at Waterloo; in the United Service Journal.)

THE end of the sanguinary drama was now approaching. The result was not doubtful and never had been so; and though the number of victims destined to fall, before a valiant host could be driven from the field, was still uncertain, it was perfectly evident that the catastrophe would correspond to the long, fierce, and terrible nature of the combat itself. The French cavalry had again been driven from the position. The battle was once more reduced to the skirmishing in front of La Haye Sainte and round Hougomont, and to a cannonade, which, owing to the many guns dismounted on both sides, was already much diminished. During this comparative lull, Clinton's division moved to its left, and closed in on the division of Guards; Mitchell's brigade followed the movement. The Brunswick troops were sent to support the 3rd division. General Chassé's Dutch division also closed to their left, and some of his regiments came into front line. And high time it was to concentrate all the forces towards the centre: every nerve was now to be strained for the defence of a point over which the last and fiercest storm of battle was about to burst.

The Prussians were forming up in great numbers; the thunder of their artillery was constantly augmenting. The British remained unshaken in their position, and day

was drawing to a close. The situation of the French army was desperate. The time for half-measures was past. A last effort, made with all that remained of force and energy, offered the only chance of success, if chance there was; and the last blow now to be struck was not to be struck for victory and for empire alone, but for safety also. The entire of the Old Guard, amounting, by all French accounts, to 8,000 effective men, had remained in reserve during the whole day. These veterans, who had for years been their country's pride, and almost the terror of continental Europe, could truly say that they had never fled from a field of battle. Amidst the disasters of the French army, their fame had remained untarnished; and they were now to be tried against men who, like themselves, acknowledged no victors. They were called upon to support the sinking cause of a long-cherished leader. The blot, which a hundred battles gained by the British had inflicted on the military escutcheon of France, was to be effaced; the blood of the thousands who had fallen by British arms was to be avenged; the unconquered were to meet the unconquered, and the world was to learn from the result who were its first and foremost soldiers.

Towards seven o'clock the movements along the French position indicated that the last and decisive attack, which the situation of the battle now rendered inevitable, was about to be directed against the British centre. As General Ziethen's troops were already in full communication with the British, the two brigades of cavalry, under Vivian and Vandeleur, which had very judiciously been stationed on the extreme left of the army, became disposable, and were closed in towards the threatened point. The first of these brigades, consisting of three fine unbroken regiments, advanced along the top of the ridge; the second, which had been partially engaged during the day, followed in the hollow to the right, where the rest of the cavalry were assembled. The British infantry were ordered to form four deep—a sacrifice of half their strength for no object whatever.

On the French side, Napoleon himself was forming the Old and Young Guard into columns of attack. Each column was composed of three battalions,—one battalion in line, supported on each flank by a battalion in close column. Two of these columns led on nearly equal front,—a third was in the rear: and the usual folly of embarrassing such bodies by placing guns in the intervals was, of course, followed on this occasion also. Count Reille was ordered to form the remains of his corps into columns, and to advance to the left of the Guard: on the right, Count d'Erlon was to support the attack by similar masses that were to issue from behind La Haye Sainte. Six compact bodies

were seen advancing against that part of the British line posted between Hougoumont and the Charleroi road. As the previous cavalry attacks had been unaided by infantry, so was this attack unaided by cavalry. What seemed the remnant of the cavalry force was posted, with some artillery, between three or four squares of infantry that remained in reserve, along the brow of the French position. The total want of judgment displayed in the arrangement of this attack is almost incredible. So completely was the flank of the Guard destitute of support and protection, that it was turned by the entire of Sir Hussey Vivian's brigade of cavalry, and left perfectly open to the attack of Adam's brigade of infantry. Great rhetoricians of the age of intellect, what think ye of the mighty genius of your idol?

The renewed roar of cannon announced the approach of the storm. Loud and long were the acclamations of "*Vive l'Empereur*" that greeted Napoleon, as he led the Guard to the brow of the hill near La Belle Alliance. "*Voilà le chemin de Bruxelles,*" said he, in reply to these cheers, as he pointed to the British position. It was the "*Valeta*," of Claudius in answer to the "*Morituri te salutant*" of the doomed gladiators. But no evil bodings checked the ardour of soldiers who thought themselves advancing to certain victory; for Napoleon had caused his aide-de-camp, Labedoyere, to make them believe that the fire of Ziethen's guns proceeded from the artillery of Grouchy, who had fallen upon the rear of the Prussians: a little expedient well worthy of a little mind. The first columns that advanced pushed through the swarms of tirailleurs that were pressing on in front of La Haye Sainte. They beat back the foreign troops on the left of the 3rd division, and engaged the gallant remains of Halket's brigade, that, during the entire day, had maintained the most trying point of the whole position. A close and continued roll of musketry here commenced, and extended rapidly towards the British right, as the French Guards prolonged the attack of Count d'Erlon's corps. These veterans, advancing under a murderous fire of round and grape, came full upon the front of the British Guards: a shower of musket-balls mowed down the leading ranks, and the Imperial Grenadiers halted to return the galling fire; their first shot tolled their own doom: for a column halted to engage in a fire of musketry may be pretty safely considered as a column defeated. The 52nd and 71st Regiments, together with some companies of the 95th Rifles, who had suffered little during the day, were in a hollow on the right of the Guards, just where the position took a bend to the front, so that they had only to bring their right shoulders forward in order to come directly on the flank of the French column

that was engaged with General Maitland's brigade of English Guards. The movement was executed with the spirit and promptness that well became the high character of the troops; and the Old Guard suddenly found themselves placed between two fires. A brief, close, and desperate conflict ensued. Assailed in front and flank, the enemy's masses were rent asunder. Mere men of earthly mould could not withstand the deadly hail of shot here poured upon these gallant Grenadiers: they wavered and fell back. Loud, from the light-division soldiers, rose the old Peninsula shout of victory, as, following up their success, they rushed upon the yielding enemy, who gave way in utter confusion. The well-known cheer, coming from those who were wont to lead, resounded along the British line: it was succeeded by an order for the troops to advance. All sprang forward with renewed vigour, and the enemy was instantly driven, in total and helpless disorder, from every part of the field.

At the moment when the light brigade was advancing against the leading columns of the Old Guard, Sir Hussey Vivian, leaving these troops to his left, was descending into the plain, with his three unbroken regiments of cavalry. As soon as he got beyond the smoke that completely obscured the front of the position, he was assailed by a party of the enemy's cavalry. Having defeated these, he formed up the 10th and 18th Hussars, and with great judgment, instantly proceeded to attack the Cuirassiers posted between the supporting squares of the French Guard: it was taking the sting out of the enemy's force,—giving the Allied infantry free scope to act,—and leaving that of the enemy to be afterwards dealt with at pleasure. The charge of the Hussars was as boldly made as judiciously planned: the Cuirassiers were completely routed, and the infantry allowed to follow up their success in perfect security.

Splendid—melancholy—yet, almost sublime, was the scene that presented itself to the British Army, as they emerged from the smoke which had so long rendered everything but the flashes of hostile fires perfectly invisible. The sun's last rays fell upon a vast and never-equalled mass of fugitives, trampling in their flight the appalling harvest which the iron hand of Death had gathered in during the fray. On the right, the British cavalry were seen driving the rout along,—and on the left, as far as the eye could reach, hill and plain were covered with Prussian troops,—thousands of whom had only arrived in time to witness the overthrow of an army, which buried in its ruin the mighty empire its own bravery had formerly raised.

Upwards of 40,000 men, of the contending parties, had fallen in the strife. The French saved from the wreck of Waterloo nothing

but the honour due to personal bravery, and the credit of having manfully maintained the cause which they had embraced. Everything else was lost: the moral as well as the physical force of the army was gone. Every particle of *materiel* brought into the field was captured, and all claim to military supremacy shivered to atoms. Their Generals had been defeated by the Allied Commanders,—their soldiers had been beaten by the Allied troops,—and their army was, altogether, more completely routed than even an army had before been routed with modern arms.

Remarks.—The battle of Waterloo must always be considered as a battle fought by the right wing of an army, for the purpose of maintaining a position, till the arrival of its left wing should render victory certain. Till the arrival of the Prussians, the battle was therefore purely defensive: it was a mere holding fast of ground, that, if successful, could not fail of leading to the most splendid results the moment the flank movement should take effect. It was a just and able strategical calculation. The defensive part which the British had to act did not altogether preclude offensive operations, as far as charges of cavalry and infantry may be so termed; but it precluded all attempts to follow up partial success.

It has often been asked, what the result would have been if the Prussians had not arrived? Questions of this nature may serve to amuse professional ingenuity, but the case itself was beyond the reach of contingencies. As we have before seen, the battle of Waterloo was fought, because it was certain that the Prussians would arrive. The subterraneous fires of the earth might, no doubt, have rent part of the globe's surface asunder, and made a chasm between Wavre and Mont St. Jean, that should have arrested even Blücher himself. But Generals and Commanders of armies must not take such extreme possibilities into account; and no cause, or combination of causes, on which military operations can be fairly founded, could have prevented the arrival of the Prussian army.

Speaking after the event, we may now safely say, that Napoleon could not have driven the British from the ground, even if the Prussians had not arrived. Three brigades of British infantry, and one of the King's German Legion, had, except in the loss sustained by the 27th regiment, suffered comparatively little; many of the foreign corps of the second line had not been engaged; and after the arrival of Vivian and Vandeleur, the British cavalry were masters of the field. Certain it is, that no effort of the French army could have driven the British from the wood, had they taken up a second position along the verge of the forest.

But supposing that Napoleon's last attack on the British had succeeded (and properly speaking, we may almost say that it was the only attack made after the defeat of Count d'Erlon's corps), could he still have faced the Prussians? Evidently not. No one unacquainted with war can form an idea of the state of weakness and disorganization into which even a victorious army is thrown by a severe day's action. The number of men absent from the ranks is incredible, and long-continued excitement has completely exhausted bodily strength and mental elasticity. Can it possibly be otherwise, when we recollect that soldiers are, after all, only men? And can a new adversary, falling upon such a soulless mass, fail of almost certain victory? Besides, Blücher arrived on the flank of the French army, not with a mere detachment, but with upwards of 50,000 men. Where were the means of resisting such a force to be found at that moment?

Of the British infantry it is almost impossible to speak in terms of sufficient praise. Young battalions, composed of soldiers who had never seen a shot fired, were reduced to the strength of companies, without ever yielding a single step. On many points the men were forced to close-in over the mangled bodies of their comrades, and to fight on ground wet with the blood of the slain: officers, hurt to death, refused to leave the field; and mere boys were seen returning with shouts to the ranks, after having carried wounded officers or comrades to the rear. The small number of troops who actually supported the brunt of this terrible battle is almost incredible. Yet, terrible as the battle certainly was, and trying as it was from its duration, there was, at no time or place, any fighting that in point of severity equalled the fighting of some of the sterner combats of the Peninsular war. There was nothing equal to Albuera, or to the storming of the Spanish fortresses, and to other actions that could be named.

Even during this short and decisive campaign, Fortune, more than once, proved herself willing to smile upon her "spoilt and favoured child." But Napoleon knew not how to avail himself of her favours; and Fortune, like the rest of her sex, is never scorned with impunity. He first, by her aid, gained several hours' march on the Allies; then the order directing Bulow to proceed to Liège went wrong. During the battle of the 16th, Count d'Erlon's corps arrived by mere chance, as we have seen, on the most important point, and was marching directly down upon the rear of the Prussian army. Napoleon knew not how to profit by so wonderful a piece of good fortune. The goddess frowned, and the corps vanished. The heavy rain that fell from the evening of the 17th till the morning of the 18th delayed, for

many hours, the arrival of the Prussian army. This chance was also lost to the French, for Napoleon remained inactive during the entire morning. French writers very gravely tell us that this delay was necessary, because the arms of the troops were wet. Were those of the British in better condition? We wonder none of Napoleon's historians thought of burnishing up the old French tale of Crecy, which would have us believe that the rain had injured the bow-strings of the French, and left those of the English in perfect good order. The two battles have many points of resemblance between each other; only, that the unerring shafts and well-wielded bills of our skilful ancestors told more quickly and effectually than the ill-aimed muskets of the unskilful moderns. Why the sons should, in this respect, have degenerated from the sires, is a question that posterity will ask with more than astonishment.

Except in the errors of the enemy, it cannot be said that the Allies derived any very direct aid from fortune.

SEEING'S NOT BELIEVING.

I saw her as I fancied fair,
Yes, fairest of earth's creatures;
I saw the purest red and white
O'erspread her lovely features;
She fainted, and I sprinkled her,
Her malady relieving;
I wash'd both rose and lily off!—
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I look'd again, again I long'd
To breathe love's fond confession:
I saw her eyebrows form'd to give
Her face its arch expression;
But gum is very apt to crack,
And whilst my breast was heaving,
It so fell out that one fell off!—
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw the tresses on her brow,
So beautifully braided;
I never saw, in all my life,
Locks look so well as they did.
She walk'd with me one windy day—
Ye zephyrs, why so thieving?
The lady lost her flaxen wig!—
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw her form, by Nature's hand
So prodigally finished,
She were less perfect if enlarged,
Less perfect if diminished;
Her toilet I surprised,—the worst
Of wonders then achieving,—
None know the bustle I perceived!—
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw, when costly gems I gave,
The smile with which she took them;
And if she said no tender things,
I've often seen her look them;
I saw her my affianced bride,—
And then, my mansion leaving,
She ran away with Colonel Jones!—
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw another maiden soon,
And struggled to detain her;
I saw her plain enough—in fact,
Few women could be plainer;
'Twas said that at her father's death
A plum she'd be receiving—
I saw that father's house and grounds!—
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw her mother—she was deck'd
 With furbelows and feathers ;
 I saw distinctly that she wore
 Silk stockings in all weathers ;
 I saw, beneath a load of gems,
 The matron's bosom heaving ;
 I saw a thousand signs of wealth !—
 Oh ! seeing's not believing !
 I saw her father, and I spoke
 Of marriage in his study ;
 But would he let her marry me ?
 Alas ! alas ! how could he !
 I saw him smile a glad consent,
 My anxious heart relieving,
 And then I saw the settlements—
 Oh ! seeing's not believing !
 I saw the daughter, and I named
 My moderate finances ;
 She spurn'd me not, she gave me one
 Of her most tender glances :
 I saw her father's bank—thought I,
 There cash is safe from thieving ;
 I saw my money safely lodged !—
 Oh ! seeing's not believing !
 I saw the bank, the shutters up,
 I could not think what they meant !
 The old infirmity of firms,
 The bank had just stop't payment !
 I saw my future father then
 Was ruined past retrieving,
 Like me, without a single sou !—
 Oh ! seeing's not believing !
 I saw the banker's wife had got
 The fortune settled on her ;
 What cared he when the creditors
 Talk'd loudly of dishonour ?
 I saw his name in the " Gazette,"
 But soon I stared, perceiving
 He bought another house and grounds !—
 Oh ! seeing's not believing !
 I saw—yes, plain as plain could be—
 I saw the banker's daughter ;
 She saw me too, and called for sal-
 Volatile and water ;
 She said that she had just espoused
 A rich old man, conceiving
 That I was dead or gone to jail ;—
 Oh ! seeing's not believing !
 I saw a friend, and freely spoke
 My mind of the transaction ;
 Her brother heard it, and he call'd,
 Demanding satisfaction ;
 We met—I felt—that brother's ball
 In my left leg receiving ;
 I have two legs—true—one is cork !
 Oh ! seeing's not believing.

T. H. B.

New Monthly Magazine.

New Books.

HISTORY OF BRITISH COSTUME.

[This very interesting branch of antiquarianism has been happily chosen for illustration in a volume of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. Its execution is as meritorious as the design, and reflects high credit upon the careful taste of Mr. Planché, one of the best-informed of living dramatists ; and whose patience and judgment in correcting the costume of certain of Shakspeare's plays, a few years since, must entitle him to our grateful recollection, and bring evidence of his qualifications for the present task. Every one at all acquainted with its subject, must be aware that a superabundance of materials

exists in every library in the kingdom ; but, on this account, the compilation of such a volume as the one before us has been a work of greater labour. Mr. Planché does not omit to remind the reader of this difficulty, though we had rather that he had not rated his predecessors so lowly as he has done in a few instances. Their toil in assembling materials has been great indeed, and it is but scanty justice, if it be not injustice, to say that Strutt's works on costume have "misled more than they have enlightened ;" while it is the opposite extreme to say that every page of Mr. Planché's work refutes the assertion that chronological accuracy is unattainable in costume. Equally unfortunate is the reply to those who deny the possibility of assigning the introduction of any particular habit to any particular period—by inquiring "what criticism they would pass upon the painter who should represent Julius Cæsar in a frock-coat, cocked hat, and Wellington trousers." This we take, though differently from Mr. Planché, to be an extreme case, but ill supporting the possibility of determining the fashion of clothes to a period of twenty years by reference to a lapse of two thousand. The subject required not such argument to set off its interest : for, as Mr. Planché, in better taste, observes, "its study, embellished by picture and enlivened, soon becomes interesting even to the young and careless reader ; and, at the same time that it sheds lights upon manners and rectifies dates, stamps the various events and eras in the most natural and vivid colours indelibly on the memory." The great advantage of this work is, therefore, the arrangement of "every information respecting the dress or armour of a particular reign contained within the few pages allotted to it." A long and learned list denotes the authorities whence the volume has been "sifted and condensed ;" and Mr. Planché, with judicious liberality, refers the artist to works which may be advantageously consulted, with his own volume for a commentary. From so extractable a work, we scarcely know where to quote, "following," as it does, "the example of time," from the dress of the original colonists of Britain to the last uniform regulations of the present King. Our selections refer to various periods. First is the]

Anglo-Saxon Period.

Some change must have taken place in the apparel of the Anglo-Saxons after their conversion to Christianity, at the beginning of the seventh century, for at a council held at the close of the eighth, it was said, "you put on your garments in the manner of pagans whom your fathers expelled from the world ; an astonishing thing that you imitate those whose life you always hated."* The ac-

* Concil. Calcutt ; Spelman, Concil. p. 300.

knowledge, however, of this return to their ancient habits, authorizes us to consider Amerin's description as applicable to their dress in the eighth as in the sixth century; and, indeed, from an inspection of numerous Anglo-Saxon MSS. illuminated during the tenth century, and the testimony of various writers of the sixth, we are led to conclude that little alteration in dress took place amongst the new masters of Britain for nearly four hundred years. And, strange as this may seem, we have strong collateral evidence in support of this belief in the unvarying costume of the Franks during nearly as long a period.* Of the same oriental origin, they seem to have adhered to their national dress with the same oriental tenacity; and though they may not, like the Persians, have handed down the identical clothes from father to son as long as they could hang together, the form of their garments appears to have been rigidly preserved and the material unaltered.

The general civil costume of the Anglo-Saxons, from the eighth to the tenth century, consisted then of a linen shirt,† a tunic of linen or woollen, according to the season, descending to the knee, and having long close sleeves, but which set in wrinkles, or rather rolls, from the elbow to the wrist. It was made like the shirt, and open at the neck to put on in the same manner. It was sometimes open at the sides, and confined by a belt, or girdle, round the waist. Its Saxon name was *roc*, or *rooc*, and it was either plain or ornamented round the collar, wrists, and borders, according to the rank of the wearer.‡ Over this was worn a short cloak (*mentil*), like the Roman *pallium* or Gaulish *sagum*, fastened sometimes on the breast, sometimes on one or both shoulders, with brooches or fibulae.

Drawers, reaching half way down the thigh, and stockings meeting them, occur in most Saxon illuminations, and are alluded to by writers under the names of *breck* and *hose*.§ *Scin hose*, and leather hose, are also mentioned, and may mean a species of bus-

kin, or short boot, now and then met with, or, literally, leathern stockings.

Over these stockings they wore bands of cloth, linen, or leather, commencing at the ankle, and terminating a little below the knee, either in close rolls, like the hay-bands of a modern ostler, or crossing each other sandal-wise, as they are worn to this day by the people of the Abruzzi and the Appennines, and in some parts of Russia and Spain. They are called in Saxon *scanc-beorg*, literally shank, or leg-guard, and latinized *fasciæ crurum*. In the ancient canons, the monks are commanded to wear them of linen, to distinguish them from the laity, who wore woollen.||

In some illuminations a sort of half-stockings, or sock, most likely the Saxon *socca*, is worn over the hose instead of the bandages. It is generally bordered at the top, and reminds one of the Scotch stocking, which, probably, from the red cross gartering imitated upon it, is a relic of the ancient Saxon or Danish dress.

The Saxon shoe (*sceo*, or *scoh*,) is generally painted black, with an opening down the instep, and secured by a thong.¶ Labourers are generally represented barelegged, but seldom barefooted.

The above articles composed the dress of all classes from the monarch to the hind. The Bretwald, or king, the ealderman, and the thegn, were distinguished by the ornaments and richness, not the form, of their apparel; except, perhaps, upon state occasions, when the nobler classes wore the tunic longer, and the mantle more ample: but the same articles of dress appear to have been common to Anglo-Saxons of all conditions.

Canute.

A Saxon MS. Register of Hyde Abbey, written during the reign of Canute, contains his portrait and that of his queen, Alfyge. The king is in a tunic and mantle, the latter ornamented with cords or ribands, and tassels. He wears shoes, and stockings reaching nearly to the knees, with embroidered tops. The dress is perfectly Saxon. In June, 1766, some workmen, repairing Winchester Cathedral, discovered a monument, wherein was

shall perceive he meant long drawers, or hose and drawers in one, like the Gaulish braces.

¶ Du Cange, in voce *Fasciola*. The monk of St. Gall says that over the stockings or drawers they (the Franks) wore long fillets, bound crosswise in such a manner as to keep them properly upon the legs. These were worn as late as the sixteenth century in France by the butchers, and called *les liagettes*. *Archæologia*, vol. xxiv. p. 37.

¶ The terms *shype-sceo* and *whæge-sceo* seem to imply slippers or shoes, in contradistinction to the boots or buskins sometimes met with. The buskins of Louis le Debonnaire, the son of Charlemagne, were of gold stuff or gilt, *ocreas aureas*. Theganus, in Vita ejus. The shoes and buskins of Anglo-Saxon princes or high ecclesiastical dignitaries are generally represented of gold.

* Vide Montfaucon's *Mouarchie Française*. The Frankish dress was, as nearly as possible, the Anglo-Saxon; and Eginhart's elaborate description of Charlemagne's is a most valuable authority for the costume of this period.

† Charlemagne's shirt is expressly said to have been of linen. "Cammissium lineam." Eginhartus de Vita Caroli Magni.

‡ Charlemagne's was bordered with silk. "Tunicam que limbo serico ambiebatur." Eginhart. Paulus Diaconus, describing the dress of the Lombards, says, their vestments were loose and flowing, and consisted, like those of the Anglo-Saxons, chiefly of linen, ornamented with broad borders, woven or embroidered with various colours. *De Gestis Longobardorum*, lib. iv. c. 23.

§ The femoralia or drawers of Charlemagne were of linen. Eginhart. The monk of St. Gall speaks of *tibiales vel cosakia* (stockings or drawers) of linen of one colour, but ornamented with precious workmanship, lib. i. c. 36. By the following note we

contained the body of Canute. It was remarkably fresh, had a wreath, or circlet, round the head, and several other ornaments, such as gold and silver bands. On his finger was a ring, in which was set a remarkably fine stone; and in one of his hands was a silver penny.

Anglo-Norman Long Hair.

In 1104, when Henry I. was in Normandy, a prelate, named Serlo, preached so eloquently against the fashion of wearing long hair, that the monarch and his courtiers were moved to tears; and, taking advantage of the impression he had produced, the enthusiastic prelate whipped a pair of scissors out of his sleeves, and cropped the whole congregation!

This was followed up by a royal edict prohibiting the wearing of long hair; but in the next reign, that of Stephen, the old fashion was revived, when, in 1139, it received a sudden check from an exceedingly trifling circumstance. A young soldier, whose chief pride lay in the beauty of his locks, which hung down almost to his knees, dreamed one night that a person came to him and strangled him with his own luxuriant ringlets. This dream had such an effect upon him, that he forthwith trimmed them to a rational length. His companions followed his example, and superstition spreading the alarm, cropping became again the order of the day. But this reformation, adds the historian, was of very short duration; scarcely had a year elapsed before the people returned to their former follies, and such especially as would be thought courtiers permitted their hair to grow to such a shameful length, that they resembled women rather than men; those whom nature had denied abundance of hair supplying the deficiency by artificial means. Wigs, therefore, may date in England from the time of Stephen; and should signs to shops become again the fashion, our perruquiers are bound in gratitude to distinguish theirs by three Sagittarii, the device assumed by that monarch, according to tradition, in consequence of his having ascended the throne while the sun was in Sagittarius.

Edward I.

There is no monumental effigy of Edward; but on opening his tomb in Westminster Abbey, A.D. 1774, his corpse was discovered arrayed in a dalmatica or tunic of red silk damask, and a mantle of crimson satin fastened on the shoulder with a gilt buckle, or clasp, four inches in length, and decorated with imitative gems and pearls. The sceptre was in his hand, and a stole was crossed over his breast of rich white tissue, studded with gilt quatrefoils in philagree-work, and embroidered with pearls in the shape of what are called true lovers' knots. The gloves, it is presumed, had perished, for the ornaments belonging to the backs of them were found

lying on the hands. The body, from the knees downwards, was wrapped in a piece of cloth of gold, which was not removed. The regal ornaments were all of metal gilt, and the stones and pearls false; a piece of economy unusual at this period.

Tight Lacing.

The injurious practice of tight lacing we have discovered in existence during the reign of Rufus or Henry I.; and, in a MS. copy of the "Lay of Syr Launfal" written about the year 1300, we have the following description of two damsels, whom the knight unexpectedly meets in a forest:—

"Their kirtles were of Inde sendel,
Y-laced small, jolyf, and well;
There might none gayer go;
Their mantels were of green velvet,
Y-bordered with gold right well y-sette,
Y-pellured with gris and gros;
Their heads were dight well withal.
Ewrich had on a jolyf coronal,
With sixty gems and mo.

• • • • •
Their kerchiefs were well schyre,
Atrayed with rich gold wyre."

The second line in the French original is still stronger; they are said to have been *Lucies moult estreitement*, "very straitly or tightly laced." The Lady Triamore, in the same romance, is also described as

"Clad in purple pall,
With gentyll body and middle small."

And, in another poem, we read of a lady with a splendid girdle of beaten gold, embellished with emeralds and rubies, "about her middle small."

Commonalty of Edward I.

The dress of the commonalty remains as in the last century, or, indeed, as from the time of the Conquest, with the addition of the bliaus, or blouse (the smock-frock of the present day), made generally of canvass or fustian, and worn by both sexes. *Russet, birrus, or burreau, cordetum, and sarcisk*, are also quoted by the indefatigable Strutt, as coarse woollen cloths used for the garments of the lower orders during the thirteenth century. Cows, with points or tails to them, are worn more than caps, and the blacksmith has already his brown leathern apron, with the square bib to it, as worn by his brother craftsmen to this hour.

Lawyers' Robes.

Legal personages begin now (Edward II.) to be distinguished by their habits. Lawyers were originally priests, and, of course, wore the tonsure; but when the clergy were forbidden to intermeddle with secular affairs, the lay lawyers continued the practice of shaving the head, and wore the coil for distinction-sake. It was at first made of linen, and afterwards of white silk. The sergeant-at-law's habit anciently was a long priest-like robe, lined with fur, and a white linen coil. Judges wear caps and capes of fur.

Mourning.

Mourning habits first appear in monuments and illuminations of the reign of Edward III.; and the earliest mention of them seems to be by Chaucer and Froissart, both writers of this period. Chaucer, in his "Knight's Tale," speaks of Palamon's appearing at Arcite's funeral

"In clothes black dropped all with tears;"

and in his "Troilus and Creseide," he describes his heroine

"In widowe's habit large of samite brown;"

and in another place says,

"Creseide was in widowe's habit blacke;"

and in another, when separating from Troilus, he makes her say

"my clothes evereh one
Shall blacke ben in tolequyn (token) herte swete,
That I am as oate of this worlde agone."

Froissart tells us, that the Earl of Foix, on hearing of the death of his son Gaston, sent for his barber, and was close shaved, and clothed himself and all his household in black. At the funeral of the Earl of Flanders, he says, all the nobles and attendants wore black gowns; and on the death of John, King of France, the King of Cyprus clothed himself in black mourning, by which distinction, it would seem, that some other colours were occasionally worn; such as the "samite brown" of Chaucer's "Creseide." The figures on the tomb of Sir Roger de Kerdeston, who died A.D. 1337, represent the relations of the deceased knight, and wear their own coloured clothes under the mourning cloak.

Large Sleeves.

The tight sleeves of the preceding reign were now (Richard II.) out of fashion, and the Monk of Evesham speaks of the deep wide sleeves, commonly called *pokys*, shaped like a bagpipe, and worn indifferently by servants as well as masters. They were denominated, he says, the devil's receptacles, for whatever could be stolen was popped into them. Some were so long and so wide, that they reached to the feet, others to the knees, and were full of slits. As the servants were bringing up pottage, sauces, &c., their sleeves "would go into them, and have the first taste;" and all that they could procure was meant to clothe their incurable carcasses with these *pokys* or sleeves, while the rest of their habit was short.

The White Hart.

The badge of the white hart was assumed by Richard II., and worn by all his courtiers and adherents, both male and female, either embroidered on their dresses, or suspended by chains or collars round their necks. This device seems to have been derived from his

mother, whose cognisance was a white hind. Rymer mentions, that in the ninth year of his reign, Richard pawned certain jewels, "à la guyse de cerfs blancs;" and in the wardrobe accounts of his twenty-second year, is an entry of a belt and sheath of a sword of red velvet, embroidered with white harts, crowned, and with rosemary branches. An ancient author, quoted by Holingshead (sub anno 1399), says, "that amongst the few friends that attended this unfortunate prince after his capture by the Earl of Northumberland, was Jenico D'Artois, a Gasconne, that still wore the cognisance, or device, of his master, King Richard, that is to say, a white hart, and would not put it from him neither for persuasion nor threats; by reason whereof, when the Duke of Hereford understood it, he caused him to be committed to prison within the Castle of Chester. This man was the last (as saith mine author) which bare that device, and showed well thereby his constant heart towards his master." The white hart still remains, painted of a colossal size, on the wall over the door leading to the east cloister from the south aisle of Westminster Abbey. It is generally represented crowned, collared, and chained, and couchant under a tree.

Collar of SS.

A decoration appeared in the reign of Henry IV., and is worn by the distinguished of both sexes, the origin of which is differently accounted for. We allude to the collar of SS, or Esses. Camden says it was composed of a repetition of that letter, which was the initial of Sanctus Simo Simplicius, an eminent Roman lawyer, and that it was particularly worn by persons of that profession. Other writers contend that it was an additional compliment of Edward III. to the Countess of Salisbury. But its non-appearance till the reign of Henry IV. is a sufficient answer to that supposition. Sir Samuel Meyrick, with much greater probability, suggests, that we should consider it the initial letter of Henry's motto, "Souveraine," which he had borne while Earl of Derby, and which, as he afterwards became sovereign, appeared auspicious. The initial of a common motto of the middle ages, "Souveniez vous de moy" (Souvenez vous de moi), has also been mentioned as a derivation, and supported by the remark, that a "fleur-de-souvenance," the "forget-me-not," occasionally linked the double SS together; but we incline to the opinion of Sir Samuel Meyrick, and at the same time, we must remark the singularity of the circumstance, that the origin of such popular and celebrated decorations and badges as the feather of the Prince of Wales, the Order of the Garter, and the collar of SS, should be to this day a mystery to the most learned and indefatigable antiquaries.

Choice of a Wife, by Dress.

The eldest of two sisters was promised by her father to a young knight, possessed of a large estate. The day was appointed for the gentleman to make his visit, he not having as yet seen either of them, and the ladies were informed of his coming, that they might be prepared to receive him. The affianced bride, who was the handsomest of the two, being desirous to show her elegant shape and slender waist to the best advantage, clothed herself in a cote-hardie, which sat very strait and close upon her, without any lining or facing of fur, though it was in winter, and exceedingly cold. The consequence was, that she appeared pale and miserable, like one perishing with the severity of the weather; while her sister, who, regardless of her shape, had attired herself rationally with thick garments lined with fur, looked warm and healthy, and ruddy as a rose. The young knight was fascinated by her who had the least beauty and the most prudence, and having obtained the father's consent to the change, left the mortified sister to shiver in single blessedness.*

[We have not space at present to travel further in this really entertaining volume. It is profusely embellished with 137 cuts, which are well chosen, and possess very considerable artistic merit.]

* Quoted by Strutt, from a French MS.

The Gatherer.

Book of Sports.—In 1617, King James published his famous *Book of Sports*, by which the populace were tolerated to exercise certain recreations and pastimes on the Sabbath-day, and all parochial incumbents were positively enjoined to read the same in their respective churches, on pain of the King's displeasure. Notwithstanding the license given by this book, the Lord Mayor had the courage to order the King's carriages to be stopped, as they were driving through the city on a Sunday, during the time of divine service. This threw James into a great rage, and vowing that he thought there had been no more kings in England but himself, he directed a warrant to the Lord Mayor, commanding him to let them pass, which the prudent magistrate complied with, saying, "While it was in my power, I did my duty; but that being taken away by a higher power, it is my duty to obey." The answer of the Lord Mayor pleased the King, and the latter returned him his thanks. On the 10th of May, 1643, the *Book of Sports* was burnt by the common hangman, in Cheapside, in pursuance of an Ordinance of both Houses of Parliament, passed five days before; "all persons having any of the said books in their hands," being "required to deliver them

forthwith," to be burnt according to the order.

P. T. W.

Soulshot.—This was a sum paid for a soul's requiem among the Romanists. In the times of the Saxons there was a funeral duty to be paid, called *pecunia sepulchralis et symbolum animæ*, and in Saxon *soulshot*. *Soul's-cheat* was a legacy anciently bequeathed at their deaths by our scrupulously pious ancestors, to the parish priest, to compensate for any tithes that might have been forgotten in their lives.

P. T. W.

Javanese Rice Pudding.—The people of Java have a method of making puddings of rice which seems to be unknown here. They take a conical earthen pot, which is open at the large end, and perforated all over. This they fill about half full with rice, and putting it into a large earthen pot of the same shape, filled with boiling water, the rice in the first pot soon swells, and stops the perforations so as to keep out the water. By this method the rice is brought to a firm consistence, and forms a pudding, which is generally eaten with butter, oily sugar, vinegar, and spices.

In some parts of Africa canoes are hollowed out from a single tree, 50 feet long, and from four to five feet broad; and the patient natives convey such a tree upon rollers from the place of its growth, at the rate of five miles a day!

The state of Louisiana, lately had a lottery in existence called the "French Evangelical Church Lottery."

Chat Moss has disappointed so many adventurers, who calculated on draining and cultivating it, that it may be called *Cheat Moss*.

Prince Rupert is celebrated in the annals of Liverpool; for, in 1644, he besieged the town for four-and-twenty days. Yet this patriotic philosopher's name is better known in association with the candlesticks at Birmingham, he having invented Prince's Metal.

Silver.—In the museum at Madrid, is a lump of silver weighing seventy pounds, which was shivered off an enormous mass by a master miner, who, after dining on it with twelve or thirteen persons, hacked it to pieces and distributed the fragments among his guests.

Horrible Error.—In some parts of Africa it is believed that when a gentleman goes to the other world, he will be respected in proportion only to the number of slaves and dependents he carries with him: so that many lives are sacrificed to make up his retinue.

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The Mirror

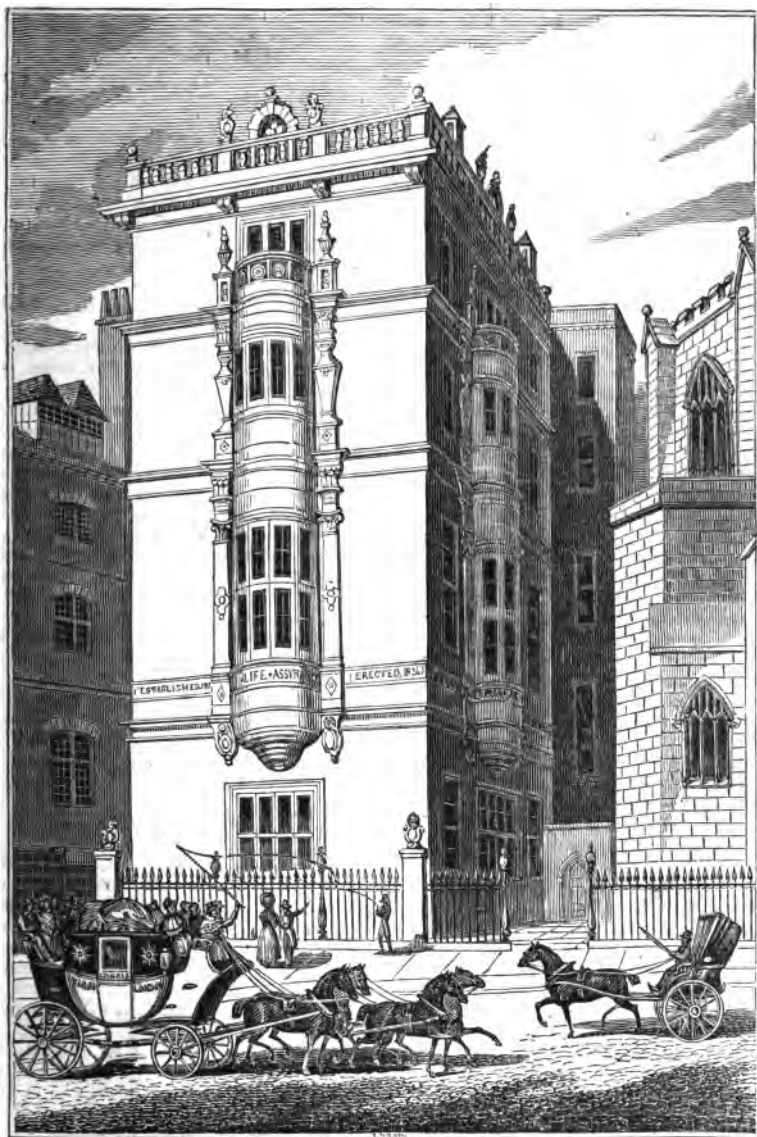
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 682.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.]



THE LAW LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE,

FLEET-STREET.

THE LAW LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE, FLEET-STREET.

IN our description of the New Church of St. Dunstan in the West,* we anticipated "improvements in the houses adjoining the church, so as to give an *unique* architectural character to this portion of the line of Fleet-street." In general conformity with this object, the handsome structure represented on the opposite page has been erected, from the design and under the superintendence of John Shaw, esq., son of the architect of St. Dunstan's Church. It stands westward of the church, and is intended for the Office of the Law Life Assurance Society.

By turning to our Engraving of the Church, the reader will perceive that the details of the Building just completed, do not correspond with those of the adjoining houses, as anticipated in our illustration. The style adopted in the exterior of the Building may be denominated English, as it prevailed about the time of James I., when Italian architecture was introduced into this country, and grafted on to the Gothic; thus forming a new style, which was adopted for some of the noblest mansions in the kingdom.† Of this style, the architect, in a few notes, with which he has obligingly furnished us, observes, that "it admits of great variety and irregularity, and is particularly applicable to street architecture." In Fleet-street, the architect's object was to unite the style of St. Dunstan's Church with the ordinary character of the street; which, we are disposed to think, could not have been accomplished so well by any other style as by that which Mr. Shaw has adopted. The general effect of the street front is very pleasing: it has the character of strength and boldness; the enrichments are in good taste; and the words, "Established 1823."—"Law Life Assurance," "Erected 1834," beneath the first story, in old English capitals, raised in stone, and illuminated with gold, form a quaint and appropriate decoration.

The Building was commenced in July, 1833. It is of Suffolk brick, finished with Portland stone, the window cases being of this handsome material; and the sashes and frames throughout the building are of brass or bronze, upon the principle which has been so effectively introduced at Windsor Castle.

The Building contains an office, 30 feet

* See Mirror, vol. XX., p. 23. The details of the accompanying description were kindly supplied to us by the architect, John Shaw, Esq., F.S.A. and A.S., the architect of Christ's Hospital; and we hold his notes among the most interesting of our autographic memorials of men of genius. A few weeks subsequently to this communication, we were much concerned to hear of the architect's unexpected death.

† The decorations of the building in Fleet-street are, in style, somewhat akin to the front of the house of Mr. Tegg, the publisher, in Cheapside, considered to be one of Sir Christopher Wren's best works in domestic architecture.

by 20 feet; a board-room over of the same dimensions, (with two oriel windows,) handsomely fitted up with wainscot panel; a physician's room, an actuary's room; and seven waiting-rooms; the communication to which is by a stone staircase. The basement is fire-proof, and contains convenient strong rooms for the deposit of deeds; and the building is warmed by hot water in pipes, supplied by Mr. Fowler. The contract for the whole was taken for about 6,700*l.*; the builders are Messrs. James Bridger and Sons, of Aldgate.

Altogether, we are inclined to consider this structure to be one of the handsomest, as it is the most recent, of additions to the street architecture of our metropolis; and it presents an example of embellishment and good taste, which it would give us pleasure to see followed.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CHLORIDE OF LIME.

IF a quarter of a pound of black oxide of manganese be put into a cup or basin, and about a tea-spoonful of muriatic acid be poured upon it, there will soon arise sufficient chlorine gas for a large room. It may be necessary to add every day a little acid, and to shake the manganese a little. If too much acid be used, the chlorine will be felt unpleasant. The manganese will not lose its efficacy for a fortnight. As manganese is sold wholesale at ten or twelve shillings the cwt., and is retailed at fourpence a pound, and muriatic acid is sold wholesale for about three-halfpence the pound, in measure, and is retailed at a reasonable rate per ounce by every chemist,—for less than the expense of twopence, and with little or no trouble, a suite of apartments may be kept disinfected for a fortnight. To use an equally efficient amount of chloride of lime would cost fifty times the money, and be very troublesome.

W. G. C.

CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

(To the Editor.)

THE admirers of this, our best national school of composition, cannot fail to regret that so little patronage has been given to English church music by those parties, whose interest, no less than their duty, is concerned in preserving our ecclesiastical corporations inviolate, and in maintaining the laudable customs of their respective establishments with a watchful and jealous care.

The *Saturday Magazine* for August 30, contains some judicious remarks upon the increased responsibility of those, who in the present day, have the direction of that daily sacrifice of prayer and praise, which is not yet quite banished from our land; and if the editors of our periodical works would occasionally devote a few paragraphs to particular

instances, where the effect of this sublime service is heightened or destroyed by the mode of performance, it would have a powerful influence in preventing that careless indifference of manner, which may too frequently be seen in our cathedral and collegiate churches, and which bids fair to banish the best music of our old masters from its last stronghold, where alone it can be heard with its due accompaniments and hallowed recollections.

I have had the good fortune to attend divine service in nearly all the choral establishments in England; and I shall be happy to furnish you with a few extracts from my note-books, if you should think that the cursory observations of an auditor, who has no pretensions to any scientific knowledge of the subject, will be useful to the cause, by bringing forward other Correspondents who may be far better qualified for the task.

I was a few weeks ago at Windsor, and of course paid an early visit to St. George's Chapel. From the very commencement of the service there was a continual passing and repassing, with messages and directions, from one part of the chapel to another; and between every clause of the Confession, a conversation, respecting the appointment of the music, was going forward among the members of the choir, which was continued, in audible whispers, through a considerable part of the Absolution. All these preliminaries having been at length arranged satisfactorily, an interval of quiet ensued, and in the Versicles and Gloria Patri, the fine harmonies of Tallis were effectively chorussed by a double choir.

The first phrase of the Venite was sung, unaccompanied by the organ. This true cathedral mode is now almost everywhere discontinued. In the Antiphonal chanting the choristers sang with good accentuation, but in the longer verses the recitative parts were hurried. The following prayer is used daily in St. George's Chapel: "God save our Gracious Sovereign, and all the companions of the most honourable and noble order of the Garter." While the lessons were being read, the boys were decorously occupied with their bibles; but during the Creed and Collects, their whole attention was absorbed in turning over the leaves of their anthem books, and afterwards in distributing them. This is no doubt a convenience to the congregation, and particularly so to strangers; but some regulation might surely be made to do away the necessity of these interruptions. At Exeter, for example, the choristers are required to be in attendance a quarter of an hour before the commencement of divine service, to look out the hymns and anthems, in order to prevent, as far as possible, the interchange of messages during prayer time. But the choir of Exeter shall serve for another letter.

GLOUCESTER.

In the course of last month, I had the pleasure of visiting Gloucester Cathedral for the third time, and was highly gratified to perceive the striking improvement that has taken place within the last seven years, in the character of the service and the state of the choir.

The bishop of the diocese was present, the resident prebendary was in his stall, the minor canons were in their desks, and an efficient choir, consisting of six lay clerks and eight boys, were in their places before the commencement of the service. The prayers were well chanted by Mr. Wood. He joined in the concluding "Amen" of the Confession, an instance of minute attention to the liturgical form of prayer by no means common among our clergy. The choral parts were taken up with precision, but with an exuberance of ornament and cadences alike inconsistent with good taste and good feeling. The chant was played over; and the psalms, with the day of the month, were given out by the precentor. The chanting was admirable. The organist supported the voices without hurrying them, and the boys pronounced the words distinctly with a correct accentuation. The lessons were judiciously read by Mr. Bishop. The Litany was chanted by a single voice: I am sorry to observe the prevalence of this custom in choral establishments. Throughout the "Litany, or General Supplication, to be sung or said after Morning Prayer," there is no part allotted by the rubric to the priest alone. The Litany and Suffrages being ended, he is enjoined to say, with the people, the Lord's Prayer; and he then calls upon the congregation to accompany him in the concluding collects and prayers. In the Communion Service, the Nicene creed was read by the priest, not sung by the choir. For this innovation, also, there is no rubrical authority in the book of common prayer, where it is said expressly, "the priest shall read the Epistle, he shall read the Gospel. And the Gospel ended, shall be sung or said the Creed following." Here, as in the Litany, the psalms, hymns, and responses, the whole choir should unite in the Confession of Faith, in general supplications, in one song of gratitude; the people joining in those parts, which are, or ought to be, printed in *Italics*, a distinction which is sometimes omitted, and sometimes disregarded.

The ancient custom of bidding prayer is retained. A good sermon was preached by Dr. Hall, on the nature, lawfulness, and obligation of oaths.

The service, at Even Song, was King in C. The anthem, "Sing, O Heavens," Kent, was given out by the precentor. The sermon was by one of the minor canons. The Sunday afternoon sermon is a recent addition, under

the authority of the present Bishop and Dean. The service was concluded by an episcopal benediction, to which the clerks and people responded a cordial *Amen*; and a courteous, but silent greeting was exchanged between the assembled congregation and their much respected pastor.

Great attention seems to be bestowed upon the choristers. They are decorous and attentive in their behaviour, and are pleasing in their manners and address. They have lessons in church music three times a-week, and their education in writing, arithmetic, and Latin, is amply provided for by the Chapter. This is a recent improvement, of which they all avail themselves, with one exception only; and they speak gratefully of the present Dean, to whose kindness they ascribe the superior advantages they enjoy. A. T.

Anecdote Gallery.

DUMERG,

THE celebrated dentist, having the children of a late naval officer under his care for their teeth, which required expensive operations, upon learning that their widowed mother was left in a very destitute condition, steadily refused payment for his services to the young people. "God forbid," said this humane surgeon, "that I should take a *sous* from the scanty pittance of the widows and orphans of those brave men whose toils, struggles, and very lives, have merely sufficed to gain it. No! young people bereaved like these are the children of their country, and as such fully entitled, I consider, to my services, at least, without cost."

A STRIKING OBSERVATION

WAS made to the writer by a poor and uneducated woman, with whom she was lately conversing on the subject of a scrape into which the old dame had got with the 'squire of her village: "I've not seen him since," said Mrs. A—, "but I'm sure if I had, I must, if he'd looked ever so cross, have curtsied and spoke to him as usual: for, oh! I would not for anything that was offered me, even in a quarrel with a fellow-creature, not speak to him; because, I often think, how many poor souls, (and it might be my own case at the last,) lie on their death-beds deprived of the use of their tongues, who'd give worlds to speak to those they'd made themselves dumb to; but, and sure, 'tis a mortal heavy judgment, but cannot."

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

WHEN the news of the demise of his late Majesty George IV. reached Marlow, an elderly lady bustled off to all the shops in the town, to look for mourning; this occupied

some time, and she requested the principal linen-draper of the place, it then being her dinner-hour, to allow the black goods she had been inspecting to remain on his counter for an hour, when she promised to return and make her final arrangements about them. In the evening, singular to relate, these same goods were all sent to the house of this lady, that her relations might purchase their mourning for her, she having suddenly expired when at dinner!

THE TURK AND HIS WIVES.

Two gentlemen, English and Irish, were voyaging from Sicily to some other Mediterranean island, in one of the miserable barks which ply in that sea from the Italian coasts, and which was commanded by a captain who, with his crew, were gloriously ignorant of maritime duties. K're the crazy craft had been long at sea, "the stormy winds did blow" a violent tempest, of which the captain made light at first. But so did not a Turk, a man of consequence, who happened to be on board with three of his wives, and who had hitherto occupied with them, very quietly, a cabin, into which no one presumed to intrude. This gentleman had no idea, it seems, of dying in a dungeon blindfolded; so, in the height of the storm, out from his cabin he rushed, with a countenance quite terrific from despair, and throwing himself down upon the deck, began rolling, kicking, and howling, like a crazy man. In this amusement he was joined by the captain, who protested he could not save the vessel, and the sailors calmly gave up working it. The Englishman and Irishman swore heartily at such a set of ignorant, cowardly lubbers; but, during the commotion, the poor, resigned, quiet sultanas, who were sitting with their cabin door open, patiently awaiting their fate, were not forgotten; and our gallant countrymen failed not, in the midst of their severe exertions to right and save the vessel, to console and assure these ladies as well as they were able. In fact, both thought the opportunity most favourable for seeing three of that sex who are never beheld in Turkey after marriage by any man but their husband; they expected, however, a storm of jealous invectives after all danger from the natural tempest was over, but were agreeably disappointed by a warm expression of gratitude, couched in broken Italian, on the part of the Turkish gentleman, who fully appreciated their attention and kindness to his wives.

WORTH OF FLASH NOTES.

A SHORT time since, some thieves broke into the house of a clergyman, and opening a drawer were about to decamp with the few silver spoons it contained; but seeing a note therein for 1,000*l.*, left the plate, and made off with their splendid prize, which, to the

poor clergyman's great benefit, happened to be one of those ingenious specimens of engraving—a flash note. M. L. B.

New Books.

POSTHUMOUS TALES. BY THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, LL. D.

[It is well known that the late Mr. Crabbe wrote a series of stories upon the model of his admired *Tales of the Hall*, which he was diffident of submitting to publication, during his lifetime. He thus refers to the circumstance in a letter to his son George, dated Clifton, October 29, 1831:—"There are, in my recess at home, where they have been long undisturbed, another series of stories,—in number and quantity sufficient for a volume; and as I suppose they are much like the former in execution, and sufficiently different in events and characters, they may hereafter, in peaceable times, be worth something to you; and the more, because I shall, whatever is mortal of me, be at rest in the chancel of Trowbridge church; for the works of authors departed are generally received with some favour, partly as they are old acquaintances, and in part because there can be no more of them."

These Poems were long since purchased by Mr. Crabbe's publisher, who has just printed them in a volume to form the eighth of a series containing the Poet's Life and Works. The Tales in this volume are twenty-two in number; and though not so uniformly polished as some of Mr. Crabbe's previous performances, these *Posthumous Tales* preserve, in the main, "the same characteristics on which his reputation had been established; much of the same quiet humour and keen observation; the same brief and vivid description; the same unobtrusive pathos; the same prevailing reverence for moral truth and rational religion,—and, in a word, not a few 'things which the world would not willingly let die.'" We select a few specimens which appear to bear out this praise. The first is from the Tale of Rachel, a distracted woman, who, having been deceived by her sailor lover, strays about the sea-shore, and in frantic mood,]

—ever talks of the sea, and shows
Her sympathy with every wind that blows.

Her sailor left her, with, perhaps, intent
To make her his—'tis doubtful what he meant:
But he was captured, and the life he led
Drove all such young engagements from his head.
On him she ever thought, and none beside,
Seeking her love, were favour'd or denied;
On her dear David she had fix'd her view,
And fancy judged him ever fond and true;
Nay, young and handsome—Time could not destroy
—No, he was still the same, her gallant boy!
Labour had made her coarse, and her attire
Show'd that she wanted no one to admire;
None to commend her; but she could conceive
The same of him as when he took his leave;

And gaily told what riches he would bring,
And grace her hand with the symbolic ring.

With want and labour was her mind subdued;
She lived in sorrow and in solitude;
Religious neighbours, kindly calling, found
Her thoughts unsettled, anxious, and unsound;
Low, superstitious, querulous, and weak,
She sought for rest but knew not how to seek;
And their instructions, though in kindness meant,
Were far from yielding the desired content.
They hoped to give her notions of their own,
And talk'd of "feelings" she had never known;
They ask'd of her "experience," and they bred,
In her weak mind, a melancholy dread
Of something wanting in her faith, of some—
She knew not what—"acceptance," that should
come;

And as it came not, she was much afraid
That she in vain had serv'd her God and pray'd.

* * * * *

Ev'n in this state, she lov'd the winds that sweep
O'er the wild heath, and curl the restless deep;
A turf-built hut beneath a hill she chose,
And oft at night in winter storms arose,
Hearing, or dreaming, the distracted cry
Of drowning seamen on the breakers by:
For there were rocks, that when the tides were low
Appear'd, and vanish'd when the waters flow;
And there she stood, all patient to behold
Some seaman's body on the billows roll'd.

One calm, cold evening, when the moon was high,
And rode sublime within the cloudless sky,
She sat within her hut, nor seem'd to feel
Or cold or want, but turn'd her idle wheel,
And with sad song its melancholy tone
Mix'd, all unconscious that she dwelt alone.

But none will harm her—who, willing, can?
She is too wretched to have fear of man—
Not man! but something—if it should appear,
That once was man—that something did she fear.

No causeless terror!—In that moon's clear light
It came, and seem'd a parley to invite;
It was no hollow voice, no brushing by—
Of a strange being, who escapes the eye—
No cold or thrilling touch, that will but last
While we can think, and then for ever past.
But this sad face—though not the same, she knew
Enough the same, to prove the vision true—
Look'd full upon her!—starting in affright
She fled, her wildness doubling at the sight;
With shrieks of terror, and emotion strong,
She pass'd it by, and madly rush'd along
To the bare rocks—while David, who, that day,
Had left his ship at anchor in the bay,
Had seen his friends who yet surviv'd, and heard
Of her who lov'd him, and who thus appear'd—
He tried to soothe her, but retired afraid
To approach, and left her to return for aid.

None came! and Rachel in the morn was found
Turning her wheel, without its spindles, round,
With household look of care, low singing to the
sound.

Since that event, she is what you have seen,
But time and habit make her more serene,
The edge of anguish blunted—yet, it seems,
Sea, ships, and sailors' miseries are her dreams.

[In "The Ancient Mansion," are some beautiful touches of descriptive poetry.—Thus:]

How stately stand yon pines upon the hill,
How soft the murmurs of that living rill,
And o'er the park's tall paling, scarcely higher,
Peeps the low Church and shows the modest spire.
Unnumber'd violets on those banks appear,
And all the first-born beauties of the year.
The grey-green blossoms of the willows bring
The large wild bees upon the labouring wing.
Then comes the Summer with augmented pride,
Whose pure small streams along the valleys glide:

Her richer Flora their brief charms display,
 And, as the fruit advances, fall away.
 Then shall th' autumnal yellow clothe the leaf,
 What time the reaper binds the burden'd sheaf;
 Then silent groves denote the dying year,
 The morning frost, and noon-tide gossamer;
 And all be silent in the scene around,
 All save the distant sea's uncertain sound,
 Or here and there the gun whose loud report
 Proclaims to man that Death is but his sport:
 And then the wintry winds begin to blow,
 Then fall the flaky stars of gathering snow,
 When on the thorn the ripening sloe, yet blue,
 Takes the bright varnish of the morning dew;
 The aged moss grows brittle on the pale,
 The dry boughs splinter in the windy gale,
 And every changing season of the year,
 Stamps on the scene its English character.

"Some genuine Son of Trade,"

Some true admirer of the time's reform,
 Who strips an ancient dwelling like a storm,—
 spoils the noble mansion, and the changes
 are thus sung:

As thus my spleen upon the view I fed,
 A man approach'd me, by his grandchild led—
 A blind old man, and she a fair young maid,
 Listening in love to what her grandsire said.

And thus with gentle voice he spoke—
 "Come lead me, lassie, to the shade,
 Where willows grow beside the brook;
 For well I know the sound it made,
 When dashing o'er the stony rill,
 It murmur'd to St. Oysth's Mill."

The lass replied—"The trees are fled,
 They've cut the brook a straighter bed:
 No shades the present lords allow,
 The miller only murmurs now;
 The waters now his mill forsake,
 And form a pond they call a lake."

"Then, lassie, lead thy grandsire on,
 And to the holy water bring;
 A cup is fasten'd to the stone,
 And I would taste the healing spring,
 That soon its rocky cist forsakes,
 And green its mossy passage makes."

"The holy spring is turn'd aside,
 The rock is gone, the stream is dried;
 The plough has level'd all around,
 And here is now no holy ground."

"Then, lass, thy grandsire's footsteps guide
 To Bulmer's Tree, the giant oak,
 Whose boughs the keeper's cottage hide,
 And part the church-way lane o'erlook:
 A boy, I climb'd the topmost bough,
 And I would feel its shadow now."

"Or, lassie, lead me to the west,
 Where grew the elm-trees thick and tall,
 Where rooks unnumber'd build their nest—
 Deliberate birds and prudent all:
 Their notes, indeed, are harsh and rude,
 But they're a social multitude."

"The rooks are shot, the trees are fell'd,
 And nest and nursery all expell'd;
 With better fate the giant-tree,
 Old Bulmer's Oak, is gone to sea.
 The church-way walk is now no more,
 And men must other ways explore;
 Though this, indeed, promotion gains,
 For this the park's new wall contains;
 And here, I fear, we shall not meet
 A shade, although perchance, a seat."

"O then, my lassie, lead the way
 To Comfort's Home, the ancient inn:
 That something holds, if we can pay—
 Old David is our living kin;
 A servant once, he still preserves
 His name, and in his office serves."

"Alas! that mine should be the fate
 Old David's sorrows to relate:
 But they were brief; not long before
 He died, his office was no more.
 The kennel stands upon the ground,
 With something of the former sound."
 "O then," the grieving man replied,
 "No farther, lassie, let me stray;
 Here's nothing left of ancient pride,
 Of what was grand, of what was gay:
 But all is chang'd, is lost, is sold—
 All, all that's left is chilling cold.
 I seek for comfort here in vain,
 Then lead me to my cot again."

The following lines, descriptive of the
 hollow, heartless friendship of the world,
 are painfully true:—

The purest Friendship, like the finest ware,
 Deserves our praises, but demands our care.
 For admiration we the things produce,
 But they are not design'd for common use;
 Flaws the most trifling from their virtue take,
 And lamentation for their loss we make:
 While common Friendships, like the wares of clay,
 Are a cheap kind, but useful every day:
 Though crack'd and damag'd, still we make them do,
 And when they're broken, they're forgotten too.

There is, within the world in which we dwell,
 A Friendship, answering to that world full well;
 An interchange of looks and actions kind,
 And, in some sense, an intercourse of mind;
 A useful commerce, a convenient trade,
 By which both parties are the happier made;
 And when the thing is rightly understood,
 And justly valued, it is wise and good.

I speak not here of Friendships that excite,
 In boys at school such wonder and delight,—
 Of high, heroic Friends, in serious strife,
 Contending which should yield a forfeit life—
 Such wondrous love, in their maturer days,
 Men, if they credit, are content to praise.

I speak not here of Friendships true and just,
 When friend can friend with life and honour trust;
 Where mind to mind has long familiar grown,
 And every failing, every virtue known:
 Of these I speak not: things so rich and rare,
 That we degrade with jewels to compare,
 Or bullion pure and massy.—I intend
 To treat of one whose Neighbour called him Friend,
 Or called him Neighbour; and with reason good—
 The Friendship rising from the neighbourhood:
 A sober kind, in common service known;
 Not such as is in death and peril shown:
 Such as will give or ask a helping hand.
 But no important sacrifice demand;
 In fact, a friendship that will long abide,
 If seldom rashly, never strongly tried.
 Yes! these are sober friendships, made for use,
 And much convenience they in life produce:
 Like a good coat, that keeps us from the cold.
 The cloth of flicze is not a cloth of gold;
 But neither is it piebald, pieced and poor;
 'Tis a good useful coat, and nothing more.

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Translated from the Italian of Silvio Pellico, by
 Thomas Roscoe, Esq.)

AMONG the celebrated men of all ages are to
 be ranked some of an irreligious character,
 and not a few who have occasionally fallen
 into errors and inconsistencies in point of
 christian faith. But what are we to conclude
 from that? Many have written against christian-
 tianity, and as many against its general doc-
 trine; they have asserted much and have
 proved nothing. The most eminent of them
 have been constrained to admit, in one or

other of their works, the superior wisdom of the very religion which they impugned, or which they so ill practised.

The following extracts, although they can lay no claim to novelty, lose nothing of their importance when applied to the present subject; and it may be of use to repeat them. In his *Emilius*, Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote these memorable words: "I confess that the majesty of the scriptures confounds me; the sanctity of the gospel speaks powerfully to my heart. Examine the works of the philosophers with all their pomp; how they sink into insignificance before it! Is it possible that a book, at once so sublime and so simple, can be the work of men;—is it possible that He of whom it recounts the history could be only a man? The actions of Socrates, respecting which no one doubts, are far less strongly attested than those attributed to Jesus Christ. Moreover, to suppose a number of men to have combined in composing this book, rather than that one only should have supplied the subject of it, would be to shun, not to remove the difficulty; it would, in fact, be rendering it only the more incomprehensible. The gospel, indeed, displays the character of truth at once so grand, so luminous, so perfectly inimitable, that the inventors of it would be yet more wonderful than the hero."

The same writer also observes:

"Avoid those who, under the pretext of explaining nature, attempt to spread desolating doctrines in the hearts of men. Overthrowing, destroying, trampling upon every thing which men ought to respect, they deprive the afflicted of their last consolation in misfortune; they remove from the rich and powerful the only restraint upon their passions; they eradicate from the recesses of the heart the remorse of crime, the hope of virtue; and then boast that they are the benefactors of the human race. Truth, they presume to say, is never injurious to mankind. In this, too, I agree; and it is, in my opinion, a proof that that which they preach is not truth."

Montesquieu, although not irreproachable in matters of religion, invariably expressed indignation against those who ascribed to christianity faults it does not possess.

"Bayle," he declares, "after casting insult upon all religions, proceeds to libel christianity. He has the audacity to assert, that true christians could never compose a state which would be able to subsist. But why? They would form a body of citizens, eminently enlightened in regard to their duties, and animated by the noblest zeal for the fulfilment of them. They would well understand the rights of natural defence; the more they believed that they were indebted to religion, so much the more would they feel what was due to their country. How wonderful that the christian religion, which seems to aim

only at happiness in a life to come, should be proved also to constitute our real felicity in this."* Farther he observes: "It is bad reasoning to charge christianity with those evils which attended its introduction, while we lose sight of the signal benefits which it has conferred upon society. Were we to recount the various sufferings produced by the establishment of civil laws, by monarchy, or by republican government, we should excite horror; were we to recall to mind the succession of wholesale slaughters committed by kings, and the renowned Greek and Roman commanders; the destruction of people and of cities by those fierce *Condottieri*; the devastations of Timur and of Ghengis Khan, we should find how much we owe to christianity, in the possession of acknowledged political rights,—a certain right of nations in regard to war—rights for which human nature can never be sufficiently grateful."†

The great Byron, of wonderful and gigantic intellect, who so unhappily idolized, by turns, both virtue and vice, truth and error, but who inwardly felt that consuming thirst for truth and virtue,—inherent in noble minds—frankly testified to the veneration he was constrained to feel towards the general doctrines of christianity. He was even desirous that his daughter should be educated in the catholic faith; and it is known, that, in one of his letters, speaking of the determination to which he had come, he gives as his chief reasons, that in no other church did the light of truth appear so clearly to his mind.

The friend of Byron, and the greatest poet since his departure of whom England can boast, Thomas Moore,—after having spent years of doubt in regard to the choice of a religion, would seem to have directed the whole force of his active mind to the investigation of christianity. He found that there was no method of becoming a christian, and a good reasoner, without adopting the universal christian and catholic doctrine, freed from its temporal power and its long existing abuses. He wrote an account of the researches he had made, and the irresistible conclusion to which he had been compelled to come.‡—*Duties of Men*, which we especially recommend to our young readers. It will materially assist them in what is termed the formation of opinions, by setting before them, in a right light, their most important duties in this world; and it will also lead them to bright hopes of an hereafter. The great moral of this treasurable production is that which was so eminently conspicuous in the life and writings of Pellico, viz. the practical truth of the Christian religion; and Mr. Roscoe, the accomplished translator, assures us that a deep conviction of their importance led him to

* See Spirit of Laws, book iii. chap. 6.

† Montesquieu, book xxiv. chap. 2. 3.

‡ See Travels of an Irish Gentleman, &c.

present the "Duties of Men" to his fellow countrymen. We, therefore, hope to see his benevolent intentions fully appreciated.

Antiquariana.

LORD AUDLEY'S CROSS.

(From a Correspondent.)

IN a field, at Blore-heath, two miles distant from Drayton, in Shropshire, is a stone generally known by the name of "Lord Audley's Cross." It was erected to commemorate the celebrated battle of Blore-heath, which was fought on September 22nd, 1459, during the heat of the desolating war between the Houses of York and Lancaster.

After a long and bloody contest, the Lancastrian army was defeated, with a loss of 2,400 men; and Lord Audley, the commander, was killed upon the spot where the cross now stands.



(Lord Audley's Cross.)

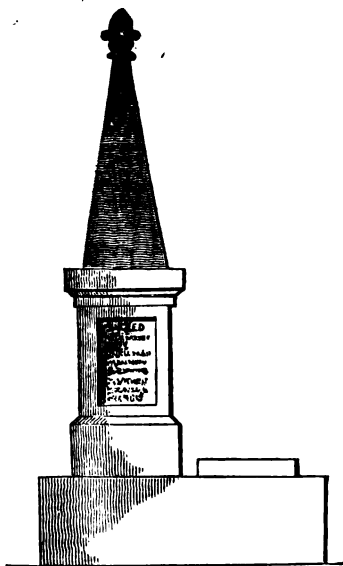
The circumference of the pedestal is eight feet; and the height of the whole stone is seven feet. Upon one side is the following inscription:—

On this spot
was fought the battle of
Blore-heath,
in 1459.

LORD AUDLEY,
who commanded for the side of
Lancaster,
was defeated and slain.

To perpetuate the memory of the action
and the place,
this ancient monument
was repaired
in 1765.

E. W. R.



CAMERON'S GRAVE.

(From a Correspondent.)

RICHARD CAMERON, the founder of the sect called Scots Cameronians, and who is considered by that party as having been a glorious martyr to the Reformation, was one of the most violent and intemperate preachers against popery during the reign of Charles II. A gloomy enthusiast, endowed with a considerable degree of rude eloquence, he traversed the west of Scotland with a bible in one hand and a sword in the other, powerfully inflaming the minds of men against the Catholic religion; and ambitious of celebrity, he persuaded his deluded followers to break out into open rebellion, and disclaim all obedience to the regal power. Graham of Claverhouse, (afterwards Viscount Dundee,) was sent by Government in command of a party of soldiers to disperse the rebels; and in an engagement on Airmoss, Cameron and several of his followers were killed. They were buried where they fell, and a rude stone was afterwards erected over their graves by the Covenanters, in commemoration of the event.

In the year 1832, a sermon was preached at Cameron's grave, in aid of a subscription to erect a monument to him; when a vast concourse of people assembled from all parts of the West of Scotland, Catholic and Cameronian, Episcopalian and Presbyterian, without reference to sect or party, forming on this wild and lonely moor, perhaps, as strange but impressive a scene as has yet been witnessed in the nineteenth century. A monument, of which the above is an outline, was

shortly afterwards erected on this memorable spot, from a design by Thom, the celebrated sculptor of "Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny;" the large flat stone formerly erected by the Covenanters, being laid horizontally over the raised base or pedestal of the newly constructed monument.

If certain scenes and sites possess any charm over the imagination, Airmoss must excite enthusiasm. The stranger is struck with astonishment, when first he beholds this vast and dreary wilderness; but soon the cheerful song of the lark reminds the traveller that even here is happiness. From Cameron's grave, about four miles to the eastward, is seen the lofty and bleak mountain of Cairntable, mentioned by Sir W. Scott, in *Castle Dangerous*, &c. The vegetation on the brow of this mountain is almost destroyed by the fury of the western elements, while the waters flowing down precipitately, form channels in every direction; the gloomy effect of which might lead fancy to picture it as some mighty giant, threatening destruction to all opposers; while, several miles farther off, the evergreen hills of Glenbuck seem to await in smiling serenity the time when the pibroch shall echo forth from the hoary Cairn the thrilling war-notes of the "*Douglas*." At a short distance, and in the same direction, is seen, like an oasis in the desert, the small but beautiful vale of the Wellwoods. To the north and south, the country appears wild and desolate in the extreme; while far off to the westward is seen, skirting along the horizon, the highly-cultivated land towards Ayr, celebrated by the poet Burns, and which is now, with great *naïveté*, called by the ladies of that part, "the land of Honeysuckle."

Airmosses must ever remain to the historian and novelist a scene of mournful interest; for there, and on the adjoining hills, Claverhouse, in the mere fulfilment of his duty to his King, was compelled to carry into effect acts, which have made the peasantry of Scotland ever since desecrate his name. Yet of the fidelity and chivalric heroism displayed by Claverhouse, in endeavouring to uphold the falling fortunes of his sovereign, history recounts few parallels; while the same party accuse Sir Walter Scott, one of Scotland's greatest benefactors, of having misapplied his talents in making a hero of one of the bravest generals that country ever produced. As a proof of this feeling being predominant, the following may not be unworthy of insertion, though at the time rendered ludicrous from the peculiar tone in which it was expressed: it was an answer given to the writer of this article, by a respectable farmer, to the question—"What is your opinion of Sir Walter Scott?"—"He was just a prejudiced mon; he made a *heiro o' Claverhouse* and a *fule o' the covenanters*."

At a place called Priesthill, not far from Cameron's grave, there is also a tombstone, which was erected by the covenanters over the grave of a man named Brown, who was shot as a rebel by a party of Claverhouse's soldiers. It is a large, flat stone, supported at each corner by a short pillar, each pillar being about a foot in height. On visiting this unostentatious memorial, the stranger is told by his guide, in half-suppressed whispers, that "Brown was a godly mon, for no *gers* (grass) has ever grown under the flagstone since it was put there:"—a miracle indeed if it did.

R. B.

The Public Journals.

AN ODD FELLOW.

[MR. THEODORE HOOK has been lately treating the readers of the *New Monthly Magazine* with the adventures of *Gilbert Gurney*—a young fellow who sees much of the world, and profits by its passing scenes. We detach a page or two of these amusing rambles, sketching one of Gilbert's acquaintances at Richmond.]

Among the group was a man, whose name was Daly—who, of all the people accounted sane and permitted to range the world keeperless, I hold to be the most decidedly mad. His conversation was full of droll conceits, mixed with a considerable degree of superior talent, and the strongest evidence of general acquirements and accomplishments. He appeared to be on terms of most familiar intimacy with all the members of our little community, and, by his observations and anecdotes, equally well known to persons of much higher consideration; but his description of himself to me, shortly after our introduction, savoured so very strongly of insanity—peculiar in its character, I admit—that I almost repented having, previously to hearing his autobiography, consented to send on my horses to Teddington, in order to accompany him to that village after the departure of the rest of the party to London, in a boat which he proposed to row himself up to Hampton Court, where, it appeared, he resided.

"I hope," said he, "that we shall be better acquainted. I dare say you think me an odd fish—I know I am one. My father, who is no more, was a most respectable man in his way—a sugar-baker in St. Mary Axe. I was destined to follow in his wake, and succeed to the business; however, I cut the treacle tubs at an early age—I saw no fun in firkins, and could not manage conviviality in canvass sleeves. D'ye ever read the '*London Gazette*'?"

"Sometimes," said I.

"In that interesting paper," said Daly, "I

used to look twice a week to see the price of Muscovados. One hapless Saturday I saw my father's name along with the crush: the affair was done—settled; dad went through the usual ceremony, and came out of Guildhall as white as his own superfine lumps. Refreshed by his ruin, my exemplary parent soon afterwards bought a house in Berkeley-square, stood a contest for a county, and died rather richer than he started."

"And you, I suppose, his heir?" said I.

"He had not much to leave," replied my new friend. "He ran it rather fine towards the close of his career. My two sisters got their fortunes paid, but I came off with what we technically call the scrapings—four hundred a year, Sir, is the whole of my income; all my personal property I carry under my hat. Timber I have none—save my walking-stick; and as to land, except the mould in three geranium pots, which stand in my sitting-room window, I haven't an inch. Still, Mr. Gurney, although I have not a ducat in my purse,

'Yet I'm in love, and pleased with ruin.'"

"I envy your philosophy and spirit," said I.

"You are right," replied Daly; "fun is to me what ale was to Boniface; I sleep upon fun—I drink for fun—I talk for fun—I live upon fun; hence my addiction to our dear funny friends of to-day. They just suit me—they do nothing but laugh; they laugh *with* one when present, and *at* one when absent—but to me that is the fun."

"I admit myself fond of practical joking," continued my friend. "I don't mean in one's own particular circle; there it is dangerous; people are not always in the same humour—what they think uncommonly good fun one day, they will seriously resent as an insult the next. There's no judging with certainty a man's temper of mind, and it is not easy to ascertain how much melted butter a gentleman would like to have poured into his coat-pocket without kicking; I avoid that sort of thing, but on the great scale I confess my addiction. Coming here yesterday evening, I stopped the chaise at the corner of Egham, to turn the finger-post at the corner half round—sent all the people bound for London to Chertsey, all the people destined for Egham to Windsor, and all the people destined for Windsor to London—*that's my way.*"

"Probably," said I, "but not their's. And do you often indulge yourself in these freaks?"

"Perpetually," replied Daly; "I've whipped off every knocker in Sloane-street three nights running—a hundred and ninety-four, exclusive of shops; and if ever the project of lighting London with smoke should be brought to bear, I flatter myself you will hear of my darkening the whole parish of

Pancras, by grinding a gimlet through a gas-pipe.

"These frolics must cost something," said I.

"Occasionally," said my friend; "but what of that? Every man has his pursuits—I have mine."

"I should think," replied I, "if you perform such extraordinary feats often, your pursuits must be innumerable."

"What!" exclaimed Daly; "pursuits after me, you mean? I'm obliged to you for *that*—we shall be better acquainted—of that I am certain. One thing I must tell you of myself, because, although there is something equivocal in the outset of the adventure, I set it all to rights afterwards, and will prove to you that in fact all I did was done for fun—pure fun."

I foresaw an awkward discovery of some sort by the prefatory deprecation of criticism; however, I listened to my slight acquaintance with complacency and confidence.

"You must know," said Daly, "that I had a brother once,—long since dead,—and you must know that he was my elder brother, and he went abroad; I remained at home, and was my father's darling—he fancied nothing ever was like me on earth. I was the wittiest, if not the wisest, fellow breathing, and I have seen my respectable parent shake his fat sides with laughing at my jokes till the tears ran down his rosy cheeks. I *had* a fault,—I cannot distinctly aver that I have yet overcome it,—I was extravagant—extravagant in everything—extravagant in my jokes—extravagant in love—extravagant in money-matters. After my respected parent's death I lodged at an upholsterer's—occupied his first floor—excellent man!—but paid him no rent; on the contrary, borrowed a good deal of money of him."

"Indeed!" said I, "I—"

"Don't frown, Mr. Gurney," interrupted Daly, "it will all come right in the end. I'm as honest as a Parsee—don't be alarmed—I was then much younger than I am now; and although the world unjustly and ungenerously judge of a man by the foibles of his youth, don't you be prejudiced, but hear me. I borrowed money of him—I consulted him upon all occasions—he was delighted with me, I with him—reciprocity of feeling, you know, and all that sort of thing. My upholsterer was my cabinet-minister—who better? who fitter to be consulted when any new measure was on the *tapis*? So things went on for a year, at the end of which, I owed him fourteen hundred and seventy-two pounds thirteen shillings and ninepence half-penny, without the interest."

"That was no joke, Mr. Daly," said I.

"No, but what followed was," continued my equivocal friend. "My cabinet-minister applied for funds—I had none at hand. I

therefore quitted London; and retired to the blest shades of Holyrood—not that this sort of constraint was at all necessary, for my friend, the sofa-maker, never inquired after me.”

“Why then did you go?” said I.

“Why, I thought he might,” replied Daly. “After I had hovered about Scotland, seen the sights, shot some grouse,—and a pretty job I made of that, umph!—I retired to Edinburgh, and began to be anxious to return to London. I therefore took the resolution of killing myself.”

“Horrible!” said I.

“Most horrible!” replied he; “and I put that resolve into execution.”

“How?” I inquired.

“By transmitting an account of my death to the metropolitan newspapers, in these words—Died, at Antigua, on the 15th of March, in the 28th year of his age, Robert Fergusson Daly, Esq., son of the late Thomas Fergusson Daly, Esq., of St. Mary Axe, London.”

“What purpose could that have answered?” said I.

“You shall hear,” said Daly. “About ten days after this announcement, having ‘incurred’ for a suit of mourning, I proceeded to my friend the upholsterer. Dear me, I recollect his little, white, bald head, peering over his desk in the counting-house, as well as if it were but yesterday—in I went—made a bow—up jumped my creditor.

“‘Ah, Mr. Daly,’ cried he, ‘then it is not true!—you are alive and merry.’

“Upon which, I, looking as grave as a judge, said, with a long-drawn sigh, ‘Sir, I see you have fallen into the common mistake.’

“‘Mistake, Sir, said he, ‘no mistake in the world! Why, I read in the newspapers that you were dead. How those fellows do fib!’

“‘In this instance,’ I replied, ‘they are as true as the tides to the moon—or the needle to the Pole.’

“‘Why,’ cried he, ‘you are not dead, for here you are!’

“‘So I am,’ said I, ‘but I am not the Mr. Daly who died in Antigua.’

“‘That’s very clear,’ said old cabinet-maker, ‘for, as I said before, here you are.’

“‘Still,’ said I, ‘Sir,—I thought the Sir good—you do not understand; I am the brother—the twin brother, of poor Bob Daly, who lived here with you, and who has died deep in your debt.’

“‘What!’ exclaimed the upholsterer, ‘you his brother! Impossible—ridiculous! Why, I should know you from a thousand by that little knob on your nose.’

“‘That may be, Sir,’ said I; ‘but I was born with a knob on my nose as well as my brother. I assure you he is in his grave at Antigua.’

“This astounded him, and he was proceeding to ring the bell in order to call up the housemaid, who had made herself particularly familiar with my knob, in order to identify me, when I pacified him by fresh assurances that he was mistaken, and that I was come to settle the account due from my late brother to himself.”

“This,” said I, “was all very funny, no doubt; but *cui bono*?”

“*Nous verrons*,” said Daly. “The moment I talked of paying, all doubt ended; he felt convinced that it could not be me, for he was quite of opinion that at that time I had no notion of maddling away my income in paying bills. So he listened, looking all the while at my knob—you see the thing I mean, Mr. Gurney,” said he, pointing to a pimple; “till at last I begged to see his account—he produced it—I sighed—so did he.”

“‘Sir,’ said he, ‘this is—dear me, is it possible two people should be so much alike?—your brother’s last account before he went.’

“‘I could not help saying, ‘He is gone to his last account now, Sir,—if it had been to save my life—I never could check my fun.

“‘Lord, how like him that is!’ said the upholsterer.

“‘What is the amount?’ said I.

“‘Fourteen hundred and seventy-two pounds, thirteen shillings, and ninepence halfpenny. As for interest, Mr. Daly, I don’t want it.’

“‘Sir,’ said I, drawing out of my pocket a handkerchief whiter than unsunned snow, ‘I honour and reverence you. I can now account for the high respect and veneration with which my poor brother Bob spoke of you and wrote about you. You shall judge what he has done;—he has died worth three thousand five hundred pounds; the claims upon him are numerous and heavy; in his letter—the last I ever received from him—he directs me to make an equitable division of his property.’

“‘Poor fellow,’ said the cabinet-maker.

“‘A poor, young creature, with three children,’ said I, ‘first claims his rare.’

“‘Dear me!’ said the man. ‘Ah! I won’t interfere then. No, no. I gave him credit farther than he asked it. I won’t visit his sins upon those who, perhaps, are helpless.’

“‘There was something so kind in this, I was near betraying myself; but I should have spoiled the joke.

“‘After them,’ continued I, ‘you come next; and, having divided his assets fairly, he decided that he could, acting conscientiously towards others, afford to pay you five shillings in the pound; and, accordingly, I have brought you to-day a sum calculated at that rate—that is to say, three hundred and sixty-eight pounds, three shillings, and sixpence, for I don’t descend to fractions.’

" 'Well, now,' said the honest old man, 'I love and honour him for that. He needn't have paid me a farthing. I knew not where he was;—and to think of me on his death-bed!—that, Sir, shows good principle; and as you are so like him in everything else,—and how like you are, to be sure!—I hope and trust,—don't be angry, Sir,—that you will follow the example he set you in the last act of his life.'

" 'Then,' said I, 'you accept the proposal.'

" 'Most happily, Sir,' said he. 'I honour his feelings. I had given the whole thing up. I thought he was hard-hearted, and a practised taker in of innocent men —'

" 'Sir,' said I, bowing, 'you little knew my poor brother Bob if you thought that. Here, Sir, is the money; all I ask, as a satisfaction to the interesting young creature who survives him, is a receipt in full of all demands as against him.'

" 'In course, Mr. Daly,' said the upholsterer, taking the notes I proffered. 'Why, la!' exclaimed he, 'I declare you have got the very ring on that I have seen a hundred times, with a leetle patent key twisted into the inside, that he used to wear.'

" 'Yes,' said I, rather taken aback at this; for with all my cunning I had forgotten to disring my finger for the occasion. 'Yes, it was the only thing he left me; I wear it for his sake.'

" 'And how well it fits!' said the credulous cabinet-maker.

" 'Often the case with twins,' said I. 'Two hundred, three hundred, fifty, ten, eight guineas, and five shillings and sixpence; count it yourself.'

" 'And now,' said he, 'I am to give you a receipt in full; to be sure I will. I wish you would do me one favour, Sir,' continued he; 'I wish you would let my housemaid Becky see you; she was very fond of your poor brother, and very attentive to him, and I should—I know it is taking a great liberty—I should like her to see you.'

" 'I should be too happy,' said I, trembling at the apprehension that the girl, who was more than usually civil to me while I lived in the lodgings, should make her appearance, convinced that she would not be deceived as to the identity, or believe in the story of two brothers having the same knobs to their noses; 'but don't you think it might shock the poor girl?'

" 'No, no, Sir,' said he, looking over a long black leather book for a proper stamp; 'Becky isn't frightened at trifles; shall I ring?'

" 'I could not help myself, and Becky was summoned. Luckily, however, she had just stepped out to get something, and satisfied, by the way in which the other servant conveyed the intelligence to her master, that it

was not very probable she would soon return, I screwed my courage to the sticking-place, and remained until he had written, signed, and delivered my entire acquittance from my whole debt, in consideration of the receipt of 368*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*; having secured which, I made my bow, and quitted my upholsterer, not ill-pleased with the adventure of the day."

" 'Yes, Sir,' said I, after I had heard this narrative, "but I see no joke in all this; it appears to me that a person less favourably disposed than myself would find a very different name for such a proceeding."

" 'So would anybody,' said my valuable friend, "if it were not for the sequel. A short time after, I had the means to set all right, and I lost no time in doing so; I confessed my *ruse* to my worthy friend, made him laugh heartily at his own credulity, paid him the difference, and gave Becky a guinea or two."

* * * * *

I had never seen such a man before, nor have I ever seen such a one since: from the time he sat down to dinner till all was done, his tongue never ceased—he was *au fait* at everything—played billiards better than anybody I ever saw—jumped higher—imitated birds and beasts, including men, women, and children better—caught more fish in an hour than all the rest of the punters did in three—sang all sorts of songs—made speeches—and told stories of himself which would have made my poor mother's hair stand on end. One of his practical jokes, played off upon one of the ladies of our party, I must set down. She had never been at Richmond before, or, if she had, knew none of the little peculiarities attached to it. He desired the waiter after dinner to bring some "maids of honour"—those cheesecakes for which the place has been, time out of mind, so celebrated. The lady stared, and then laughed; Daly saw her surprise, and elicited all he wanted—her innocent question of "What do you mean by maids of honour?" "Dear me," said he, "don't you know that this is so courtly a place, and so completely under the influence of state etiquette, that everything in Richmond is called after the functionaries of the palace? What are called cheesecakes elsewhere, are here called maids of honour; a capon is called a lord chamberlain; a goose is a lord steward; a roast pig is a master of the horse; a pair of ducks, grooms of the bedchamber; and a gooseberry tart, a gentleman usher of the black rod; and so on."

The unsophisticated lady was taken in; and with all the confidence which Daly's gravity inspired, when she actually saw the maids of honour make their appearance in the shape of the cheesecakes, she convulsed the whole party, by turning to the waiter and desiring him, in a sweet but decided

tone, to bring her a gentleman usher of the black rod, if they had one in the house, quite cold.

These were the sort of *plaisanteries* (*mauvaises*, if you will) in which this most extraordinary person indulged.

[Gurney and his friend commenced their voyage up the river, when the latter opened] a violent wordy attack upon a very respectable round-bodied gentleman who was sitting squeezed into the stern-sheets of a skiff, floating most agreeably to himself adown the stream, the gentle south-west breeze giving the sail of his boat a shape very similar to that of his equally well-filled white dimity waistcoat.

"Hallo," cried my friend Daly; "I say, you Sir, what are you doing in that boat?"

The suburban Josh maintained a dignified silence.

"I say, you Sir," continued the undaunted joker, "what are you doing there? you have no business in that boat, and you know it!"

A slight yaw of the skiff into the wind's eye was the only proof of the stout navigator's agitation.

Still Daly was inexorable, and he again called to the unhappy mariner to get out of the boat. "I tell you, my fat friend," cried he, "you have no business in that boat!"

Flesh and blood could not endure this reiterated declaration. The ire of the Cockney was roused. "No business in this boat, Sir!" cried he, "what d'ye mean?"

"I mean what I say," said Daly; "you have no business in it, and I'll prove it."

"I think, Sir, you will prove no such thing," said the navigator, whose progress through the water was none of the quickest; "perhaps you don't know, Sir, that this is my own pleasure-boat?"

"That's it," said Daly; "now you have hit it—no man can have any *business* in a *pleasure*-boat. Good day, Sir. That's all."

I confess I was a good deal shocked at this mode of terminating the colloquy. However, no ill-consequences arose; the fat man went his way and so did we, and in a few minutes more, embarked in Daly's "pleasure"-boat, in which I felt, according to his dictum, I had no business whatever.

Notes of a Reader.

FEUDAL CASTLES ON THE RHINE.

{Among the innumerable *Ritter-schlössen* (feudal castles), on the mountains of the Rhine, which are, in general, "tenantless, save unto the crannying wind," Mrs. Trollope (in her amusing *Tour*, lately published,) describes two in complete repair, and inhabited: the Marksberg, the solitary fortress of the Nassau dominions—and another, near St. Goar, which has lately been fitted up with,

perhaps, something of a rather theatrical taste by Prince Frederic of Prussia, the governor of the Rhenish provinces.]

Marksberg is the only fortress in Nassau, and, moreover, the last solitary remnant of the castled strong-holds of the Rhenish nobility. This alone remains to tell us what they were "in the ancient days, in the generations of old;" and, till the dark chambers of its massive towers, its rock-hewn stairs, its deep and nameless recesses, and the terrible array of its chamber of death, have been visited, the imagination of the tourist may strain itself in vain to picture forth these castles as they have been in their days of power. I doubt whether the most accomplished engineer of the present age, if his *savoir* be wholly modern, could describe this fortified castle intelligibly: I may, therefore, be easily forgiven, if, while I recommend that every one should go to see it, I add the assurance that it is impossible for them to understand anything about it till they do.

On entering the gates, almost every object had in some degree a military air. Stands of arms rested against the massive walls; soldiers were busily engaged in cleaning their caparisons, and a few sentries appeared on duty at different posts. A non-commissioned officer was appointed to attend us, who did so with a courteous civility, which spared not either his time or trouble; and I much question if he ever before acted as guide to a party so insatiably curious. The fatigue, however, was not all his own. I feel certain, that I could have traversed every corner of Ehrenbreitstein with less labour than it required to grope through the utter darkness of some of the Marksberg passages; to thread the mazy windings of others, amidst masonry that seemed to prepare a trap for head or shoulders at every step; or to clamber up the ladder-like staircases, two feet at the very least for every step, which led to the central tower. But this last feat once accomplished, we were fully rewarded for all the fatigue it had cost. Not only the Rhine, both up and down its course, here so thickly studded with variety of beauty, spread out its shining glory before us; but the old roof and towers, immediately beneath our eyes, had an interest which almost prevented our looking at anything else. Our conductor pointed out two towers, in each of which a prisoner of state was then confined: the sentence pronounced against one of these was for forty years, and twenty-two was awarded to the other. We exchanged a shuddering glance with each other as we heard it. Our conductor saw this, and quietly remarked that in most countries the culprits would have forfeited their lives. "The sentence was a just one," he continued: "had their offence become general, the peace of the country would have been destroyed; and many inno-

cent would have suffered, instead of two guilty: besides, it is probable that the punishment of both will be greatly remitted." Not from this point, but afterwards from the river, we perceived, in each of these prisons, a small glazed window, which doubtless gave air and light to the captives. Both of these openings overlooked the beautiful Rhine, as it flowed far, far below, as well as the lovely greenwood shades on the opposite shore; but I felt doubtful whether more pain or pleasure would be caused by this.

Having accomplished the descent from this central tower—a task hardly less arduous than the getting up—our guide led us into a bare, black-looking, ill-lighted chamber at the bottom of it, with no furniture but a huge mass of timber, somewhat in the form of our English stocks, but greatly larger and heavier. I was rather startled at being told that this was the place of execution, and that dismal apparatus the instrument of it. The fatal machine was placed in the middle of the room; and while we all stood around him, silently gazing on it, the soldier explained to us the manner in which it was used. Suspended above it, is a beam with a pulley-wheel, and behind it a windlass. The criminal is secured in the stocks, and his arms pinioned, while a rope which passes through the pulley is put round his neck, and then—the slightest touch at the windlass is enough. The whole appearance of this frightful engine bespoke its antiquity.

This governor is an old man, born in the fortress. His father was governor before him, and he has himself held the station forty years. In short, he is so completely part and parcel of the place, that a visit to it, without seeing him, is by no means what it ought to be. Never, surely, was any one better fitted for the station he held than this old man. Hard-featured, weather-beaten, and with a frame that seemed as hard as the rock on which it was produced and nourished, he looked as if he could have no sympathies with the world below; and, instead of pitying him for the manifold privations of his reclusive existence, I felt disposed to make him a compliment on the singular felicity of a destiny which had placed him in the only situation he was fitted for. The old gentleman did the honours of his eyrie-like apartments very politely—showed us the pictures of his father and of himself, and led us from window to window to point out the beauty of his bird's-eye view over the rocks and vineyards which divided him from the world.

[The other castle, that of Rheinstein, near Bacharach, is a very different affair from the state-prison and frontier-fortress of Nassau.]

At the foot of the steep and rocky eminence we found three or four carriages which had brought travellers to look at it; and we learned from the servants that there was no

way of approaching the mimic fortress, but by following the narrow, zigzag path which led up from the road at that point. At every turning of this steep path, however, commodious benches are placed, each, as we mounted higher and higher, becoming more beautiful in position than the last. At length we arrived at the mounted gateway, duly guarded by a massive portcullis, and iron-studded door. Having made good our entry, we put ourselves under the direction of a warder, and proceeded round the castle. Two of the finest dogs I ever saw were inclosed in large cages, about which they moved unchained, with the proud step of a lion in his den. After passing a few miniature cannon, large enough, however, to fire a salute which might rouse the echos far and near, and placed upon one of the boldest platforms that ever butted over a precipice, we entered a sort of guard-room, where suits of armour and other military accoutrements were placed, as if ready to put on at a moment's warning. It would be no easy task to describe all the ins and outs, all the goings up and comings down, of this capricious edifice; but there is not a single object in or about it which is not looked upon with pleasure and interest. In truth, it was a princely fancy, and has been right nobly executed. Much knowledge, much research, much liberality, and most perfect taste, are manifested in every part of the work. A great deal of pains, too, must have been taken, and with very happy success, to find the many articles of genuine antiquity with which the apartments are furnished. Some of these are equally magnificent and venerable. The bed of the princess is perfect, and the beautiful little *rittersaal* is a complete museum of antiquities. Even where the requisition for antique articles of daily use failed, new ones have been supplied, without, in any single instance, violating the perfect keeping of the style. The chandeliers are constructed of the horns of the stag, and arranged with wonderful ingenuity and grace. The suits of armour, which hang against the walls, look just as we may fancy the ritters of yore loved to see them, when they exchanged the falcion for the wine-cup.

Manners and Customs.

SCHOOLS IN INDIA.

(By Captain H. Harkness; abridged from the *Journal of the Asiatic Society*.)

In almost every village, the schoolmaster is a member of the community. A *manic* and *pizhakadai*, or house and backyard, are given to him by the village. He is allowed to exact fees from his scholars, which, with the presents that custom has established as due to him from the parents, at particular periods and on particular occasions, form the sources of his emolument.

The school is open to every *Sādra* and *Brāhmana* boy* of the village; but not to boys of inferior or stranger tribes, unless by the sufferance of the community, and generally on the payment of a small monthly stipend, or the performance of some particular service, by the parents of the boys so admitted.

The hours of attendance at school are from sunrise to sunset; allowing one hour at mid-day, for refreshment or repose.

A boy is first taken to school when he has attained his fifth year. The period of his quitting it is uncertain; but to enter him as a votary of Sarasvati, the goddess of learning, is considered a duty too sacred to be neglected, even by the poorest of the *Sādra* tribes.

The sounds of the vowels and consonants, first separately and then combined, being taught, to which considerable attention is paid in order to ensure a just pronunciation, the boy is instructed to write or draw, in a bed of sand, the letter or sign representing these sounds; and thus, by a reciprocity of action between sign and sound, to fix them both in his memory.

We may suppose a class of ten boys seated on the floor, each with his *palm-book* in his hand, on the leaves of which the characters or letters of the alphabet are engraved; and with a bed of fine sand spread out before them, of about half an inch in depth. The monitor, sitting in front, with a similar bed of sand before him, gives out the sound "A;" describes the sign, smooths the sand by rubbing his hand over it, and describes the same again; and continues this repetition till each boy of the class is able to draw the letter as well, or nearly so, as he himself does. He then goes on to the next letter; and in the same manner throughout the alphabet, and all the various combinations of vowel and consonant.

The boys are now transferred to what may be called the Moral Class, or that in which the little treatises on Ethics, of the Poetess Auaiyar, are taught. Of some of these works, a free translation, by the Rev. Dr. John, is to be found in the Asiatic Researches, (vol. vii. p. 345.) They consist of a series of maxims, intended to infuse a moral and religious feeling, and to bend the mind to an observance of the duties due to God and man. They are in metre, and in the learned dialect; so that every one requires an interpretation from the master or monitor; by the repetition of which, and by the force of the rhythms, the aphorism, or rather the phrase itself, with the moral instruction it conveys, are strongly impressed

on the memory, while its analytical meaning is left to be acquired at some after-period.

The two first parts of Arithmetic are now taught; that is, Numeration, and Grain Measure; the former commencing with the fractional part of the unit. These the boy acquires much in the same way as he did the letters, with the help of the bed of sand; and at this period, generally, he commences to learn the use of the *stylus*, or to write on the palm-leaf with an iron pen. To the acquirement of this art, the reading of other moral lessons, in which the religion of the prevailing sect will be more or less inculcated, and to the prosecution of his arithmetical studies, which lead him through Multiplication, Subtraction, Land-Measures, Whole Numbers, and Fractions, his time at this period is wholly devoted.

We must now suppose him to have attained his tenth year. About this age, or between this and twelve, many leave the school;—all those whose parents are so poor as to require the aid of their children's labour; and in cases where the master is a *Sādra*, all the *Brāhmana* boys. The former seldom have an opportunity of acquiring further instruction; and the latter are now put under the care of a *Brāhman*, to learn the Sanscrit language, and to prosecute the studies appropriate to their tribe. Many *Brāhmana* boys, however, are too poor to allow of their giving up more of their time to the purposes of education; and with the little they have acquired, and without learning more of the Sanscrit than to repeat in that language a few phrases necessary to them in the performance of their religious ceremonies, they either assist their parents in their avocations, or seek some other employment by which to gain a livelihood. It is also worthy of remark, that all instruction from one *Brāhman* to another in the Sanscrit, or through the medium of that language, is gratuitous. Of the other *Brāhmana* boys, whose necessities have not this control over them, some pursue their studies with a view to public employment, and to general intercourse with the world; others with a view to the priesthood, or to scientific and metaphysical attainments;—the former being now distinguished by the term *Loekika*; the latter by that of *Vaidika*.†

To return to our school. From Arithmetic, the boy is taught to read, and, as far as his memory will serve him, to learn by heart two vocabularies of synonyms; and then to read and analyze the *Pūrānas*, or other metrical versions of fabulous history, or of praises to their several deities; and, last of all, Grammar, Prosody, and metrical composition. The following are the fees exacted by the masters of the *Tamil* schools.

† *Loekika*, lit. "a man of the world;" *Vaidika*, "a man of learning or science."

* The four tribes or castes are, the *Brāhmanas*, *Kshatriyas*, *Vaisyas*, and *Sādras*. All without this pale are considered impure; and among these are included Europeans, and all other foreigners.

1st, *Pradoshas*.—The thirteenth and fourteenth days of the new and of the waning moon are said to be unpropitious to learning; and, therefore, that they ought to be kept as days of relaxation. Custom has, however, in some measure, got the better of this rule. On the thirteenth day, an examination in writing takes place, which usually lasts till four o'clock, when the boys are allowed to leave school; and, as they have the remainder of the evening to themselves, the fee the master exacts on these occasions is called a *pradosha*, a Sanscrit term for "evening." The value of these *pradoshas*, which are intended as a remuneration to the master for his extra labours, and of which, of course, there will be two in each lunar month, is estimated at about one penny.

2nd, *Pazhampadam*.—On the fourteenth day, an examination takes place of the lessons the boys have been taught during the preceding part of each fortnight; for which the master exacts the *pazhampadam*, or "old lesson fee," which is in amount about the same as the preceding.

3rd, *Yennai*, or Oil.—On every Saturday, the boy takes, for the use of the master, a small measure of oil, of about the monthly value of three halfpence.

4th, *Viratit*.—These are made of the ordure of the cow, and of chaff or dried leaves, beaten into cakes, and dried in the sun. They serve as fuel, and every boy is expected to bring two of them each day, the monthly value of which will be about a penny.

5th, *O'lais*.—These are the palm-leaves, on which the lessons are written with an iron pen, and which are supplied by the master. The sum allowed monthly for them is about a penny.

6th, *Vidumurai*, Relief or Play-days.—A compensation is allowed to the master on these, for the loss of the boy's time; as the quicker he passes from one stage to another in his education, the more it is to the interest of the former.

These fees are either paid in kind, or a composition is made to the master, by the parents or friends of the boys.

[There are, besides, presents made to the masters, most of which correspond with our entrance-fees.]

The estimated amount of the presents and of the fees for each year, on account of each boy, will be from fifteen to sixteen shillings; the total cost of his education, inclusive of the occasional presents, if he remain at school for eight years, will be about seven pounds; and the whole of the emoluments of the schoolmaster, supposing him to have a school of twenty-five boys for eight years, will be something less than twenty-two pounds per annum.

This, however, is, on the whole, too favour-

able a view of the condition of a village schoolmaster. Where the inhabitants are generally wealthy, the amount of the presents will often far exceed what has been mentioned; but, on the contrary, where they are poor, it will decrease in a much greater proportion; and sometimes even the monthly fees are not paid, so that many masters do not realize annually a third of this amount.

It will be observed, that throughout this system, memory is, except in a few instances, the only power of the mind that is brought into action; that the whole of the superstructure is, in a scientific point of view, a sort of airy fabric; that Grammar, the basis from which it ought to rise, is left to be learned at a period when few have an opportunity of acquiring it; that the principle of analysis is pursued almost to the entire exclusion of that of synthesis; and that the whole being in metre or song, its general tendency is to give the mind a light and imaginative turn, and to leave its better energies unexercised and dormant.

The Gatherer.

Early Dining.—Lewis XII. was universally styled "the father of his people." He was parsimonious, but it was because he would not tax his subjects; and, when he was told that there were farces made to ridicule his stinginess, "It is better," said he, "that they should laugh at me, than curse me." He used to dine at eight in the morn, but, to please his fair young wife, he put off his dinner until twelve; and instead of going to bed at six, he was tempted sometimes to sit up till midnight.

P. T. W.

The same quality of cotton twist which now sells here for three shillings per lb., sold in Sir R. Arkwright's time (1780-90) for one pound eighteen shillings per lb!—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

Curious Naval Engagement.—Holingahed tells us, that in February 1528, the Londoners were amused by a battle between a Dutch and a French vessel, fought close to London Bridge, to which the former had actually pursued the latter. Walsingham, Lieutenant of the Tower, boarded and seized both the combatants, and the matter was left to the council to determine.

P. T. W.

Coleridge.—An old lady was one day asked how far she approved of Mr. Coleridge's wonderful oratorical talents: "Don't tell me," replied she, (one who did not understand the fine unravellings of metaphysics), "I would not give a fig for a man who wants all the talk to himself."

ENORT.

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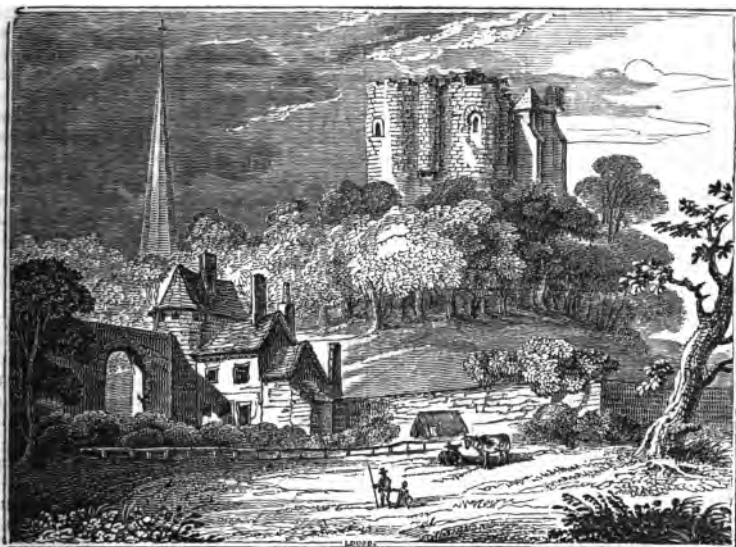
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 683.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.]



CLIFFORD'S TOWER, YORK.

THIS is a reputed specimen of the military architecture of the middle ages. It is important to the antiquarian as one of the earliest of our castellated structures, and its history, so far as it can be traced, is replete with busy incident.

This tower is situated close to the noble castle of York, to which it is concluded to have been built as a *keep*.* It occupies a high artificial mount, thrown up with prodigious labour, and surrounded with a massive stone wall. Its distance from the river Ouse is about one hundred yards; and it appears to be elevated at least 90 feet above the level of that river, and 30 feet above the site of the castle, and the adjacent parts of the city. The mount corresponds with that of the Old

Baile, on the opposite side of the Ouse; and it is generally thought to be of Saxon or Roman origin.

The date of the tower is better established; for, it was built by William the Conqueror about the year 1068; it is, doubtless, part of one of those structures referred to by chroniclers, for the double purpose "of strengthening the towns, and keeping the citizens in awe," and it was formerly defended by a deep moat, drawbridge, and palisades. There are, however, equal proofs of a fortress having existed here prior to the above date; a Roman foundation having been discovered here in the year 1805; at which time also was found a small block of freestone, with the inscription "*Civitati*," in Norman characters.

With reference to the different ages of the mount and the present fortress, Drake says, "by the extraordinary labour required for the labour of this mount, it seems to have been effected by no less than a Roman power, though the Conqueror might build the present structure, the inside of which exhibits a regularity very uncommon in a Gothic building." Upon this, Mr. Bigland observes, "But we have no such topographical knowledge of the Roman Eboracum, as can enable

* The castle on the present site, according to Drake, was built by William the Conqueror, but probably on a Roman foundation. Having fallen to decay, it was repaired, or rebuilt, in the reign of Richard III. After it was no longer used as a fortress, it was converted into a county prison; but, having fallen into a ruinous state, it was taken down in the year 1701, and the present superb structure erected: this is now in course of substantial repair; but, in the present as in all preceding restorations, Clifford's Tower, or Keep, has been spared, as the original keep has been preserved in the numerous repairs of Windsor Castle.

the present age to advance anything beyond conjecture on the subject; and great works have been performed by other men, as well as by Romans.* Mr. Bigland does not, however, notice the discovery in the year 1805.

The form of the tower is circular: it terminates in machicolations, and has its outer walls strengthened with circular turrets. It derives its name from one of the Cliffords being appointed its first governor by the Conqueror. Drake, on the authority of two excellent antiquaries, informs us that the Lords Cliffords were, in ancient times, called castelans or keepers of this tower. And, it is certain, that, either on this or some other title, the family claimed the right of carrying the city sword before the king whenever he visited York.

Clifford's Tower, in time, fell to decay; and Leland found it in a ruinous state in the reign of Henry VIII. But, on the commencement of the civil wars between Charles I. and his parliament, this tower was completely repaired and fortified by the direction of Henry, Earl of Cumberland, lord lieutenant of the northern parts, and governor of York. The royal arms and those of the Cliffords were placed over the entrance: and on the top was made a platform, on which several pieces were mounted; a garrison was appointed for its defence, and Colonel Sir Francis Cob was its governor during the siege of the city. Among the batteries opened upon that occasion was one of Lamel Mill Hill, from whence four pieces of cannon played incessantly on Clifford's Tower and the castle. After the surrender of the city, in 1644, it was dismantled of its garrison, except this Tower, of which Thomas Dickenson, the lord Mayor, a man strongly attached to the parliamentary interest, was constituted governor. It continued in the hands of his successors as governors, till 1683, when Sir John Beresby was appointed to that office by Charles II. In the following year, 1684, on the festival of St. George, about ten in the evening, the magazine took fire and blew up, and the tower was reduced to a shell, as it remains at this day. Whether this took place accidentally, or by design, is unknown: but the demolition of the "minced pie" was, at that time, a common toast in the city; and it was observed, that the officers and soldiers of the garrison had previously removed their effects, and that not a single man perished by the explosion. Within the tower is a well of excellent water; and, in its crumbling remains may be traced a dungeon, which was so dark as not to admit the least ray of light. The outer walls or shell of the fortress remains; and the woody clothing of the mound reminds us of peaceful nature, however the frowning tower may call up recollections of its importance in a long suc-

cession of warlike ages. Few scenes, are, however, more impressive than such a contrast as the crumbling walls of Clifford's Tower and the flourishing verdure of its mound present to the reflective mind.

The church which appears in the left of the Engraving is that of St. Mary's in Castle Gate, styled in the old records "*Ecclesia Sancte Marie ad Portam Castri*." It is remarkable for the elegant symmetry of its lofty spire, which is 90 feet 6 inches to the top of the vane; or, from the floor of the church, 156 feet 6 inches; the diameter of the bottom of the spire, outside, is 18 feet; and of the top stone, one foot three inches. It is built of Ashler stone, not more than six and a-half inches in bed, and is hollow to within seven feet six inches of the top. There are only two apertures in the whole height, one of which is now glazed.

ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

HAVING given a very full account of the preparations for the Westminster Musical Festival, also of the performances, &c. in Nos. 670 and 671 of the *Mirror*; it affords us pleasure also to furnish a brief statement of the result. After the expenses of fitting up the Abbey in the splendid style in which it was done, also of paying the vocal and instrumental performers, amounting to 634; the printing, advertising, tickets, doorkeepers, and a thousand other outgoings; there will be a surplus of *nine thousand pounds* to be divided equally among the "Royal Society of Musicians," (founded in 1738,) "The New Musical Fund," (1786,) "The Choral Fund," (1791,) and "The Royal Academy of Music," instituted in 1822; giving to each 2,250*l*. We have heard that Mr. Parry, the Assistant Honorary Secretary to the Directors, is preparing an official account of the Festival for publication.

NATURAL HISTORY OF SEPTEMBER.

By James Fennell.

THIS month, so far as respects its weather, is very inconstant; for, sometimes it is very fine and pleasant, while at others it is very wet and dull; but, as it is always attended with some fair days, the admirers of nature may still occasionally enjoy a rural stroll. We shall now view, individually, those objects and occurrences which, in combination, materially help to constitute the character of the present month, which the generality of persons appear to consider as merely consisting in the difference of the verdure, foliage, and atmospheric temperature.

Nothing is more conspicuous at present than the great variety of new and beautiful tints assumed by the leaves of trees. Out of the small number of pure colours that exist, it is surprising to behold so many

* Beauties of England and Wales, vol. xvii, p. 229.

distinct shades displayed by the foliage; this, however, is owing to combinations of various colours, and to the different depths of even a single colour. In support of the first of these assertions may be instanced the yellowish green colour of the leaves of the oak; and in support of the latter assertion may be adduced the various depths of the yellow belonging to the maple, ash, hawthorn, hazel, &c. Without paying due attention to the peculiar colours of trees, it is utterly impossible for a landscape-painter to make his sketches appear as representations of *natural* scenery. Hence, those painters who have preferred to sketch nature as she really is, and not as imagination would depict her, and have faithfully *finished their work on the spot*, from which they viewed her, have given the most general satisfaction, and have earned honourable fame.

It has been remarked, that, at this time, there are, in the fields, many patches of grass, which, on account of their being in seed, are declined by cattle: this circumstance has elicited the admiration of the naturalist, for if all the grasses were eaten in every state, we could not insure successive crops of such species as are annuals. The same forbearance towards many annual and biennial plants, when in flower or seed, is also manifested by man, and even by those promiscuous feeders, slugs and snails.

The plants one may now see in flower are the dwarf-furze, speedwell, red valerian, round-leaved harebell, yellow wort, St. John's wort, Adonis's flower, evening primrose, saffron crocus, meadow saffron, lady's tresses, dwarf-mallow, marsh-mallow, corn-mint, pepper-mint, bergamot, pennyroyal, knot-grass, small bog-orchis, hairy greenweed, pepper-saxifrage, chamomile, red dead-nettle, swine-cress, red-leaved goosefoot, fig-leaved goosefoot, autumnal squill, round-leaved toadflax, sharp-pointed toadflax, creeping water-plantain, and gibbous duckweed.

On some of the plants above specified, I shall offer a few observations, trusting that they may not be unacceptable to the reader.

The evening primrose displays its sweet-scented, yellow flowers in the evening, and hence its name. Mr. Ballard says of this plant as follows: "If carefully watched about seven o'clock in the evening, the advanced flower-buds will be seen to expand gradually, while the calyx swells, and at length bursts on both sides, opening from the bottom; and when fully open, the petals unfold themselves with a sudden spring, which reverts the calyx, and, at the same moment, the anthers burst lengthways, discharging their pollen upon the stigma. In order, it would appear, to prevent the dispersion and loss of the pollen, it is moistened with a gelatinous fluid, and adheres between the anthers and stigma by means of tenacious films of

this fluid. In the course of the night, these films dry and recede in the direction of the stigma, while the pollen is absorbed. In this plant, I may mention, the anthers are ready to burst as soon as the blossom expands."

The Adonis's flower is a favourite with the poets. When Shakspeare's Venus had concluded her prophetic discourse on love, her dear Adonis who laid killed at her feet,

"Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood,
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood."

The saffron crocus is the plant that produces the article called saffron, for the sake of which it is extensively cultivated, but principally at Saffron-Walden, in Essex.

The corn-mint is remarkable for its smelling like rotten cheese.

The knot-grass is subject to great variation in point of height, and is sometimes very diminutive, which fact gave existence to a notion at one period of its possessing the power to effectually stop the growth of man. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Lysander addressing Hermia, who is enraged at being called little by Helena, says—

"Get you gone, you dwarf,
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made."
(Act iii. Sc. ii.)

In a short time, the plants now in flower will be attacked by the rigours of winter, and scarcely one will remain:

"So short-lived are the lovely tribes
Of Flora's transient reign;
They bud, blow, wither, fall, and die,
Then turn to earth again."

Blackberries are, towards the middle of the month, everywhere ripe and abundant. When thoroughly ripe, they are really a very pleasant fruit; though, from their being common and wild, nothing will induce some persons to think them so. A blackberry pudding, and blackberry jam, when properly made, are very nice. To see, as often we do see, a small band of village children, (with their rosy faces here and there stained with blackberry juice,) some on one side of a hedge, and some on the other, busily and intently engaged in plucking the tempting fruit, recklessly clambering into the prickly bush, or standing on tiptoe, endeavouring to reach those bunches that are somewhat difficult to obtain—is one of those many little and amusing incidents that adds to the genuine pleasures of a country life.

Now, let us turn to the zoology of the month. Towards its conclusion, the harvest-mouse has young.

"Many birds," says the Rev. Gilbert White, "that become silent about Midsummer, resume their notes in September; as the thrush, blackbird, woodlark, and willow."

• Field Naturalist, vol. i., p. 73.

wren." The goldfinch is in full song till about the middle of the month, and the great titmouse is heard occasionally. The redbreast approaches nearer to our dwellings, and is now, and during the whole of this season, and the winter, heard to great advantage on account of the paucity of his vocal and emulous rivals. But the principal matter, at present, in ornithology, is the migration of birds.

Swallows are the most numerous class of migrators, and are now congregating in large numbers, previous to taking their adieu of "merry England."

"Thus taught, they meditate a speedy flight,

For this, e'en now, they prune their vigorous wing;

For this consult, advise, prepare, excite,

And prove their strength in many an airy ring.

They feel a power, an impulse all divine,

That warns them hence: they feel it and obey."

It is interesting to observe the order in which swallows congregate, and the extensive number of their congregations. On the 14th of last September, whilst on a natural history ramble, and in the company of a friend, we noticed in the evening, (as I have stated in the *Field Naturalist*,) "an immense concourse of swallows assembled upon Wormholt Scrubs, which place seemed to have been selected by general consent, as the place of rendezvous for all of the species in the neighbourhood; for we could not discover any resting elsewhere. They settled on the ground, first at a short distance from each other, but as it became darker and darker, they drew closer together, which might be either for the sake of mutual warmth, or to preserve themselves from danger, by occupying as small a space as possible."

Besides the swallow tribe, the nightingale, wheat-ear, redstart, blackcap, yellow wagtail, and ring-ousel, leave us in the course of this month.

This is a sad and fatal month to many poor birds that have the misfortune to be termed "game." We wish we could say something calculated to dissuade men from engaging in a sport involving the sufferance of unoffending creatures, whose death, if absolutely requisite, more befits the butcher than the gentleman. Peruse the following lines from the pen of a fair poet, and let them be so indelibly stamped upon your mind as to deter you from the commission of wanton deeds of cruelty:

"The cheerful light, the vital air,

Are blessings widely given:

Let Nature's commoners enjoy

The common gifts of Heaven.

"The well-taught philosophic mind

To all compassion gives:

Casts round the world an equal eye

And feels for all that lives."

In entomology, there is still ample matter for observation. The alderman butterfly, peacock butterfly, painted-lady butterfly, nettle butterfly, brimstone butterfly, cabbage butter-

fly, wall butterfly, heath butterfly, copper butterfly, and the azure-blue butterfly, may yet be seen in their respective haunts; and it is about this period that many of them deposit their eggs, which are always placed in such situations, as will allow of the larvæ they disclose, finding a handy supply of proper nourishment, immediately on entering the world.

That fine, large moth, the red underwing, may now be found on old palings; and usually where there is one sex, the other sex is not far off.

The buff-tip moth, whose history I have already detailed in the *Mirror*, (vol. xxiii., p. 293,) commits great ravages on the leaves of various trees.

The larvæ of the death's-head moth may be detected at night, by the aid of a lantern, feeding on the potato. The perfect insect is remarkable for the singular mark on its back, resembling a human skull, and for the sharp noise it emits when caught; which circumstances have caused the vulgar and superstitious to regard it as possessed of something supernatural. It is stated, that even the larva, if meddled with, quickly recedes from the touch, and produces, at the same time, a somewhat sharp noise, resembling that which accompanies an electric spark.

The dorr, or dung-beetle, is still heard at night, flying across our path, and often flies with some degree of force against the face of the benighted traveller.

The burying beetle continues to fly in search of dead animals, which it buries, when circumstances will permit, with astonishing dispatch. In the buried carcasses it deposits its own eggs, and the larvæ, when evolved, feast on the carrion. M. Gleditsch informs us that a single beetle of this species can, in the course of two days, bury a mole forty times heavier and greater than itself.

The tortoise-beetle may be found on nettles and burdocks. Its larva conceals itself under a portable canopy formed of its own excrements.

Ichneumon-flies are zealously seeking for the larvæ of butterflies, &c., that they may introduce their own eggs into their bodies. When the eggs are hatched, the larvæ commence feeding on the flesh of their living habitation, until nothing remains but the skin, from which they escape, when ready to change into the pupa state.

Crane-flies are abundant in meadows, in the soft earth of which they are depositing their eggs. The larvæ, when hatched, destroy many plants, especially the grasses, by devouring their roots, and thus depriving the upper portion of the means of drawing nourishment from the soil.

The boat-fly, the water-scorpion, the water-

measurer, and the larvæ of the several species of dragon-flies, may be found in ponds and gentle streams.

That minute but formidable insect, the harvest-bug, is now very annoying, but particularly to those persons who are obliged to sleep in the open air.

Many species of spiders lay their eggs, for the preservation of which they manifest great anxiety; for, when forcibly deprived of them, they will run the hazard of sacrificing their own lives in the endeavour to regain them. Those eggs that have to endure the winter are usually enveloped in strong silk.

Camden Town.

THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

THERE is no study more interesting to an inquiring and sensible mind, than to trace the foundations of the political communities of the modern world, from the manners and customs of the barbarous nations of antiquity. The remains of the leading laws and institutions of the Saxons are the pillars upon which is built the vaunted British Constitution—the corner-stone of which, it may with truth be said, was laid in the forests of Germany. The most perfect of these remains are the divisions of hundreds, shires, and tythings, the county court, the office of sheriff, and the trial by jury; and for the whole of these we are indebted to the immortal Alfred. I have endeavoured in the following observations to afford a brief account of the different grades or ranks in which the Saxons were classed, and although they may exhibit no great research, yet, I trust they will not altogether fail in their object.

1. *The Royal Family.* Most writers agree in fixing the number of ranks into which the Saxons were originally divided in their own country, to have been three, viz. *Nobles, Freemen, and Slaves*; and after their emigration to Britain, these formed their distinguishing classes. Over these was placed the King; and, nearly equal in power to him, the Queen Consort, who was sometimes styled *Hæfðige*, whence we derive *lady*, but more commonly *Queen*, from which *Queen* is easily deduced. She was crowned with the same honours as the King; and, if married at his accession, at the same time: if afterwards, a separate coronation was required.

The court of the Saxon monarchs was held with great pomp three times in the year: at Easter, Pentecost, and Christmas. The Queen likewise presided, and had a separate throne assigned, which was generally placed near her husband; she had the power of accusing any person she thought proper, which privilege was, as may be supposed, sometimes abused. One of these instances it may be as well to cite. Beorhtric, King of the West Saxons, had espoused Eadburga,

daughter of Offa, King of Mercia: her surpassing beauty gave her a powerful influence over the King, which she greatly abused: she caused numbers of the nobles and clergy to be put to death, and those whose destruction she could not accomplish by other means, she poisoned. At last, not being able to prevail upon the King to agree to the execution of a young nobleman to whom he was much attached, she determined to administer a poisonous draught, but, unfortunately, the King likewise partook of it, and he too fell a victim. The people enraged at the diabolical conduct of Eadburga banished her, and abolished for a time the power of the queens. She died in great misery in France. In what year the honours of the queens consort were restored is not on record, but we read of the coronation of the queen of Æthelred II.

It appears that a separate household was allotted to the queen, differing little from that of the king, as she had her *Thanes*, and *Ealdormen*, and a *Chancellor*. To meet the expenses of her establishment, she had fixed revenues assigned her at the time of her marriage, generally arising from crown manors and lands. In some cases, however, landed property was settled on the queen, which she had the power to grant to her subjects. There is a charter extant from Æthelwith, wife of Burhred, King of Mercia, in which she gives to Cutwolph, her esteemed minister—*aliquam telluris partem meæ propriâ potestatis; potestatis* may be translated *demesne*. Cædive, Queen of Edward the Elder, granted lands to the monastery of Abingdon, *de matrimonio suo*, and Cædelfæda, widow of Brithnath, King of Northumberland, granted a territory, *de dote sua*.

Queens-dowager, were treated with great honours and respect, and were present at the three courts, and likewise at all the great festivals: they had the same privilege of granting lands that were accorded to queens-consort.

Ing is a Saxon word signifying *son*, and was generally placed at the end of a proper name, as the genealogy of Cerdic, preserved in the Saxon Chronicle, A. D. 495: *Cerdic was Elesing, Elesa Esling, Esla Giwifing, Giwif Wiging, Wig Freawining, Freawine Freothogufing, Freothogaf Branding, Brand Bældæging, Bældæg Wodening*: i. e. Cerdic was the son of Elesa, Elesa of Esla, Esla of Giwif, Giwif of Wig, Wig of Freawine, Freawine of Freothogaf, Freothogaf of Brand, Brand of Bældæg, Bældæg of Woden. In the same manner *ing* in composition with *æthel*, signified of noble descent.* *Ætheling* was at first a title of all the nobility, but its sense in time became contracted, so that, at last, only members of the royal family were

* This monosyllable is sometimes used in its ancient sense in the present day—as, *gostling, codling, startling, duckling*.

styled *Ethelings*. *Clito* was the Latin term for *Etheling*.

The heir apparent of the kingdom always resided in the palace of the king, where he was served by the king's attendants with great state and pomp, but was, in fact, a complete prisoner, not being allowed to be absent without the king's permission, or to be waited on by his own attendants.

2. *Ealdormen*. Among all the German tribes, as among the Greeks and Romans, years were a sure passport to honour. Accordingly, we find the title of the officer to whom the civil affairs of a *shire* were intrusted to have been *ealdormen*: his power was very great; his duty was to administer the laws and regulate the government of his district: he collected the revenues and presided at all councils of the *shire*, and was likewise a member of the *wittenagemote*, or parliament of the nation. It was also his office to preserve the peace of the *shire*, and, as such, was general of all its forces. Any person who drew his sword in the house of an *ealdorman*, was made to forfeit *one hundred shillings*; the fine for the same offence in the house of an *archbishop*, was *one hundred and fifty shillings*. It was a privilege granted to *ealdormen*, *thanes*, and *abbots*, that if a thief took refuge with them, he was protected for the space of three days. The punishment inflicted on an *ealdorman* for suffering an offender to escape who had delivered himself up to justice, or was otherwise in his custody, subsequent to the three days, was the loss of his government, subject to a pardon from the king.

An *ealdorman* was one of the highest dignities to which a subject could aspire, and was considered next to the *etheling* and *archbishop*, whose rank was equal. *Bishops* and *ealdormen* were classed together.

3. *Jarls*, or *earls*. These titles had previously existed for a long course of time amongst the Danes on the Continent. They were introduced into England in the reign of Canute, and were at first considered of inferior rank to an *ealdorman*. In process of time, however, they appear to have entirely superseded the latter, which became so much degraded, that it was used only to express members of the civic government of *boroughs* and *hundreds*, in which sense we still retain it as *alderman*.

The Latin name for an *earl* was *comes*, which had been known in Britain before the invasion of the Saxons. Constantine the Great appointed three several *comites*, who governed the Roman part of the island: the jurisdiction of the first of these extended over the eastern and southern coasts, the second the interior, and the third the northern: namely, that which adjoined Caledonia. The Roman emperors had also several *comites*, who formed part of their household.

The district of the *comes* or *earl*, was called his *comitatus* or *earldom*. It varied much in extent, since the jurisdiction of some *earls* extended over only a small part of a *shire*, whilst others governed many *shires*. For instance, in 952, the territory of the *earl* of Northumberland consisted of six of our present counties, viz.: Cumberland, Durham, Lancaster, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Yorkshire.

The lowest subject was not debarred from attaining the rank of an *earl*. The laws plainly declare that a *thrall*, or mean servant, can be made a *thane*, and a husbandman an *earl*.

An *earl* was considered above a *thane*, and was possessed of greater privileges. So much so, that many of the latter were classed among his household, and as his was the highest rank a *freeman* could attain, so a *ceorl* was the lowest. The widows of *earls* were treated with as much respect as during the lifetime of their husbands. This title, however, under the Saxons, was, in general, not hereditary; although the king seldom refused to renew it in favour of the son. His right, however, to deprive an *earl* of his title during his life, was often successfully contested.

The revenue of the *earl* generally consisted of a small tax, levied on the inhabitants of all *villes*, or market-towns, within his earldom, most commonly the *third penny*; and we learn from the *Textus Roffensis*, that he derived an emolument from the punishment of thieves, and a third part of all fines paid into the courts of the king.

4. *Weres*, *Heriots*, and *Reliefs*. *Weres* was the value set upon the life of every person, and in case he was murdered it was payable to the nearest surviving relations. The *were* of a king was 30,000 *scatta*, equal to about 120*l*.; that of a *thane*, 1,200 shillings; and of a *ceorl*, 200.

Heriots were introduced by the Danes. They signify the horses and arms which were surrendered to the lord on the death of the vassal.

Reliefs were fees paid to the king, on succeeding to lands, or titles. They were introduced, probably, not long before the Norman conquest.

5. *Thanes*. This title is generally supposed to have been introduced into England from the north. It may be translated *officer*, as the king had several, such as his *disc thegn*, or *thane of the dishes*; *hregel thegn*, or *thane of the wardrobe*; *hors thegn*, or *thane of the horses*. In time all officers came to be called *thanes*, and soon after it was used only as a title of honour.

Serviens was a term applied to the household domestics of the noble, although some of them became possessed of considerable property; and this accounts for the confusion

which arises in consequence of some of the *servientes* being classed in Domesday Book with the *thanes*.

The most powerful subjects felt proud of this appellation; for among the *thanes* of Oxfordshire are mentioned Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury; Ilbert de Lacy; Robert de Olgy; *Earl* Hugo, &c. The distinction was very marked between a king's *thane* and an inferior *thane*, as is evinced in the treaty between Alfred and Guthrum, the Danish prince, in which it is expressly laid down, that if a king's *thane* was charged with murder, he might absolve himself by twelve king's *thanes*; but if a *bith læssa maga*, or inferior *thane*, was charged with the same crime, he might clear himself by eleven of the same rank, and one king's *thane*.

King's *thanes* were scattered over the whole of the kingdom, and included nearly all the great landholders. Whether they derived their title from their services to the king, or not, is uncertain. What contributed materially to raise the rank of this order, was a privilege laid down in the laws of Ethelred, viz. that no subject had any power over a *thane*, and no court was competent to try him, saving that of the king.

A seat in the *wittenagemote* did not necessarily form part of the privileges of a *thane*, but was frequently granted by the king, especially if the person was noble by birth, as great honours were paid by the Saxons to all of high descent. The title of *baron* appears at first to have been synonymous to that of *thane*, and afterwards to have superseded it. *Vassors* were an inferior kind of *thanes*, or *barons*.

Soc and *Sac* were the terms used in a charter, granting to the *thane* power to administer justice in his own district, where his vassals, socmen, and tenants, were required to be present: he likewise appropriated the fines, &c. incurred in these courts to his own uses. Such privileges, in most cases, were granted with the land, but there are instances in which they were given to lords not residing in the district: hence some *thanes* enjoyed the *soc* of many lands over which they had no power. *Soc* and *sac* were likewise possessed by many monasteries and religious houses.

J. N. B. Y.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Fine Arts.

MONUMENT TO SIR WILLIAM HOSTE, BART. &c.

This interesting memorial to British valour has just been placed in St. Paul's Cathedral. It stands upon a pedestal against one of the piers of the south aisle, left of the door, and opposite the space between the monuments to Major Gillespie and Sir John Moore.

The figure is of colossal size, is of light veined marble, and stands upon a polished pedestal of the same material. Upon the latter are the arms of Sir William Hoste, encircled with a wreath of oak; in which Lissa and Cattaro, scenes of Hoste's bravery, are not forgotten. Beneath the arms is the following inscription:

Sir William Hoste, Bart. K. C. B. K. M. T.

Captain in the Royal Navy.

Erected by his brother officers
and

The admirers of his Services.

As a work of art this monument is highly creditable to the chisel of Mr. Thomas Campbell. It is strikingly characteristic of the bold British seaman.

As a pendant, may be acceptable the following outline of the services which this monument is intended to commemorate. It forms one of the neatly-written biographies of the *Georgian Era*.

William, second son of the Rev. Dixon Hoste, of Goodwick, Norfolk, was descended from a very ancient family of Bruges, in Flanders, which, about the year 1569, came to reside in England. The subject of this memoir was born in 1780, and on the breaking out of the French revolutionary war, entered the navy as a midshipman, under the auspices of Nelson, who, in his letters, spoke of young Hoste as a good boy, and one that would shine in the service. Having been with his illustrious patron in the *Agamemnon*, and other ships, he was, after the expedition against Teneriffe, removed into the *Theseus*, seventy-four, commanded by Captain Ralph Miller. In August, 1798, Mr. Hoste succeeded to the command of the *Mutiné*, the only small vessel engaged in the battle of the Nile, and his appointment being confirmed, in December, by the admiralty, he remained in this ship until the conclusion of the war. On the 7th of January, 1802, he attained the rank of post-captain, when he commanded, in succession, the *Eurydice*, twenty-four, and the *Amphion* frigate.

In 1809, as senior officer in the Adriatic, he cruised with unremitting vigilance, and reinforced the garrisons of Corfu, Ancona, and the Ionian islands. On the 8th of February, his ship, the *Amphion*, in company with the *Redwing*, sloop-of-war, captured a French brig, and destroyed two store-houses at Melida, near the coast of Dalmatia. He subsequently assisted in taking thirteen valuable merchantmen in the mole of Pesaro; and his skill in conducting the attack, soon after so successfully made on the fort and vessels at Cortellazzo, obtained for him a very favourable notice in the official despatches of Lord Collingwood. In boat actions, Captain Hoste was singularly successful; and when unable to use his ships, he adopted that mode of attack in preference to inactivity. In June,



(Monument to Sir William Hoste, in St. Paul's Cathedral.)

1810, the boats of the *Amphion*, *Active*, and *Cerberus*, captured the town of Grao, in the Gulf of Trieste, together with a convoy of naval stores, designed for the arsenal, at Venice. On the 13th of March, 1811, the three ships above-named and the *Volage*, being all under the command of Captain Hoste, and carrying, in all, one hundred and fifty-six guns, and eight hundred and seventy-

nine men, defeated a combined French and Italian force, consisting of two hundred and eighty-four guns, and two thousand six hundred and fifty-five men, in a gallant action, which lasted for six hours, off the island of Lissa. Two of the enemy's vessels were taken, and a third was blown to pieces, and the English loss on the occasion was fifty men killed and one hundred and fifty wounded. All the British captains engaged in the affair were presented with a gold medal commemorative of the action. The *Amphion* having refitted at Malta, proceeded with the prizes to Portsmouth, where she was paid off on the 12th of August, 1811, and Captain Hoste returned, in the *Bacchante* frigate, to the Mediterranean, where, in addition to other successful enterprizes, he captured a French privateer and two valuable convoys on the coast of Istria and Apulia. On the 13th and 14th of November, 1812, the marines of the *Bacchante* and two other ships captured, without opposition, a small town, called Fesano, and Captain Hoste subsequently took two vessels proceeding with wine from Tarento to Corfu. In January, 1813, the boats of the *Bacchante* cut off a division of the enemy's flotilla; and, in the following month, captured two gun-boats and eight sail of merchantmen: one of the former of which was carrying despatches from Corfu, and had on board a French general of artillery, who was going with his suite to Otranto.

Captain Hoste hearing, on the 11th of May, that several vessels were lying in the channel of Karlebugo, proceeded towards that place, but the object of his visit had escaped before his arrival. He, however, determined on destroying the fort overlooking the harbour, which rendered it a good shelter for the convoys of the enemy. He accordingly attacked the batteries, and after some firing, the place surrendered.

On the 3rd of July, 1813, he served on shore at the capture of Fiume, and landed, two days afterwards, at Porto Ré, where he blew up the deserted forts, and despoiled the guns and their carriages. On the 2nd of the following month, after assisting in silencing the batteries at Rovigno, he headed a party of seamen, who drove the French from the town, demolished the works, and carried off part of a large convoy, having burned the rest in the harbour. He next assisted in the reduction of the fortresses of Cattaro and Ragusa, both of which, in January, 1814, came into the possession of the English.

In March of the same year, at the request of the inhabitants of Parga, on the coast of Albania, Captain Hoste proceeded thither against the French garrison, and the town and fortifications fell into his hands soon after his arrival. This was his last achievement; for he soon after quitted the *Bacchante*, on account of ill-health, and returned to Eng-

land, as a passenger, in the *Cerberus* frigate. On the 23rd of May, 1814, he received the royal permission to accept and wear the insignia of a knight of the Austrian military order of Maria Theresa; and on the 23rd of July following, was raised to the dignity of a baronet of Great Britain. In the same year, he obtained an honourable augmentation of his family arms, in respect to the action off Lissa; and on the enlargement of the order of the Bath, in January, 1815, he was nominated one of the first knights commanders.

Sir William Hoste, subsequently to this period, commanded the *Albion*, seventy-four, which was stationed at Portsmouth as a guard-ship, and had the command of his majesty's yacht, the *Royal George*, until his death, which occurred in 1828.

He left six children, and was twice married: his second wife being Lady Harriet Walpole, (sister of the present Earl of Orford,) to whom he was united on the 17th of April, 1817. Sir William Hoste died in London, on the 6th of December, 1828, in the forty-eighth year of his age. He has left three sons, and three daughters.

Hoste was a man of coolness and courage in battle; and in the action off Lissa, when the enemy were advancing to break the line, he familiarly hailed his friend, Captain Gordon, then commanding the *Active*, the ship immediately astern of the *Amphion*, in the following words:—"I say, Jemmy, pass the word to keep the flying jib-boom over the taffel, for we must not let these rascals break the line. Half-an-hour on this tack, is worth two on the other."

He was likewise a man of disinterestedness and magnanimity,—qualities which he displayed on the termination of the conflict, in the *Bocca de Cattaro*, when he said, to the captain of the *Saracen*, "Come, Harper, you were the first to conceive the expedition:—let the *Saracen* take possession of *Cattaro*."

New Books.

VISIT TO THE ESCURIAL.*
(From *Mr. Beckford's Travels*.)

I HATE being roused out of bed by candle-light on a sharp, wintry morning; but as I had fixed to-day for visiting the *Escorial*, and had stationed three relays on the road, in order to perform the journey expeditiously, I thought myself obliged to carry my plan into execution.

The weather was cold and threatening, the sky red and deeply coloured. Roxas was to be of our party, so we drove to his brother, the Marquis of Villanueva's, to take him up.

It was past eight before we issued out of the gates of Madrid, and rattled along an

* For an Engraving and Description of this superb Palace, see *Mirror*, vol vi., p. 308—322.

avenue on the banks of the *Mancanares* full gallop, which brought us to the *Casa del Campo*, one of the king's palaces, wrapped up in groves and thickets. We continued a mile or two by the wall of this inclosure, and leaving *La Sarsuela*, another royal villa, surrounded by shrubby hillocks, on the right, traversed three or four leagues of a wild, naked country, and after ascending several considerable eminences, the sun broke out, the clouds partially rolled away, and we discovered the white buildings of this far-famed monastery, with its dome and towers detaching themselves from the bold background of a lofty, irregular mountain.

We were now about a league off: the country wore a better aspect than near Madrid. To the right and left of the road, which is of a noble width, and perfectly well made, lie extensive parks of greensward, scattered over with fragments of rock and stumps of oak and ash-trees. Numerous herds of deer were standing stock-still, quietly lifting up their innocent noses, and looking us full in the face with their beautiful eyes, secure of remaining unmolested, for the King never permits a gun to be discharged in these inclosures.

The *Escorial*, though overhung by melancholy mountains, is placed itself on a very considerable eminence, up which we were full half an hour toiling, the late rains having washed this part of the road into utter confusion. There is something most severely impressive in the façade of this regal convent, which, like the palace of *Persepolis*, is overshadowed by the adjoining mountain; nor did I pass through a vaulted cloister into the court before the church, solid as if hewn out of a rock, without experiencing a sort of shudder, to which no doubt the vivid recollection of the black and blood-stained days of our gloomy Queen Mary's husband not slightly contributed. The sun being again overcast, the porches of the church, surmounted by grim statues, appeared so dark and cavern-like, that I thought myself about to enter a subterraneous temple, set apart for the service of some mysterious and terrible religion. And when I saw the high altar, in all its pomp of jasper steps, ranks of columns one above the other, and paintings filling up every interstice, full before me, I felt completely awed.

The sides of the recess, in which this imposing pile is placed, are formed by lofty chapels, almost entirely occupied by catafalques of gilt enamelled bronze. Here, with their crowns and sceptres humbly prostrate at their feet, bare-headed and unhelmed, kneel the figures, large as life, of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and his imperious son, the second Philip, accompanied by those of their unhappy consorts and ill-fated children. My sensations of dread and dreariness were

not diminished upon finding myself alone in such company; for Roxas had left me to deliver some letters to his right reverence the prior, which were to open to us all the arcane of this terrific edifice, at once a temple, a palace, a convent, and a tomb.

Presently my amiable friend returned, and with him a tall old monk, with an ash-coloured, forbidding countenance, and staring eyes, the expression of which was the farthest removed possible from anything like cordiality. This was the mystagogue of the place—the prior in *propria persona*, the representative of St. Jerome, as far as this monastery and its domain were concerned, and a disciplinarian of celebrated rigidity. He began examining me from head to foot, and after what I thought rather a strange scrutiny, asked me in broad Spanish what I wished particularly to see. Then turning to Roxas, he said loud enough for me to hear him, "He is very young; does he understand what I say to him? But, as I am peremptorily commanded to show him about, I suppose I must comply, though I am quite unused to the office of explaining our curiosities. However, if it must be, it must; so let us begin, and not dally. I have no time to spare, you well know, and have quite enough to do in the choir and the convent."

After this not very gracious exordium, we set forth on our tour. First we visited some apartments with vaulted roofs, painted in arabesque, in the finest style of the sixteenth century; and then a vast hall, which had been used for the celebration of mass, whilst the great church was building, where I saw the Perla in all its purity, the most delicately finished work of Raphael, the Peace, with its divine angel, graceful infant; and devout young Tobit, breathing the very soul of pious, unaffected simplicity. My attention was next attracted by that most profoundly pathetic of pictures, Jacob weeping over the bloody garment of his son; the loliest proof in existence of the extraordinary powers of Velasquez in the noblest work of art.

These three pictures so absorbed my admiration, that I had little left for a host of glorious performances by Titian and the highest masters, which cover the plain, massive walls of these conventual rooms with a paradise of glowing colours; so I passed along almost as rapidly as my grumbling cicerone could desire, and followed him up several flights of stairs, and through many and many an arched passage and vestibule, all of the sternest Doric, into the choir, which is placed over the grand western entrance, right opposite, at the distance of more than 200 feet, to the high altar and its solemn accompaniments. No regal chamber I ever beheld, can be compared, in point of sober harmonious majesty, to this apartment, which looks more as if it belonged to a palace than

to a church. The series of stalls, designed in a severer taste than was common in the sixteenth century, are carved out of the most precious woods the Indies could furnish. At the extremity of this striking perspective of onyx-coloured seats, columns, and canopies, appears suspended upon a black velvet pall that revered image of this crucified Saviour, formed of the purest ivory, which Cellini seems to have sculptured in moments of devout rapture and inspiration. It is by far his finest work; his Perseus, at Florence, is tame and laboured in comparison.

In a long, narrow corridor which runs behind the stalls, paneled all over like an inlaid cabinet, I was shown a beautiful little organ, in a richly chased silver case, which accompanied Charles the fifth in his African expedition, and must often have gently beguiled the cares of empire, for he played on it, tradition says, almost every evening. That it is worth playing upon, even now, I can safely vouch, for I never touched any instrument with a tone of more delicious sweetness; and touch it I did, though my austere conductor, the sour-visaged prior, looked doubly forbidding on the occasion.

The stalls I have just mentioned are much less ornamented than those I have seen in Pavia and many other monasteries; the ceiling of this noblest of choirs, displays the utmost exuberance of decoration—the richest and most gorgeous of spectacles, the heavens and all the powers therein. Imagination can scarcely conceive the pomp and prodigality of pencil with which Luca Giordano has treated this subject, and filled every corner of the vast space it covers with well-rounded forms, that seem actually starting from the glowing clouds with which they are enwreathed.

"Is not this fine?" said the monk; "you can have nothing like it in your country. And now be pleased to move forward; for the day is wasting, and you will have little time left to examine our inestimable relics, and the jewelled shrines in which they are deposited."

We went down from the choir, I can scarcely tell whither, such is the extent and intricacy of this stupendous edifice. We passed, I believe, through some of the lateral chapels of the great church, into several quadrangles, one in particular, with a fountain under a cupola in the centre, surrounded by Doric arcades, equal in justness of proportion and architectural terseness to Palladio's court in the convent of S. Giorgio Maggiore.

My lord the prior, not favouring a prolonged survey, I reluctantly left this beautiful court, and was led into a low gallery, roofed and wainscoted with cedar, lined on both sides by ranges of small doors of different coloured Brazil-wood, looking in appearance, at least, as solid as marble. Four sacristans,

and as many lay-brothers, with large lighted flambeaux of yellow wax in their hands, and who, by the by, never quitted us more the remainder of our peregrinations, stood silent as death, ready to unlock those mysterious entrances.

The first they opened exhibited a buffet, or credence, three stories high, set out with many a row of grinning skulls, looking as pretty as gold and diamonds could make them; the second, every possible and impossible variety of odds and ends, culled from the carcasses of martyrs; the third, enormous ebony presses, the secrets of which I begged, for pity's sake, might not be intruded upon for my recreation, as I began to be heartily weaned of sight-seeing; but when my conductors opened the fourth mysterious door, I absolutely shrank back, almost sickened by a perfume of musk and ambergris.

A spacious vault was now disclosed to me, one noble arch, richly panelled; had the pavement of this strange-looking chamber been strewn with saffron, I should have thought myself transported to the enchanted courser's forbidden stable we read of in the tale of the Three Calenders.

The prior, who is not easily pleased, seemed to have suspicions that the seriousness of my demeanour was not entirely orthodox; I overheard him saying to Roxas, "Shall I show him the Angel's feather? you know we do not display this our most valued, incomparable relic to everybody, nor unless upon special occasions."—"The occasion is sufficiently special," answered my partial friar; "the letters I brought to you are your warrant, and I beseech your reverence to let us look at this gift of heaven, which I am extremely anxious myself to adore and venerate."

Forth stalked the prior, and drawing out from a remarkably large cabinet an equally capacious sliding shelf—(the source, I conjecture, of the potent odour I complained of)—displayed lying stretched out upon a quilted silken mattress, the most glorious specimen of plumage ever beheld in terrestrial regions—a feather from the wing of Archangel Gabriel, full three feet long, and of a blushing hue more soft and delicate than that of the loveliest rose.

We all knelt in silence, and when we rose up after the holy feather had been again deposited in its perfumed lurking-place, I fancied the prior looked doubly suspicious, and uttered a sort of *humph* very doggedly; nor did his ill-humour evaporate upon my desiring to be conducted to the library. "It is too late for you to see the precious books and miniatures by daylight," replied the crusty old monk, "and you would not surely have me run the risk of dropping wax upon them. No, no, another time, another time, when you come earlier. For the present, let

us visit the tomb of the catholic kings; there, our flambeaux will be of service without doing injury."

He led the way through a labyrinth of cloisters, gloomy as the grave; till ordering a grated door to be thrown open, the light of our flambeaux fell upon a flight of most beautiful marble steps, polished as a mirror, leading down between walls of the rarest jaspers to a portal of no great size, but enriched with balusters of rich bronze, sculptured architraves, and tablets of inscriptions, in a style of the greatest magnificence.

As I descended the steps, a gurgling sound, like that of a rivulet, caught my ear. "What means this?" said I. "It means," answered the monk, "that the sepulchral cave on the left of the stairs, where repose the bodies of many of our queens and infants, is properly ventilated, running water being excellent for that purpose." I went on, not lulled by these rippling murmurs, but chilled when I reflected through what precinct flows this river of death.

Arrived at the bottom of the stairs, we passed through the portal just mentioned, and entered a circular saloon, not more than five-and-thirty feet in diameter, characterized by extreme elegance, not stern solemnity. The regal sarcophagi, rich in golden ornaments, ranged one above the other, forming panels of the most decorative kind; the lustre of exquisitely sculptured bronze, the pavement of mottled alabaster; in short, this graceful dome, covered with scrolls of the most delicate foliage, appeared to the eye of my imagination more like a subterranean boudoir, prepared by some gallant young magician for the reception of an enchanted and enchanting princess, than a temple consecrated to the king of terrors.

My conductor's visage growing longer and longer every minute, and looking pretty nearly as grim as that of the last-mentioned sovereign, I whispered Roxas it was full time to take our leave; which we did immediately after my intimating that express desire, to the no small satisfaction, I am perfectly convinced, of my lord the prior.

Cold and hungry, for we had not been offered a morsel of refreshment, we repaired to a warm, opulent-looking habitation belonging to one of my kind companion's most particular friends, a much favoured attendant of his catholic Majesty; here we were received with open arms and generous hospitality; and it grew pitch dark before we quitted this comfortable shelter from the piercing winds, which blow almost perpetually over the Escorial, and returned to Madrid.

He that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.—*Swift.*

The Public Journals.

THE GENIUS OF MILTON.

[THE following are a few passages from Sir Egerton Brydges's very clever paper, to which we pointed attention in a recent Number. We have passed over the writer's biting replies to Johnson's judgment of Milton's politics, retaining merely Sir Egerton's explanation of the poet's siding with the parliament for a few vivid lines descriptive of Milton's predilections, and ending with such a sneer at Johnson's exclusion from "high families" as might be expected from the claimant of a peerage.]

The first years of Milton's manhood, while residing with his father at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, were delineated in the most beautiful colours in his Latin poems, which form a beautiful portion of autobiography. Here his studies, his pursuits, his amusements, and his feelings, are described with a glow which leaves no room to doubt of the sincerity of the picture; and it is such as forms a becoming prelude to the works of the mighty author of the *Paradise Lost*. His ardent thirst for classical studies, his delight in rural scenery and the charms of nature, his love of solitude, his pure affections, his lofty thoughts, his scorn of all vulgar ambitions, his conscious virtue and self-dignity—exhibit his moral character in the most amiable light. Here is no puritan severity, no republican sternness, no mean hatred of the great; but a contempt for the sordid and money-getting pursuits of life, for the coarse and clamorous amusements of the mob, for the distractions of noisy society, and for the base feelings of neglect and insult with which they who are not clothed in the gaudy and golden trappings of worldly prosperity are treated. What grand mind, not born to rank and riches, would enter the servile career of low ambition? Who thus born, that feels himself high in native gifts, would not shun to place himself where he must bend and crouch to adventitious superiority? Here Milton taught himself to smile with placid self-confidence at that fallacious estimate of high and low, which the dull and the grovelling take from superficial prosperity and the tinsel trappings of wealth.

In this rural retreat, Milton became acquainted with the Countess Dowager of Derby, and the Bridgewater family, at the neighbouring seat of Harefield, in Middlesex. For them the *Arcades* and the inimitable *Masque of Comus* were written. Lady Derby was by birth a Spenser of Althorp, and had been the patroness of her relation, the immortal poet of that name. Her daughter was married to the Earl of Bridgewater, the son of the celebrated Lord Chancellor Egerton. These families moved in the highest

sphere of nobility; and the notice he thus received, and the honour he thus reflected, give no indication of Puritan bigotry. Warton has rescued the anecdote that gave birth to the fiction of *Comus*: and we must suppose that Milton himself was at this time (1634) visiting at Ludlow Castle, where Lord Bridgewater kept his court as Lord President of Wales. The poet's age was then twenty-six.

I can command no language adequate to speak of *Comus* in terms becoming the copiousness and richness of its poetical beauties. We may find patches of beautiful imagery in other contemporary poets; but here all is one tissue of enchanting richness. At this period Milton's mind appears to have overflowed with poetry, unmingled with alloy: it was a blaze of poetry.

Three years afterwards he wrote his *Lycidas*, which was in a similar strain of excellence, notwithstanding all the bad taste, unfeeling invectives, and absurd cavils, by which Johnson has disgraced himself in attempting to depreciate it.

Milton must now have been happy: these poems breathe an exquisite sense of enjoyment. He reflects external images of moral beauty and grandeur with so much brightness and freshness—there is so much benevolent, graceful, and exalted sentiment associated with his pictures—so much virtue, such an enlightened and philosophical morality, so much nature, so much novelty—that the mind which does not receive delight from them must be very vitiated or very hard.

When minor poets exert themselves to be rich, striking, and original, they are fantastic, extravagant, and hyperbolic. It is of no use to search for beauties, and pump them by violence out of the brain. If they do not rise voluntarily, and if the thought does not suggest the language and dress, the strain will not be genuine; and the effect will fail, and to enlightened readers produce disgust. Milton's poetry is like rich, mellow, and unadulterated wine, compared with rough, raw mixtures of vile ingredients and false stimulants. It is the nectar of the gods, and enraptures, yet not inebriates.

Johnson's account of Milton's travels through France to Italy, and back by Geneva, is dry, short, and unsatisfactory. He might, more especially, have said more about the notice he received from Manso, the patron of Tasso, and himself a poet; on whom the beautiful Latin epistle, which Milton addressed to him, might have furnished many suggestions.

Johnson has omitted to notice that the route taken by Italy was exactly pursued a hundred years afterwards by Gray. It is probable that Gray's knowledge of the arts was more nice and particular than Milton's, and so far that he enjoyed his travels still

more; but Milton had a bolder, grander, and more fertile mind, though his scholarship might not be so minute, exact, and delicate. Gray had an effeminate fastidiousness, of which Milton's daring temper would have been impatient.

We may suppose the great poet eagerly listening to Manso as to all he could tell him of the unfortunate Tasso's history and habits; and we must deeply regret that he has not committed to writing and conveyed to posterity what he learned. But this sort of curiosity was not accustomed to be gratified in those days. How little has been recorded of Shakespeare and Spenser! The Italians have done more for their early poets: we have much minute knowledge of Dante, and especially of Petrarch. The whole personal history of Tasso is so romantic, and so full of affecting incidents, that it is itself as interesting as a grand poetical fiction. There is no more afflicting story than the story of Tasso's madness. We must believe that Milton did not fail to visit his birthplace.

His Latin epistle to Manso will show what were his desires and ambitions at this time, and how worthy even then he thought himself of the notice of Tasso's patron. It is here that he throws out the design, on which he was thus early brooding, of an epic on Prince Arthur, and the early British history, and his confidence of the laurel that hereafter awaits his brows, and of his retirement to the grave in glory after dignified labours and an honourable old age. And thus it was that already he calmly contemplated the strength and splendour of his own mighty powers. This poem, therefore, forms an important document of his early life, and shows that he nursed his immortal aspirations, not only secretly, but ventured to express them in broad day before one habituated to the friendship, and familiar with the works of one of the three greatest poets in Europe since the revival of learning. This was not presumptuous in him who had already written *Comus* and *Lycidas*.

It cannot be doubted that Milton's travels in Italy enriched his mind with many additional poetical materials. Not only the magnificence of the scenery of the Alps, the Apennines, and the Bay of Naples, but the wonderful specimens of the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, must have enlarged his knowledge, and added splendour to his imagination. Johnson had no eyes for these things; and therefore passes over this topic in silence. Here Milton, treading at every step upon classic ground,

"By godlike poets venerable made,"

must have had all his enthusiasms cherished and inflamed.

Johnson now coarsely rallies his memory, that on his return to England, all this glorious preparation ends in his retiring to an obscure

court in London to take private pupils. Such sarcasms do not come well from Johnson, who had himself been a schoolmaster. We cannot believe this to have been a willing occupation, but the probable effect of dire necessity: at least it was innocent and virtuous, and began with the instruction of his own nephews. But Johnson takes this opportunity to give his opinion on the various plans of education, and to declare what he considers the most useful knowledge to be taught young persons. And here he introduces, in favour of moral knowledge, one of the finest passages in his numerous works.

In prose Milton's style was not the best; it wanted ease and simplicity, and had not a vernacular cast: it was the reverse of that flow, transparency, flexibility, and colloquial grace, which so eminently shone in Cowley's prose style. Now and then, indeed, when he rose to great thoughts, it might have the dignity and force of his poetical manner.

But it seems to me that Milton's stern morals, simple habits, lonely studies, and native independence of mind, listed his *conscience* on the side of the parliament. It must have been an unbending sense of justice which led him away from some of those attractions of courts which had a peculiar charm for the splendour of his imagination. He loved all the pomp of chivalry and feudal magnificence, the concourse of ladies, the clash of arms, the sounds of martial music, and the display of banners, in halls and palaces. This taste he himself mentions in his *L'Allegro*. He loved these things because they formed the semblance of heroism and glory. He loved, too, the castles and mansions of great noblemen, when they encouraged literature as became them, and lived with the generous sense of inherited greatness—such as the Earl of Bridgewater at Ludlow, and the old Countess of Derby at Harefield. He was not, therefore, himself a sour Calvinist and dull unpliant Republican. He saw scenes of aristocratic brilliance which Johnson never saw, and associated with high families such as Johnson never had admission to.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE ERL-KING.*

From the German of Goethe.

Who rideth so late o'er the windy wild?
It is the father with his child;
He has the boy firmly in his arm
He holds him safely, he keeps him warm.

* The *Erl-king*, or *Alder-king*, should seem to be a German spectre who inhabits the alder-tree, and has a propensity to run away with pretty children. Of his Majesty's other royal pursuits the translator is not possessed of any information. Both this ballad and the *Water Sprite* are introduced by Goethe in a little musical one-act piece, called the *Fish Girl*, *Die Fischchen*, which appears to have been represented "in the natural theatre at Tifurt on the Ilm." They have both been given to the English reader by Monk Lewis—but his versions are rather paraphrases than translations.

"My son, why hid'st thou thy face in such fear?"
 "See'st thou, not father, the Erl-king there?"
 The Erl-king with his train and crown?"
 "It is a vapour-streak, my son."

"Thou lovely child, come, go with me!
 Very fine plays I will play with thee.
 Many gay flowers on the strand unfold;
 My mother hath many a garment of gold."

"My father! my father! and dost thou not hear
 What the Erl-king is promising low in mine ear?"
 "Be quiet—keep quiet, my child; 'tis the breeze
 Whispering through the dry leaves on the trees."

"Thou pretty boy, wilt go with me?
 My daughters shall daintily wait on thee;
 My daughters their nightly revels shall keep,
 And rock, and dance, and sing thee to sleep."

"My father! my father! and see'st thou not
 Erl king's daughters in yon murky spot?"
 "My son! my son! I see it clear,
 'Tis the old willow-trees that so grey appear!"

"I love thee! thy fair form my fancy doth lure;
 And if thou'rt not willing, I use my pow'r."
 "My father! my father! he's seizing me!
 Erl-king has put me to agony!"

The father shudders—he hastes o'er the wild;
 He holds in his arms his sobbing child:
 Reaches his home with toil and dread;
 In his arms the child was dead.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

CAUSES OF DRUNKENNESS.

In the *Phrenological Journal*, lately published, a writer enumerates three causes of drunkenness, and shows that the remedy for each must be according to the cause. The first is—

An innate love of intoxicating liquor, in the form of a strong craving appetite.

It is well known that particular individuals are affected with this craving; apparently as a positive disease. We have known well-educated females in the middle and higher ranks the victims of it; whom no principles of religion, morality, or shame, could restrain from the immoderate use of ardent spirits. It is certain that, among men, there are numerous and unhappy examples of a similar disposition. It is also a matter of common remark, that occasionally, in the same family, some individuals are the victims of this vice, while others are entirely free from it, although all have been trained from infancy in the same manner.

According to phrenological principles, the drunkard, from this cause, is a patient who requires physical as well as moral treatment. He must, by all means, be restrained from using intoxicating liquors, and subjected to a long course of physical training, to change the habits of his body, before any success in his reformation can be expected; and it is not to be confidently relied on, even when all these measures have been applied. Repentance, promises of amendment, and other merely mental impressions, have as little abiding influence on such men as the waves raised by the wind have on the surface of a

lake; they may be strong while they last, but their endurance is brief, and their effects truly transitory.

A second cause of intemperance may be extreme deficiency of food, either in quantity or quality, accompanied by hard labour. The effect of bodily labour, carried beyond the physical strength of the individual, is to exhaust the nervous system of its energy and vivacity. When toil ceases, there is a painful feeling of want and depression, attended with a craving for stimulus, which is nearly intolerable. Looking to the cause of the evil for our direction in applying a remedy to it, we would prescribe wholesome food in sufficient quantity, cleanliness, fresh air, and labour proportioned to the strength. The application of these sanative means, however, requires time, money, and a condition of mind in which the whole conduct is subjected to moral restraint. The individuals subject to this form of temptation, however, are, in general, sunk deep in helpless poverty, and, at the end of each day's labour, are scarcely able to provide means for purchasing the plainest food in the most moderate quantity. Beset by the feeling of depression, and that heart-gnawing craving for stimulus and reaction which we have described, they fly, as if impelled by an irresistible infatuation, to the gin-shop, and enjoy a moment's felicity, which we verily believe to be to them inexpressibly delicious, although most transitory, and soon to be followed by suffering still more severe than that which it for the moment relieves. If this be a correct description of the cause of intemperance in a large proportion of the operative classes, it points out the means necessary to be adopted for its removal. The physical condition of the sufferers must be improved as the first step.

A third cause of intemperance may be a flow of exuberant spirits, arising from strong health and worldly prosperity, in persons of little education, knowledge, and mental cultivation. Our intemperate ancestors, of the higher and middle classes, were men of this description. They felt within themselves a great capacity of enjoyment; but having few ideas, and no intellectual pursuits, they were grievously at a loss to discover in which direction they could obtain substantial pleasure. The bottle presented itself to their imaginations as the readiest and most obvious fountain of joy. They drank deep, and expanded their souls in rude and boisterous merriment. We recollect striking examples of this species of intemperance being exhibited by the farmers of the fertile districts of Scotland, about the years 1800-1-2-3, and upwards. They had entered life expecting to maintain a hard struggle with fortune, and to obtain only daily bread in an humble way, without the least prospect of

becoming rich. By the progress of the war, and the restrictions of cash payments by the Bank of England, prices of agricultural produce rose to an unprecedented height, and wealth poured into their coffers in copious streams, absolutely without an effort. There is no rivalry in trade among farmers, for the prices of their commodities are affected by causes so extensive, that individuals appear to have no influence over them. They are, therefore, either in prosperity or in adversity at the same time, and cordially sympathize with each other in every turn of fortune's wheel. At the time above-mentioned, the whole tenantry of large tracts of country, whose minds were so moderately cultivated that they only knew how to read, and scarcely to write, found themselves becoming gentlemen all at once; and they gave indulgence to their mirth in frequent and long-protracted festivities. We knew of a "house-heating" among them, which was supported for two nights and a day, the guests eating, drinking, and sleeping by turns, the shutters being closed, the candles burning, and the feast going forward all the time without intermission. Drunkenness in these classes has almost entirely ceased; and why? because the men have become more intelligent, and the women more refined, in consequence of a far higher education, procured by the very wealth, which at first, when ill applied, deteriorated their habits.

MODERN ROME AND ROMANS.

(From Anastasius.)

As I approached the ancient mistress of the world, the Eternal City, the destroyer of Greece, my heart beat high. But, alas! if he who names Rome, names energy, names strength; he who beholds her in her present fallen state, beholds nothing but feebleness, and imbecility: he beholds the prostrate members of a giant, and corruption at work among their mouldering remains. Sheep graze round the altar, where captive monarchs were slaughtered in the name of Jove, the great and the good: and silence reigns in that arena where 80,000 spectators could at once count the pangs of wretches, tortured in frightful reality to represent some ancient fable. The very monuments of a more recent date only arise like fresher weeds, out of the ashes of former decay:—they are only the fungus starting forth from the craved base of some nobler pile; and which, by feeding on that fabric's substance, achieves its destruction.

Silva seemed to enjoy my disappointment: satire was his profession. "These people," said he, "cannot prevent the sun of their fine climate from shining at its stated hours; but they make their streets impervious to its cheering light: a deep gloom meets the eye, wherever towers man's abode. They cannot

prohibit the rich vegetation of their fertile soil, from diffusing its fragrance; but they collect every villainous odour to subdue Nature's sweets, and convert one sense at least into means of torture. They cannot cancel the spring's ancient privilege of enamelling alike with flowers the hill and the valley—the garden and the desert; but they tarry in their fetid towns till the magic has vanished, and autumn sears the leaf, and embrowns the parched meadow: no one thinks of country rambles before the summer's close. They cannot stop the crystal rills while gushing down the mountain's slope; but they suffer their aqueducts to ooze out the captive stream, and to convert the healthy plain into a pestilential marsh. They cannot dive into the innermost recesses of the human brain, to nip in its first germs every brightest faculty; but conducting its developments as the Chinese do that of their peach and plum trees, they encompass each tender shoot of the intellect with so many minute fetters, religious, political, and social, that dwarfs are produced when giants were intended. Their very city has been allowed to slip from its seven hills into the sink between. They clip their trees into men, and their men into singers. Their law deems infamous—not the thief, but the magistrate—the *borgello*. Their tribunals sell justice to the highest bidder; their churches protest from it, the criminal; and the huge temple on which we now stand," (for from St. Peter's proud dome went forth this bitter diatribe,) "built at the expense of all Christendom on a foundation which stands awry, and with a cupola which yawns with rents—contains absolution for every sin, as well as confessionals appropriated to every language. The word *virtue* indeed exists in the language, but it is applied to skill in singing; and as to *valour*, the former signification of the same word, it is a quality which during so many ages has been let to hire:—first, in the gross, by the *condottieri*, and next more in detail by the brave, that it has become discreditable; and cowardice, under the name of caution, forms not only the privilege of the priest, but the pride of the cavalier. Visit a friend in the day-time, and he surveys you through a grated hole in the entrance-door ere he dares to let you in: venture out at night, and from a distance you are bidden to avert your eyes, lest one murder witnessed, should necessitate a second. The very head of the church; when in the Holy of the Holies, dares not take the consecrated wine, except through a gilded reed, lest his lips should suck in poison. Thank God, however, this mass of imbecility and vice hies fast to its fate: for, if the grant of St. Peter's domain is yet saved awhile, its seals are all torn off, and its ornaments defaced. Nature herself conspires with man in the work of just destruction.

In that sky so transparent, lurks a permanent poison; which formerly only creeping like the adder along the hollow valley, now soars like the eagle above the steepest hills, and invades the last abodes once safe from its intrusion. Thus shall the world's ancient mistress again return to naught; and as the herdsman once wandered in solitude where Rome in later days arose, so shall the herdsman again wander in solitude where Rome has ceased to be."

The Gatherer.

Forbearance.—Diogenes, (not the Cynic,) surnamed the Babylonian, from his birth-place, Seleucia, near Babylon, was a celebrated lecturer, and while he was delivering a lecture against choler, exclaiming with great force against that passion, an insolent young man, with the hope of exposing him to the ridicule of his audience, spit in his face, and otherwise contumeliously treated him; upon which the philosopher observed with meekness, "I am not angry, but I am doubtful whether I ought to be so."

At Old Calabar, in the interior of Africa, the natives get everything they want from Europe in exchange for the oil from the palm, which grows wild in their forests. The sugar-cane is there gathered in its wild state, and devoured in quantities by the slaves.

A stuffed Human Skin.—The skin of Valerian, by command of Sapor, the Persian king, who retained him while living as his prisoner, is related to have been "dyed scarlet, and stuffed, and then placed in a temple, as an enduring monument of the shame of Rome."

Savoury Visit.—William Beukelzoon, or, as some have written his name, Beukelings, first taught the Dutch the art of curing herrings, and was a native of Bier Uliet, where he died and was buried in 1397. When the Emperor Charles V. was in the Low Countries, he made a journey with the Queen of Hungary to view the tomb of this first barreller of herrings.

Fruit and Bloom.—There was, on August 25, growing in the open nursery ground at Highbury Barn, an apple tree in full bloom and also bearing fruit. P. T. W.

Valuable Meal.—The bustard, like the ostrich, swallows small stones, bits of metal, and the like. Buffon tells, that in the stomach of one which was opened by the Academics, there were found, besides small stones, to the number of ninety double-blooms, all worn and polished by the attrition of the stomach. P. T. W.

Early Hours.—The author of *Vathek*, in his travels in Spain, writes from Madrid, "The play ended at eight, and we came back to tea by our fireside."

Africa.—Mr. Coulthurst, who went on an expedition to the interior of Africa, in 1832, may be said to have died through despair, in consequence of the King of the Eboes refusing to allow him to pass his territories. He had not been exposed to any very severe fatigue; but, his disappointment was great, and he laboured under considerable debility and depression of spirits. He died, without much suffering, on the second day after he had embarked on his return to Fernando Po. From infancy, his heart had been set on African enterprise: and his family is still in possession of some of his Eton school-books, in which maps of Africa, with his supposed travels in the interior are delineated.

The Lyonnese.—One anecdote out of a thousand will show the influence that commercial prejudice exercises over the Lyonnese merchants in matters of art. The drama of *Antony* was acted before a numerous audience and as has sometimes happened to that piece, in the midst of a very violent opposition. A merchant and his daughter were in a front-box. The father at first took a lively interest in the drama, but after the scene between Antony and the mistress of the inn, his enthusiasm manifestly cooled; his daughter, on the contrary, had from that moment felt an increasing emotion, which in the last act burst into a passion of tears. When the curtain fell, the father, who had exhibited visible signs of impatience during the last two acts, perceiving his daughter's tears, said, "Bless me, what a stupid girl you must be to allow yourself to be affected by such utter nonsense."

"Ah, papa, it is not my fault," replied the poor girl, quite confused, "forgive me, I know that it is very ridiculous."

"Ridiculous! yes, ridiculous is the proper phrase; for my part, I cannot comprehend how any one could be interested by such monstrous improbabilities."

"Good heavens, papa! it is just because I find it so perfectly true."

"True, child! can you have paid any attention to the plot?"

"I have not lost a single incident."

"Well—in the third act Antony buys a post-chaise—is it not so?"

"Yes; I remember it."

"And pays ready money down on the nail."

"I remember it very well."

"Well; he never took a receipt for it."

—From the *French of Dumas*.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

..* We shall be happy to receive the sketches from P. B.

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HERNE BAY AND PIER.

HERNE BAY AND PIER.

VERY few years have elapsed since the place now pointed to by thousands of steam-voyagers as Herne Bay, was a mere waste. It was, indeed, a wild tract which the eye willingly passed lightly by, notwithstanding it lies about halfway between Whitstable and Reculver, the former famed in the mouth of every *gourmet* for its delicious oysters, the latter a point of interesting prominence, and both on the northern coast of Kent. The village of Herne, which lies a short distance inland had, however, long been known as a select retreat for sea-bathing; "the line of shore here being far superior, by its peculiar advantages as a watering-place, to any other on the Kentish coast; standing on an easy elevation, commanding a delightful view of the ocean, without any accumulation of mud from the flow of the tide." The place is free from those stagnant pools, marshes, and low woodlands, which prevent a free circulation of air on many other parts of the coast; although it may be imagined that all proximity to the sea is of desirable salubrity. The health-giving fame of Herne is not a matter of yesterday: for Hasted records that in the reign of Henry VII., Sir John Fineux, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, purchased an estate in this parish, whereon "he builded his faire house for preserving his helth." A steam-boat wit may, therefore, have said that the settlers at Herne Bay have legal precedent for their adoption.

The village consisted only of a few cottages, irregularly built round a green, an oasis of rusticity which was easily passed over; and a little town was begun on the shore a mile and a half distant, seven miles from Canterbury, four miles westward of Reculver, nearly the same distance eastward of Whitstable, and fifteen miles westward of Margate. The place contains about eighty houses, and those facing the shore are neat and well-built, being mostly at the east or lower end of the bay. The inns have not been forgotten; for, at each extremity of the town is a Ship, or a Dolphin. At the eastern end are accommodations for bathing, with a clean, level shore. Such is the *old town*, the only direct mode of access to which was by way of Canterbury; for, a landing-place on the wide and shelving beach seemed to be out of the question, and persons travelling to Herne seaward were landed from the steam-boats, at a distance, sometimes, of two miles from the shore, in open boats—a practice which, any watering-place visitor must know to be an opportunity for extortionate charges and iucivility. This disadvantage induced a few persons to consult engineers and others acquainted with the coast, upon the practicability of erecting a Pier, to enable passengers and goods to be landed at all times of the

tide. The project was favourably entertained, a company was incorporated by Act of Parliament, and the design of the Pier was furnished by the late Mr. Telford, the eminent engineer. The first pile was driven on July 4, 1831; and the Pier was completed and opened to the public during the past summer.

The completion of the Pier led to a plan for the erection of a new town, westward of the junction of the Pier with the shore. A handsome terrace has been completed, or nearly so; and Sir Henry Oxendon has liberally granted a piece of ground for a new church, or chapel of ease. A market, and a crescent named after Mr. Telford, are also projected; and a splendid hotel facing the Pier is already completed. Other hotels and terraces have been finished; and there are several detached cottages. At the east end of the bay, likewise, a neat Gothic building has been erected as a chapel for dissenters, capable of holding about four hundred persons; attached to which, is a small burial-ground; and the congregation supports a school for the education of forty children. In short, Herne Bay, old and new, has the accommodations, and even luxuries, of an established town; as a library and reading-room; steam-boats to the metropolis, and to adjacent places on the coast; coaches and vans to the same, and improved roads; not forgetting those *ignes fatui* of improvement, beer-shops. Fronting the Bay extends a quay-wall (or *esplanade*, as the Brightonians have it), which runs a mile along the strand, and curbs the tides.

The Pier is a truly magnificent work. It extends upwards of 3,000 feet, or nearly two-thirds of a mile, into the sea. Its general form is that of a T; the head running in length parallel with the shore 400 feet, so as to form a complete breakerwater from the force of wind and tides, and afford a perfect shelter and security for vessels to lay protected within the same, either on the east or west side of the Pier. The Pier-head has an inclined plane on each side, 20 feet in width, for the convenience of landing passengers and carriages; and at the head will be placed a statue of the present Sovereign; the funds for which are raising by subscription, not exceeding 5s. from each person.

The Pier is constructed of immense timber piles, shod with iron, having five in a row, (the breadth of the platform,) each row being 20 feet distant; these are secured in their positions by equally strong cross and diagonal timbers, tied together by heavy iron bolts and screw nuts. The piles are sunk 14 feet below the water-mark, and find a very firm and secure bed in a strong, close, blue clay. The erection was so rapidly executed, that in September, 1832, or fourteen months from driving the first pile, there were 2,400 feet

completed and railed in, a height of three feet six inches; at which time also a commodious landing was afforded thereat, for two hours before and after high water. The breadth of the platform is 24 feet; and, landward, a very handsome balustrade branches off at either side. It need scarcely be added, that the Pier forms an agreeable promenade, with the enjoyment of those delightful marine breezes which conduce so highly to health. A band of music, and other social acquisitions, vary the charming scene.

In Capper's *Herne Bay Guide*, to which we are indebted for a few of these details, it is remarked, that "opposite the shore you observe, at a distance of two miles and a half, the Black Buoy, at the east end of the *Spaniard Sand*, No. 31; the west end of which lies opposite Whitstable. Beyond this sand is the five-fathom channel, and you can observe the Red Buoy upon the *Gilman Sand*, about half a mile further out, (which is the breadth of the Channel,) but more to the westward. About a mile and a half off Whitstable-street, lies the Black Buoy off the *Columbine*, a long sand at the entrance of the East Swale. This sand is hard, and is about half a mile broad, and two miles and a half long, stretching in towards Shellness Point on Harty Isle. Vessels of large burden, particularly colliers, can lie safely aground on soft mud, both in the east and west end of Herne Bay, within half a mile of the Dolphin public house, and small craft close in shore."

The Engravings show the Pier, as seen from the shore, and from the sea. The first is from an original sketch, taken on the day of opening the Pier, and shows a few of the ceremonial decorations, as flags, &c. The second Engraving is from a well-executed lithograph, by Mr. R. Cartwright, lithographic printer to the Pier Company, Warwick-place, Bedford Row.

THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

(Concluded from page 215.)

7. *Sithcundmen*. Great doubt exists among antiquaries as to the real derivation and meaning of this term. It appears to be made up of three words—*sith*, *cund*, and *man*. The meaning of the last is plain, the second may be translated *rank*, or *kind*, but that of the first is not known. Therefore, since conjecture would merely lead the reader into confusion, I shall briefly mention the significations which the word has been subjected to, and leave him to form his own opinion. Some derive it from the Saxon word *sithian*, to go a journey, because his occupation was supposed to be of a warlike nature, and consequently requiring constant activity. Another meaning given to *sith*, is *such*, for which we are indebted to Lye's Anglo-Saxon dictionary.

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These are the only two translations which carry with them any probability.

A *sithcundman* ranked higher than a *ceorl*, which is evinced by the fine for unlawful concubinage being fixed at 100 shillings for the former, whereas the latter's was only 50. He, however, could not be designated as a lord of land, as it is clear that he was a vassal, and did not pay his fine to the king, but to his lord.

There were two other grades, nearly synonymous with the *sithcundmen*, viz. *sixhindmen*, and *land agende men*, which three together form the connecting link between the *thane* and the lower order of *freemen*.

8. *Freemen*, including the different grades, or distinctions, of *ceorls*, *gafol-payers*, *villains*, *bordars*, *cotters*, *coscets*, *freedmen*, and *burgesses*.

In order to arrive at the right meaning of the word *freeman*, as used among the Anglo-Saxons, the reader must be informed that all the land of England was held of the crown, (see Domesday Book,) and that that portion of it which the nobles did not immediately require for their own purposes, was let on feudal service to *freemen*. The distinction between these and the slaves of the soil, (of whom I shall shortly have occasion to speak), was jealously and vigilantly preserved. I shall now proceed to describe the various classes of *freemen*, as mentioned above.

The word *ceorl* is of frequent occurrence among the early Anglo-Saxon annals, but gradually disappears; being succeeded, amongst many others, by importations from the Continent. Consequently, it is now rather difficult to explain the precise meaning of the term, apart from its inclusive signification of all *freemen*. Still, from what can be gathered, it would seem to be the appellation for a free husbandman.

Land was held likewise in some instances upon the payment of a fixed rent, or *gafol*, instead of feudal service, and the holders of it were styled *gafol-payers*. It was, however, generally much inferior to that held on the former tenure. In the treaty between Alfred and Guthrum, *gafol-payers* are expressly mentioned.

Doubts, which there is not much prospect of dissipating, have long confused the minds of the learned as to whether those denominated *villains*, *bordars*, *cotters*, and *coscets*, properly belonged to the free or servile portion of the population. From all the information, however, which can be obtained, it seems most probable that they belonged to the former. There appears not to have been much distinction between the four individually, and almost all that can be gleaned concerning their occupations, must be derived from the etymology of the name of each.

Villein is supposed to have first signified

the inhabitant of a *ville*, or village, and is so made use of in Domesday Book; but, at the Conquest, the Normans, in consequence of the word in their language meaning *low*, *base*, or *vile*, gave it to this class of husbandmen; although formerly they had only borne it on account of their residing in a *ville*. *Villeins* were held as the lowest class of *ceorls*, or *freemen*; and, though not disqualified, were considered unfit to give evidence against the *thanes*, or even the *landholders* of a *shire*.

With respect to *bordars*, the most plausible meaning given is, that it is derived from the Saxon word *bord*, a *cottage*, or *house*; and that they were a sort of purveyors of food, &c. for their lord's table.

Cotters may probably be so named from the *cote*, or *cottage*, in which they dwelt. *Cotters* are mentioned in Domesday Book, but almost always together with *villeins* and *bordars*. *Coscets* seem to me to have been synonymous with *cotters*, and the difference in name could only have arisen from the dialect not being the same in some counties as in others.

The privilege of freeing a *slave* existed with the lord, and after the manumission had taken place, they were styled *coleberti*, and entitled to all the immunities of a *ceorl*, or *freeman*. They seem, however, to have very seldom quitted the land.

There was another class of *freemen*, to whom it will be necessary briefly to advert. These were such as resided in *burgs*, or *military stations*, and were styled *burgesses*. The tenure on which they held the houses they occupied, was chiefly of a military kind. Some of them were possessed of considerable wealth; but, for the most part, they were reckoned below the class of husbandmen.

All the *freemen* of England were included in one or other of the classes mentioned in the foregoing part 8, and were known collectively by the appellation of *ceorls*, or, from the amount of their *weres* being 200 shillings, by the appellation of *twihinds*.

9. *Slaves* existed in great numbers amongst all the northern nations, nor was Britain, before the invasion of the Saxons, free from them.

All landed estates amongst the Anglo-Saxons, were cultivated by great numbers of *slaves*, who were not so much the property of the master, as (if I may use the term) that of the soil, the two being bought and sold together. It was, however, allowed them to redeem themselves on payment of a sum of money. *Slaves* were permitted to intermarry with free women, but the offspring of such marriage belonged to the father's class. Still, these alliances were very rare, *slaves* generally forming connexions within their own rank. There are some instances of *freemen* selling themselves for *slaves*; especially on one occa-

sion, when a dreadful famine raged in England, many, having no means of subsistence, sold themselves into slavery. Theft was, in some cases, punished with the loss of liberty, but the great supply of *slaves* arose from the capture of prisoners of war. A father had the power to sell his son into slavery for seven years, but for no longer.

Two appellations for *slaves* existed among the Anglo-Saxons, viz.: *theow* and *esne*; but the distinction has never been accurately defined. From the manner in which they are spoken of in ancient charters and laws, however, I should say that a *theow* signified a slave who tilled the land; and an *esne*, one who took charge of the household affairs of his lord.

In conclusion, it should be stated, that after the enfranchisement of a slave, he became possessed of all the privileges of a *freeman*, and sometimes rose to the highest dignities of the state; as in the instance of Guthred, a slave, who, his freedom having been purchased, was elevated to the throne of Northumberland. J. N. B. Y.

The Sketch Book.

THE DOUKANJI AND THE DERSVISH.

[The Rev. Mr. Arundell, in his narrative of *Discoveries in Asia Minor*, lately published, tells us that the thousand and one Arabian nights are not yet ended, and story-telling, called *paramythia* by the Greeks, holds its sway, with all its witchery, over all the people, male and female, Greeks and Turks. Mr. Arundell was entertained with the following specimen of this pastime. The improvisatore was an old blind Turk: the performance was in part recitative, and in part song, or intended so to be, though the old bard had but a sad substitute for a harp or guitar, in his pipe-stick. He was listened to with great attention, and Mr. Arundell ascertained that he travelled all over the country, entertained by the Agas and principal Turks, like an ancient British minstrel.]

On the second day of the Bairam, three Turkish dames, the wives of the Doukanji, or dealer in all commodities, of the Tchiboukji, or maker of pipes, and of the Papoutji, the vender of yellow, red, and other slippers, agreed to walk and see all the magnificent spectacles usually presented on this high holiday, and perhaps take a ride or a swing in one of the untold varieties of wooden vehicles, which bring such a harvest of paras to the proprietors; that is, supposing they could be allowed to pass for grown children, well huddled up in their ferries.

They had not proceeded far, when their eyes lighted all at once on a glittering object, dazzling the sight in a May day's sun. It was a beautiful ring, a large emerald in the centre, with rubies around it. It was clear that some less happy fair one had dropped the precious ornament, and was probably mourning its loss; on this point, however, the finders did not bestow much thought;

they had found it, and the only question to be decided was, as it could not be divided, whose it should be.

It was true the wife of the Tchiboukji had picked it up, for her arms were as long as her husband's pipe sticks, but she was not the more entitled to be the owner, than her friend the Papoutji's lady, whose corpulence rendered her movements less active than the other. As usual in such cases, all claimed it, and each refused to yield their portion of right to the others.

In this dilemma, a wise thought struck the wife of the Doukanji, to refer the decision to the first person they met. On this day when all the world was abroad, there was no difficulty in finding people, and the first man they saw, and who of course was to be the arbiter, was Hadji Suleiman, the Termandji, the one-eyed miller; and it was no miracle that they should see him, for he was coming out of his mill door.

As he was not a Paris, neither were the fair competitors goddesses; the miller, therefore, sagely decided that he would have nothing to do with the dangerous point of comparative personal charms, and referred the thing solely to a trial of intellect. To be sure, Suleiman's choice of a subject was not the most complimentary to the ladies' husbands, but whether he had any previous knowledge of his fair referees, or whether, to make mischief, or from what motive does not appear, but certainly his decision was, that the ring should be adjudged to be lawful prize to her who should prove that she had outwitted her husband in the cleverest way.

The wife of the Tchiboukji took the lead, and was followed by the wife of the Papoutji, but neither of them said any thing that was worth repeating, and there was a great deal about pipes and leather. The wife of the Doukanji is called upon last.

Her husband, Hassan Aslan Oglou, better known in the bazaar by the name of Koutchuk Hassan, (little Hassan,) had opened his shop and shut it every day for twenty years past. His attention to business had given him respectability, and he was reputed to be somebody—possessor of a pipe with a real amber mouthpiece, and sending often to the Cafédjis to treat his customers, Hassan was reported to be in comfortable circumstances; and the report was a true one.

But Hassan was more comfortable in his shop than in his house, at least so thought his wife, and she tried to make him think so too. Why Hassan was happier in his shop than his house does not appear; but it is certain that his wife did not make his house very agreeable to him, nor did she enjoy his society as a good wife ought to do.

Unhappily her affections were less strongly inclined towards Hassan, than to a holy Dervish, whose melodious cry of "Hok, hok,

hok," while seated day after day on the bench before her door, had completely driven Hassan out of her heart; the more surprising, as the two men were exactly like each other in size, height, and feature, as two camel beads.

The holy man found no difficulty in persuading the wife that there was no harm in exchanging a Doukanji for a Dervish; and no sooner was she convinced, than the projected exchange was carried into effect.

Hassan, who little dreamt of what was hatching, came home from his shop in unusual gaiety; he had sold so much ottar of roses, so many ivory boxes of surinè, and so many strings of Mecca beads, that he was determined to indulge in the luxury of a milk chalva, and his wife was ordered to prepare it. Nothing could be more apropos than such an order, nor more seasonable than the hour when it was given—the milk chalva was speedily prepared, and as it was done while Hassan was devoutly performing his Akh-scham-namazy, or prayer after sunset, a misal or two of affiom was mixed up with the dainty dish.

Hassan's appetite being always graduated according to the amount of his shop receipts, he indulged so much *en gourmand* as fairly to eat the whole of the milk chalva. The potent effects of the affiom were instantly demonstrated, and the happy Doukanji was soon in a profound sleep, dreaming of customers and milk chalva.

About one hundred yards off, at the corner of four streets, was a Tekkié, or convent of Dervishes, and connected with it one of those charitable places, where, through an iron grating, a number of iron cups, chained to the grating, are always filled and refilled for the thirsty passenger. It was the duty of our Dervish to superintend this cup filling.

It was to this place that poor Hassan was conveyed in the midst of his dreams, and being laid down softly on the stone floor, his transformation into a Dervish quickly took place, by being divested of his benish and turban, and enveloped in the long, ample, white-felt robe of the Dervish, with his girdle, in which hung his horn, belted round his waist, and the sugar-loaf, white-felt cap substituted for the turban. The transformation completed, the Dervish returned to the house, and so perfect was the resemblance, that the servants readily admitted him as their old master.

It was long after the hour of saying the Ikinndy-namazy; that is to say, long after noon of the following day, before Hassan awoke from his long nap. He rubbed his eyes, and looking around him, rubbed his eyes again, persuaded that he was still dreaming. Convinced at length that he was broad awake, he could not imagine how he came into this place, and less so, how he was transformed into a Dervish; attributing it all

to the agency of the gins, his thoughts revert to his shop, and seeing the sun already declining he hurries thither, lamenting to have lost many a good customer by his strange nap. He finds the shop shut, and concluding he had left it so himself the preceding evening, instead of going home for the key, attempted to force the lock.

The neighbours, and especially Hassan's best friends, the Kabolji, the Sherbetji, the barber and the baker, fall at once on the supposed Dervish, and threaten him with the bastinado for his felonious intentions. "How, Dervish!" said Hassan, "I am no Dervish; am I not your old friend Hassan Aslan Oglou, or, as you are better pleased to call me, Koutchuk Hassan? How I came by this dress I know not, but by my beard and your own I tell the truth." "You are a father of lies," cried the whole party; "do we not know that face well enough covered by that cap of sanctity, as a cloak for all sort of deceits—does not the horn set all the dogs howling every day before our doors, and the 'hok, hok, hok,' of your musical voice disturb our rest every night? Get you gone instantly, or you will suffer what you have long merited."

Hassan, in conscious innocence, persisted in trying to open his shop door, when without farther ceremony he was seized and bastinadoed so unmercifully, that his legs could scarcely bear him to the door of his own mansion. Smarting with pain, his impatience to get into his house made him knock so violently, that the whole of its inmates came to see what was the matter. The door was opened by the Dervish himself, whom Hassan was astonished to see in his own clothes, and which at once told all the story. He began by abusing him, but the servants were so fully convinced that the Dervish was their master, and Hassan the impostor, that they readily obeyed the orders of their mistress to give him another bastinado.

The poor man had then his own door shut upon him, and seated on the ground, began to ruminate on his strange fortune, and on the course to be adopted. In vain he determined to apply to the Cadi, and have justice done him, for he knew well that his wife had threatened to apply to the Cadi herself, and she possessed more interest with the administrator of justice than her husband. What could he do?—he had no longer a house, a wife, or a shop, and without the latter how could he live?

Driven to desperation, he determines to quit the country, and as soon as his feet were in a travelling state, he sets out—and having fortunately in his inner girdle, for he had only been stripped of his outer vestments, a roll of Mahmoudies, which, for security, Hassan always prudently kept so close to his person, he was enabled to begin life

again, though not in so splendid a style as he had been hitherto accustomed to.

He could no longer aspire to be a Doukanji of the first class, or to take a handsome shop in the bazaar, and therefore when he came to Kutaieh, which he fixed upon as his future residence, Hassan, with all the resignation of a good Musselman, exhibited his stock in trade more humbly on a board placed on the pavement before the door of the principal khan. He had ginger and cinnamon, and black pepper, mastic, camel beads and needles, thimbles and paper lanterns.

Seven long years had passed away, and Hassan, though not much discontented with his change of fortune, for he was submissive to whatever was the will of God, thought he would return once more to his native town, for local attachment beats even in a Musselman's heart; he thought of his wife, too, with affection, little as she merited it.

His arrangements were soon completed, and having engaged a return horse from a caterdgi, he was soon on his road. His girdle was heavier than when he left, for Hassan was a thrifty man, and the Mahmoudies were nearly doubled. It may be supposed he took the road to Stamboul.

While Hassan is on his journey, it is time to see what is going on at his own house. His wife had long been conscience smitten, and would willingly have dismissed the Dervish and taken back her husband; but, with all the inquiries she could make, no news could be heard of him. The Dervish, therefore, personated Hassan still, and found the gain of a Doukanji more agreeable than filling water-cups, and crying "hok, hok, hok."

The mind of his partner in crime became, notwithstanding, daily more uneasy, and she as earnestly longed to be making a milk chalva for her poor Hassan, as she had longed before to get rid of him.

Hassan continued his route, and the caterdgi having fairly performed his contract, and set him down once more in his old town, Hassan's cogitations were at work for the best mode of ascertaining the present history of his house and his shop.

He knew that no one was better acquainted with all the news, truth, or scandal, of the place, than Eyub, the Humanji. He, therefore, went directly to the Bath, and finding that he was received in the usual business-like way, without any expression of surprise or one single remark, Hassan could not refrain from asking why Eyub did not congratulate him on his return after so long an absence. "Wonderful!" said the shampooer, "long absence, indeed! why it was but *yesterday* that I had you under my hands upon the marble, and did you not roar out as you used to do, when I kneaded that projecting lump on the shoulder a little harder than was pleasant?" Hassan insisted it was seven

long years since he had been there, and the other insisted so positively that he was mad in saying so, that Hassan walked away in a pet to his own house.

His knock at the door was more cautious and less awakening than the former one, for the bastinado was not yet forgotten; but how agreeably was he surprised when the door was opened by his wife, with a face which said plainly, "I am glad to see you."

It must be understood that the Dervish had been some time dismissed to his tekkie and water-filling, and the lady, sincerely penitent, determined to atone for past misconduct.

She considered it necessary, however, to her plan, to keep her husband in delusion still a little longer—and, therefore, when she saw him at the door, she threw as much unconcern into the pleasure which his return gave her as she could muster; and her first words were, that the milk chalva which he had ordered was spoiling, as he had taken so long a nap. "A long nap, indeed!" said Hassan, "seven years is a pretty long nap; to say nothing of my journey from Kutaieh too, and that is not a step." "What are you talking about seven years and Kutaieh?" rejoined the dame; "where are your brains travelling to? Why did you not, this very afternoon, when you came from your shop, order a milk chalva, and did you not fall asleep while I was preparing it, and have you not slept so long that it is as hard as the ostrich's egg in the great mosque?"

The husband, perplexed to insanity, next shows his swollen feet in evidence of the long journey he had just taken. The affectionate wife cautioned him against saying a word more about it, as he would, perhaps, be bastinadoed by the Cadi to cure him of his disposition to lying.

Bewildered and bewildered more and more, Hassan goes next to his shop, not to open it, for it was after the hour, but to see if it really stood in the same place. It not only had not changed its locality, but his old friends, the Kabobji, the Sherbefji, the barber, and the baker, were in their shops, and employed as usual.

Hassan waits patiently for the felicitations which he doubted not would come upon him thick as locusts upon young corn, but when not one *Hosh gelde* escapes their lips, he upbraided them bitterly for such want of friendship, after a seven years' absence. "How seven years?" cried all four, and many others of the bazaar, with one voice, "how seven years? Did we not see you open and shut your shop yesterday, and have you not been there sitting and smoking day after day for four-and-twenty years, without having your place empty a single day? What evil eye has bewildered your brains to talk of seven years' absence?"

What could poor Hassan do? He began seriously to suspect that he had been dreaming; and going home to his wife, confessed his belief of it, and quietly ate his milk chalva.

"The ring is yours," cried the miller to this talented dame; "take it, and take yourself away with it as fast as possible, lest you should be disposed to exercise your ingenuity here."

The Topographer.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT—QUARR ABBEY.

IN the vicinity of Ryde, the landing-place opposite to the Portsmouth coast, is a spot associated with some interesting antiquities, which merit notice. These consist of the remains of the monastery of Quarr, or, as it is called in some of the old grants, Quarraria, from the stone quarries which were in its vicinity. It stood in the parish of Binstead, which was originally a grant of half a hide* of land, from William the Conqueror and William Rufus, to Wakeline, bishop of Winchester, for the purpose of digging stone to repair his cathedral. The registers of Winchester also state, that when William of Wykeham rebuilt the body of the cathedral, the stone was procured from the Isle of Wight; and the abbot of the adjacent monastery of Quarr was entrusted with the conveyance of the stone to the shore: the piety of the purpose probably led the holy father to assist in the mechanical labour; for Wykeham himself was his own clerk of the works.

Having possessed such ready supply of material, (for the uneven surface of the ground marks the situation of the quarries,) we are not surprised to find the church of Binstead interesting both in an architectural and antiquarian point of view. It is stated to have been built by one of the bishops of Winchester; and a rude keystone of the arch of the south door is supposed to resemble the Saxon idol Thor.

The remains of the Abbey may be traced upon an estate called Quarr Farm. This celebrated establishment was founded in the year 1131, being the thirty-second year of the reign of Henry I., by Baldwin, earl of Devon, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The monks by whom it was tenanted removed thither from Savigny, in Normandy, and are considered to have been the first of the Cistercian order that came into England. The manor of Arreton was given by Baldwin to the abbot of Savigny, in order to establish this monastery. In 1132, its revenue amounted to 134*l.* per annum. The chapel of the establishment contained the remains of Earl Baldwin, Adeliza, his countess, and Henry,

* An hide of land was as much as one plough could till.



(Remains of Quarr Abbey, in the Isle of Wight.)

their son. The earl died at Quarr, in the year 1154, being the first year of Henry II. Three hundred pounds were bequeathed by William de Vernon, for the erection of a tomb for his father and himself.* A monument to the memory of Lady Cicely, second daughter of Edward IV., was also erected in the chapel.

After the Dissolution, the abbey was purchased for the sake of its materials, by a merchant of Southampton, named George Mills. In the spirit of Vandalism, he destroyed the venerable pile, with its sacred altars, noble monuments, and sepulchres of the illustrious dead. Subsequently, the estate was purchased by lord chief justice Fleming, and it still remains in the hands of his descendants.

The abbey was originally encompassed by a wall, nearly a mile in circumference, the greater part of which remains. The few relics of the building denote the architecture to have been a mixture of Anglo-Norman and Gothic. The church or chapel of the monastery may be traced at the east end, and some vaulted cellars are discernible at the west end. The walls which remain are converted into barns and stables, and a farmhouse has been erected of their materials for the residence of the bailiff. The distance from the sea-shore is inconsiderable; and the north gate, which led to the sea, was armed with a portcullis. Just above high-water mark, Edward III. erected a fort for the defence of the monastery; but not a vestige of it can be traced.

* William de Vernon left lands to the abbey, for masses to be said for the souls of King Henry II; his father, Baldwin, the founder; his mother, Adeline; his elder brother, Baldwin; Mabel, his wife; and his son, Baldwin. This deed is dated September 4, 1206.

We are indebted for the substance of these historical details to Sheridan's *Guide*, already referred to.

Useful Arts.

ORANGES.

THE oranges chiefly used in England, are from Portugal, Malta, the Barbary coast, and Seville; but by far the greatest number are from Seville; the export from which, equals that of all these other places. About forty vessels are yearly freighted with oranges from Seville; each cargo consists of four hundred chests, and each chest contains eight hundred oranges, so that the average number exported from Seville, is twelve million, eight hundred thousand oranges; of this quantity, about one tenth part are bitter. The price paid by the London merchant to the Seville exporter, is one hundred and twenty reals a chest, which is fourpence halfpenny per dozen, or one farthing and a half a piece; so that if the freight and other expenses be added, one can scarcely expect a good orange much under a penny. The cargo of each vessel is generally consigned to about ten persons; so that the trade is a secure one, and, to the grower, sufficiently profitable. The best oranges are allowed to remain long on the tree; the tree blossoms in March, and the choicest fruit still hangs on the tree when the blossom of another crop begins to appear. The Spaniards do not esteem them as thoroughly ripe till then; but, in this state, they are of course unable to bear exportation. The chief part of the export takes place in November and December, and a small number is shipped in January; if the fruit

shipped so late as this, happen to be detained long on the voyage, the greater part of it arrives in England in a state unfit for use; but if the voyage be short, this is the finest fruit that comes to the English market. — *Ingliš's Spain in 1830.*

SHERRY.

(*Abridged from Ingliš's Spain in 1830.*)

XERES is the famous nursery of sherries. The vineyards lie scattered; but supposing them to be all concentrated, they might occupy about six miles square. They are mostly planted upon slopes; and the nearest vineyard to the city, is distant from it about half a league.

The grape that produces the wine of Xeres, is a green grape; it is allowed to become perfectly ripe, being plucked just before it begins to shrivel: this, in average years, is on the 9th of September,—a day marked in Catholic countries, by being the day before the feast of the immaculate Conception; but in less forward years, the plucking is deferred until the 15th of September, beyond which day it is never protracted. After the plucking, those growers who are the most attentive to their wines, place the grapes in baskets, exposed to the sun for forty-eight hours, turning and sorting them all the while, according as they appear to require this attention.

It has often been said that sherry is a compound wine; but this is a mistake. The best pale and light golden sherries are made from the pure Xeres grape, with only the addition of two bottles of brandy to a butt, which is no more than one two-hundred-and-fiftieth part. This brandy is of an excellent quality; it is imported from Catalonia, and seemed to me scarcely inferior to the best and purest cogniac. Neither are the deep golden and brown sherries of the best quality, compound wines, though they may be called mixed wines. The difference is thus produced:—If a butt of brown sherry be wanted, a butt of light sherry is boiled down to one-fifth part of its bulk, till it acquire a deep brown colour; and one-half of this quantity is added to a butt of the best pale sherry, of course removing from it as much as makes room for this additional tenth part of a butt of boiled wine. When it is said that a butt of light sherry is boiled down, it is not to be understood that this is wine of an inferior kind; it is wine produced from the Xeres grape, planted upon a lighter soil, near the mouth of the Guadalquivir, and producing a somewhat lighter wine. To make a butt of brown sherry, a butt and a half is, therefore, required, deducting a tenth part; but the brown sherry is not more expensive, because the grape from which the boiled wine is made, is more abundant than the other grape, and consequently

cheaper. This boiled wine is also mixed, in the proportion of one-half, with unboiled wine,—not to be drunk, but to be added in smaller or larger quantities to other sherries, for the mere purpose of giving them colour, should this be desired by the English merchant. It is evident, therefore, from these details, that although brown sherry cannot be said to be a compound wine, inasmuch as it is all the wine of Xeres, the pale sherries are, nevertheless, the purest; and all the gradations of colour upon which so much stress is laid, have nothing to do with the quality of the wine, but depend entirely upon the greater or smaller quantity of boiled wine used for colouring it.

Amontillado, the produce also of the Xeres grape, is made either intentionally or accidentally: if it be intended to produce amontillado, the fruit is plucked a fortnight sooner than for sherry. But it is an extraordinary fact, that if a hundred butts of wine be taken from a Xeres vineyard, and treated in precisely the same way, several of them will, in all probability, turn out amontillado, without the grower or the merchant being able to assign any reason for this. Amontillado is the purest of all wine; for it will bear no admixture of either brandy, or boiled wine; whatever is added to it, entirely spoils it.

Sherries, when adulterated, are not usually adulterated by the London wine-merchant, with the exception of those extremely inferior wines, which, from their excessive low price, no one can expect to be genuine wines, and which are, probably, mixed with Cape. But the class of wines which pass under the denomination of "low-priced sherries," are not adulterated in London, but at Xeres—by the grower, not by the exporter. These wines are mixed with the wines of Moguer, and with a larger proportion of brandy; and the exporter, in purchasing them from the grower, is quite well aware of their quality: but, being ordered to send a large cargo of low-priced wines, he is forced to purchase and export these. It may be laid down as a fact, that genuine sherry, one year old, cannot be imported under thirty shillings per dozen; and if to this be added the profit of the merchant, and the accumulation of interest upon capital on older wine, it is obvious that genuine sherry, four years old, cannot be purchased in England under forty-five shillings.

The principal depositories of wine at Xeres and at Port St. Mary's, are not cellars, but lightly constructed buildings, containing various chambers. There are generally three tier of casks, laid horizontally upon beams; and in the principal vaults, as many as two thousand five hundred butts may be seen. I noticed many casks without bungs; this, I was told, is not at all prejudicial to the wine, but, on the contrary, if a brick be merely laid

upon the hole, to keep out dust, the admission of air is considered an advantage. Sherry is a very hardy wine; and is well known, by the merchants of Xeres, to be improved by exposure to the weather. An illustration of this fact lately occurred: the roof of one of the wine-houses fell in; and, not being rebuilt, the wine was left exposed to the opposite temperatures of winter and summer; and this wine was celebrated as the finest that for many years had left Xeres.

Before visiting Xeres, one cannot have any idea of the variety in flavour, and the various gradations of excellence in sherry; and, after tasting the primest samples of each kind, from the palest straw, up to the deep brown, it is impossible to say which is the finest. I need scarcely repeat again, that it is entirely by the aroma and by the taste—not at all by the colour, that sherries are to be judged. The wide differences in colour, depend entirely upon the proportion of boiled wine; while those slighter shades, perceptible among the pale and light golden wines, are owing to some small difference in the ripeness of the fruit.

A few houses, of the greatest capital, are growers, as well as merchants; but, generally speaking, the wine is bought of the growers when on the lees. The exporter who is also a grower, has an advantage over the other merchant, in the perfect security he has, that no wine of Moguer has been mixed with the sherry. But the merchants are not afraid to trust to their knowledge and experience, in being able to detect adulterated wine; and besides, those who are perfectly accustomed to the trade can tell, before vintage time, by merely looking at a vineyard, within two or three butts of the quantity the vineyard will produce: so that, when one comes to treat for the produce of those vineyards which he has had in his eye, he discovers by the quantity whether it has been much adulterated with Moguer. An experienced merchant possesses an intimate acquaintance with the quality of the different vineyards; among which, the most essential differences are found, even when they lie contiguous. It is, of course, this difference in the quality of the vine, that creates the difference in price and quality among the genuine unadulterated sherries. In this trade, as in every other, the capitalist has an advantage; for, if he advances a few bags of dollars to the cultivator during the summer, he has the first choice of the November sales, when the article is always cheaper.

It is difficult to say what is the return for land under a vineyard in Xeres; this, of course, depends upon the quality of the produce, and partly upon the convenience of road and market. But all the vineyards of Xeres require great expense, and unintermitting labour. The following is a summary

of the management of the vine producing sherry.

The first operation is to take up the canes, or props, immediately after the vintage is gathered: the second operation immediately follows this; it is, to dig small pits about a yard square round each plant, that the vines may obtain a permanent advantage from the rains. There is then an interval of labour, till after the first rains have fallen; and in the early part of January, when this has taken place, the third operation of the vine-grower is, to prune the whole plant; and it is a curious fact, that the vineyard which is the earliest pruned, is the latest in budding; the plant too, is always better, the vine stronger, and more firmly rooted. The next operation is to close the pits, in order that the moisture which has been received, may be retained. After this, but a little later, the whole vineyard is dug up, to loosen the soil. The next operation is, to free the soil of grass and weeds, by turning it over; and this is repeated once, twice, or thrice, according as the rains may have reproduced the weeds, and rendered a repetition of this labour necessary. All these operations are concluded by the middle of March. When the vineyard has been thoroughly cleared of weeds, the next care of the husbandman is to smooth the soil, which is done twice, at an interval of three weeks: this done, he cuts off the vicious sprouts at the roots of the plants, which hinder their nourishment; he then pulverizes the land to a fine powder; and, lastly, he puts in the stakes to support the coming harvest. These are the distinct operations to be performed in succession, and each at its fixed time: but these do not comprehend all the labours of the vineyard; for, during the whole of this time, there are many lesser cares with which the grower must occupy himself; the most unintermitting and most laborious of these, being the search and destruction of insects. Such are the toils which are necessary to procure us the enjoyment of a glass of genuine sherry. The Xeres vintage is not considered an uncertain crop; the climate in that country may be depended upon; so that labour is certain, or almost certain of its reward. The wine trade employs, one way and another, the whole inhabitants of Xeres, and Port St. Mary: the latter is a very rising place; it is a more convenient point of export than Xeres, being close to the sea; and new wine establishments are every year springing up there.

Good sherry is an expensive wine even at Port St. Mary and Cadiz. The small wine, the *vin ordinaire* of the district, is about 6d. per bottle; but this, although passing under the generic name of sherry, is not produced from the Xeres grape, though there is so much similarity, that the sherry flavour is at

once detected in it. But either at Port St. Mary or at Cadiz, a bottle of good sherry is charged 3s. 4d. in a coffee-house or hotel; and if any thing very superior be asked for, a dollar will be demanded.

Taking the average of the last eight years, the average export will be 17,400 butts. The price varies much, from 15*l.* up to 65*l.*; but as the lower priced sherries form the bulk of the export, the average must be stated low; taking the result of the opinions of the most competent judges, the price of the export overhead, may be stated at 26*l.* per butt. The value of the sherries exported is, therefore, 452,000*l.* sterling; the duty upon the export is 504,600*l.*; so that if freight and the profit of the merchant in London be added, the consumption of sherries exceeds one million sterling yearly.

SPANISH SNUFF.

At Seville is the most celebrated snuff-manufactory in Spain. The building in which the manufacture is carried on, is more like a fortified palace, than a house destined for the preparation of tobacco. It has four regular fronts; two of them six hundred feet long; the other two, four hundred and eighty feet. This manufacture is sadly on the decline; in other times, the complement of men and women used to exceed three thousand, and upwards of three hundred mules and horses were employed; forty years ago, that number was reduced to one thousand seven hundred workmen, and a hundred mules. When I visited it, no more than four hundred men were employed, and eleven mules; and in place of two hundred grindstones, which formerly were constantly at work, four only were in requisition. This falling off is to be attributed partly to the extensive contraband trade carried on through the free ports of Gibraltar and Cadiz; and partly to the high price which government puts upon the manufactured article. The stock on hand at present exceeds two millions of *arobas*, (fifty millions of pounds;) forty years ago, the stock on hand amounted to five millions of pounds; of the snuff at present on hand, there are eight thousand canisters fifty years old. It is not likely, according to the present policy of the government, that this stock will diminish; the price was only lately raised from thirty-two to forty-eight reals, and the demand has constantly diminished. I have been speaking of what is called Seville snuff; there is another department, for the manufacture of *rapee*, which is now more in vogue, and does not accumulate in the same ratio as the other. Government derives a profit upon the manufacture and sale, of seventy per cent. before paying the expenses of the establishment. The workmen employed are paid six,

seven, and eight reals per day, according to their ability; those who twist cigars, work by the piece. It happened to be the hour of dismissal when I visited the establishment, and I noticed that each workman was taken into a little inclosed place, and underwent a rigorous search; they were even obliged to take off their shoes. Most of the workmen looked unhealthy. I learned that during the heats of summer, as many as twelve are sometimes carried to the hospital in a day; and that they almost invariably die of disease in the lungs at an early age.—*Inglist's Spain in 1830.*

The Public Journals.

RECORDS OF PASSING THOUGHT.

By Mrs. Hemans.

A REMEMBRANCE OF GRASMERE.

O VALE and lake, within your mountain-urn
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep,
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian:—for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,
Isles of the blest; and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies. Fair scene
Most loved by evening and the dewy star,
Oh! ne'er may man, with touch unhallowed jar
The perfect music of thy charm serene!
Still, still unchanged may *one* sweet region wear
Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears, and
prayer!

READING "PAUL AND VIRGINIA" IN CHILDHOOD.

O gentle story of the Indian isle!
I loved thee in my lonely childhood well,
On the sea-shore, when day's last purple smile
Slept on the waters, and their hollow swell
And dying cadence lent a deeper spell
Unto thine ocean-pictures. 'Midst thy palms,
And strange bright birds, my fancy joyed to dwell,
And watch the Southern Cross through midnight
calms,
And track the spicy woods. Yet more I blessed
Thy vision of sweet love, kind, trustful, true,
Lighting the citrou groves—a heavenly guest—
With such pure smiles as Paradise once knew.
Even then my young heart wept o'er this world's
power
To reach and blight that holiest Eden flower.

IMAGES OF PATRIARCHAL LIFE.

Calm scenes of patriarch life! how long a power
Your unworn pastoral images retain
O'er the true heart, which in its childhood's hour,
Drank their pure freshness deep! The camel's
train,
Winding in patience o'er the desert-plain,
The tent, the palm-tree, the reposing flock,
The gleaming fount, the shadow of the rock.
Oh! by how subtle, yet how strong a chain,
And in the influence of its touch how blest,
Are these things linked, for many a thoughtful
breast,
With household memories, through all change
endeared!
The matin-bird, the ripple of a stream,
Beside our native porch, the hearth-light's gleam,
The voices earliest by the soul revered!

A HAPPY HOUR.

Oh! what a joy to feel that in my breast,
The founts of childhood's vernal fancies lay
Still pure, though heavily and long repressed
By early-blighted leaves, which o'er their way,

Dark summer-storms had heaped! But free, glad play
 Once more was given them;—to the sunshine's glow,
 And the sweet wood-song's penetrating flow,
 And to the wandering primrose-breath of May,
 And the rich hawthorn odours, forth they sprung,
 Oh! not less freshly bright, that *now* a thought
 Of spiritual presence o'er them hung,
 And of immortal life!—a germ, unwrought
 In childhood's soul to power, *now* strong, serene,
 And full of love and light, colouring the whole bright scene!

New Monthly Magazine.

LAST DAYS OF EDMUND BURKE.

THE career of this illustrious patriot and philosopher was now about to close. A general feebleness of the frame broke him down, and, from the beginning of 1797, his existence was merely a struggle with dissolution. In February, he was carried to Bath, for the benefit of the waters; but they were soon found ineffectual. In a letter to one of his friends at this time, he says, "My health has gone down very rapidly; and I have been brought hither with very faint hopes of life, and enfeebled to such a degree, as those who had known me some time ago would scarcely think credible. Since I came hither, my sufferings have been greatly aggravated, and my little strength still farther reduced; so that, though I am told the symptoms of my disorder begin to carry a more favourable aspect, I pass the far larger part of the twenty-four hours, indeed almost the whole, either in my bed, or lying on the couch from which I dictate this."

A letter to a relative of the Quaker, his early schoolmaster, written the day before he quitted Bath, after all expectations were over, breathes still more the manliness of Christian resignation.—"I feel, as I ought to do, your constant hereditary kindness to me and mine. What you have heard of my illness is far from exaggerated. *I am, thank God, alive, and that is all.* Hastening to my dissolution, I have to bless Providence that I do not suffer a great deal of pain. * * * I have been at Bath these four months to no purpose, and am therefore to be removed to my own house at Beaconsfield to-morrow, to be nearer to a habitation more permanent, humbly and fearfully hoping that my better part may find a better mansion."

He was anxious to die at home, to breathe his last surrounded by the objects and recollections endeared to him through life. To some one, who probably remonstrated with him on taking so long a journey in his condition, he answered, "It is so far, at least, *on my way to the tomb*: I may as well travel it alive as dead." Public affairs frequently pressed upon his mind. The period was singularly perilous, and might be termed the crisis of the war. In writing of Ireland, he seems to have contemplated the Union which took place in three years after, and he ground-

ed it upon the nature of circumstances. "There is a great cry against English influence," said he. "I am quite sure that it is Irish influence which dreads English habits." The Union was the only alternative, when Separation was the watchword of the Republican faction which convulsed Ireland. Burke's judgment in this case was decided. "Great Britain would be ruined by the separation of Ireland. But, as there are degrees even in ruin, it would fall the most heavily on Ireland. By such a separation, Ireland would be the most completely undone country in the world, the most wretched, the most distracted, and, in the end, the most desolate part of the habitable globe."

His councils on English politics were of the same direct, lofty, and uncompromising spirit which had made his voice as the sound of a trumpet to the heart of England. He exhibits to the last that high reliance on the power of the empire to continue the conflict, and that unshaken confidence in her achieving the victory, which formed, in the early part of the war, so strong a contrast with the despondency of public men, and in the close so proudly anticipated the triumphs of the British arms. "Never," exclaims the great patriot, from his deathbed, "*never succumb.* It is a struggle for your existence as a nation. If you must die, die with the sword in your hand. *But I have no fears whatever for the result.* There is a salient, living principle of energy in the public mind of England, which only requires proper direction to enable her to withstand this or any other ferocious foe. *Persevere, therefore, till this tyranny be overpast.*"

He was now visibly dying; but his mind, in the full conviction that his hour was approaching, was still active, and still occupied alike in those fond and those lofty interests which had so equally occupied his years. He sent messages of remembrance to some peculiarly valued friends, and cleared his account of friendships and enmities with the world, by forgiving all injuries. He talked occasionally of his own political course, of his principles, his purposes, and the prospects of the country. His life had been religious, and its close was Christian. He declared that he sought the Divine mercy on the grounds and principles of the Christian faith, seeking it only through the blessed Redeemer, "whose intercession," as he himself expressed it, "he had long sought with unfeigned anxiety, and to which he looked with trembling hope." Some of his last moments (July 9, 1797) were occupied in giving directions relative to his decease, and listening to some of Addison's papers on the Immortality of the Soul. While these papers were reading, he became faint, and desired to be carried to his bed. The servants had him in their arms for the purpose, when his breath-

ing became difficult; he uttered an almost inarticulate blessing, and expired.

The public grief for the death of this eminent person was expressed in the strongest language of regret and admiration. His funeral, which took place on the 15th of July in Beaconsfield Church, where he was laid, by his own direction, in the same grave with his son and brother, was attended by a crowd of individuals of distinction. The pall was borne by Lord Minto, Lord Sidmouth (speaker), the Duke of Portland, Lord Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Thomond, Mr. Wyndham, and Lord Loughborough (Lord Chancellor). Mr. Fox proposed that the burial should take place in Westminster Abbey. The will, however, had declared otherwise.

This will was, itself, a document worthy of the mind of Burke. It commenced with

the striking and pious acknowledgment of his faith. "According to the ancient, good, and laudable custom, of which my heart and understanding recognise the propriety, I bequeath my soul to God, hoping for his mercy only through the merits of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. My body I desire to be buried in the church of Beaconsfield, near to the bodies of my dearest brother and my dearest son; in all humility praying, that as we have lived in perfect unity together, we may together have part in the resurrection of the just.

The arrangement of his property was brief. He gave the whole in fee-simple to his widow, with a legacy of 1,000*l.* to his niece, Mrs. Hoviland. A plain marble tablet, according to his desire, was erected in Beaconsfield Church, with the inscription, which was completed on the death of Mrs. Burke.

Near this place lies interred all

That was mortal of the

Right Honourable EDMUND BURKE,

Who died on the 9th of July, 1797, aged 68 years.

In the same grave are deposited the remains of his only son, Richard Burke, Esq., Representative in Parliament for the Borough of Malton,

Who died the 2nd of August, 1794, aged 35;

And of his brother, Richard Burke,

Barrister at Law, and Recorder of the city of Bristol,

Who died on the 4th of February, 1794;

And of his widow, Jane Mary Burke,

Who died on the 2nd of April, 1812, aged 78.

Some years previously to her death, Mrs. Burke sold the mansion and estate at Beaconsfield, for 38,500*l.*, reserving the use of the house and grounds during her life, and for one year after her death. She continued to reside there, much attended to by her husband's friends, until her death.

In her latter years she had suffered from a severe rheumatic attack, which deprived her of the power of taking exercise. At her death, 5,000*l.* were bequeathed to Mrs. Hoviland, Burke's niece; and the rest of the property, with the library, and the various presents and memorials given to him during his public life, to his nephew, Mr. Nugent. By a curious coincidence, even the mansion did not long outlast its owners. It had been let to a clergyman for the purpose of a school, and was accidentally burnt down, April 23, 1813.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Notes of a Reader.

IRISH LEGENDS.

[We quote the following batch from the third part of Mr. Thoms's *Lays and Legends*, which entertaining little work we are happy to see in successful progress.]

Tales of the Palatines. (Now first published from the Manuscript of Mr. Thomas Steele.)

"Near Rathkeale" (in the county of Limerick), says M. de Latocnaye, in his rambles

through Ireland (1794), "I went to visit three or four villages inhabited by the descendants of a German colony from the Palatinate, whom the proprietor established about eighty years ago. They have intermarried with each other, and thus preserved their original customs. When I passed through this country, only one of the original adventurers was alive. They certainly obtained good conditions; each family got ground for a house and garden, besides some acres of land at a very low price. The rich and fertile country they inhabit was a desert before their arrival: their industry is still remarkable—their ground is certainly better cultivated than that of the natives, and their houses, built after the manner of their country, are so neat and so clean, that they appear like palaces, compared with the cabins of the poor Irish. The women wear still the large straw hat and short petticoats of the Palatinate. The natives hated them cordially in the beginning, and are jealous of their prosperity at present: this animosity does not induce them to imitate them, and to endeavour to equal, or even to surpass these strangers in industry. The inevitable consequence will be, that these Palatines will become Irishmen like their neighbours."

The Palatine settlement of Ballingrane, near Rathkeale, was formed by Lord Southwell in the early part of the last century, about the year that he was raised to the peerage.

(1717). Other German settlers were introduced into the county of Limerick about fifty years subsequent, by the Right Hon. Silver Oliver, and established at the villages of Ballyorgan and Glenasheen.

"The Palatines," according to Ferrar's History of Limerick (1787), "preserve their language, but it is declining; they sleep between two beds; they appoint a burgomaster, to whom they appeal in all disputes. They are industrious men, and have leases from the proprietors of the land at a reasonable rent: they are, consequently, better fed and clothed than the generality of Irish peasants. Besides, their mode of husbandry and crops are better than those of their neighbours. They have, by degrees, left off their sour crout, and feed on potatoes, milk, butter, oats and wheaten bread, some meat and fowls, of which they rear many.

"They keep their cows housed in winter, feeding them with hay and oaten straw; their houses are remarkably clean; to which they have stable and cow-houses, a lodge for their plough, and neat kitchen gardens.

"The women are very industrious, and perform many things which the Irish women could never be prevailed on to do: besides their domestic employments, and the care of their children, they reap the corn, plough the ground, and assist the men in every thing. In short, the Palatines have benefitted the country by increasing tillage, and are a laborious, independent people, who are mostly employed on their own small farms."—*Ed.*

Of a Man who Married a Witch.

There was once a man who was married to a woman whom he suspected of being a sorceress, although he had not sufficient proof to charge her with it. But one night, being determined to find out whether she was a sorceress or not, he got all his money, and began counting it over and over again before her, making as great a show of it as he could.

At length, his wife, asking him what he proposed doing with all that money, "Why," said he, "I long very much to be a witch; and as I am told old Nanny Brethow is one, I intend to give her this money to teach me the black art."—"What!" said his wife, "would you give her all that money to teach you to be a witch?" "Yes," said the man, "that I would, and more too, if I had it." "Well, then," said she, "since you are so anxious to learn, why I'll teach you myself, for I am as great a sorceress as old Nanny." "That's better still," said he, "for I shall now learn to be a witch, and save my money into the bargain."

And when it was midnight, his wife told him to follow her, and he did so. And they went out into the garden together, and his wife took the pitch-fork and bid him take his

place opposite to her, and to do exactly the same things that he saw her do; and he promised that he would do so.

Then she took the pitch-fork in her left hand, and desired him to stand opposite to her, with his leg touching hers; and when he had done so, she held up the pitch-fork, and said, "I deny all things holy, and what is before me I strike;" and with these words she struck the pitch-fork into the ground.

She next gave her husband the fork, and desired him to stand opposite to her, with his left leg touching hers—and he did so. And he said to her, "Am I to say the same words?" and she said to him, "Yes, the very same." So he held up the fork, and exclaiming, "I acknowledge all things holy, and what is before me I strike," he stuck the fork into her brains, and killed her on the spot.

Palatine Charms.

It was customary with the old German settlers and their children, and is even still, to protect their property, such as their corn, wood, fern, &c., by means of a particular charm, which is of such efficacy—that if any person attempted to steal during the night, he remained in the very attitude in which he happened to be at the moment when he laid his hands on the property, without any signs of animation, until the next morning. And then, if not released from his perilous situation by the actual presence and counter-spell of the person who worked the charm, he would inevitably become a corpse; for it was not after daylight in the power of the person using the spell to release the charmed one. The consequence was, that every person who worked the charm, went, out of humanity, before sun-rise, to examine his property.

The Magic Gun.

One of the original Palatines, who came out of Germany, was, one day, previously to his coming to Ireland, in a church with several of his neighbours, who were receiving the Sacrament. This was likewise administered to him, but he, instead of swallowing the consecrated bread, put it into his gun, which was a charmed one, so that any bullet fired out of that gun in the devil's name, would kill a man at a hundred miles' distance, let it be fired in whatever direction it might.

And after he had put the consecrated bread into his gun, he pointed it against the wall of the church, and fired in the devil's name. And there was immediately a mark of blood upon that wall, which remained there as long as the wall stood. For although the plaster was often and often taken off the wall, all would not do; the mark was not removed, but was there, and appeared afterwards until the wall was thrown down.

This same man, soon after his arrival in

Ireland, found seven brothers of the name of Whelan, who were the greatest gentlemen and wickedest people in the country, fowling upon his ground. And when he went to them to remove them, and was "flaking them with a wattle,"* they threatened to fire at him. But he opened his breast and dared them to fire, as well he might, for he had made them stand motionless, and so charmed them, that they were unable to fire at him, or hurt him in the least.

Note.—The resemblance of this legend to the story of *Der Freischütz*, which Weber has immortalized by his music, is so striking, as scarcely to call for an allusion.

The Love Pledge.

In Germany, when they promise marriage, they are very particular about keeping their word. There was once upon a time a young lady of great family, and she was one day in the kitchen, and she had a fowl in her hands. And there was at that same time a young man likewise in the kitchen, who was not by any means her equal; but she cut off a part of the fowl and gave it to him. And this was considered a promise of marriage in Dantzic, where it happened.

And the young lady, considering she had pledged her troth to the young man, kept her word, and they were married accordingly. And after they were married they rode out in a carriage, through the streets of Dantzic; and the people were so pleased, that they threw a great quantity of apples into the carriage, so that the carriage was well nigh filled. And when they got home, they found that there was a piece of money in every apple, by which means it fell out that the young man's fortune was as large as that of his wife.

SONGS.

From the "*Last Days of Pompeii*," by the Author of "*Eugene Aram*."

THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.

Buy my flowers—Oh buy—I pray,

The blind girl comes from afar:

If the earth be as fair as I hear them say

These flowers her children are!

Do they her beauty keep?

They are fresh from her lap, I know;

For I caught them fast asleep

In her arms an hour ago,

With the air which is her breath—

Her soft and delicate breath—

Over them murmuring low!

On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,

And their cheeks with her tender tears are wet.

For she weeps—that gentle mother weeps,

(As morn and night her watch she keeps,

With a yearning heart and a passionate care.)

To see the young things grow so fair;—

She weeps—for love she weeps,

And the dew on the tears she weeps,

From the well of a mother's love!

Ye have a world of light,

Where love in the lov'd rejoices;

But the blind girl's home is the house of night,

And its beings are empty voices.

* Beating them with a cudgel.

As one in the realm below,
I stand by the streams of woe;
I hear the vain shadows glide,
I feel their soft breath at my side,
And I thirst the lov'd forms to see;
And I stretch my fond arms around,
And I catch but a shapeless sound,
For the living are ghosts to me.

Come! buy—come! buy!—
Hark! how the sweet things sigh,
(For they have a voice like ours)
"The breath of the blind girl closes
The leaves of the saddening roses—
We are tender, we sons of light,
We shrink from this child of night;
From the grasp of the blind girl free us;
We yearn for the eyes that see us—
We are for night too gay,
In your eyes we behold the day—
Oh buy—oh buy the flowers!"

THE CORONATION OF THE LOVES.

The merry loves one holiday
Were all at gambols madly,
But loves too long can seldom play
Without behaving sadly.
They laughed, they toyed, they romped about,
And then for change they all fell out.
Fie, fie! how can they quarrel so?
My Lesbian—ah, for shame, love!
Methinks 'tis scarce an hour ago,
When we did just the same, love.
The loves, 'tis thought, were free till then,
They had no king nor laws, dear;
But gods, like men, should subject be,
Say all the ancient saws, dear.
And so our crew resolved, for quiet,
To choose a king to curb their riot.
A kiss—ah! what a grievous thing
For both, methinks, 'twould be, child.
If I should take some prudish king,
And cease to be so free, child!

Among their toys a casque they found,
It was the helm of Ares;
With horrent plumes the crest was crown'd,
It frightened all the Lares;
So fine a king was never known—
They placed the helmet on the throne.
My girl, since valour wins the world,
They chose a mighty master;
But thy sweet flag of smiles unfurl'd,
Would win the world much faster.

The casque soon found the loves too wild
A troop for him to school them;
For warriors know how one such child
Has eye contrived to fool them.
They plagued him so—that in despair
He took a wife the plague to share,
If kings themselves thus find the strife
Of earth unshared, severe, girl;
Why, just to halve the ills of life,
Come, take your partner here, girl.

Within that room the bird of love
The whole affair had eyed then;
The monarch hailed the royal dove,
And placed her by his side then:
What mirth amidst the loves was seen,
"Long live," they cried, "our king and queen!"
Ah! Lesbia, would that thrones were mine,
And crowns to deck that brow, love!
And yet I know that heart of thine,
For me is throne enow, love!

The urchin thought a milder mate
Their king could not have taken;
But when the queen in judgment sat,
They found themselves mistaken.
The art to reign she'd learnt above,
And ne'er was despot like the dove.
In thee I find the same deceit;
Too late, alas! a learner!
For where a mien more gently sweet?
And where a tyrant sterner?

The Gatherer.

Influence of Cheers on a Player.—We once heard Mrs. Siddons give what Mr. Campbell may think a very prosaic account of the beneficial influence of cheers on a player. Some one remarked, "They give one heart."—"Ay," said she, "and they do what is still better—they give one breath."—*Quarterly Review.*

Volcanoes and Earthquakes.—It is a fact worthy the attention of our scientific readers, that the late eruption of Vesuvius occurred on the same day as the earthquake at Chichester.—*Brighton Gazette.*

Near Paris, a windmill is now in course of removal, entire from the ground whereon it stood, to another eminence at some distance. This is effected by means of strong ropes worked by a capstan in front, while it is propelled behind by a windlass, such as is employed in removing large masses of stone. The mill has been thus removed about 80 yards in two days.

A potato, weighing three pounds and a half, was lately dug in a garden in Lincolnshire. It is of the early Shaw kind, and there were seven others, three very large, on the same root.

A Steam Carriage has been constructed by MM. Dietz, of Paris, the engine of which weighs 16,000 lbs.; the reservoir for water and the receptacle for fuel 4,000 lbs.; the two carriages it drew on the last trial, weighed 7,600 lbs.; and the fifty-five persons mounted on the engine and in the carriages, 6,875 lbs.; making in all a weight of 34,475 lbs.

Wrecks.—The raising of stores from wrecks, and even portions of the sunken vessels, is brought to great perfection. Men are now occupied, almost daily, attended by Government barges, in thus visiting and "fishing up" articles from the Boyne, a ship that, many years ago, took fire, burnt to the water's edge, and then sunk at Selsey Point, Portsmouth, and at no great distance from Spithead, where the Royal George sunk. The plan is for a man with an India rubber mask, having two tubes, one to breathe through, and the other to send down fresh air, to be lowered to the wreck. By these means, the stern of the Boyne, and much of its coppering have been brought up, with some wine, remarkably fine, though thin, in bottles coated with small shell-fish.

Vienna.—In 1833, Vienna contained 316,873 inhabitants. The number of males was 160,368, and of females 166,505. Of these it is calculated that 5,000 were in opulence, 5,000 employed by the Government, and 3,000 servants. There were 40 public-houses, 80 coffee-houses, and 500 smoking-

houses. The registered burghers amounted to 6,660, and those who had licenses to carry on trade to 4,970. There were about 100 manufacturers' warehouses. The number of bakers were 173; booksellers, 68; clock and watch makers, 200; joiners, 915; goldsmiths, 210; shoemakers, 1,775; tailors, 1,554; turners, 112; and weavers, 130. There were 840 wholesale dealers, and 4,570 retailers.

W. G. C.

Hanover.—On the first of July, 1833, the kingdom of Hanover was reckoned to contain 83,915 houses, and 1,642,670 inhabitants, without including the military.

W. G. C.

English Wisdom.—Owls have usually been regarded as birds of ill omen, and superstitiously considered as messengers of woe. The Athenians alone, among the ancients, seem to have been free from this popular prejudice, and to have regarded the owl with veneration rather than abhorrence, considering it as the favourite of Minerva; its seeing in the dark was looked upon as an image of wisdom. The Romans viewed the owl with detestation and dread. It was held sacred to Proserpine: its appearance foreboded unfortunate events; and, according to Pliny, the city of Rome underwent a solemn lustration in consequence of one of these birds having accidentally strayed into the Capitol; at Athens they were looked upon as omens of victory and success.

P. T. W.

Singular Fact.—In the church of High Wycombe, Bucks, is a flat stone to the memory of one George Clewer, who died under the following remarkable circumstances. He was a native of Wycombe, and a short period before his death, undertook a journey to London. While there, during a state of intoxication, he by accident observed a piece of stone in a mason's yard, and persisted in purchasing it, observing it would do well to denote his burial-place. The following words were by his order cut on the stone:

"GEORGE CLEWER is dead."

The next day he started on his journey home taking with him his purchase; and upon his reaching Uxbridge was taken ill, and died within a few hours. The identical stone is now lying near the spot where his remains are deposited with the following inscription: "George Clewer is dead. March the 9th, 1701. Aged 55." It is perhaps unnecessary to state that the dates of Clewer's death and age, were added when the stone was laid down.

W. H.

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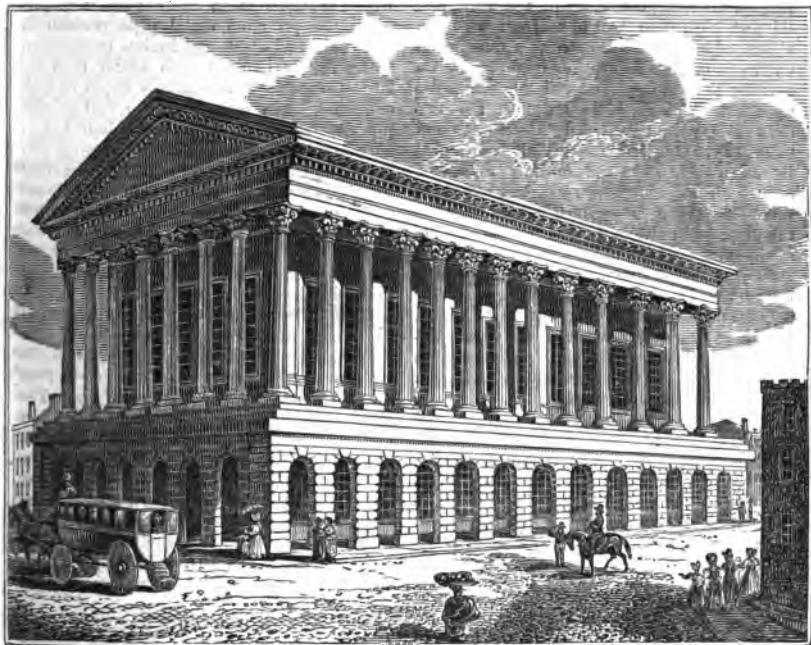
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 685.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.]



BIRMINGHAM NEW TOWN HALL.

THIS magnificent edifice is situated in Paradise-street, at the end of New-street, and towards the centre of the town of Birmingham. It is intended for public meetings, and the general purposes of a town-hall; but more especially for those important musical festivals, or entertainments, for which Birmingham has been celebrated upwards of half a century, or since the year 1778; and has thus set an example which has been admirably followed in the principal towns of the empire.

The building is in external length 160 feet, including the arcaded basement in front, which projects over the causeway, to Paradise-street. "The height of the basement, (which is rusticated,) above the causeway is twenty-three feet,—the columns resting upon its upper surface or platform, are, with their entablature, forty-five feet, and the pediment forming the frontispiece is fifteen feet high, making a total height of eighty-three feet from the causeway to the acroterium. The columnar ordinance employed is in imitation

of the Roman foliated or Corinthian example of the temple of Jupiter Stator; the columns are fluted, and the entablature is generally enriched, though not to the full and elaborate extent of the original." If we regard the building as a music hall, the employment of the above example may be considered somewhat more appropriate here than in the Council Office at Whitehall.

If the architecture of the New Hall remind us of the days of old Rome, the economy and ingenuity employed in its erection belong to no other times than our own. The structure is of bricks, which were made on the spot, of the earth excavated for the foundation. The walls are faced with Anglesea marble, of which material the columns and their accessories are also composed. The stones were cut and worked by machinery with steam power, and the columns were fluted by the same means; an invention, it is understood, of one of the contractors, and which far outstrips the patient chisels of the Jupiter Stator sculptors. "Another ingenious contri-

vance, consisting of a species of craning lever beam on rollers, was applied for the purpose of hoisting the framed tie-beams and principals of the roof from the ground up to the walls.*

The internal arrangement of this building exhibits a large saloon or hall, 140 feet in length, 65 feet wide, clear of the walls, and 65 feet high from floor to ceiling; with corridors of communication running along on each side of it on its own level, and staircases leading to upper corridors, to give access to galleries. The corridors are low, the two tiers being within the height of the basement externally. One end of the Hall is occupied by an organ, and surrounding orchestral arrangements; two narrow galleries run along the sides, and a large, deep gallery occupies the other end; rooms for the accommodation of the performers who may be employed, are formed at the upper end of the building, and under the orchestra. The writer of these details, in the *Companion to the Almanac*, objects to this end position of the organ, adding, "if it had been in a niche or alcove, on one of the sides, its object would have been much more efficiently answered."

The design for the Hall has been furnished by Mr. Harris, and the contracting builders are Messrs. Hanson and Welch, of Liverpool. The time given for the completion of the edifice was eighteen months, and the total cost is to be 18,000*l.*; though it is understood that the marble used in it is supplied by the proprietor of the quarries free of cost, for the purpose of bringing the article into public repute.

The noble Hall is said to contain a larger quantity of cubic feet than any other in Europe, and will accommodate between 3 and 4,000 persons sitting, or 10,000 standing. Vast as are these dimensions, the spaciousness of the Hall is but proportionate to the stupendous size of the organ placed in it. This instrument is larger, in point of effect, than any other organ in the world, not excepting those of Haarlem and Rotterdam, and the superb instrument recently erected in York cathedral. But, when it is added, that the Birmingham organ is placed in one of the largest and best proportioned rooms in Europe, without a column or impediment of any kind, to obstruct the proper circulation of the sound,—its situation may be considered as well calculated to display to advantage the full grandeur of this colossal instrument.

The organ occupies the space of a moderately sized chapel, namely, 35 feet in width, 15 feet deep, and 45 feet high,—that is, a cubical space sufficient to contain, closely packed, 4,725 persons. The swell-box itself

* From "Public Improvements," in the *Companion to the Almanac*, 1834. In the *Mechanics' Magazine*, No. 554, it is stated that "an accident occurred in raising one of the principals, through the breaking of a hook, which caused the death of two individuals, over whose remains was erected a monument."

is in dimensions as large as an ordinarily sized church or chapel organ, being, in fact, equal to a moderately sized apartment. There are five bellows, occupying a space of nearly 400 superficial feet; there are four rows of keys, and about 60 stops; the principal pipe has a cubical area of 217 feet, which is sufficient to contain about 45 persons; the principal metal pipe is about 35 feet high, and about 20½ inches in diameter, being nearly half an inch larger than the largest metal pipe of the new organ in York cathedral. The weight of the foot of this pipe, which is not more than four feet in length, exceeds 224 lbs., and supposing it to be of equal density throughout, the total weight is not far short of a ton. The timber alone required in the erection of this instrument will weigh between 20 and 30 tons, and the metal and other materials of the fabric will raise it to the total weight of, at least, 40 tons.

In this organ, there is a new and ingenious method of combining, upon one table of keys, the power of several parts of the instrument; the success of which will form an era in the history of organ-building. The greatest novelty, however, is the introduction of a peal of bells, placed in the swell-box, and, we believe, invented by Mr. Drury. The case of the instrument is from a design by Mr. Mackenzie, and is in perfect accordance with the architectural style of the building. The builder, and, in fact, the inventor of this vast instrument, is Mr. Hill, lately of the firm of Elliott and Hill, London.† (*See the Engraving at p. 248.*)

The organ has been built by subscription,† as funds for this purpose were not provided by the Act of Parliament, under which the Town Hall was erected.

The first Musical Festival is now in course of performance in the Birmingham Hall; and sincerely do we hope that every seat in its vast area and galleries will be filled, in aid of the benevolent object for which the Birmingham Musical Festivals were established.

CATHEDRAL MUSIC. III.

On Sunday the 17th ult., at seven o'clock in the morning, I attended the matins service in Exeter Cathedral. This is one of the very few hallowed spots now remaining in our land, where, in the words of an elegant writer, "the God to whom the eyes of all

† From the *Birmingham Journal*, one of the oldest and best conducted provincial newspapers.

† The organ fund has received a handsome contribution from an unexpected source; for, at a late meeting of the subscribers to the fund, raised in the year 1819, for the suppression of blasphemous and seditious publications, it was resolved to divide the sum remaining in hand, 1,036*l.*, equally between the funds for the restoration of St. Peter's Church, and the completion of the organ in the Town Hall.

look up for their daily bread, receives his daily offering of public praise and thanksgiving." * * * "These are forms," he continues, "endeared to every Christian, as the links that bind us to past times, and to modes of life which are now no more. They realize to our senses the habits of devotion that prevailed in Christendom when religion was all in all."

At Exeter, the ancient and laudable customs of the church are retained and acted upon, with a conscientious regard to the statutes of founders and benefactors, almost unknown in other choral establishments. The bishop spends a great portion of the year in his palace; the well-endowed dignitaries of the cathedral, namely the dean, the precentor, and the chancellor, are bound to keep due residence, and to maintain hospitality; the inhabitants of the city appear to regard their cathedral with affection and respect, and the service attracts a very large congregation.

The second morning service, with the Litany and Communion, is performed at half-past ten o'clock by a numerous choir, consisting of four priest vicars, eight lay vicars, five secondaries, or clerks of the second form, from among whom the deputies and lay vicars are chosen, and ten endowed choristers. By a regulation which appears to be peculiar to this cathedral, the boys are expected to assemble in the choir a quarter of an hour before the commencement of divine service, to receive directions respecting the music to be performed, and to arrange their books in proper order. They afterwards conduct the chancellor to his stall, and then quietly resume their own places. They wear scholars' bands and surplices, and stand at open desks during the prayers. This practice will be found almost universal in well-ordered choirs. It is difficult to enforce a proper seriousness of demeanour upon school-boys, who are screened by a high pew from constant observation and superintendence; and any childish levity that may be detected among them, is sure to attract the eye and the censure of strangers.

The day of the month and the psalm, were given out by the reader. The antiphonal chanting was excellent, and the accentuation perfectly correct. In double chants two verses were alternately sung by each semi-chorus, in a major or minor key, according to the subject of the psalm. Each verse occupied, on an average, fifteen seconds.

To Deum and Jubilate, Kent, in C.

The Litany was sung by two voices, a priest vicar and a lay vicar, "in the midst of the church," as enjoined by royal authority. The Communion service was read by Mr. Chancellor Pott, the Rev. T. Heberden, canon residentiary, and one of the vicars. The choir and congregation joined audibly in the Lord's

Prayer. This is unusual, but it is in accordance with the rubrical directions at the commencement of Morning Prayer—"Then the minister shall kneel, and say the Lord's Prayer with an audible voice, the people repeating it *with* him, both here and wherever else it is used in divine service." In the Post Communion service the rubric is differently worded—"Then shall the priest say the Lord's Prayer, the people repeating *after* him every petition."

The Sanctus and Kyrie Eleison were by Sandford. The Nicene Creed by Jackson.

After the Nicene Creed, a portion of a psalm was sung from the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, or it may be from that of Tate and Brady. The poetry was certainly not to be found in the Bible, or the liturgy; and from these two sources, in my humble opinion, the words of our cathedral music should be exclusively borrowed. The custom of bidding prayer is retained. A good sermon was preached by one of the canons, a venerable old man, who seemed to command great respect; but I fear he was inaudible to most of the congregation. The Communion is celebrated every Sunday, and is usually well attended.

The Cantate Domino, and Deus Misereatur, at even song, were by Kent. The anthem, "Hear me, O Lord," Jackson, for a treble solo and chorus, was sung with great feeling and pathos. The choristers are elected by the precentor, at the recommendation of the organist. They are respectably clothed at the expense of the dean and chapter, and receive payments from various sources, amounting to ten guineas per annum each. They have an ancient school-room in the cloisters, furnished with an organ, where they have lessons in music every morning from seven till nine in the summer, and from eight till nine in the winter; but there seems to be a prevalent opinion, that their education, with the exception of music, has lately been much neglected.

A. T.

THE PILLAR OF FORRES.

THIS interesting obelisk is situated at a small distance from the east end of Forres, in Elginshire, and a little to the north from the public road. It is twenty-five feet in height, and from three feet and a half to four feet in breadth at its base.*

* Chambers, in his entertaining *Picture of Scotland*, tells us: "It is an enormous slab of grey stone, upwards of twenty feet in height, supported by a socket which hides at least three feet more, and it is believed to reach fourteen feet into the ground. The shape resembles that of a very long wedge, or, as some more fancifully suppose, of a Highland broadsword; though the attrition produced by the weather upon the upper end may have been the cause of this peculiarity of form. The figures upon the obelisk, which are interpreted to represent the circumstances of a battle and subsequent treaty, are still wonderfully distinct, considering that they must have stood the brunt of every wind that has blown during the last eight centuries."

Regarding the origin of this curious specimen of ancient sculpture, (says a recent writer,) there are innumerable hypotheses—most of them, however, having no better foundation than vague conjecture. In fact, although it be almost invariably admitted, by antiquarians and historians, that it must have been erected for the purpose of commemorating some important national event, there are scarcely any two of them agreed as to what that particular event may have been.

The highest department of the east front consists principally of nine horses with their riders, some of them wearing ornaments about them.

Towards the top, or on the next division, there are a number of men in a warlike attitude, some of them brandishing their weapons, while others, as if exulting, are holding their shields on high, or are joining hands as a pledge, it is supposed, of reciprocal encouragement and assistance.

In the centre of the next line of figures, we are presented with two warriors, seemingly making preparation for, or actually engaged in, single combat, while their respective friends are witnessing the contest with various expressions of interest.

Descending to the square division below, we perceive a group of figures, evidently employed in coolly executing prisoners of war, by beheading them. Three trumpeters are blowing their trumpets, while one stands with his sword in his hand, in the action of execution, in the other hand holding the head of one of the captives, just severed from the body, which lies by. Several men with poles or halberds are standing around, as guarding a tent or canopy, under which the heads of the dead are deposited, while the bodies are arranged, seemingly, without the circle. Seven are figured as having incurred the above penalty on this occasion.

Regarding the purposes for which it has been erected, some are of opinion, that as the Danes landed in the North of Scotland about the commencement of the eleventh century, and seized the Castle of Forres, Elgin, and the Burgh, and rapaciously plundered the country—this monument was erected to commemorate the treaty of peace, which was afterwards concluded between them and the Scots. Others maintain that it was raised in memory of the battle of Murthlac, and as a testimony of the joy of the Scots at having expelled the Danes from the kingdom,—which latter event happened, according to Buchanan, in the year 1012. In fact, there is scarcely any event of national importance, that occurred betwixt the commencement of the tenth and the termination of the twelfth centuries, but is supposed by some to have been the occasion of the erection of this pillar.

It appears from the annals of Torfæus,

(says the Rev. C. Cordiner, in his description of the ancient monuments of North Britain,) that a body of Scandinavian adventurers, joined by chieftains from Caithness, in the ninth century, had established themselves, and formed a fortress at the Burghhead of Moray, which residence gave them an ample and a favourable range for foraging, and seizing on the live stock of that rich and fertile province.

These invaders kept regular possession of that stronghold for nearly a hundred and fifty years, during which time they made many successful depredations, and strove, with various fortune, to establish inland colonies.

In these sanguine endeavours to extend their sway, and, at the same time, to secure a more speedy retreat to their lines, when carrying off booty, or baffled in any attempt, the aid of cavalry was of essential, and almost indispensable, importance, and naturally became the distinguishing characteristic of their forces.

Of consequence, as it was the great object of Caledonian policy and valour to seize their horses, in order to defeat their enterprises; so when, at a fortunate period, they succeeded in totally routing the Scandinavian bands, and compelling them to leave their shores, if they wished to erect a conspicuous memorial of the event, the most striking incident would be to exhibit the seizure of the horses, and the inflicting of a capital penalty on their riders; and this is done in the most conspicuous department of the column.

It is, moreover, evident, from the concurring testimony of history and tradition, that part of the troops and warlike adventurers which had embarked in the grand expedition undertaken by Olaus, Prince of Norway, about the year 1003, did reinforce the garrison at Eccialsbacca, in the Burgh of Moray, and made some daring advances towards the subduing of the surrounding countries; and that soon after that period, their repeated defeats induced them wholly to relinquish their settlement in that province.

No event was, therefore, more likely to become an object of national gratitude and honour, than those actions in which the Prince of Norway, and their military adherents, were totally defeated, and which so fully paved the way for returning peace to smile over these harassed and extensive territories. And, in consequence of the Scandinavian forces finally evacuating their posts, a treaty of amicable alliance might be formed between Malcolm and Canute, or Sueno, King of Norway; and the august figures on the base of the cross have been sculptured to express that important reconciliation; while the figures on the adjacent edge of the obelisk, which are joined hand in hand, in the attitudes of friendly communication, may allude to the new degrees of mutual confi-

dence and security, which took place after the feuds were settled, and are represented on the front of the column.

Of the Castle of Forres, Chambers relates: "At the western extremity, and what seems to have been the nucleus and cause of the town, is the Castle, or rather the eminence on which such an edifice once stood. This is an object of some curiosity, for here Duffus, one of the early kings of Scotland, was killed by Donwald, governor of the Castle, under circumstances which Shakspeare has certainly made use of in his dramatic version of the murder of King Duncan by Macbeth. In consequence of this atrocious act, Forres Castle, which had long been a royal fortress, was demolished; but at a period much later, that of the civil war, another was founded on the same site; of which second erection, the vaulted or lower story still exists.

"On a height to the east of Forres, there is erected a Pharos in honour of Nelson, to which an excellent winding road conducts the traveller from the town. As the situation is high, and is surrounded by a level country, a very fine view may be here obtained; and the object itself has a good effect when seen from below or from a distance. It is worth mentioning, as a fine instance of patriotic feeling, that every individual man and woman in Forres contributed, by labour or money, to the erection of this interesting public work.

"The genius of Shakspeare has immortalized the town of Forres. It is the scene of a great part of the tragedy of Macbeth; and it was in a waste in the neighbourhood, that that singular hero, along with Banquo, according to all the old historians, (whom Shakspeare copied,) met the weird sisters that gave him so many fatal promises. The exact spot where that event is asserted by the country people to have taken place, is marked by a small clump of trees, about two hundred yards north from the post-road between Forres and Nairn, near a toll-bar, five miles from the former of these places, and nearly upon the confines of the two counties of Moray and Nairn. The extensive heath still surrounding this place is visibly worthy of the epithet "blasted," being one of the most desolate and hopeless tracts of waste land anywhere to be seen. It is called the Hard Moor, and great part of it belongs to the ancient race of Brodie of that Ilk, whose patrimonial seat is situated in the neighbourhood. Beyond it, on the right, it is possible, from the road, to distinguish a bright yellow line, singularly opposed to the purple hue of the heath. This is a vast tract of sand lying on the shore of the Firth, at the distance of a few miles. Formerly, that broad desert was a fertile estate, named Culbin. It was overspread by sand at the same time with the estate of Earl Good-

win in England; about the commencement, namely, of the eleventh century."

Anecdote Gallery.

MILITARY ANECDOTES.

SIR EDWARD WIDVILLE was, in the first year of the reign of Henry VII., made captain of the Isle of Wight; and about three years afterwards, to ingratiate himself in the King's favour, by promoting what he conceived to be his wishes, he convened the inhabitants, and persuaded them to undertake an expedition to France, in aid of the Duke of Brittany, who was then in arms against the French monarch. From the number that flocked to his standard, he selected about forty gentlemen, and 400 of the commonalty, and embarked with them for Brittany in four vessels. These auxiliaries were clothed in white coats, with red crosses; and, to make them appear more numerous, they were united to 1,500 of the Duke's forces, arrayed in the same uniform. Victory, however, proved unpropitious; and in a battle fought at St. Aubin's, Sir Edward and all the English were slain, except one boy, who reached home with the melancholy tidings. There was scarcely a family in the island, who lost not some relation or other on this mournful occasion.

About six weeks before the battle of As-saye, General Wellesley thought it necessary to obtain possession of an important fort, named Ahmednugger. It was taken by a most gallant escalade. In the thick of the assault, General Wellesley saw a young officer, who had reached the top of the lofty wall, thrust off by the enemy, and falling through the air from a great height. The general had little doubt that he must have been severely wounded, if not killed by the fall; but hastened to inquire the name and fate of the gallant young fellow, and had the satisfaction of seeing him in a moment after comparatively little injured, again mounting to the assault. Next morning, the general sent for him, offered to attach him to his staff as brigade-major, and from that hour, through all his fields and fortunes, even to the conquest of Paris, continued him in his personal friendship, and used sometimes to say, that the first time he had ever seen him was in the air. That young officer is now Sir Colin Campbell, Knight Commander of the Bath, and a major-general in the army.

The Indian princes, who made the attack on Trincomalee, were confident in their superior numbers and vast masses of cavalry; but Colonel Smith, by an able movement round a mountain, and by the skill with which his artillery was served, completely baffled the

efforts of this great though irregular host. The pursuit was marked by a singular occurrence. The Nizam, according to his absurd practice, had ranged in the rear a long line of elephants, on which his favourite ladies, seated in pomp, surveyed the battle. When the field was seen to be lost, orders were sent that this cavalcade should retreat at full speed; but a female voice, issuing from a splendid vehicle borne by one of these animals, called, "This elephant has not been instructed as to turn; he follows the standard of the empire!" The consequence was, that before the flag passed, several of these huge quadrupeds had fallen, and the balls were already flying among the fair fugitives.

The Begum Sumroo, (says Major Archer,) some days subsequent to her quitting the camp at Bhurtpore, in 1826, wrote to the commander-in-chief, that she had had no rest day nor night, since she had parted with him. His Excellency, in reply, said that "on his arrival at Cawnpore, he had found the boats which had been prepared for him high and dry, from the lowness of the river; but the tears he had shed, when he thought of the period he should be absent from her presence, had been so abundant as to float the vessels, and enable him to proceed on his voyage." This was taken as a matter of course, and not considered otherwise than it should have been.

A Highland officer, (says Sir J. Campbell,) on perambulating a camp, observing two of his men lying dead drunk in the rear of a tent, called out, "Sergeant, wha'tna twa rascals are thae?"—"It's Shon Macdonald and Donald Cameron." Officer: "Puir Donald Cameron! Tak' him into his tent, and throw a planket o'er him, for fear he should get cauld; but tak' that scoundrel Shon Macdonald to the rear-guard." The officer's name was Cameron.

Mac Nab, of Mac Nab, the chief of that ancient clan, commanded, during the war, a fencible regiment, which, upon one occasion, he was ordered to march from its headquarters in the highlands of Perthshire, to Cupar, of Fife, for some months of permanent duty. The colonel, with a regard truly paternal for the comfort of his men, to say nothing of himself, had taken care to secure a respectable supply of genuine whiskey among the baggage, from a conviction that the right sort was not to be had in the low country. All went off smoothly; the wagons were sent forward a couple of hours' march in advance of the column, under the escort of a sergeant's guard, and had safely passed the bridge of Dunkeld, when the party was suddenly surprised by an ambuscade of gaugers, who declared the convoy "seized in the king's name." The sergeant protested he would never surrender the charge

committed to him by his commanding officer, and the gaugers were fain to be satisfied with a compromise, and wait till the regiment and Mac Nab should come up. This duly happened in process of time, and the laird having been informed of the situation of affairs, dived into the recesses of his waistcoat-pocket, which always stood him instead of a snuff-box, and having inhaled a pinch, felt himself strengthened for the performance of his arduous duty, and exclaiming, "This is a creetic affair, lads; chainge wi' pouther an' ba'!" was instantly obeyed with instinctive Highland subordination, to the no small dismay of the gaugers, who lost no time in effecting a hasty retreat. The regiment reached Cupar without further interruption, and the gallant Colonel was not the most backward to refresh himself with the disputed whiskey. A few hours, however, only had elapsed, when Mac Nab received a summons to answer a charge of having "deforced the King's officers in the execution of their duty;" and having presented himself before the tribunal, the evidence was taken, and was clearly conclusive against him. He commenced his defence by the usual copious draught on the contents of his waistcoat-pocket, and then assured the Court, that having the care of a King's regiment on its route to a strange country, and the times being "fashous," he had thought it expedient that, in case of accidents, the men should be loaded; "But," he added, "tho' its varra true I caused them to chainge wi' pouther an' ba', I'm sure they na'er haard me gi' the word 'fire.'" The colonel's distinction was pronounced good in law; without firing no deforcement could take place. A triumphant acquittal was the consequence.

Before the forty-second regiment disembarked in Egypt, in 1801, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, orders were given not to fix their bayonets, nor to load their muskets, till they were all on shore, although the enemy's shot were falling in and round the boats like hail. After the regiment had formed into line on the beach, which was done in the coolest manner, under the destructive fire from a French battery and a battalion of infantry on the heights in front, Major Stirling gave the word, "Fix bayonets." In a moment every bayonet was fast to its musket. The major next followed with "Prime and load;" but the words had scarcely escaped his lips, when an individual in the ranks vociferated, "No prime and load, but charge baignets immediately." The entire regiment, as one man, instantly obeyed this energetic command, ascended the heights at a charge, and carried the French position with cold steel in the most gallant style. But the question immediately arose, who was the individual that ordered

the charge, when the commanding officer had only given the word to prime and load. On inquiry, it was found that the person who had assumed the command was Donald Black, a private soldier and an old smuggler from the Island of Skye. On General Moore arriving on the spot, he told the forty-second their bravery was beyond all praise; but that not obeying their commanding officer was a great breach of discipline, and on the present occasion, the movement might have had a fatal termination; at the same time, turning round to the colonel, he admonished him for the irregularity of his men. Colonel Dickson replied, "I might have held one man, but it was impossible for me to hold a whole regiment." Donald Black, being quite indignant at what he thought unnecessary loss of time, his impatience to close upon the foe in the Scottish manner made him lose sight entirely of the humble station which he occupied in the corps.

W. G. C.

FRENCH ANECDOTES.

CLOTARIUS, the first king of the Franks, having taken the field at the head of his army against the Saxons, in 553, they became alarmed and sued for peace, at the same time offering a large sum of money to the offended monarch as an atonement; but his army insisting that he should lead them to battle, he exerted all his eloquence to make these terms agreeable to them. The Saxons having offered more money, in order to appease the soldiers, he renewed his remonstrances and requests, when the enraged army rushed upon him, tore his tent in pieces, dragged him out, and would have killed him, if he had not consented to lead them to battle.

In 885, Charles the Bald purchased the retreat of the Norman invader, engaged in the siege of Paris, by a present of 7,000 lbs. of silver. In the same year, the monastery of St. Denis redeemed its abbot from captivity at the expense of 685 lbs. of gold.

A magistrate in a provincial town in France, had to compliment Louis XIV., and, accordingly, he concocted a long speech, with which he flattered himself the king would be well pleased. On the approach of his majesty, he began his harangue as follows: "Sire! Cæsar and Alexander ——" all of an instant his memory failed him, the king's majesty having greatly confounded the orator. He commenced again, "Cæsar and Alexander ——" again he stopped short, and could proceed no farther; the presence of the king put him in such fear that he could not articulate. Louis XIV. at last said, with much benevolence, "Well, Cæsar and Alexander—proceed." "Well, sire, they were fools compared to your majesty." The king laughed heartily, and was highly amused at

the profound wisdom of the worthy magistrate.

The Regent Duke of Orleans once asked a stranger, what were the different characters and distinctions of the various nations in Europe. "The only manner in which I can answer your royal highness is, to repeat to you the first questions which are asked among the several nations, in regard to a stranger who comes among them. In Spain they ask, 'Is he a nobleman of the first rank?' In Germany, 'Can he be admitted into the chapters?' In France, 'Is he in favour at court?' In Holland, 'How much money has he?' And in England, 'Who is that man?'"

M. Duval, curate of Pleurteuil, in the south of France, has been both a soldier and a sailor. His parish is entirely filled with sailors, and he is accustomed to speak to them in their own language. When seamen arrive from Versailles, and he supposes they have need of his spiritual assistance, he does not say to them, "Come to me and confess;" but, "My lads you have had rough weather, hasten to bring up your lee-way, and let me put you well before the wind." The following was the discourse he pronounced upon singing the Domine Salvum for King Louis Philippe:—"My good friends, while you were last out fishing for cod, many things passed here. The vessel of the state sailed badly,—the cry was, 'Helmsman! have a care;' but every moment she touched ground, when one day the crew in a rage flung overboard the captain and officers, and then, to carry on the voyage, they named a new captain—it was Louis Philippe. Letters were sent to Rome, and the answer was 'All's well;' let us then cheer him." He then sang the Domine Salvum, amid the chorus of 700 sailors.

Count Mirabeau, brother of the celebrated orator of the Constituent Assembly, and so well known as Mirabeau-tonneau, sent for his valet-de-chambre one morning, and said to him, "You are a faithful servant—very zealous, and I have nothing to say against you, but yet—I must dismiss you." "Why, sir?" was the question. "Because, in spite of our understanding, you get drunk on the same days that I do." "Is that my fault, count? You get drunk every day!" The count found so much sound argument in this reply, that he kept his valet.

Mirabeau, (says M. Dumont,) when writing to his mistress would copy whole pages from several periodicals of the day. "Listen, my beloved," he would write, "whilst I pour my whole soul into thy bosom;" the same being a literal transcript, either from the *Mercur de France*, or a new novel.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, when every man was bringing for-

ward his plan for the good of his country, one of the deputies, a farmer, proposed the suppression of pigeons, of rabbits, and of monks. This whimsical mode of classing grievances, which had excited a laugh in the assembly, the farmer very gravely justified, by stating the first devour us in the seed, the second in the blade, and the third in the sheaf.

Monsieur A——, a member of the Constituent Assembly, ascended the tribune but once. "Gentlemen," said he, "man is an animal ——;" awed by the imposing aspect of the Assembly, he stopped short. A member exclaimed, "I move that the speech be printed, with the portrait of the orator prefixed."

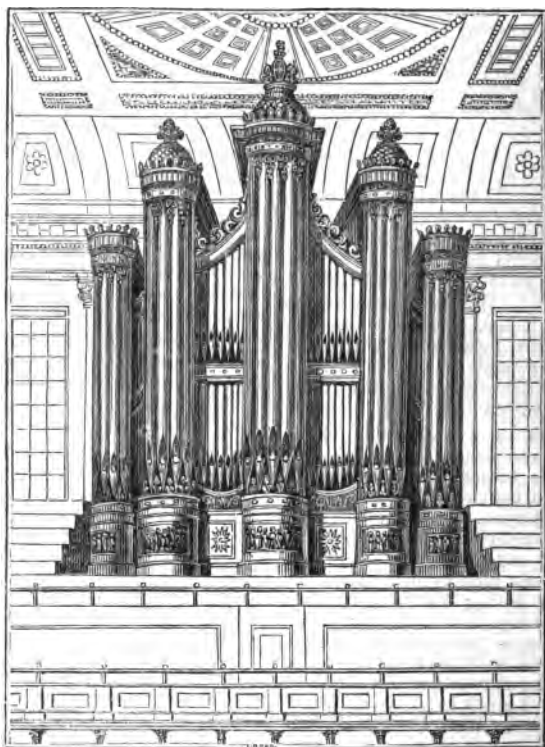
In 1794, Monsieur de Saint Janvier presented himself at the gates of a city. "Your name?" said the porter. "M. de Saint Janvier," was the answer. "Monsieur is no longer in use."—"De Saint Janvier."—"De is no longer used, when a new era opens."—"Well, then, let it be Saint Janvier, quite short."—"There is no longer any

Saint."—"Pass it then for Janvier."—"There is no longer any January, since the calendar has been regenerated." Then they gave the unfortunate traveller a passport under the name of the citizen Nivose.

In 1796, a certain Abbé Poule, a fanatic, having contrived to gain admission into the house of the Director Sieyes, discharged a pistol at the head of the latter, but missed his aim; upon which the republican, nowise flurried at his narrow and almost miraculous escape, coolly turning to his housekeeper, said aloud, "Should the Abbé Poule call here again, you will have the goodness to say I am not at home."

The reigning Prince of Reuss, during the time of the French Republic, commenced an official despatch with the words, "The Prince of Reuss acknowledges the French Republic." M. de Talleyrand, whose business it was, as minister of foreign affairs, to reply to the note, wrote at the head of his, "The French Republic is happy to make acquaintance with the Prince of Reuss."

W. G. C.



THE ORGAN.

In the New Town Hall, Birmingham. (Described at page 242.)

The Public Journals.

COLERIDGE AND MARY OF BUTTERMERE.

(By the English Opium-Eater, in *Tait's Magazine*.)

At the time when Coleridge first settled at the lakes, or not long after, a romantic, and somewhat tragical affair, drew the eyes of all England, and, for many years, continued to draw the steps of tourists, to one of the most secluded Cumberland valleys, so little visited previously, that it might be described almost as an undiscovered chamber of that romantic district. Coleridge was brought into a closer connexion with this affair than merely by the general relation of neighbourhood; for an article of his in a morning paper, I believe, unintentionally furnished the original clew for unmasking the base impostor who figured as the foremost actor in this tale. Other generations have arisen since that time, who must naturally be unacquainted with the circumstances; and, on their account, I shall here recall them. One day in the Lake season, there drove up to the Royal Oak, the principal inn at Keswick, a handsome and well-appointed travelling carriage, containing one gentleman, of somewhat dashing exterior. The stranger was a picturesque-hunter, but not of that order who fly round the ordinary tour with the velocity of lovers posting to Greta, or of criminals running from the police; his purpose was to domicile himself in this beautiful scenery, and to see it at his leisure. From Keswick, as his head-quarters, he made excursions in every direction amongst the neighbouring valleys; meeting generally a good deal of respect and attention, partly on account of his handsome equipage, and still more from his visiting cards, which designated him as "The Hon. Augustus Hope." Under this name, he gave himself out for a brother of Lord Hopetoun, whose great income was well known, and, perhaps, exaggerated amongst the dalesmen of northern England. Some persons had discernment enough to doubt of this; for the man's breeding and deportment, though showy, had a taint of vulgarity about it; and Coleridge assured me, that he was grossly ungrammatical in his ordinary conversation. However, one fact, soon dispersed by the people of a little rustic post-office, laid asleep all demurs; he not only received letters addressed to him under this assumed name,—that might be through collision with accomplices,—but he himself continually franked letters by that name. Now, that being a capital offence, being not only a forgery, but, (as a forgery on the Post-Office,) sure to be prosecuted, nobody presumed to question his pretensions any longer; and, henceforward, he went to all places with the consideration attached to an Earl's brother. All doors flew open at his approach: boats,

boatmen, nets, and the most unlimited sporting privileges, were placed at the disposal of the "Honourable" gentleman: and the hospitality of the whole country taxed itself to offer a suitable reception to the patrician Scotsman. It could be no blame to a shepherd girl, bred in the sternest solitude which England has to show, that she should fall into a snare which hardly any of her betters had escaped. Nine miles from Keswick, by the nearest bridle road, but fourteen or fifteen by any route which the honourable gentleman's travelling carriage could have traversed, lies the Lake of Buttermere. Its margin, which is overhung by some of the loftiest and steepest of the Cumbrian mountains, exhibits on either side few traces of human neighbourhood; the level area, where the hills recede enough to allow of any, is of a wild, pastoral character, or almost savage; the waters of the lake are deep and sullen; and the barrier mountains, by excluding the sun for much of his daily course, strengthen the gloomy impressions. At the foot of this lake (that is at the end where its waters issue) lie a few unornamented fields, through which rolls a little brook-like river, connecting it with the larger Lake of Crummock; and at the edge of this miniature domain, upon the road side, stands a cluster of cottages, so small and few, that, in the richer tracts of the islands, they would scarcely be complimented with the name of hamlet. One of these, and I believe the principal, belonged to an independent proprietor, called, in the local dialect, a "Statesman;" and more, perhaps, for the sake of gathering any little local news, than with much view to pecuniary profit at that era, this cottage offered the accommodations of an inn to the traveller and his horse. Rare, however, must have been the mounted traveller in those days, unless visiting Buttermere for itself, and as a *terminus ad quem*; for the road led to no further habitations of man, with the exception of some four or five pastoral cabins, equally humble, in Gatesgarth dale. Hither, however, in an evil hour for the peace of this little brotherhood of shepherds, came the cruel spoiler from Keswick. His errand was, to witness, or to share in the char-fishing; for in Derwentwater (the Lake of Keswick) no char is found, which breeds only in the deeper waters, such as Windermere, Crummock, Buttermere, &c. But whatever had been his first object, that was speedily forgotten in one more deeply interesting. The daughter of the house, a fine young woman of eighteen, acted as waiter. In a situation so solitary, the stranger had unlimited facilities for enjoying her company, and recommending himself to her favour. Doubts about his pretensions never arose in so simple a place as this; they were overruled before they could well have arisen, by the opinion now general in

Keswick that he really was what he pretended to be: and thus, with little demur, except in the shape of a few natural words of parting anger from a defeated or rejected rustic admirer, the young woman gave her hand in marriage to the showy and unprincipled stranger. I know not whether the marriage was, or could have been, celebrated in the little mountain chapel of Buttermere. If it were, I persuade myself that the most hardened villain must have felt a momentary pang on violating the altar of such a chapel, so touchingly does it express, by its miniature dimensions, the almost helpless humility of that little pastoral community to whose spiritual wants it has from generation to generation administered. It is not only the very smallest chapel by many degrees in all England, but is so mere a toy in outward appearance, that, were it not for its antiquity, its wild mountain exposure, and its consecrated connexion with the final hopes and fears of the adjacent pastoral hamlet,—but for these considerations, the first movement of a stranger's feelings would be towards loud laughter; for the little chapel looks not so much a mimic chapel in a drop scene from the Opera House, as a miniature copy from such a scene; and evidently could not receive within its walls more than a half dozen of households. From this sanctuary it was— from beneath the maternal shadow, if not from the altar of this lonely chapel,—that the heartless villain carried off the flower of the mountains. Between this place and Keswick they continued to move backwards and forwards, until at length, with the startling of a thunderclap to the affrighted mountaineers, the bubble burst: officers of justice appeared: the stranger was easily intercepted from flight; and, upon a capital charge, was borne away to Carlisle. At the ensuing assizes he was tried for forgery, on the prosecution of the Post-office; found guilty, left for execution, and executed accordingly. On the day of his condemnation, Wordsworth and Coleridge passed through Carlisle, and endeavoured to obtain an interview with him. Wordsworth succeeded; but, for some unknown reason, the prisoner steadily refused to see Coleridge; a caprice which could not be penetrated. It is true that he had, during his whole residence at Keswick, avoided Coleridge with a solicitude which had revived the original suspicions against him in some quarters, after they had generally subsided. But for this, his motive had then been sufficient: he was of a Devonshire family, and naturally feared the eye, or the inquisitive examination, of one who bore a name immemorially associated with the southern part of that county. Coleridge, however, had been transplanted so immaturely from his native region, that few people in England knew less of its family connexions. That, perhaps,

was unknown to this malefactor; but, at any rate, he knew that all motive was now at an end for disguise of any sort; so that his reserve, in this particular, was unintelligible. However, if not him, Coleridge saw and examined his very interesting papers. These were chiefly letters from women whom he had injured, pretty much in the same way, and by the same impostures, as he had so recently practised in Cumberland; and, as Coleridge assured me, were in part the most agonizing appeals that he had ever read to human justice and pity. The man's real name was, I think, Hatfield. And, amongst the papers, were two separate correspondences, of some length, from two young women, apparently of superior condition in life (one the daughter of an English clergyman), whom this villain had deluded by marriage, and, after some cohabitation, abandoned,—one of them with a family of young children. Great was the emotion of Coleridge when he recurred to his remembrance of these letters, and bitter—almost vindictive—was the indignation with which he spoke of Hatfield. One set of letters appeared to have been written under too certain a knowledge of his villany to whom they were addressed; though still relying on some possible remains of humanity, or, perhaps (the poor writer might think), on some lingering relics of affection for herself. The other set was even more distressing; they were written under the first conflicts of suspicions, alternately repelling with warmth the gloomy doubts which were fast arising, and then yielding to their afflicting evidence; raving in one page under the misery of alarm, in another courting the delusions of hope, and luring back the perfidious deserter,—here resigning herself to despair, and there again labouring to show that all might yet be well. Coleridge said often, in looking back upon that frightful exposure of human guilt and misery,—and I also echoed his feeling,—that the man who, when pursued by these heart-rending apostrophes, and with this litany of anguish sounding in his ears, from despairing women, and from famishing children, could yet find it possible to enjoy the calm pleasures of a Lake tourist, and deliberately to hunt for the picturesque, must have been a fiend of that order which, fortunately, does not often emerge amongst men. It is painful to remember that, in those days, amongst the multitudes who ended their career in the same ignominious way, and the majority for offences connected with the forgery of Bank notes, there must have been a considerable number who perished from the very opposite cause,—viz., because they felt, too passionately and profoundly for prudence, the claims of those who looked up to them for support. One common scaffold confounds the most flinty hearts and the tenderest. However, in this instance, it was in some measure

the heartless part of Hatfield's conduct, which drew upon him his ruin: for the Cumberland Jury, as I have been told, declared their unwillingness to hang him for having forged a frank; and both they, and those who refused to aid his escape, when first apprehended, were reconciled to this harshness entirely by what they heard of his conduct to their injured young fellow-countrywoman.

She, meantime, under the name of *the Beauty of Buttermere*, became an object of interest to all England: dramas and melodramas were produced in the London theatres upon her story; and for many a year afterwards, shoals of tourists crowded to the secluded lake, and the little homely cabaret, which had been the scene of her brief romance. It was fortunate for a person in her distressing situation, that her home was not in a town: the few, and simple neighbours, who had witnessed her imaginary elevation, having little knowledge of worldly feelings, never for an instant connected with her disappointment any sense of the ludicrous, or spoke of it as a calamity to which her vanity might have co-operated. They treated it as unmingled injury, reflecting shame upon nobody but the wicked perpetrator. Hence, without much trial to her womanly sensibilities, she found herself able to resume her situation in the little inn; and this she continued to hold for many years. In that place, and that capacity, I saw her repeatedly, and shall here say a word upon her personal appearance, because the Lake poets all admired her greatly. Her figure was, in my eyes, good; but I doubt whether most of my readers would have thought it such. She was none of your evanescent, wasp-waisted beauties; on the contrary, she was rather large every way; tallish, and proportionably broad. Her face was fair, and her features feminine; and unquestionably she was what all the world have agreed to call "good-looking." But, except in her arms, which had something of a statuesque beauty, and in her carriage, which expressed a womanly grace, together with some slight dignity and self-possession, I confess that I looked in vain for any positive qualities of any sort or degree. *Beautiful*, in any emphatic sense, she was not. Everything about her face and bust was negative; simply without offence. Even this, however, was more than could be said at all times: for the expression of her countenance was often disagreeable. This arose out of her situation; connected, as it was, with defective sensibility, and a misdirected pride. Nothing operates so differently upon different minds, and different styles of beauty, as the inquisitive gaze of strangers, whether in the spirit of respectful admiration, or of insolence. Some I have seen, upon whose angelic beauty this sort of confusion settled advantageously, and like a softening veil;

others, in whom it meets with proud resentment, are sometimes disfigured by it. In Mary of Buttermere, it roused mere anger and disdain; which, meeting with the sense of her humble and dependent situation, gave birth to a most unhappy aspect of countenance. Men, who had no touch of a gentleman's nature in their composition, sometimes insulted her by looks and by words: and she too readily attributed the same spirit of impertinent curiosity to every man whose eyes happened to settle steadily upon her face. Yet, once at least, I must have seen her under the most favourable circumstances; for on my first visit to Buttermere, I had the pleasure of Mr. Southey's company, who was incapable of wounding anybody's feelings, and to Mary, in particular, was well known by kind attentions, and, I believe, by some services. Then, at least, I saw her to advantage, and, perhaps, for a figure of her build, at the best age; for it was about nine or ten years after her misfortune, when she might be twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. We were alone, a solitary pair of tourists: nothing arose to confuse or distress her. She waited upon us at dinner, and talked to us freely. "This is a respectable young woman," I said to myself; but nothing of that enthusiasm could I feel, which beauty, such as I have beheld at the lakes, would have been apt to raise under a similar misfortune. One lady, not very scrupulous in her embellishments of facts, used to tell an anecdote of her, which I hope was exaggerated. Some friend of hers (as she affirmed), in company with a large party, visited Buttermere, within a day or two after that upon which Hatfield suffered; and she protested that Mary threw upon the table, with an emphatic gesture, the Carlisle paper, containing an elaborate account of his execution.

It is an instance of Coleridge's carelessness—that he, who had as little ill-nature in his temper as any person whom I have ever known, managed, in reporting this story at the time of its occurrence, to get himself hooked into a personal quarrel, which hung over his head unsettled for nine or ten years. A Liverpool merchant, who was then meditating a house in the vale of Graemere, and perhaps might have incurred Coleridge's anger, by thus disturbing, with inappropriate intrusions, this loveliest of all English landscapes, had connected himself a good deal with Hatfield during his Keswick masquerade: and was said even to have carried his regard to that villain so far as to have christened one of his own children by the names of "Augustus Hope." With these and other circumstances, expressing the extent of the infatuation amongst the swindler's dupes, Coleridge made the public merry. Naturally the Liverpool merchant was not amongst those who admired the facetiousness

of Coleridge on this occasion, but swore vengeance whenever they should meet. They never *did* meet, until ten years had gone by, and then, oddly enough, it was in the Liverpool man's own house—that very nuisance of a house which had, I suppose, first armed Coleridge's wrath against him. This house, by time and accident, in no very wonderful way, had passed into the hands of Wordsworth as tenant. Coleridge, as was still less wonderful, had become the visitor of Wordsworth on returning from Malta; and the Liverpool merchant, as was also natural, either seeking his rent, or for what other purpose I know not, calling upon Wordsworth, met Coleridge in the hall. Now came the hour for settling old accounts. I was present, and can report the case. Both looked grave, and coloured a little. But Coleridge requesting his enemy's company in the garden, entered upon a long metaphysical dissertation, which was rather puzzling to answer. It seemed to be an expansion, by Thomas Aquinas, of that parody upon a well known passage in Shenstone, where the writer says—

"He kicked me down stairs with such a sweet grace,
That I thought he was handing me up."

And in the upshot it clearly made it appear that, purely on principles of good neighbourhood, and universal philanthropy, could Coleridge have meditated or executed the insult offered in the *Morning Post*. The Liverpool merchant rubbed his forehead, and seemed a little perplexed; but at length, considering, perhaps, how very like Duns Scotus, or Albertus Magnus, Coleridge had shown himself in this luminous explanation, he began to reflect, that had any one of those distinguished men offered a similar affront, it would have been impossible to resent it; for who could think of caning the Seraphic doctor? or would it tell to any man's advantage in history that he had kicked Thomas Aquinas? On these principles, therefore, without

saying one word, he held out his hand, and a lasting reconciliation followed.

SONGS.

From the French of Beranger. Translated in Fraser's Magazine.

WINE DEBTOR TO WATER.

RAIN best doth nourish
Earth's pride, the budding vine!
Grapes best will flourish
On which the dewdrops shine.
Then why should water meet with scorn,
Or why its claim to praise resign?
When from that bounteous source is born
The vine! the vine! the vine!

RAIN best disposes
Earth for each blossom and each bud;
True, we are told by Moses,
Once it brought on "a flood:"
But while that flood did all immerse,
All save old Noah's holy line,
Pray read the chapter and the verse—
The vine is there! the vine!

Wine by water-carriage
Round the globe is best conveyed:
Then why disparage
A path for old Bacchus made?
When in our docks the cargo lands
Which foreign merchants here consign,
The vine's red empire wide expands—
The vine! the vine! the vine!

RAIN makes the miller
Work his glad wheel the livelong day;
RAIN brings the siller,
And drives dull care away:
For without rain he lacks the stream,
And fain o'er watery cups must pine;
But when it rains, he courts, I deem,
The vine! the vine! the vine!

Though all good judges
Water's worth now understand,
Mark you chiel who drudges
With buckets in each hand;
He toils with water through the town,
Until he spies a certain "sign,"
Where entering, all his labour done,
He drains thy juice, O vine!

But pure water singing
Dries full soon the poet's tongue;
So crown all by bringing
A draft drawn from the bung
Of yonder cask, that wine contains
Of Loire's good vintage or the Rhine's;
Queen of whose teeming margin reigns
The vine! the vine! the vine!

THE SONG OF THE COSSACK.

COME, arouse thee up, my gallant horse, and bear thy rider on!
The comrade thou, and the friend, I trow, of the dweller on "the Don."
Pillage and Death have spread their wings! 'tis the hour to hie thee forth,
And with thy hoofs an echo wake to the trumpets of the North!
Nor gems nor gold do men behold upon thy saddle-tree;
But earth affords the wealth of lords for thy master and for thee.
Then fiercely neigh, my charger grey—O! thy chest is proud and ample;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

Europe is weak—she hath grown old—her bulwarks are laid low;
She is loath to hear the blast of war—she shrinketh from a foe.
Come, in our turn, let us sojourn in her goodly haunts of joy—
In the pillared porch to wave the torch, and her palaces destroy.
Proud as when first thou slak'st thy thirst in the flow of conquered Seine,
Aye, shalt thou lave, within that wave, thy blood-red flanks again.
Then fiercely neigh, my gallant grey—O! thy chest is strong and ample;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

Kings are beleaguer'd on their thrones by their own vassal crew;
And in their den quake noblemen, and priests are bearded too;
And loud they yelp for the Cossacks' help to keep their bondsmen down,
And they think it meet, while they kiss our feet, to wear a tyrant's crown!
The sceptre now to my lance shall bow, and the crozier and the cross,
All shall bend alike, when I lift my pike, and aloft THAT SCEPTRE toss!

Then proudly neigh, my gallant grey—O! thy chest is broad and ample;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

In a night of storm I have seen a form!—and the figure was a GIANT,
And his eye was bent on the Cossacks' tent, and his look was all defiant;
Kingly his crest,—and towards the West with his battle-axe he pointed;
And the "form" I saw was ATTILA! of this earth the scourge anointed.
From the Cossacks' camp let the horseman's tramp the coming crash announce;
Let the vulture whet his beak sharp set, on the carrion field to pounce.
And proudly neigh, my charger grey—O! thy chest is broad and ample;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

What boots old Europe's boasted fame on which she builds reliance,
When the North shall launch its *avalanche* on her works of art and science?
Hath she not wept her cities swept by our hordes of swarming horses?
And tower and arch crush'd in the march of our barbarian courses?
Can we not wield our fathers' shield? the same war-hatchet handle?
Do our blades want length, or the reapers strength, for the harvest of the Vandal?
Then proudly neigh, my gallant grey, for thy chest is strong and ample;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

The Naturalist.

THE CANNON-BALL TREE.

THIS tree is from fifty to sixty feet high, and with a trunk often more than two feet in diameter: the wood is soft. The branches are spreading, and covered with a smooth bark; the leaves, which are alternate, from eight to ten inches long, and broadly lanceolate, are the most copious at the extremities of the branches. The racemes of flowers are from one foot to three feet in length; produced on the former year's branches, and upon different parts of the trunk, bearing a great many, sometimes a hundred flowers, of a very large size, and very splendid in colour; and, moreover, are endowed with a most delicious odour. The flower-buds, shortly before expanding, are of about the size of a medlar: the expanded flowers, are from four to five inches across. They are yellowish on the outside, with a tinge of red crimson-lilac within, and spread out horizontally. Although a raceme consists of 50 to 100 flowers, it produces but one or two fruits. The fruit is round, reddish, rough to the touch, and from four to eight inches in diameter, and, from its size and form, has procured for the tree the name of the cannon-ball tree. The fallen pericarps, or fruits, which strew the ground beneath this tree, in Cayenne, and exhibit the scar or hole by which they were attached to the fruit-stalk, so nearly resemble the bomb-shell, that one might easily, at first sight, imagine that a company of artillery had bivouacked in its shade. The fruit, or pericarp, is occupied internally by pulp, which, when ripe, is of the colour of wine-les, and through which are scattered an indeterminate number of seeds, each larger than a pea, and invested with a leathery membrane, which is woolly externally. The shell of the fruit is used, in South America, for domestic purposes, as the calabash. The pulp contains sugar; gum; malic, citric, and tartaric acids; and is employed to afford a refreshing drink in fevers; but, in the perfectly ripe state it exceeds whatever is filthy; yet the scent is

remarkably vinous, and so durable that the Rev. L. Guilding, on examining some portions of the fruit that had been preserved in rum for two or three years, found the native odour of the plant so strong as to render a continuance in the apartment almost insupportable. Insects revel in this disgusting and putrid pulp; earwigs feed upon it, while ants find a shelter in the hollow of the shells. It appears that a living specimen of the tree does not exist in any European collection of plants; and Dr. Hooker despairs of seeing it flourish in any region beyond the tropics. The tree is an inhabitant, and one of the greatest ornaments, of the dense forests of Cayenne, where it flowers at all seasons of the year, and where its trunk and branches are not unfrequently concealed from view by an investing mass of the Spanish longbeard. From Cayenne, the tree has been introduced into the island of St. Vincent.—*Botanical Magazine.*

THE CYPRESS IN AMERICA.

THE cypress is an important tree. It begins to be seen on the wet lands near the mouth of the Ohio, and is, with the swamp gum, the most common tree in the deep swamps from that point to the Gulf of Mexico. It is a tree of a very singular character. Under its shade arises a multitude of curiously shaped knobs, called cypress knees. These are regular cone-like protuberances, in height and circumference not unlike tall and tapering bee-hives. The tree itself springs from a knob or knee of this kind, of an enlarged size, and, at the surface of the ground, of thrice the circumference of the proper trunk. This conical foundation of the tree rises of the height of from six to ten feet; and from its apex towers the main trunk of the tree, with scarce any diminution in its circumference, for a length of sixty or eighty feet.

Very near its top, it begins to throw out multitudes of horizontal branches, which interlace with those of the adjoining trees; and, when bare of leaves, has an air of desolation and death, more easily felt than described. In the season of vegetation, the

leaves are short, fine, and of a verdure so deep as almost to seem brown; giving an indescribable air of funereal solemnity to this singular tree. A cypress forest, when viewed from the adjacent hills, with its numberless interlaced arms, covered with this dark, brown foliage, has the aspect of a scaffolding of verdure in the air. It grows, too, in deep and sickly swamps, the haunts of fever, mosquitos, moccassin snakes, alligators, and all loathsome and ferocious animals, that congregate far from the abodes of man, and seem to make common cause with nature against him. The cypress loves the deepest, most gloomy, inaccessible, and inundated swamps; and south of 33° is generally found covered with the sable festoons of long moss, hanging, as it seems, a shroud of mourning wreaths almost to the ground. It seems to flourish best where water covers its roots for half the year. When the water rises from eight to ten feet from the overflow of rivers, the apex of the tree's buttock is just on a level with the surface of the water. It is then, in many places, that they cut it. The negroes surround the tree in *periognes*, and thus get at the trunk above the huge and hard buttock, and fell it with comparative ease. They cut off the straight shaft, as suits their purpose, and float it to a raft, or the nearest high grounds. Unpromising as are the places and the circumstances of its growth, no tree of the country where it is found is so extensively useful. It is free from knots, is easily wrought, and makes excellent planks, shingles, and timber of all sorts. It is very durable, and incomparably the most valuable tree in the southern country of this valley. It is a fortunate circumstance that it inhabits the most gloomy and inaccessible regions, which will not come into cultivation for ages. It will, of course, have a better chance, not to share the fate of the most useful timber on the valuable uplands. The improvident axe soon renders timber difficult to be procured, in a country in the centre of forests. All the cypress forests, however, that are easily accessible, on the Lower Mississippi and its tributaries, have been stripped of their timber by the Mississippi lumberers, who have floated to New Orleans millions of feet of this timber, from the lands of the United States, and who have already created a scarcity of this species on the margin of the Mississippi. There are, however, in the vast swamps of the Mississippi, Arkansas, Red River, and Florida, inexhaustible supplies of cypress still remaining.—*Flint's Geography and History of the Western States.*

Cypress trees, the roots of which present similar appearances on a less scale, may be seen in the Duke of Northumberland's grounds at Sion, at Blenheim, and various other places in England, and in the grounds

of the Petit Trianon, in the neighbourhood of Paris.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

MAPLE SUGAR.

THE American sugar maple will grow to the height of forty feet. It has some resemblance to the Norway maple when the plants are young. From this tree the inhabitants of North America make a very good sort of sugar in large quantities. It is very probable that the Americans make sugar from many species of maple. The juice is obtained by tapping the trees in spring: warm days and frosty nights are most favourable to the plentiful discharge of the sap. A hole is made in the tree, in an ascending direction, with an auger, and a spout is introduced about half an inch, which projects from three to twelve inches; it is generally of sumach or elder. The sap will sometimes flow six weeks, according to the temperature of the weather. Troughs are placed under the spouts, to receive the sap, which is carried every day to a large receiver, from which it is conveyed, after being strained, to the boiler. Lime, eggs, or new milk, is added to the sap, in order to clarify it; but clear sugar may be made without any of these ingredients. The sugar, after being sufficiently boiled, is grained, clayed, and refined, in the same manner as the cane sugar in the West Indies. The sooner the sap is boiled the better. It should never be kept more than twenty-four hours. The quality of maple sugar is superior to that which is made in the West Indies from the cane, and it deposits less sediment when dissolved in water. It has more the appearance of sugarcandy. The sugar prepared from the sap of this tree is one of the greatest conveniences to the inhabitants of the western countries, is equal to any other sugar, and procured with little trouble.—*Pursh, as quoted by George Don, in Miller's Dictionary.*

PRODIGIOUS SHELL.

THE *chama gigas* is a shell of a very large species of the *chama*. One is recorded by conchological writers that weighed 532 lbs., including both the shells and the animal; and the latter was so large as to furnish 120 men with food for a meal, and strong enough by the sudden collapsing or snapping its valves close, to cut asunder a cable rope, and lop men's hands off. This enormous species inhabits the Indian seas: those of the largest size we are acquainted with, are from the seas contiguous to Borneo, from whence they are occasionally brought as objects of curiosity into Europe, and kept as ornaments in gardens. During the early part of the last century, they were in much request for the decorations of fountains, grottoes, and reservoirs of water, especially in Italy, the more modern Italians emulating in some manner

the classic taste of the ancients. The gigantic shell was perfectly familiar to the poets and sculptors of antiquity; Venus is fabled to have arisen in one of them from the bottom of the sea, an allegory in itself extremely beautiful, and which has afforded matter for several of the most exquisite compositions of ancient as well as modern artists; the former is obvious in a variety of remains of ancient sculpture, and of the latter we need only instance one, viz. Barry's inimitable picture of "Venus rising from the sea," the impressive and sublime effect of which is recent in the mind of every admirer of modern art. On gems and cameos of antiquity, Venus, under various characters, Amphitrite, Doris, and other goddesses and nymphs in the train of Oceanus, frequently appear upborne upon the waves, or driving through the flaming billows in a chariot formed of the charna shell.

P. T. W.

THE CARRIBI.

THE following description of a singular fish, in the rivers of South America, is given in *Campaigns and Cruises in Venezuela*: "Many of the men were severely bitten in their legs and thighs by a small fish called the Carribi. These are never more than three or four inches in length, and are shaped like a gold fish, which they also resemble in the brilliant orange hue of their scales.* Although they are so small, their exceeding voraciousness, and the incalculable numbers in which they swarm, render them very dangerous. They are, indeed, to the full as much dreaded, if not more so, by a Llanero than the cayman. Their mouth is very large in proportion to their size, and opens much in the same manner as a bullet-mould. It is furnished with broad and sharp teeth, like those of a shark in miniature; so that wherever they bite they take away the piece of flesh. When once either man or beast is attacked by them, they will strip the limb of flesh in a surprisingly short time; for the taste of the blood spreading in the water, collects them by myriads." W. G. C.

FLOATING ISLAND.

At the head of Estwhaite Lake, Hawkshead, Lancashire, there is a small sheet of water known by the name of Priestfoot, but connected with the other lake by a small outlet. Upon this, there has been for many years a floating island, little noticed by tourists, and erroneously stated by some writers, not to move or sail with the wind. In contradiction of this, it was never known since first it became a floating island to have remained stationary, or to be fixed for any great

length of time, till a great flood lifted one half of it upon land, where it remained for some months. It was relaunched by a few young men, in the autumn of 1831, who took advantage of the flood at that time to effect their purpose, and had the pleasure of sailing across the lake upon it. On the following day, it moved from one end of the lake to the other, four different times; on one of its trips, no less than fifteen gentlemen and ladies were upon it. It is thirty yards long by five broad, and covered with wood of various sorts, which supply the place of sails. This curiosity is, perhaps, unparalleled in the United Kingdom.

W. G. C.

TIDES.

In the collection of tracts, presented to the British Museum, by George III., is one of four leaves, containing the following account of the extraordinary phenomena of two tides at London Bridge within an hour and a half: "Friday, February 4, 1641, it was high water at one of the clock at noon—a time by reason so accommodated for all employments by water or land, very fit to afford witness of a strange and notorious accident. After it was full high water, and that it flowed its full due time, as all almanacs set down; and watermen, the unquestionable prognosticators in that affair, with confidence maintain it stood a quiet, still, dead water a full hour and a half, without moving or returning in any way never so little: yea, the watermen flung in sticks to the stream, as near as they could guess, which lay in the water as upon the earth, without moving this way or that. Dishes, likewise, and wooden buckets, they set a swimming, but it proved a stilling, for move they would not, any way, by force of stream or water, so that it seemed the water was indeed asleep or dead, or had changed or borrowed the stability of the earth. The watermen, not content with this evidence, would needs make the utmost of the trial, that they might report with the more boldness, the truth of the matter; and with more credible confidence they took their boats, and launched into the stream or very channel; but the boats that lay hauled up on the shore, moved as much, except when they used their oars; nay, a thing worthy the admiration of all men, they rowed under the very arches, took up their oars, and slept there, or, at least, lay still an hour very near, their boats not so much as moved through any way, either upward or downward; the water seeming as plain, quiet, even and stable as a pavement under the arch, where, if any where in the Thames, there must be moving, by reason of the narrowness of the place. In this posture stood the water a whole hour and a half, or rather above, by the testimony of above five hundred water-

* The belly of the Carribi has a cutting edge, indented like a saw; its body towards the back is ash-coloured, with a tint of green; but the under part, the gill-covers, and pectoral fins, are of a fine orange.

seen on either side the Thames, whom not to believe in this case were stupidity, not discretion. At last, when all men expected its ebb, being filled with amazement that it stood so long as hath been delivered, behold a greater wonder—a new tide comes in! A new tide with a witness, you might easily take notice of him; so loud he roared, that the noise was guessed to be about Greenwich, when it was heard so, not only clearly, but fearfully to the bridge; and up he comes, tumbling, roaring, and foaming in that furious manner, that it was horror unto all that beheld it. And as it gave sufficient notice to the ear of its coming, so it left sufficient satisfaction to the eye, that it was now come, having raised the water four foot higher than the first tide had done, four foot by rule! as by evident measure did appear, and presently ebbed in as hasty, confused, unaccustomed manner. See here, reader! a wonder, that, all things considered, the oldest man never saw or heard of the like.” W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

A German named Klotch, a very worthy man, was cook and *maitre d'hotel* to the Empress Catherine; though old, he was a court beau, and very spruce about the head; and being a favourite with her Imperial Majesty, used to hand some particular dishes to her on great occasions. One of the torments in high northern latitudes, where the summer is so short and hot, is the innumerable host of flies that tease you. Some wags, aware of this, got the old gentleman's best bag-wig, and powdered it with the finest pulverized double-refined white sugar, so that, when he waited at table, he was beset, like Pharaoh, with the worst of his plagues. He beat with his hands, blew, puffed, reddened in the face, and at last, no longer able to bear silently the torment he endured, burst out suddenly with the exclamation of, “Donder and blitz, was is das for a fly-summer!” Her Majesty, aware of the trick, soothed him; and affecting to wonder the flies should exclusively level all their stings at him, advised him to pull off his wig, which he reluctantly was obliged to do: and actually finished his attendance in a full-dressed suit of embroidered clothes, with his naked shaved head.

W. G. C.

Lanterns.—In Spain, it is a curious spectacle in leaving the theatre, to see some hundreds of servants with lanterns waiting in the street. Gentlemen and ladies have alike their lantern to light them home. To attempt the dark, narrow streets without this accompaniment, would be to tempt the *mala gente*, and certainly to encounter great and unnecessary risk.—*Ingles's Spain* in 1830.

State Beds.—In Cadiz, every family of any consequence has a state-bed, highly-ornamented, and placed in an elegantly fitted up apartment; and the use made of it is this:—at a particular time of the year, generally after Lent, the *senora* of the house, or her daughter, if *she* has reached, and her mother has passed a certain age, feigns sickness. Having previously made all the necessary arrangements, she takes to her bed: there she lies in an elegant night-dress, under embroidered sheets, her head resting upon a rose-coloured silk pillow,—and a table stands near, with silver candle-sticks, and wax lights, a little silver bell, and several vases containing choice perfumes. There she receives company; there all her male and female acquaintances resort; and there, attired to be seen, and bent upon admiration, she listens to the language of mock condolence, pleasing flattery, and undisguised gallantry! There is another occasion, upon which the state-bed is used. When a woman is *accouchée*, the child is baptized next day,—and upon this day, the mother holds a *levée*; the company is received in the saloon; the folding doors which usually divide this reception-room from the state-bedroom, are thrown open, and the lady lies in state to receive the compliments of her many visitors. This *levée* is held by women of all classes, though all have notice state-bed to recline on; and it often happens among the lower ranks, that a woman will arrange the chamber, make and adorn her bed, and after having prepared it for her own reception, will pop into it to receive company.—*Ingles's Spain* in 1830.

A Judge's Wit.—Sir Thomas Jones, lord chief justice of the Common Pleas, in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., is celebrated for his reply to the latter, who consulted him on his dispensing power, and said he could soon have twelve judges of his opinion. Sir Thomas answered, “Twelve judges you may possibly find, sire; but not twelve lawyers.” P. T. W.

Dancing.—Archbishop Fenelon was indeed a benefactor to his species: his attention was principally directed towards the labouring peasantry, and he appears to have felt strongly the hardship of their lot. A curate once complained to him that after Sunday evening service, his parishioners, in spite of remonstrances, would dance. “My dear friend,” replied Fenelon, “neither you nor I should dance; but, let us leave these poor people to dance as they please; their hours of happiness are not too numerous.”

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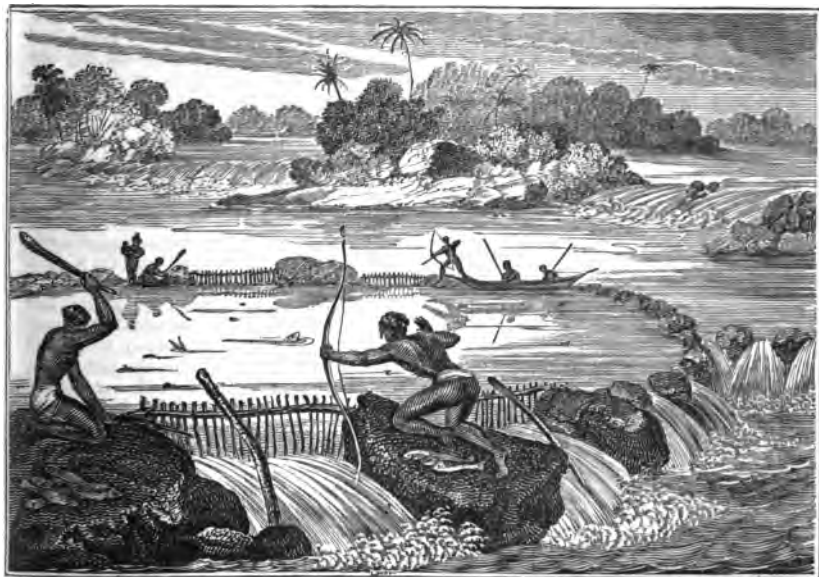
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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[PRICE 2d.]

SOUTH AMERICAN RIVER:



NATIVES FISHING IN THE MASSAROONY. (*See page 259.*)

The Massaroony may be described as the natural drain of the space between the Cuyuny and the Essequibo rivers in British Guiana, one of the most luxuriant countries of South America. The Massaroony extends in a south-west direction, intersecting that undiscovered region the El Dorado, or Great Golden Lake of geographical fable.* In the dry season of 1830, Mr. W. Hilhouse left Demerara, to explore this interesting country, or to enjoy, what he calls a two month's excursion up one of the mountain torrents of Guiana. Mr. Hilhouse was accompanied by Mr. T. Teschmaker, a proprietor of Wakenaam, who bore half of the expenses of the trip, amounting to 120*l.* sterling, in the following articles:—a canoe five feet broad and forty feet long, with washboards and a quarter-deck; ten dozen knives, one dozen cutlasses, six axes, ten pieces of salempore, ten pieces of calico; fish-hooks, of all sizes, about five pounds;

beads, thirty pounds; needles and pins; razors and looking-glasses, two dozen of each; twenty pounds of gunpowder, ten bags of shot and flints; scissors, one dozen; and four guns. The crew consisted of an Accaway captain and twenty-two of his followers—nineteen in a canoe, and three in a small hunting-craft; their wages for the trip were a piece of salempore, a cutlass, and four knives each; with a gun and a piece of calico for the captain; and a gun to the pilot. The wages of the crew were left at the post.† The provisions for the trip were forty gallons of rum, a keg of sugar, a keg of salt, a jar of butter, half a dozen hams, a bag of rice, a barrel of biscuit, one dozen casiripe with pickles, and other condiments, five dozen of wine, five dozen of porter, ten gallons of brandy, with one cwt. of salt fish.

The party halted the first night, to increase their stock of bread, at Caria island, about three hours above the post; it being necessary

* In our twentieth volume, page 359, is the narrative of an excursion up the Essequibo, by Captain Alexander, which may be referred to with advantage to the interest of the present trip.

† Posts are established on the different rivers of Guiana, to watch passengers up or down, and for the protection of the Indians.

to start with, at least, one cwt. of cassada bread, well dried, as it was a chance if any more could be procured for a week afterwards.

At Caria island commences the distinguishing feature of the Massaroony—an innumerable string of islands, dividing the river into from five to ten channels, without intermission, for fully a week's journey; in which space the two banks of the river are scarcely once visible together, and one but seldom. Caria was once a Dutch post; but, a few cocoa trees are the only traces of its plantations. Above Caria, on a small island, is a Caribbe settlement of a family, which is the only one of that nation now left on the Massaroony.

Here begin the rapids, the fourth of which, Warimambo, was the most remarkable in the day's progress. The river is here three or four miles broad, and continues the same breadth nearly the whole length of the archipelago. At Warimambo, a large open space in the centre of the river, has in the rains, the appearance of a vast lake, and in the dry season, that of a rugged, rocky plain. The manner in which Mr. Hilhouse and his party ascended this and all the other rapids that were too strong to paddle up, was as follows:

The rapids do not fall in one sheet over a level ledge, but force themselves through a number of fissures, large blocks of granite dividing the different shoots of the fall. At the base of these blocks was an eddy, into which the canoe was forced, where she became stationary, having no current either way. The crew then sprang upon the rock, and waded up as far as they could find footing; by means of a long and stout rope they then pulled the canoe into one of the shoots of the fall, where there was water enough to float her, and by main strength they hauled her up the ascent. They then took her out of the current, and laid her stern on the top of the rock, from whose bottom they had just mounted, with her head right up the stream; and, at a given signal, they sprang into her, and pulling with all their might, endeavoured to cross diagonally the different currents, till they got into another eddy. This was the time of the greatest danger in ascending; for, if the crew were not active in seizing their paddles, the head of the canoe might be taken by the current, drifted broadside down the fall, and infallibly upset. If she were not strong-handed, she could not stem the currents above, and in crossing them, might go down the fall stern-foremost; the stream runs at most of the rapids ten or twelve miles an hour; and but for the detached rocks which cause the eddies, there would be no way of passing them, but by tediously tracking along the shore, to which necessity the party were several times reduced.

In their first day's journey, the party ascended eight rapids, and bivouacked on a wooded rock, between the Arecaza and Wey-pokekay falls. They were at a loss for palm-leaves to cover a hut, and they made a temporary tent of their canoe sail, which very inadequately sheltered them from the heavy, pelting rain, that now and then fell. The Indians cared little, provided they could keep the fire alight; and when the rain put it out, they called loudly for a dram to comfort them.

At seven the next morning, the party started again: during the day they passed only three falls, and thus made good progress; their average way being from twenty to twenty-five miles per day.

The Indians always ate the moment they awoke. At six, the coffee was made, and the pepper pot, in large tin kettles, was warmed, the wives of the captain and pilot taking the cooking department. The Indians, provided they ate early, did not require a regular meal till evening; but they continued the whole of the day to drink, at intervals, a gruel of cassada crumbled into water; so that they drank, as well as ate, a great quantity of bread.

The day's journey commonly commenced at seven, and ended at three, four, or five, just as they happened to find a convenient resting-place. A large, bold sand, with a clump of trees, was the favourite bivouac; where they had room for a walk, good bottom for bathing, and poles to hang hammocks: when these were found, they preferred bivouacking, in fine weather, to sleeping in the houses of the Indians, and being poisoned with smoke, and bitten by fleas and chigoes.

The third day's journey brought the party to the fall of Tepayco, at which, being an excellent fishing and hunting station, they halted for half the next day. Here they bought, of a party of Accaway Indians, several bundles of hai-arry, a kind of vine, with blue clustering blossoms, and pods with small grey beans. The full-grown root is three inches diameter, and contains a white, gummy milk, which is a most powerful narcotic, and is commonly used by the Indians in poisoning the water to take fish. They beat it with heavy sticks till it is in shreds, like coarse hemp; they then put it into a vessel of water, which immediately becomes of a milky whiteness, and, when fully saturated, they take the vessel to the spot they have selected, and throwing over the infusion, in about twenty minutes every fish within its influence rises to the surface, and is either taken by the hand, or shot with arrows. *A solid cubic foot of the root will poison an acre of water, even in the falls, where the current is so strong.* The fish are not deteriorated in quality, nor do they taint more rapidly when thus killed, than by being netted, or otherwise taken.

The *pacou* fish is generally taken with the

hai-arry, in the following manner: the Indians select a part of the falls, where the wrya, (an aquatic vegetable, eaten by the pacou, and other fish,) is plentiful, and where traces are visible of the pacou, which is gregarious, having lately fed. They then inclose this place with a wall of loose stones, a foot above the surface of the water; leaving spaces for the fish to enter; for these spaces they prepare parrys or wooden hurdles, and about two hours before day-break they proceed silently to stop the openings with them. The fish are thus inclosed in a temporary pond, which is inspected at daybreak; and if they are found to be in sufficient number to pay for the hai-arry, they commence beating it. In this way, Mr. Hilhouse saw taken, in less than an hour, 270 pacou, averaging seven pounds weight, with one hundred weight of other fish. The fish thus taken were split, salted, and dried on the rocks.*

The Engraving represents a group of Indians *pacou-fishing*, and shows the dams of the falls, the artificial pond, and its hurdles, a native beating the hai-arry, and others with bows and arrows; while the whole scene affords an interesting picture of the luxuriant banks of the Massaroony, and its vast waters.

Next day the party reached the Caboonny creek, after passing a fall, 30 feet high, in four ledges, to get over 100 yards of which, cost them an hour's hard labour. They were now compelled to go bread-hunting a day's journey up the creek, and to unload the canoe, and haul her right up over a fall, lest she should fill from the steepness of the shoot. They found no bread; but a huge tapir swam across the creek, a-head of the party, at which they fired, and supposing the tapir wounded, landed in pursuit; but, after two hours' unsuccessful chase, they dined upon an immense pacou, which those left on the river had been more fortunate in shooting.

On the third day the party reached the Massaweeny creek; and, as at this point, commenced the *terra et aqua incognita*, they laid in a stock of bread for a week. Mr. Hilhouse contrived here to make a new acquaintance, in the shape of a small worm, half an inch long, and the thickness of a pin, with a large head; which bored through the skin in several places, and caused the most painful

* Mr. Waterton, in his entertaining *Wanderings in South America*, describes the pacou as very plentiful, and perhaps the fattest and most delicious fish in Guiana. "It does not take the hook, but the Indians decoy it to the surface of the water by means of the seeds of the crab-wood tree, and then shoot it with an arrow." Again, upon the Essequibo, Mr. Waterton, in passing its falls and rapids, celebrated for the pacou, was accompanied by a coloured man, who stood in the head of the canoe, and, with his bow and arrow, shot the pacou, as they were swimming in the stream. The arrow had scarcely left the bow before he had plunged headlong into the river, and seized the fish, as it was struggling with it. He dived and swam like an otter, and rarely missed the fish he aimed at.

itching. Mr. Hilhouse applied a little camolom on the aperture, and covering it with a plaster, extracted the worm.

Leaving Massaweeny, the party reached Araquaw, a pretty deserted settlement on a conical hill on an island: here the fleas set them at defiance, and the sojourners hung amongst the trees at the water's edge. The next night their quarters were not better, in a low island, at the 33rd fall. On the third day they got clear of the archipelago; and towards evening, they gained sight of *Arthur's Table*, the first visible point of the mountains of St. George, the great central chain of Guiana.

Mr. Hilhouse tells us, that it is hardly possible to describe the relief to his feelings on emerging from the everlasting confusion of islands and narrow passages, into, once more, the open and placid Massaroony, which, from this point, takes a western turn, with scarcely a single curve in its course. It had the appearance of an immense inland lake; and, *Arthur's Table*, at a seeming distance of about 60 miles, was a treat to a Demararian, who had seen nothing for years but the dead levels of the coast. Mr. Hilhouse did not get access to this mountain, but, by comparison with the part of the chain he afterwards scaled, he judged it to be 5 or 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. He found no perceptible difference of temperature between this point and the coast; but, upon boiling water, the point of ebullition was barely 210° of Fahrenheit.

After leaving this point, the party breakfasted at a small settlement, where the river again turns to the south; and proceeding, took up their quarters on a sand bank in an island at the mouth of Semang creek: here they staid two days to fish and hunt, filling their pepper-pot with excellent fish, and some feathered game. On the third day, they mounted Teboco, the 34th and last fall; being the extreme southern point of their whole excursion.

Mr. Hilhouse here attempts to throw some light upon the identity of this part of the country with Sir Walter Raleigh's *El Dorado*, or Great Golden Lake, by observing, one can hardly suppose that the tradition of a great inland lake could have spread over so wide a tract without foundation; and he ventures upon an explanation of the fabled lake *Pareme*, as follows:—"The Massaroony, for ten days' journey above Teboco, is still water, with little more current than some lakes. If, at any former period, the horizontal stratum of granite at the pass of Teboco was unbroken, the still water must have been, at least, 50 feet above its present level, and a vast lake 10 or 12 miles wide, by 150 or 200 miles long, would be the natural consequence. Presume on a fact like this, and *El Dorado* need be no fable."

[We intend to complete this very interesting Narrative in a week or two, with another illustration of the scenery of the Massaroony.]

ANCIENT TEA-GARDENS. ROUND LONDON.

"'Tis drinking tea on Sunday afternoons,
At Bagnigge Wells, in china and gilt spoons."
Prologue to Bon Ton.

Bagnigge Wells.—These gardens, according to Lysons, were opened for the first time about the year 1767, in consequence of the discovery of two springs of mineral water, chalybeate and cathartic. The gardens were originally small, but made the most of in walks, fountains, Dutch nymphs, cupids, &c. It has been said that Bagnigge House was once the residence of Nell Gwyn.

Bermondsey Spa.—These gardens were situated in the Grange Road, Bermondsey, and received their name from some waters, of a chalybeate nature, which were discovered there about the year 1770; a few years before which a Mr. Keyse opened the premises for tea-drinking, and exhibited, with great success, a collection of his own paintings, chiefly of still life subjects; and which, considered as the works of a self-taught artist, had considerable merit.

About the year 1780, he procured a license for musical entertainments after the manner of Vauxhall, and for several years his gardens were open every evening in the summer season. On "gala nights," there was constructed, by Mr. Keyse himself, a representation of the siege of Gibraltar, which did great credit to his mechanical abilities. He died in 1800, and the gardens were shut up in 1805.

Cuper's Gardens.—These gardens, says Pennant, were, in my memory, the scene of low dissipation. They were ornamented with several of the mutilated statues belonging to Thomas, Earl of Arundel, which had been begged for that purpose from his lordship by one Boyden Cuper, a gardener in the family; and from him the gardens obtained their name. The site was in the possession of Beaufoy, the distiller, till the improvements occasioned by the erection of Waterloo Bridge.

The Dog and Duck, and Apollo Gardens.—These were situate in St. George's Fields, and were laid out by a Mr. Clagget; they were shut up by order of the magistrates, and that useful, though melancholy charity, Bethlehem Hospital, reared upon the site.

Mary-la-Bonne, or Marybone Gardens.—In the reign of Queen Anne, there had been a noted tavern at this place, with bowling-greens, much frequented. These bowling-greens are described in an old map, says Lysons, of the Duke of Portland's estate.

"Some dukes at Marybone, bowl time away,"

says Lady Mary Wortley Montague in one of her poems. The place afterwards grew into disrepute, and is made by Gay the scene of Macheath's debauches. About 1740, Marybone Gardens were opened for public

breakfasts and evening concerts. Some of the first singers were generally engaged there, and fireworks were exhibited. In 1777-8, they were shut up, and the site let to builders. The ground is now occupied by Beaumont-street, part of Devonshire-street, and part of Devonshire-place. There is a print of these gardens, which is rather rare, but I am in possession of one.

Mulberry Gardens.—These gardens were situated at the upper end of St. James's-street; where the company were regaled with cheese cakes and syllabubs: they became part of the gardens of the Earl of Arlington's house; and the present site is Arlington-street.

Ranelagh Gardens.—This celebrated and fashionable place of amusement, was originally the seat of Lord Ranelagh. At his decease, in 1733, the estate was sold to a person of the name of Timbrell, a builder, for 3,200*l*.; who resold it the following year, when some gentlemen and builders having become purchasers, a resolution was taken to form it into a place of public amusement, and it was opened as such in the year 1740. Its principal attraction was a splendid rotunda, of which there are several prints. There were concerts of vocal and instrumental music, public breakfasts, a representation of the eruption of Mount Etna, &c. The builders have now usurped the site of this once splendid place.

Spring Gardens, Vauxhall.—These gardens were, in the year 1615, the property of Jane Vaux, widow; the mansion-house upon the estate was then called Stockens. I have not met (says Lysons) with any certain document of the time when these premises were first opened for entertainment.*

Tunbridge Wells, or Islington Spa.—This place was formerly in full favour with the public. The proprietors admitted dancers for the whole of the day. The Princess Amelia, in the year 1733, rendered the Spa for a time fashionable, by drinking the water there for the restoration of her health. The gardens were pretty, particularly at the entrance, where pedestals and vases were tastefully arranged under picturesque trees. They stood opposite Sadler's Wells.

White-Conduit-House Tea Gardens.—These gardens were formerly, as well as now, much resorted to; and in past days it was a rural walk from London to this place:—

"Human beings here
In couples multitudinous assembled
Forming the drollest group that ever trod
Fair Islingtonian plains; male after male,
Dog after dog, succeeding—husbands—wives—
Fathers and mothers—brothers—sisters—friends;
Around, across, along the shrubby maze
They walk, they sit, they stand."

P. T. W.

* See Mirror, vol. xvi.

Notes of a Reader.

IRISH LEGENDS.

[Here is another little batch of entertainment, from the third part of Mr. Thoms's attractive treasury of legendary lore.]

The Cat-Wife.

THERE was once one of the Boors of the Upper Rhine, whose wife, for it was his lot to be married, one night went out and left him at home by himself. But she had not been gone long before a cat came into the house, and after lying with its back to the fire for some time, and getting very comfortably warm, out the cat went again.

And soon after this there came into the house fifty cats, and after they had lain with their backs to the fire for some time, and got very comfortably warm, out they went again.

The man thought (and, indeed, it was no wonder he should think so) that all this was mighty odd; so, as soon as the last party had taken themselves off, he got up and fastened the door.

Some time afterwards, he heard somebody at the door, and, upon going to it, he saw, instead of a human hand, that it was a cat's paw trying to raise the latch. So he went and got a hatchet and chopped it off.

Soon after this, his wife came home and went to bed. And in the morning she said she was not well, and not able to get up. But all this time she kept one of her arms under the bed-clothes. Her husband thought this very strange, and asked her the reason, but she refused to give any answer; and at last he found out that she wanted a hand.

Whereupon he went to the governor of the town, and told him what had happened; and the woman was burned for a witch, and every old woman in the place was burned too, to the number of fifty.

Note.—A curious illustration of this cat story may be found in *Hors's Dæmonologie oder Geschichte des Glaubens an Zauberie, &c.* Band. 2., s. 80—82.; and in the *Malleus Maleficarum* (Lugundi, 1596), tome 1., pp. 208—9.; where it is said that a woodman, in the neighbourhood of Strasburg, was attacked, while following his occupation, by a large, fierce-looking cat. Upon his trying to drive it away, the cat was joined by a second, still more frightful, whom the woodman likewise struck; a third, still larger and more frightful, then made its appearance, and a dreadful contest ensued between the man and his feline enemies, which, however, at last ended in favour of the woodman.

The man had only just returned home from this fearful encounter, when he was arrested and carried before the chief magistrate of the city, who was so inveterate against him, that he not only refused him a hearing, but di-

rected that he should be thrown at once into the dungeon set apart for criminals whose lives were forfeited; there he remained for three days, before his judge could be prevailed on to give him a hearing, or inform him of the nature of the crime of which he was accused. At length he was brought into court, charged with having, at a certain hour, and at a certain place, violently beaten three of the chief ladies of the city. The man declared his innocence, that he never saw the ladies, and that he could prove by the best evidence that he was then engaged in his occupation of wood-cutting. But as the judge would give no credence to this story, the man said, "I recollect that at the hour mentioned, I beat very severely *three cats* which had attacked me, but that was not *three noble ladies*." All the bystanders were astonished at his declaration, and the man's chains were taken off, and he himself set free, with a strict charge to keep the matter a secret.

We are inclined to believe that all the supernatural cat stories given in this number, were imported into Ireland by the Palatines.

The Road the Plates went.

At some distance from Castle Taylor,* in the county of Galway, is a round fort, called the palace of Dunderlase, where it is said Goora, king of Connaught, resided; there is not, however, the least vestige of any dwelling place: this palace was near a celebrated city called Ardahan. It is now but a village: tradition, however, mentions it to have been formerly very extensive. If the road, leading to the town, can enable us to form any idea of its extent, the remains of that which led to this, would induce us to believe that it was twice larger than the present road; except there was an avenue of trees planted on each side, it is not easy to determine to what use it was converted. This road is called in Irish, *Boherlan da naa mias*—the road the plates went; and the story from which the name originated, is odd enough.

Saint Macduagh, the king's brother, had retired to the mountains, to pray with a friar; when they had remained two days there, the friar was not so much occupied by devotion, but he felt the grumbings of his stomach from time to time; this made him murmur, and he said to the Saint, "I beg your Saintship's pardon, but I believe you brought me here to die of hunger; your brother Goora gives a feast to his court to-day; I had rather be there than here."

"Oh! man of little faith," replied the Saint, "do you think I brought you here to die of hunger?" And he immediately began to pray more fervently than ever.

On a sudden the friar was agreeably surprised to see an excellent dinner before him,

* Between Portumna and Galway.

And when king Goora and his nobles returned from hunting, very hungry, they were very much surprised at seeing their plates and table fly away! On this occasion, they did what every person might do, who saw his dinner fly away; the cook with his spit, the servants and grooms, the dogs and cats, accompanied the king and his court, either on foot or horseback, and ran as fast as they could after the plates.

The dinner, however, arrived an entire quarter of an hour before them, and the friar, who had just begun to satisfy his appetite, was terrified at seeing such a crowd ready to snatch the bit from his mouth. He complained to the Saint again, telling him it were better to give him nothing to eat, than to get him knocked on the head by the hungry attendants of the court of Goora.

"Oh! man of little faith," said the Saint, "let them come." They soon arrived; and when they got within thirty paces of the friar, the Saint put them in the most disagreeable situation any decent people can be in: he made their feet stick to the rock, and obliged them to look on at the friar's repast.

They still show in the rock the mark of the horses' hoofs, of the men, dogs, &c., and even of the lances, which were also stuck in the rock, for fear they should take it in their heads to throw them at the friar. As these marks are visible, there can be no doubt of the truth of the story; and since this time, the road has been, and is still, called "*the road the plates went.*"

"Oh, mighty Saint Macduagh!" adds the narrator, a French gentleman, whom the revolution had compelled to emigrate, and who wandered through the united kingdoms, recording his adventures with his national gaiety—a gaiety by which touches of true pathos can be alone conveyed; "Oh, mighty Saint Macduagh, how much I should be obliged to your Sainthood, if you deigned to repeat this miracle from time to time in favour of a poor pilgrim like me!"—*Printed in M. de Latocnaye's Promenade d'un François dans l'Irlande.*

Note.—Smith, in his history of Kerry, says, that there "is a rock, called in Irish by a term which signifies '*the fairies' rock,*' situated about five miles from the head of the river Kenmare, near a small brook, amidst the mountains. On the rock are the impressions of several human feet, some naked, and others with brogues on, and these are of all sizes, from infancy to manhood."—p. 83.

We are enabled to state, upon the authority of a gentleman, a native of the country, that among other marvellous tales related by the peasantry, of these impressions, one asserts them to be the foot-marks of some Irish lord and his attendants, by whom a poor hungry traveller had been turned away just as their dinner was about to be served up. The

fairies, indignant at this breach of national hospitality, carried off and set out the dinner before the poor traveller, and, being pursued, fixed by a spell their pursuers to the rock, where the impressions of their feet have remained ever since.

Legend of the Building of Ardmore Round Tower, by Saint Declan.

The round towers of Ireland are universally regarded, by the peasantry, as the produce of supernatural agency. "As auld as the hills, your honour, and troth an' they say it was all built in a night,"—is the general reply to any question about them; a saint or a devil, a fairy or a giant, are alternately the constructors, and the period of the work never exceeds one night. Latocnaye, in his *Promenade d'un François dans l'Irlande*, already quoted by us, speaking of that at Cloyne, remarks—"si c'est le diable qui l'a bâtie le diable est un bon maçon." The visiter of Ardmore will hear abundance of tales, in which the Patron Saint, Declan, appears as the "Minister of Miracles."

The limb of a cross which surmounted this tower, frequently seen by our informant in the years 1804 and 1805, was said, by the country people, to be the thigh-bone of an old woman who came out one night and interrupted Saint Declan, when he was building this tower.

"Yea, then," says she, "Saint Declan, will you build it up to the sky?"

"You ould wretch," says he, turning to her, "I'll build it no higher, and you'll be sorry for asking me."

In a moment the conical top was finished; and, seizing the old woman by the leg, the holy Saint whisked her high into the air: she descended, and remained on the top of the tower; and piece by piece fell, and bone after bone, as the integuments perished, until this one alone remained.

Note.—In a tract, on the *Irish Pillar Tower*, by Colonel de Montgomerie Morris, this fragment of a cross is said to have been brought down by repeated discharges of musket balls; and the Colonel adds, he was informed on the spot, by persons who saw it, that it resembled a shoe, or monk's sandal.

Anecdote Gallery.

ADDISON AND MORLAND.

THE accompanying Cuts would form illustrations to Dr. Madden's very ingenious volumes on the *Infirmities of Genius*; for they are identified with two of her most celebrated sons.

The first represents the old White House Inn, at Kensington, whither Addison is believed to have resorted, to seek solace in the bottle after his unhappy marriage with the

Dowager Countess of Warwick, in 1716. By this union, Addison became possessed of Holland House and its noble domain; but this was a poor requital for what he lost—peace of mind; which occasioned the caustic remark, that “Holland House is a large mansion: but it cannot contain Mr. Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and one guest, Peace.”

There are far too many versions of this marriage for quotation. Johnson says: In 1716,* Addison “married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, whom he had solicited by a very long and anxious courtship, perhaps with behaviour not very unlike that of Sir Roger to his disdainful widow; and who, I am afraid, diverted herself often by playing with his passion. He is said to have first known her by becoming tutor to her son.† ‘He formed,’ said Tonson, ‘the design of getting that lady from the time when he was first recommended into the family.’ In what part of his life he obtained the recommendation, or how long and in what manner he lived in the family, I know not. His advances at first were certainly timorous, but grew bolder as his reputation and influence increased; till, at last, the lady was persuaded to marry him, on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, ‘Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.’ The marriage, if uncontradicted report can be credited, made no addition to his happiness; it neither *found* them, nor made them equal. She always remembered her own rank, and thought herself entitled to treat with very little ceremony the tutor of her son. Rowe’s ballad of the *Despairing Shepherd* is said to have been written, either before or after marriage, upon this memorable pair, and it is certain that Addison has left behind him no encouragement for ambitious love.”

It has been said, that the Countess of Warwick could not forget the original difference of rank between herself and her husband, notwithstanding he was raised in the year after his marriage to the Secretaryship of State;‡ and that, accustomed to act the tyrant over his affections, she felt indignant at the inferiority in which she was placed by the exercise of his wit and judgment during the interchange of familiar life. But, it may be observed on the other hand, that Addison was now quickly sinking into that stage of life at which men become the fixed slaves of early habit and long indulged association. It is probable that her ladyship was a mere fine woman of quality; and we have reason to believe that the author of so much wit and humour was far from being a cheerful

companion, when deprived of the company of his brother wits. Destitute of suitable conversation, it has been insinuated that Addison sought occasional relief in the glass, and thus committed a new offence in the opinion of his lady; and it is recorded that while master of so splendid a mansion as Holland House, he would repair to the above tavern in its vicinity, in the hope of finding persons capable of calling forth his energies of intellect by exhilarating conversation, wine being not the only whetstone to wit.

That Addison’s marriage wore the air of a bargain may be inferred from a MS. letter of Dr. Cheyne to Lord Harley, dated August 9, 1716, in which it is said that “Lady Warwick’s marriage with Mr. Addison is upon terms; he giving 4,000*l.* in lieu of some estates she loses for his sake.” By her Addison had one daughter, who was deprived of her illustrious parent by death in 1719, while she was yet an infant; and having herself no knowledge of his merit, she was bred up, it seems, with little veneration for his memory. A very respectable lady who was educated with her, at the same boarding school, has frequently declared that Addison’s daughter was there noticed for her marked dislike to his writings, and unconquerable aversion to the perusal of them.

We must not, however, attribute Addison’s intemperance wholly to his marriage, although that unfortunate event may have increased his dissipated habits. There are many more interesting traits recorded of his external manners. Steele, (though his testimony must be received *cum grano salis*;) mentions with great tenderness “that remarkable bashfulness, which is a cloak that hides and muffles merit;” and tells us, that “his abilities were covered only by modesty, which doubles the beauties which are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed.” Chesterfield affirms that “Addison was the most timorous and awkward man that he ever saw,” a representation which Johnson considers hyperbolic. But Addison, speaking of his own deficiency in conversation, used to say of himself that, with respect to intellectual wealth, he “could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket.”

Johnson adds: “The time in which he lived, had reason to lament his obstinacy of silence; ‘for he was,’ says Steele, ‘above all men in that talent called humour, and enjoyed it in such perfection, that I have often reflected, after a night spent with him apart from all the world, that I had had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature, heightened with humour more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed.’ This is the fondness of a friend; let us hear

* August 2.

† Spence.

‡ The worst step Addison ever took, was his accepting the Secretary’s place. He did it to oblige the Countess of Warwick, and to qualify himself to be her husband.—Pope, in *Spence’s Anecdotes*.



[White Horse Inn, Kensington.]

what is told us by a rival. "Addison's conversation," says Pope, "had something in it more charming than I have found in any other man. But this was only when familiar: before strangers, or perhaps a single stranger, he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence."

In the MS. additions to *Spence's Anecdotes*, we read that "Dryden was generally an extremely sober man. For the last ten years of his life he was much acquainted with Addison, and drank with him more than ever he used to do; probably so far as to hasten his end." How doubly "glorious" must John have been in his cups.

In the same amusing work, Pope tells us that "Mr. Addison originally designed to have taken orders; and was diverted from that design, by being sent abroad in so encouraging a manner. It was from thence that he began to think of public posts; as being made Secretary of State at last, and sinking in his character by it, turned him back again to his first thought. He had latterly an eye toward the lawn: and it was then that he began his Evidences of Christianity: and had a design of translating all the Psalms, for the use of churches. Five or six of them that he did translate, were published in the Spectators."

Lady Mary Wortley Montague says, "Addison was the best company in the world."

This is, indeed, high praise from one who possessed beauty and elegance, joined to wit and the charms of conversation.

Pope gives us the best account of Addison's familiar day before he was married. He tells us that "Addison usually studied all the morning: then met his party at Button's; dined there; and stayed five or six hours; and sometimes far into the night.—I was of the company for about a year, but found it too much for me: it hurt my health, and so I quitted it."

Addison's chief companions were Steele, Budgell, Philips, Carey, Davenant, and Colonel Brett. With one or other of these he always breakfasted. Hogarth has left us a print of the essayist and statesman in one of Button's coffee-room boxes, with a soup-basin and the "Votes of the Commons" before him. The reader will recollect Button to have been an old servant in the Countess of Warwick's family; and, it is said, that when Addison had suffered any vexation from the Countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house.

Addison's intemperate habits drew forth Johnson's memorable remarks:—"In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his



(The Plough, Kensall-Green.)

sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to let loose his powers of conversation; and who, that ever asked succour from Bacchus, was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?"*

The second Cut represents the Plough Public-house, at Kensall-Green, on the road to Harrow, reputed to have been built as early as the year 1500 (though materially altered by repairs), and remarkable for having been the favourite retreat of the celebrated George Morland. Here this errant son of genius was wont to indulge in his deep potations. He lodged for some time in a neat house at Kensall-Green, and was frequently in the company of Ward, the painter, whose example of moral steadiness was exhibited to him in vain. While residing at Kensall-Green, Morland fell in love with Miss Ward,—"a young lady of beauty and modesty—and soon afterwards married her; she was the sister of his friend, the painter; and, to make the family union stronger, Ward sued for the hand of Maria Morland, and in about a month after his sister's marriage, obtained it."

Morland's courtship and honey-moon drew him from the orgies at the Plough, and he soon afterwards removed to London, where he betook himself to his former habits. Yet, with all his dissipation, Morland was never indolent; as is attested by four thousand pictures, most of them of great merit, which he painted during a life of forty years.

* *Lives of the Poets*, vol. ii. 231.

The Public Journals.

A FEW REVOLUTIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

In 1800, would any man have believed—and in 1800 men fancied they travelled at a most

extraordinary space—would any man have believed that he could leave London in a stage-coach in the morning, and eat his supper by eleven o'clock at night in Manchester? or if his credulity could have been stretched so as to admit of such a possibility, would he have suffered himself to be told with impunity that if he chose, instead of supping at Manchester, he might proceed to Liverpool in one hour and three-quarters—a distance of upwards of thirty miles—that he might steam himself over to Dublin in time for breakfast the next morning, all of which he may now do supposing the conveyances ready? but, as it is, and without any hurry or trouble, a man breakfasts at the Bull and Mouth in London on the Monday, and breakfasts in Dublin on the Wednesday, according to the ordinary and established rules of stage coach, rail-road, and steam-boat travelling.

Well then, say we, this introduction of steam, or rather its adaptation to vessels and locomotive carriages, has been—and it is in its infancy yet—one of the greatest strides ever made in so short a space of time. Next comes gas. Let any body read Mr. Davies Giddy's, now Mr. Davies Gilbert's, formal denunciation in the House of Commons of the bare idea of obtaining light and profit from gas, and the case will be made as strong as we can wish it. Not only is the use of gas as a light universal, but if anybody will take the trouble, or rather give themselves the pleasure, of visiting the Gallery of National Sciences, in the Lowther Arcade, they will find cookery performed by gas in the most perfect and satisfactory manner.

Within the present century, vaccination has superseded, nay, annihilated, that tremendous affliction the small-pox—an event to which the wonderful decrease in the mortality of all classes, proportionably to the general increase of the population, may, in a great degree, be attributed, despite the evi-

dence to the contrary afforded in the maudlin report of the Drunken Parliamentary Committee of the present year. Again, reducing, as we must, our sphere of observation, for want of room, let us look at our own metropolis within the present century; hovels and alleys have disappeared, and palaces and terraces risen in their places. Look at those splendid bridges, Waterloo and London—the vast iron bridge across the Thames in the city, and the extremely useful one at Vauxhall—see those stupendous works, the West India Docks, East India Docks, London Docks, St. Catherine Docks, Surry Canal Docks, all erected within this century—the magnificent Custom-house, the healthy and spacious Bedlam, the London University, the King's College. Within this century, Ranelagh has vanished from the earth, the Pantheon has become a bazaar, every theatre in London, except the Opera House, which had just risen from a conflagration, had been either burned or pulled down—Covent-garden, Drury-lane, the English Opera House, the Surry Theatre once, and Astley's twice, have been burned and rebuilt—the Haymarket pulled down, the Royalty pulled down, both rebuilt, and the latter, under the title of the Brunswick, destroyed in the twinkling of an eye.

Carlton House, with all its splendour and gaieties, and all the associations of wit and mirth, has, with the noble and joyous company which made its walls ring with festivity, vanished. The Prince! Fox, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, Hanger, Erskine, the Duke of Norfolk, and fifty others, are in their graves, the scene of their revels exists no more, splendid terraces, and magnificent squares occupy its site. The wretched streets between Pall Mall and Oxford-street have given place to grand and commodious drives and promenades.

The interior of St. James's Park, which was a swampy meadow for the dull diversion of smoke-dried cows, has become a beautiful garden; and Buckingham House, built in the full uniform of bad taste—"red with white facings"—has given place to a palace much censured originally, and latterly much disfigured; but which still is a palace worthy of the country. In the Regent's Park, groves, canals, villas, parades, dioramas, (what did we know of dioramas in 1800?) crescents, and terraces, ranges of splendid buildings, occupy a space previously monopolized by grazing cattle; while a navigable canal, which circumvents London, and forms a military ditch round her assailable parts, in case of rebellion, brings all the commodities of the world floating to the very doors of the warehouses in the most inland part of the metropolis.

In order to tranquillize the country, we have fifteen judges instead of "the twelve"

—we have also "a vice-chancellor" to moderate the rigours of the law; and we have, what is more to the point, a Sir Somebody Macadam, who, by breaking the stones over which we used to travel has more successfully conducted to *tranquillize the town* than any thing else in the world, except, perhaps, the New Metropolitan Police, which has utterly and entirely exterminated the ancient race of watchmen, except, we believe, in the case of one deluded veteran, who, under the special auspices of the Bishop of London, and the Duke of Norfolk, still continues to howl at the moon in St. James's-square. In consequence of this Macadamization, the Londoners no longer measure distances by being on or off the stones, and are whisked in wet weather over noiseless masses of mud-pudding, in hearses painted of lively colours, called omnibuses—vehicles of French origin,—in which they are packed by dozens; or whirled through the thoroughfares in hack cabriolets, carriages of which no human being in 1800 had any defined or undefined notion.

Of greater things, look at the Breakwater at Plymouth, at the Tunnel under the Thames, even unfinished as it is, and unprofitable as it ever will be, it is a triumph of science and perseverance—look at those bridges, hanging, as it were, in air, spanning arms of the sea which, in 1800, no man would have thought possible by such means. That pretty toy, the Chain Pier at Brighton, is a toy that no man would have imagined in 1800. Who, in 1800, would have expected to find water without digging for it? Who would have engraved upon stone? Who would have thought of calculating sums by machinery? Who would have thought of stuffing cushions with iron for softness? Who would have worn a caoutchouc cloak or Indian rubber shoes to keep them from the wet, or who would have fancied it possible to make gin up the chimney while he was making bread in the oven?

Look, too, at society. The young men drink nothing—in 1800 they drank deeply; in 1800, a man who smoked would have been voted a beast; now the vulgar, under-bred shup-boys smoke about the streets, because they have heard that their betters do it elsewhere. Smoking was introduced during those campaigns to which we have already alluded, and then there were millions of reasons for its use; now nobody but the lowest and vilest continues the practice;—and what makes this custom as absurd as it is filthy, is the justification which these simpletons offer, by quoting it as a foreign custom: in no foreign city is this nastiness permitted in the streets—it may be in Paris, but that under the citizen-king is exactly the place for it.

Look at our balls: in 1800, modest women

danced modestly, and let the conversation whizz passed between two partners, standing as far distant from each other as people ordinarily do in a drawing-room, be what it might, it could do no harm in the way of example. Within this century it has become the fashion for a delicate girl, who would, as Fielding's "Mancamusca" says, "shudder at the gross idea" of man's advance, to permit herself, and be permitted by her mother—ay, or her husband—to flourish about a wren to a wriggling German air, with a strange man's arm round her waist, and her delicate hand upon his brawny shoulder. This thing is called a waltz; there is another of the same character, called a gallopade, where the same operations are performed, and in which, instead of turning the woman about till she gets giddy, the fellow makes no more ado, but claps her up in his paws, and buxifies her right on end from one corner of the room to the other.

Another extraordinary change has taken place in London society; we mean the universal introduction of clubs and hotels. In 1660 it was remarkable that London had scarcely any hotels, while all other cities were full of them; now almost every second house in the streets below Grosvenor-square is an hotel. Clubs were rare, and used by no means as clubs are now; White's, as old as Hogarth's time—Brooke's and Boodle's—the Cocoa Tree, Gingham's, and another, were all. The Union, which existed within this century, was a regular gambling club, and was held first at what is now the Ordnance Office, Pall Mall, and subsequently in the house now occupied by the Bishop of Winchester, in St. James's-square; but all these were clubs of recreation and amusement, of conversation or dissipation. Now see the difference. Crookford's, with the best cook and coffee-room, rears a splendid front, and well may, for its members are of the first class; and the aspirations cast upon it of the fairest character. The Travellers' is a magnificent house; they play high in the evenings, but no game of chance that we know of. The Junior and Senior United Service Clubs—invaluable institutions—where our gallant defenders are enabled, upon their shapefully small half-pay, to enjoy the comforts and luxuries they have so gallantly earned, at an easy rate. The Union, a resort of wealthy citizens, who just fetch Charing-cross to inhale the fresh air as it draws from the Park through the funnel by Berkeley House, out of Spring Gardens, into their bay window; and the Athenæum, where the mixture of whigs, radicals, savans, foreigners, dandies, authors, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, artists, doctors, and members of both houses of Parliament, together with an exceedingly good average supply of bishops, render the melange very agreeable, despite of some two

or three bores who "continually do dine," and who, not satisfied with getting a six-shilling dinner for three-and-sixpence, "continually do complain."

Then there is the Wyndham Club, held at Lord Blessington's house, in St. James's-square, and called after Lord Nugent, who founded it; the two University Clubs; the Clarence, mischievously called the Clearance, because it was established upon getting rid of some disagreeable members; and the Oriental Club, which, as its name implies, consists of the curry and rice gentlemen from India, with their calico shirts and limber legs, and which the young women who sweep the crossing at Tenterden-street (where, *par parenthèse*, there has been within this century founded a Royal Academy of Music) invariably call the Horizontal Club. All these places—and there are one or two others, especially one called the Garrick, near Covent-garden, and another in Broad-street, called "the City,"—have been established upon a principle of economy, and on a scale of comfort and elegance which would have sounded like Hebrew to the unaccustomed ears of the world of 1800.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

By Robert Gifford.

WHY linger in a world of care,
When a' that cared for me are gone?
Why drag life's feeble chain so long,
When friends to lighten'th' there are none?
A lone one, in a lonely world,
A stranger I but strangers see,
And when I sleep w' them that sleep,
A stranger's grave my bed shall be!
When youth was gay, an' hope was young,
And lilka wee flower in its prime,
I thought this was a pleasant world,
For happy, happy, was that time!
But bleak showers fell, an' winter snell,
W' age, life's winter hurried on,
Now sad the showers, w' youth's fond hours,
Like summer sun that o'er them shone.
The wand'r'er keeps where he will rest,
The weary keeps where they will die;
Yet here, a weary wand'r'er I,
Ken naught but sad adversity!
The wind that tears the sapling ailk,
But scarcely bends the aged tree.
When will I lay me down to sleep?
When will I lay me down to die?

Dublin University Magazine.

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN THE RUINED ABBEY OF TIMOLEAGUE.

(From Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*.)

ONE night, when lonely and sadly,
By the foot of the sea and the strong waves,
I was meditating and reflecting
On the hard fate of the world;
The moon and the stars were up,
The noise of the waves was not heard on the shore,
And there was not a breath of wind there
That would agitate the tree-top or blossom.
I walked on meditating alone,
Careless of the progress of my way;
Until I beheld the door of a church,
And the ready entrance before me.

I stood at the ancient door
 In which were usual alms and hospitality,
 To the blind, to the leper, and to the weak,
 When the people of that house were living.
 There was a seat built by its side,
 'Tis long since its shape was constructed,
 On which used to sit men of learning and clergy,
 And travellers on their way.
 I sat down full of reflection;
 I put my hand under my cheek,
 Until there fell large showers of tears
 From my eyes on the grass—down.
 I said there in sorrow,
 And I weeping mournfully,
 There was a time when this house
 Was joyful and cheerful.
 'Twas here were bells and clergy,
 Poems and divinity a-reading,
 Choirs singing, and music,
 Praising the majesty of God.
 Empty aisle, without state,
 Grey mansions and old tower,
 Many a tempest and storm
 Has struck the top of your wall.
 There is much rain and cold
 And storm from the coast which you have put off you,
 Since you were at first consecrated
 To the King of the Elements, as a temple.
 Oh holy house of the green gables,
 That wast an ornament to the country,
 It is my constant sorrow, your ruin,
 And the putting of your saints to wandering.
 'Tis solitary you are now;
 There are not in you choirs or music;
 But the screeching of the cat-headed (owl)
 In the place of the glad psalms.
 Ivy growing from your eaves,
 Red nettles on your green floor,
 The shrill barking of slender foxes,
 And the tinkling of waterfalls in your corners.
 Where the early lark used to call
 Your clergy to sing their matins,
 There is no tongue moving there now
 But the tongue of the jarring daw.
 Your refectory is without food,
 Your dormitory without the simple bed,
 Your sacristy without sacrifice by the clergy,
 Or mass to God performing.
 Your abbot and rule have gone,
 And your pious brotherhood;
 Alas! I do not see now under your shelter,
 (Aught) but a heap of clayed bones.
 Alas! the oppression and tyranny,
 Hard captivity, cruelty, and illegality,
 The violence of enemies and ruthless plundering,
 That have left you solitary as you are!
 I myself was once fortunate,
 Alas! my looks are changed:
 The persecution of the world came against me,
 There is no use in me but for sorrow.
 Gone are my motion and activity,
 The sight of my eyes and my guidance;
 My friends and my children are
 In this church, powerless and corrupting.
 There is woe on my face;
 My heart is as the kernel of a nut;
 If death would deliver me
 My welcome for its meeting were certain.

New Books.

THE HINDOOS. VOL. I.

[Few persons require to be told that the present volume is a portion of a description of the natives of "the ancient and extensive empire of India." It is not, therefore, a dry

historical detail of the rise and progress of this vast and important country, though it glances at the past sufficiently to heighten the interest of the present; and, in a future volume may be expected a few stirring incidents of the wars and struggles of these extraordinary people with their oppressors, and with their conquerors. Here we are briefly told, that]

In early antiquity, the Assyrian queen, Semiramis, is said to have made a fruitless attempt at subduing India; the conquests of Darius Hystaspis do not appear to have extended beyond the Panjāb (Herodot. iv. 44; compare iii. 101), and those of Alexander and of Seleucus made but a temporary impression. Even the Afghans, and the hardy barbarians of Tartary, who, under Baber, and other Mohammedan conquerors, effected a more permanent settlement in Hindoostan, appear to have almost immediately undergone a remarkable change both in character and manners. In a few ages their robust bodies and hardly-tempered minds yielded, like those of their predecessors, to the force of the warm, enervating sun of India. They then became unable to preserve the conquests which they had made; and the descendants of Baber, Humaioon, and Akbar, sunk under the dominion of a handful of daring strangers from the remotest islands of the West. These strangers, whose success affords the most extraordinary example on record of the triumph of knowledge and civilization over brute force, are now intrusted with the destinies of India, which forms, in the strictest sense of the word, a province of the British empire. The Hindoo, therefore, though divided from us by a vast extent of sea and land, is our fellow-citizen; and, for this reason, we are deeply interested in comprehending his character, his manners, his religion, and the nature of the country which he inhabits.

[In every respect, India and its natives must possess very considerable attractions for all classes of British readers; and, as it is of moment that they should be well acquainted with every portion of the earth subject to British rule, we welcome the present work as a very acceptable addition to the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. This volume is divided into eight chapters. The first is a general description of India; its physical aspect, its vast region, containing the loftiest mountains, several of the largest and most celebrated rivers, and, side by side, the most fertile and the most barren spots on the face of the globe. Of the Himālaya it is observed:—]

The greater portion of the Himālaya range has never been explored; the everlasting snow and clouds which rest upon its summit render it extremely difficult of access. But it has been ascertained that one of the peaks

of this chain, denominated Dhawalagiri, near the source of the Gunduk river, is the most elevated spot upon the habitable globe; being 26,862 feet above the level of the sea. It is in the untrodden solitudes of these mountains, where the scream of the eagle, the roar of torrents and tempests, and the thunder of the avalanche, are the only sounds ever heard, that the superstitious Hindoo has placed his heaven on the summit of Mount Meru. Here too, when weary of life, he comes to the rock, in shape resembling a bullock's rump, and supposed to be the petrified body of a god, to precipitate himself over the holy crag, and enter heaven by force.

[Of the rivers of India—]

They have always been more celebrated than its mountains. Every person throughout the civilized world is familiar with the names of the Indus and the Ganges, those holy streams which seem to the superstitious Hindoo, as the Nile appeared to the Egyptian, to be of divine origin. They are, certainly, among the most precious gifts which nature has bestowed upon Hindoostan. By their means, and that of numerous tributary or inferior rivers, an amazing degree of fertility is maintained in the country, which, from time immemorial, has not only supported a vast population with its own produce, but been enabled to satisfy the wants of the rest of the world with its superfluities. To us in England it is difficult to form an idea of those "ocean streams," which, in a course, in some instances, of nearly 2,000 miles, collect the waters of a thousand rivers, and at length flow in channels of several leagues in breadth to the sea. In the level lands of Bengal, rivers cannot, of course, possess very lofty banks; but palaces, temples, and palm-trees of gigantic size, shoot up from the water's edge, and are visible from a great distance; yet, in sailing up or down these majestic streams, the eye is frequently unable to descry the opposite banks. Except in the rainy season, the surface of the rivers, rarely ruffled with winds, is as smooth as a mirror, and beautifully reflects the glorious hues which dawn or sunset spreads over the tropical skies, with the lazy, lingering sail floating over it. Towards the mouth, however, this tranquillity is twice a day disturbed by the tide, which, particularly in the Indus, rushes with great violence against the stream with what is commonly called the *mascaret* or *bore*, endangering the barks which encounter it. It was this phenomenon that astonished the soldiers of Alexander, who, accustomed to the tideless wave of the Mediterranean, knew not how to account for this war of waters, which even modern travellers have described with wonder.

[Of the seasons—]

In India there is, properly speaking, nei-

ther spring nor autumn, summer nor winter. There are but two seasons, the rainy and the dry. The former continues in the interior and the western parts of the peninsula from April or May to the end of October; and the remainder of the year is generally without a shower or a cloud. During this dry season, the sun gradually burning up every plant and blade of grass on the plains, causes the whole surface of the country, excepting the forests and the jungles, to appear like a field from which the green sward has been pared away. Baked hard by the sun, the clayey soil cracks, and exhibits broad fissures, sometimes of several feet deep. Travelling then becomes extremely irksome, as, besides the heat and the barrenness of the prospect clouds of dust are frequently raised by the winds, and drifted about with extraordinary velocity. But the rapidity with which these apparently barren plains are clothed with verdure on the setting in of the rains has the appearance of a miracle; a single night almost sufficing to call forth the slumbering plants and grasses, and to transform the dusty plain into a fertile meadow.

This beautiful vegetation, however, is in the lowlands, extremely short-lived; for, by the almost universal inundation that ensues, the meadows are covered with water.* A thick canopy of clouds, through which the rays of the sun can seldom force their way for a moment, hangs during weeks together over the country, dissolving in incessant torrents of rain, and renewed every moment by fresh masses of vapour from the ocean. The commencement and conclusion of the rainy season are marked by tremendous storms of thunder, especially the termination, when the winds are shifting about from the south to the northward, to roll away the heavy vapours from the land. During the continuance of the rains, when it might be expected that the air would possess a delicious freshness, a sultry and oppressive heat is frequently experienced, more overpowering than the far higher temperature of the dry season. But, notwithstanding these inconveniences, it is

* The setting in of the south-west monsoon is thus admirably described by Mr. Elphinstone:—"After some threatening days, the sky assumes a troubled appearance in the evenings, and the monsoon sets in generally during the night. It is attended by such a thunderstorm as can scarcely be imagined by those who have only seen that phenomenon in a temperate climate. It generally begins with violent blasts of wind, which are succeeded by floods of rain. For some hours lightning is seen almost without intermission; sometimes it only illuminates the sky, and shows the clouds near the horizon; at others it discovers the distant hills, and again leaves all in darkness, when in an instant it reappears in vivid and successive flashes, and exhibits the nearest objects in all the brightness of day. During all this time, the distant thunder never ceases to roll, and is only silenced by some nearer peal, which bursts on the ear with such a sudden and tremendous crash as can scarcely fail to strike the most insensible heart with awe."—*Account of the Kingdom of Caubul.*

the rains alone that render India a habitable country; their partial discontinuance produces famine, and their disappearance would, in the space of a few years, change the whole peninsula into a desert.

[Next are the vegetable and mineral productions, and the zoology of India. In the details of the latter, we learn that—]

In Hindoostan, where nearly fifty species of these deadly reptiles, (serpents,) lie in wait for the destruction of man, a coiled serpent forms the couch of the god Vishnu, and is the frequent attendant on others of their deities. But the boa, which sometimes attains the length of forty feet, is dignified with divine attributes, consulted as an oracle, and worshipped as a god. Serpents of smaller dimensions, but equally dangerous and destructive, swarm in every forest, thicket, and garden, creep into the bedrooms, twist themselves between the lattices of the windows, and nestle in the folds of the turban. Of these the most venomous are the *cobra de capello*, or hooded snake, which grows to the length of eight or nine feet; the *cobra manilla*, a little blue snake, about a foot in length, which haunts old walls, and whose poison causes death in a quarter of an hour; and the *cobra de aurelia*, a serpent about the size of a quill, and not more than six inches long, whose bite causes madness and death. The charming of serpents, which in India is a no less useful than curious profession, furnishes employment to a particular caste or tribe of men.

[The second chapter enumerates and describes, separately, the several provinces which compose the empire. In Lahore, on the southern bank of the Ravee, is—]

The ancient palace of the Mogul emperors, constructed of brick and faced with red granite, one of the most superb edifices in the world. Viewed from the opposite bank of the river, with its magnificent façade, surrounded by parterres of all the rich and varied flowers of India, which here flourish in eternal spring, it rivals the hanging gardens of Babylon, or the fairy creations of the Arabian Nights. The interior of this vast structure is adorned with beautiful red granite, porphyry, lapis lazuli, and gold. Of all its numerous apartments, however, the most admired is the hall of the throne, the roof and walls of which are covered with mirrors of rock crystal, while along the gallery, which surrounds it, there runs a trellis-work of massive gold, with bunches of artificial fruit composed of pearls and jewels. In another chamber there is a bath of oriental agate in the form of a boat, and encircled with bands of gold. This bath, which will contain eight hogheads, was used in the time of the Mogul sovereigns to be filled with rose-water.

[Of the fairy-land Cashmere we are told—]

The traditions of the Hindoos respecting the formation of this beautiful valley greatly resemble those which prevailed among the Greeks about that of Thessaly; both being said to have been originally a lake inclosed by lofty mountains, which having been rent by the agency of earthquakes, suffered the waters to escape. Whatever was its origin, the Indian Tempe, though vaunted by less renowned poets, is no way inferior in fertility or beauty to the Thessalian. Fields clothed with eternal green, and sprinkled thick with violets, roses, narcissuses, and other delicate or fragrant flowers, which here grow wild, meet the eye on all sides; while, to divide or diversify them, a number of small streams of crystal purity, and several lakes of various dimensions, glide or sparkle in the foreground of the landscape. On all sides round arise a range of low, green hills, dotted with trees, and affording a delicious herbage to the gazelle and other graminivorous animals; while the pinnacles of the Himalaya, pointed, jagged, and broken into a thousand fantastic forms, rear their snowy heads behind, and pierce beyond the clouds. From these unscaleable heights, amidst which the imagination of the Hindoo has placed his heaven, ever bright and luminous, innumerable small rivulets descend into the valley, and after rushing in slender cataracts over projecting rocks, and peopling the uplands with noise and foam, submit to the direction of the husbandman, and spread themselves in artificial inundations over the fields and gardens below. These numerous mountain torrents, which unite into one stream before they issue from the valley, may be regarded as the sources of the Jhylum, one of the mightiest rivers of Hindoostan. The beauty and fertility of Cashmere are equalled by the mildness and salubrity of the climate. Here the southern slopes of the hills are clothed with the fruits and flowers of Hindoostan; but pass the summit, and you find upon the opposite side the productions of the temperate zone, and the features of an European landscape. The fancy of Bernier, escaping from the curb of his philosophy, ran riot among these hills, which, with their cows, their goats their gazelles, and their innumerable bees, might, like the promised land, be said to flow with milk and honey.

The inhabitants of this terrestrial paradise, who were as beautiful as their climate, possessed, in the time of Bernier, the reputation of being superior in genius and industry to the rest of the Hindoos. The arts and sciences flourished among them, and their manufactures of palanquins, bedsteads, coffers, cabinets, spoons, and inlaid work, were renowned throughout the East. But the fabric which tended most powerfully to diffuse their reputation for ingenuity were their

shawls: those soft and exquisite articles of dress, which, from that day to this, have enjoyed the patronage of the fair throughout the world.*

Moorcroft, whose remarks on the natural productions and agriculture of Cashmere have recently been published in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, concurs in the opinion that Cashmere has been formerly one immense lake, and he observes that the subsidence of its waters is distinctly defined by horizontal lines on the face of the mountain. The nature of the composition of the highest and primitive mountains, which form the great outer belt of the valley, Moorcroft had not an opportunity to examine; but the rocks of the interior he found to be of secondary formation, and consisting to a great extent wholly of indurated clay. "The bottom of the basin," he says, "is covered with a deep coat of alluvial clay, which, in its progress towards the surface, is mixed with vegetable earth; and the latter, under very slight labour, breaks down into a rich and most productive mould."

[The sumptuousness of Delhi, the imperial province of the central regions, is not overlooked:—]

The great ornament of Delhi is the imperial palace, constructed of red granite, in a beautiful style of architecture. Its interior is adorned with gold, azure and other splendid ornaments. The stables were erected to contain 10,000 horses. In the vast suburbs of Delhi, among other striking buildings, is the *Godaie Kotelar*, the principal apartment of which, called the "Hall of Embassies," was lined throughout with crystal, and adorned with a lustre of black crystal, exquisitely wrought, which, when lighted up, caused the apartment to present on all sides, the appearance of a conflagration. In this hall, a peacock throne was still preserved in the time of Legoux de Flaix, wholly different from that described by Bernier, and which was carried away by Nadir Shah.† It was of an oval form, and placed under a palm-tree, which overshadowed it with its foliage. A peacock perched upon a branch near the summit, extended its wings like a canopy over the throne. Both the palm-tree and the peacock were of gold, and the wings and leaves so delicately and exquisitely formed, that they appeared to wave and tremble at the slightest breeze. The rich green of the peacock's feathers was represented by superb emeralds; and the fruit of the palm-tree, formed of brilliant Golconda diamonds, mimicked nature so admirably, that the observer might easily have been tempted to pluck them.

Pannah, the capital of the diamond district, is adorned with several handsome temples, in one of which there is an idol with a diamond eye of immense brilliancy and value. The whole of the table-land for several miles round the city is said to abound with diamonds. The soil, from two to eight cubits in depth, is in some places of a red, in others of a brown colour, and where the diamonds are found, contains many small pebbles. The greater number of the stones do not exceed a pea in size, though occasionally they are found as large as filberts. The workmen, who are generally Rajpoots, amount on an average to about a thousand. According to their experience, it would seem that the generation of the diamond is here going on perpetually, and that fourteen or fifteen years is the term required by nature for completing the process; for they assert that they have as much chance of success in examining earth which has lain undisturbed during that period as in turning up fresh soil.

[The third chapter contains the origin and antiquity of the Hindoos; then follow the institution of castes—religion—temples, pilgrimages, and festivals—character, manners, and customs—food, stature, dress, ornaments, and dwellings—thus completing the eight divisions. We are tempted to quote two passages from the last chapter, one describing the food of a vegetable Brahmin—]

The feast of one of the vegetable Brahmins generally consists of seasoned bread, rice, curry, vegetables, pickles, and a dessert. Their ordinary bread is prepared from the flour of wheat, jau, or bajra. To this they are fond of adding a thin cake or wafer, made from the flour of *oort*, highly seasoned with assafetida; a salt called *pepper-khor*, and a very hot massaula, composed of turmeric, black pepper, ginger, garlic, several kinds of warm seeds, and a quantity of the hottest Chili pepper. All these ingredients are kneaded together with the *oord-flour* and water into a tenacious paste, which is then rolled into cakes thin as a wafer, which, having been first dried a little in the sun, are then baked, like the eaten cakes of the Scotch, until they are quite crisp. The Brahmini curry is generally nothing more than warm buttermilk, thickened with grain flour, and slightly seasoned with spices. Another of their favourite dishes is composed of a sort of split pea, boiled with salt and turmeric, and eaten with *ghee*, or clarified butter. "When the dinner is prepared, the Brahmin first washes his body in warm water, during which operation he wears his *dotee*, or that cloth which, fastened round his loins, hangs down to his ankles: when washed, he hangs up the *dotee* to dry, and binds in its place a piece of silk, it not being allowable for a Brahmin to wear anything else when eating. If a person of another caste, or even a Brah-

* Lives of celebrated Travellers, vol. i. p. 210, 211.

† The real value of this throne could not be exactly ascertained, but it was estimated at four crores, or forty millions of rupees.—Lives of celebrated Travellers, vol. i. p. 202.

min who is not washed, touches his dotes while drying, he cannot wear it without washing it again. After going through several forms of prayer, and other ceremonies, he sits down to his food, which is spread on a table-cloth, or rather a table-cover, formed of fresh gathered leaves, fastened together to the size wanted for the company. The dishes and plates are invariably composed of leaves; a Brahmin may not eat out of any thing else. Tin vessels, or copper tinned, may be used for cooking; but a Brahmin cannot eat out of them. The food, after being prepared in the kitchen, is placed in distinct portions, on dishes of different size, form, and depth, on the large verdant covering in a regular manner. In the centre of the cover is always a large pile of plain, boiled rice, and at a feast there are generally two other heaps of white and yellow rice, seasoned with spices and salt; and two of sweet rice, to be eaten with *chatna*, pickles, and stewed vegetables: the latter are chiefly berenjals, bendre turoy, and different kinds of beans, all savourily dressed, and heated with chilies of every description. The *chatna* is usually made from a vegetable called *colemear*, to the eye very much resembling parsley, but to those unused to it, of a very disagreeable taste and smell: this is so strongly heated with chilies, as to render the other ingredients less distinguishable. The *chatna* is sometimes made with cocoa-nut, lime-juice, garlic, and chilies, and, with the pickles, is placed in deep leaves round the large cover, to the number of thirty or forty, the Hindoos being very fond of this stimulus to their rice. These pickles are not prepared with vinegar, but preserved in oil and salt, seasoned with chilie and the acid of tamarinds, which in a salted state is much used in Hindostan. Brahmins and many other Hindoos reject the onion from their bill of fare. Ghee, which, in deep boats formed of leaves, seems to constitute the essence of the dinner, is plentifully dispensed. The dessert consists of mangoes, preserved with sugar, ginger, limes, and other sweetmeats; syrup of different fruits, and sometimes a little ripe fruit; but the dessert is not common. Such is the entertainment of a rich Brahmin who eats no animal food.*

[Another, relative to Hindoo dwellings:—]

Somerset House, the British Museum, the Louvre, and many other palaces and houses both in England and France, represent exactly, in point of form, the common dwellings of the wealthy Hindoos, whether they be erected of stone or of mud. Even in Rajpootana the same style prevails. The mansions of the Rajpoots, Colonel Tod observes, are quadrangular piles, with an open, paved area, the suites of apartments carried round the sides, with latticed or open corridors extending parallel to each suite. The resi-

* Oriental Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 49—51.

dence of the Rana of Oodipoor might not, perhaps, lose greatly by a comparison with Windsor Castle; and is very much superior, both in taste and magnificence, to the Chateau of the Tuileries.

[To these quoted proofs need scarcely be added our commendation of this ingenious work. We perceive that its editor has been aided by the best and most recent authorities, as Jones, Hamilton, Ward, Tod, Buchanan, the Asiatic Researches, and travellers of all times, from Bernier, physician to Aurungzebe, to Lieutenant Burnes, of the Geographical Society. The present volume contains twelve whole page illustrations, from drawings by Westall.]

The Gatherer.

'Birmingham Musical Festival.—The general results of this splendid Festival are thus stated in *Aris's Birmingham Gazette*.—At the first morning's performance nearly 1,400 persons were present; and in the evening, 2,400. At the performance on Wednesday morning, considerably more than 3,000 auditors, and including the orchestra, officers, attendants, &c., not less than *four thousand* persons were present. At the concert at the Theatre in the evening, the company ~~did~~ not exceed a thousand. On Thursday morning, very nearly 3,000; and in the evening, upwards of 2,600 were present. On Friday morning, the company numbered upwards of 2,200; and at night, the Dress Ball was attended by more than 1,700. Collections were made at the doors after each morning's performance, and including many liberal donations, amounted to between 1,500*l.* and 1,600*l.* The plates were held by some of the most distinguished ladies present, supported by the Noble President, Vice-Presidents, &c. The total receipts, as far as they can be at present ascertained, amount to 13,278*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.*, making an excess over the receipts of the Festival in 1829, of 3,639*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.*

Difficult Retreat.—Monsieur de Malsaignes was a determined duellist. Having quarrelled with a trother officer, they agreed to fight out the dispute in the very room where it took place, when M. de Malsaignes's adversary managed to run him through the body, and nail himself against the door. "It is all very well," said the transfixed duellist, with singular *sang froid*, "but, pray, how are you to get out?"

True Politeness consists in being easy on one's self, and making every one about one as easy as one can.—*Pope.*

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The Mirror

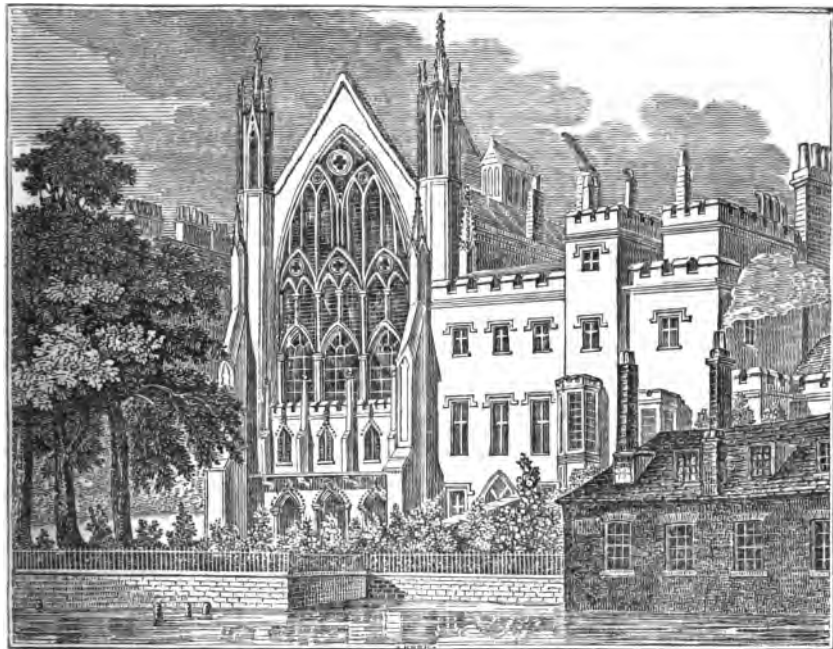
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.]



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AND THE SPEAKER'S RESIDENCE,

(From Westminster Bridge.)

IN the original, and we hope, not unsuccessful, plan of identifying our Illustrations with the interest of passing events, we intended the above Engraving for the next volume of this Miscellany. The partial destruction of these premises in common with the recent conflagration of both Houses of Parliament, however, renders their representation of too exciting an interest to be deferred for another sheet. And, as it is our intention to illustrate the history of the locality of these edifices, we shall consider the present Engraving as a portion of such design; its subject being next in antiquity to Westminster Hall, of which magnificent structure an illustration has already appeared in the *Mirror*.*

In the histories of London, several houses are mentioned as the temporary or occasional residence of the English sovereigns: for, in olden times, the royal palace could not have been, as in our day, the nucleus of the

fashionable quarter of the metropolis; unless fashion, in her migrations, be considered to have, at one period or other, ennobled every quarter. However this may have been, the ancient abodes of royalty invest the history of the whole metropolis and its suburbs with no common interest. Thus, the Tower was not only a fortress, but a palace; and our own pages have illustrated the regal occupation of Crosby Hall, Baynard's Castle, Bridewell, Somerset House, the Savoy, St. James's, Whitehall, and Westminster.†

Neither of these abodes, however, aspired to the dignity of a royal palace, like that at Westminster, the recollection of which is perpetuated in Old Palace Yard. Canute is known to have occupied a house or palace in Westminster, which was burnt in the time

† Northward, more than one house is said to have been in royal occupancy; and, on the south bank of the Thames were, not long since, ruins stored with kindred associations.

* See *Mirror*, vol. iii. p. 97.

of Edward the Confessor; but it is by no means so certain that it was situated on the same spot where the latter monarch built his palace, some remains of which were to be traced in the lancet windows of "the Painted Chamber," adjoining the House of Lords. This vast palace of the Confessor stood close to the banks of the Thames, and included the space now called Old Palace Yard, as well as great part of Abingdon-street. Upon part of this site, therefore, stands Westminster Hall, and stood the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and other contiguous buildings.

William I. who was crowned at Westminster, enlarged the palace considerably to the northward; but, his son William Rufus appears to have made the most important additions. He built the Hall as a banqueting-room; and in 1097, he established his principal court at Westminster, holding there the national council, and the great feasts of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, as well of the various courts of law. On one of these occasions, an anecdote is related by Matthew Paris. "When the king built the Hall, hearing men say that it was too great, he answered and said, 'This Halle is not big enough by the one halfe, and but a bed-chamber in comparison of that I mean to make:'" but the Norman boaster never fulfilled his vaunt. The successors of William continued to reside in the palace. Stephen built a chapel to it, which he dedicated to St. Stephen the Martyr; although, during the wars of this monarch, the whole palace became much dilapidated; for, in the year 1163, we find that the haughty prelate Thomas à Becket effected many great repairs; and henceforward it became the seat of regal splendour.

In the long reign of Henry III. many interesting events are recorded to have occurred at this palace. The king held many high festivals and solemn feasts at Westminster. "On the day of the circumcision of our Lord," says Stow, "in the year 1236, the king's treasurer was commanded to cause 6,000 poor people to be fed at Westminster, for the state of the king, the queen, and their children. The weak and aged were to be placed in the great Hall; and in the lesser, those who were more strong, and in reasonable plight. In the King's Chamber, the children, and in the Queen's; and when the King knew the charge, he gladly allowed it in the accounts." In the same year, the river overflowed its banks, and flooded all Westminster; "and, in the Great Palace, men did row with wherries in the midst of the Hall, being forced to ride to their chambers. The Hall, in this reign, also assumed a new interest, in connexion with the Parliament, which was first summoned towards the latter end of Henry III.; and, although the

Hall is not precisely indicated as the place of meeting, it is most probable that some of its precincts were devoted to the deliberations of the representatives; for, at a subsequent period, we find them actually convened there, as if according to the established custom. Towards the close of this reign also, the Palace was materially damaged by fire; but the injury was soon repaired.

St. Stephen's Chapel was restored at a considerable expense by the next sovereign, Edward I.; in the twenty-seventh year of whose reign, 1299, or two centuries after its restoration by William Rufus, the palace, in the language of Stow, "was burnt by a vehement fire, kindled in the lesser hall of the King's house; the same, with many other houses adjoining, and with the Queen's Chamber, were all consumed; the flames thereof also, (being drawn with the wind,) fired the monastery, which was, with *all the palace*, consumed, but afterwards repaired." If the words in Italics be taken literally, what becomes of the identity of the Painted Chamber of Edward the Confessor; wherein he breathed his last, and thus ended the line of Saxon kings.

In the same reign, a few years later, occurred an event which raised considerable scandal against the clergy. "The treasury of Westminster was robbed, for the which, Walter, Abbot of Westminster, with forty-nine of his brethren, and thirty-two others, were thrown into the Tower of London, and indicted of the robbery of 100,000*l.*;" but they were subsequently released, without the crime being fixed on any of them.

In the year 1347, St. Stephen's Chapel was rebuilt by Edward III., in the quaint words of Stow, "for thirty-eight persons in that sanctuary, to serve God," making it a collegiate church, with a regular endowment, which it had not previously possessed. "He also built in the little sanctuary adjoining, a strong clockard, of stone and timber, covered with lead, and placed therein three great bells, since usually rung at coronations, triumphs, funerals of princes, and their obits. Of those bells, men fabuled that their ringing *soured all the wine in the town!*"

Passing over many festal incidents related to have occurred in Westminster Hall, we come to particulars of many parliaments being held there in the succeeding reign of Richard II. We also gather from Stow, that "in the year 1397, the Hall being out of repair, King Richard, having occasion to hold a parliament, caused (for that purpose) a large house to be builded in the midst of the Palace Court, betwixt the clocke-tower and the gate of the old Hall. This house was very large and long, made of timber, covered with tyle, open on both the sides, and at both the ends, that all men might see and hear what was said and done. The

King's archers, (4,000 Cheshire men,) compassed the house about with their bowes bent, and arrowes nocked in their hands, alwaies ready to shoote; they had *bouche* of Court; to wit, meat and drinke, and great wages of sixpence per day." Two years subsequently, Richard was deposed in this same hall. The above is a curious event in our parliamentary history, and may be regarded as a barbarous precedent for Cromwell's tyrannical insolence; although, the lapse of two centuries and a half between the two occurrences almost induces us to consider Cromwell's to have been the most disgraceful act.

We shall hardly be expected to follow the mutations of the palace, while it continued to be the residence of the Sovereign, and the head-quarters of the law of the land, or until the fourth year of Henry VIII. (1512,) when a great part was once again destroyed by fire—the *third conflagration* since the time of the Confessor,—since which date, the palace does not appear to have been repaired as a royal residence.

To return to the Chapel. One of the first incidents within its sacred walls must have been the thanksgiving of its victorious founder at its altar for his conquest of France—his fame abroad, and consequent quiet at home. "An age of victory," wrote Sir James Mackintosh about four years since, "is productive of those triumphs and monuments which soothe national pride, and foster all the feelings of nationality. Windsor was probably the noblest architectural pile destined for civil purposes then erected to the north and west of the Alps. The hall of Edward's palace at Westminster still stands a lasting example of the massy magnificence which commands admiration for centuries. The chapel of the same regal mansion is now the room in which a representative assembly sit, who concur in making laws for ancient and renowned nations, to whom the name of Plantagenet was unknown."*

After the Reformation, the two legislative assemblies became settled within the palace: the Lords in the Court of Requests, and the Commons in St. Stephen's Chapel; where both have ever since held their sittings. In what manner the latter was at first fitted up does not appear; except that "the House" was formed within the Chapel, chiefly by a floor raised above the pavement, and an inner roof considerably below the ancient one. As it is our intention to illustrate the ancient and modern interior of the Chapel, we shall, for the present, confine ourselves to the portion of the exterior shown in the annexed Engraving. This represents the eastern end of the Chapel, and the Speaker's House, as seen from Westminster Bridge.

The former appearance of these edifices

may be gathered from several prints; but, more especially from a view of the Thames, taken before the towers of Westminster Abbey were erected. This print represents the shore as bounded by a wall from Cannon-row beyond St. Stephen's Chapel, with trees interspersed, and the latter with pinnacled buttresses on the sides and angles, and double ranges of windows, fairly marked with ramified mullions, which were, subsequently, on the east end, converted into a basement row of plain pointed, with a second square; a third large, and arched with one of the same description, inclosed by a vast trefoil moulding under the pitched battlements, and flanked with two octagonal turrets, then surmounted with a sort of cupola. Adjoining was a small court of the Palace. In 1803, the latter building was considerably enlarged, altered, and ornamented, under the direction of the late James Wyatt, so as to fit it for the residence of the Speaker. At the same time, were added to the chapel buttresses, surmounted with pinnacles, in the pointed style of Henry VII.* The large window was also opened; the three compartments of the lower stage appeared as three circular-headed windows in the interior of the House of Commons. The three smaller windows beneath this stage, lit the space behind the Speaker's chair. Under these are the windows of the dining-room, in which were given the Speaker's parliamentary dinners. Thus, the House of Commons was, in truth, the upper part of this wing of the Speaker's residence; and his dining chair was directly under his official one. The dining-room is enriched with superb carving, and has a massive, groined ceiling: on the latter account it was not destroyed in the recent fire, and is susceptible of complete renovation; it is of highly decorated character, many of the sculptured ornaments being exquisitely painted, and inlaid with gold. Only the walls remain of the House; but, the wing adjoining has been saved. The Chapel-walls have been uncased of their covering of modern composition, and the original stonework displays beautiful specimens of highly-wrought architecture. But, it is generally admitted that "the immense height of the walls, the quantity of falling buildings, filling up different divisions, the fine specimens of architecture still remaining, though dreadfully burnt and shattered, together with the arched rooms under the House, lobby, &c. richly carved, and still preserved, present extended and varied masses of ruins. The manner in which a great quantity of the highly-decorated archwork, consisting of rooms and cellars, as well as that forming cloister galleries, has obviously withstood the fury of the flames, and the falling of many walls that once formed parti-

* Pinnacles were also added to the turrets; but these have been removed.

tions, call forth the surprise of all who visit this terrific scene of ruin."* Notwithstanding all the chaotic destruction above, the basement archwork is in fine preservation.

Facing the House and the Speaker's residence, and extending to the water's edge, are the shrubbery and garden, in which was deposited considerable property, saved from the devastating fury of the late fire.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND EL DORADO.

[THE following brief outline of Raleigh's expedition† will be read with interest in connexion with the narrative of Mr. Hilhouse's excursion up the Massaroony, in our last Number.]

Sir Walter Raleigh had equipped seven expeditions, and expended above 40,000*l.*, or nearly his whole fortune, within a few years, to no purpose; but his romantic temper was not to be subdued by ill success: and as he lived at court, and entered into all the intrigues of his day, brilliant exploits were often necessary to him, to cover and redeem the mortifications of his daily life. As his fortune diminished, his imagination grew more ardent, despair perhaps lessening the influence of judgment; and he devoted the latter part of his life to the prosecution of delusive schemes, which had never allured him at a time when he better possessed the means of accomplishing whatever he proposed.

It is difficult to ascertain with precision the circumstances or the time which gave birth to the belief in the existence of a golden country, or El Dorado, in the interior of South America, where the government of the incas was revived in its ancient splendour, and where the precious metals existed in such abundance that even the roofs of the temples were made of gold. It circulated as early as 1531, when Ordaca undertook a luckless expedition to the mouths of the Orinoco, to ascend that river. Gonzalez Pizarro, in his march to the sources of the Maragnon, received a confirmation of the tale; and Orellana, in descending that great river, collected many marvellous relations tending to corroborate in his mind the same gratifying intelligence. But while the Spaniards sought nothing and thought of nothing but gold, it is not surprising that every picture that haunted their fancy should be richly adorned with that precious metal. All the tales collected by the Spaniards were familiar to Sir Walter Raleigh, who, as he wished them to weigh with the public mind, allowed them to operate freely on his own. He proposed the conquest of Guiana, and the discovery of El Dorado, or the country of

gold; in which the natives in their feasts, according to a Spanish writer, having first anointed themselves with a gummy balsam, rolled themselves in gold dust, so as to be gilt from head to foot.

The plans of Sir Walter Raleigh were favourably entertained by the ministers, and in 1595 he sailed with five ships for Guiana. He made himself master of Trinidad; and calling together the natives, explained to them, by an interpreter whom he brought with him from England, that "he was the servant of a queen who was the greatest cacique in the North, and a virgin who had more caciques under her command than there were trees in that island; that she was an enemy to the Spaniards, on account of their tyranny and oppression; and having freed all the coasts of the northern world from their servitude, had sent him to free them also; and moreover to defend Guiana from their invasion and conquest." He then prepared to pass over to the continent. Berreo, a Spanish officer who had unsuccessfully attempted to enter Guiana, tried to dissuade Raleigh from the hasty execution of his plan; telling him that it would be necessary to carry provisions for a tedious voyage, that the navigation of the rivers was rendered difficult by numerous shoals and rapids, and that they were beginning to swell and pour down overwhelming torrents at the very season when he was preparing to ascend them. These fair arguments were construed by the English cavalier into the suggestions of a rival, who wished to thwart his plans, and defeat their execution. He attempted to enter the river Orinoco with his ships; but finding it impossible to bring them across the bar, he was obliged to undertake the expedition in open boats. A hundred men, with their arms and provisions for a month, were crowded into three small boats, exposed to all the extremes of the weather in an unhealthy climate; they had advanced but a short way up the river when they found themselves involved in a labyrinth of channels, from which they could not extricate themselves without much labour and anxiety. Luckily they surprised an old Indian in a canoe; and being treated kindly, he readily consented to become their pilot. The Indians inhabiting the mouth of the Orinoco lived in houses during the summer, or dry season; but in the winter months, when the country was overflowed, they constructed small huts in the trees, to which they ascended by means of ladders. Some rumours concerning the Spaniards and the golden country were collected as they went on, which inspired the men with the same ardour as their chief. When Raleigh had ascended the river about 300 miles, he had an interview with Tapiowary, an Indian chieftain 110 years old, who gave him the most ample information re-

* Morning Herald.

† From the History of Maritime and Inland Discovery, vol. ii. p. 208, in the Cabinet Cyclopædia.

specting the political situation of the country, and its natural productions.

Leaving this old chieftain, Raleigh proceeded westward to view the falls of the river Caroli. From the summit of a hill overlooking the river they beheld it rolling down in three streams for twenty miles together: the current was so rapid that an eight-oared boat could not stem it, in a stream as wide as the Thames at Woolwich. A dozen cataracts, one above the other, rushed down with such violence that the noise could be heard at a distance of many leagues. The landscape around was the most beautiful that could be imagined: the hills were richly clothed with wood, the waters winding below in numerous branches; the plains clear of brushwood, and covered with fine green turf; deer crossing the scene in every direction; and multitudes of birds, of endless varieties and the most brilliant colours, fluttering among the trees or perched along the river banks. Even the specimens of the mineral world found here had an unusual brilliancy; and fragments of stone, supposed to contain gold, were carried off by the credulous adventurers.

Raleigh had now advanced 400 miles from the coast; he had been absent from his fleet a month; the wet season was coming on, and the river began to rise with fearful rapidity; it was no longer prudent, therefore, to defer his return. In descending the river he repeated his visit to the old chieftain Tapiowary, and consulted him respecting the possibility of conquering Guiana, and reaching the golden city Manoa. The prudent replies of the old Indian appeared encouraging to one whose mind was wholly bent on these visionary schemes. But whatever might be thought of the soundness of his calculations, the abilities of Raleigh as a leader were advantageously shown in this surprising expedition, in which there was neither murmuring nor discontent; and in which, notwithstanding the dangers and privations to which the men were exposed, not one perished during the whole voyage, with the exception of a negro who was devoured by a crocodile. Raleigh brought home with him specimens of the golden ore on which his hopes were founded. The son of Tapiowary accompanied him to England, where he was baptized with much ceremony by the name of Gualtero. Two Englishmen at the same time remained with the Indian chieftain: the one a good draftsman; the other a boy, intended to learn the language of the natives, in which he actually became proficient, but was unfortunately killed and devoured in the woods by wild beasts. The character of Raleigh had no doubt been much lowered in popular estimation by the ill success of his expeditions to Virginia; and the fruitless issue of his voyage to Guiana completed his downfall.

Manners and Customs.

AN EXECUTION IN SPAIN.

(From *Inglist's Spain in 1830.*)

I HAD an opportunity, while at Barcellona, of being present at an execution, the first I had seen in Spain. The man had been condemned to the galleys for some previous offence, and had murdered one of his fellow-convicts; and, although this is not an agreeable spectacle, yet, as in every country, public spectacles, whether agreeable or the reverse, exhibit some peculiarities either of character or of manners, I resolved to be present. Three o'clock was the hour appointed; and all that morning, as well as great part of the day before, there was an unceasing noise of little bells, carried through the streets by boys in scarlet cloaks, with the bell in one hand, and a box in the other, collecting alms to purchase masses in the different convents and churches, for the soul of the felon. There is another thing worth relating, connected with the last days of a felon in Spain. A society, called the Benevolent Society, undertakes to soften the last three days of his existence, and to diminish the terrors of death, by the singular device of increasing the pleasure of life. During these three days, he may have every luxury he desires; he may feast upon the daintiest viands, drink the choicest wines, and thus learn, in quitting the world, new reasons for desiring to remain in it.

I obtained a good situation, close to the military who guarded the ground. Besides the platform, there was erected, at a little distance, an altar, upon which was placed an image of the Virgin and Child; and opposite to this, a cross, with an image of Christ extended upon it. I was much struck with the procession; the unfortunate felon was accompanied by upwards of two thousand masked penitents, who looked more like a train of devils than human beings; a black cloak entirely enveloped the body and the head, holes only being left for the eyes and mouth; a black pyramidal cap, at least eighteen inches high, crowned the head; and each carried in his hand a long white wand. Two accomplices of the felon also accompanied him, that they might benefit by seeing him hanged; and a friar of the Franciscan order, was his spiritual guide.

After having been led to the altar, and then below the cross, where he repeated a number of prayers, he ascended the platform attended by the friar, who carried a large cross in his hand. When the offices of religion were concluded, the man wished to address the people, and twice began, "Mis Hermanos," but his voice was instantly drowned by shouts from a crowd at some distance behind the platform, no doubt so

instructed; and when he found that he could not be heard, he gave the signal, and the executioner immediately leapt upon his shoulders, and swung off the platform; while the friar continued to speak, and extend the cross towards him, long after he was insensible to its consolations. The spectacle concluded by the friar ascending to the summit of the ladder, and delivering a sermon, in which he did not omit the exhortation of contributing largely towards masses for the soul of the deceased. The exhortation was not without its effect; the little bells immediately began to ring, and hundreds obeyed the invitation to piety.

PUBLIC RECORDS.

ANCIENTLY, public archives were preserved in churches, and other religious places. The Greeks paid particular attention to the conservation of their records. The temple of Delos was, according to Pausanias, the general repository of records; and parts of the Areopagus and the temple of Minerva were also devoted by the Athenians to the custody of their public instruments. The Romans were not less zealous in the preservation of their records than the Greeks, and their most precious archives were deposited in their temples. This custom of preserving records in sacred places was followed in the middle ages, and it is not improbable that in England the "King's Chapel" was used for that purpose; and hence it was that the chancellor as presiding over the royal chapel, came to be so much connected with royal diplomas and archives.—*Hardy's Description of the Close Rolls.* GULIELMUS S.

GIRDLES.

"There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a girdle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle."

Shakspeare.

THE girdle of the Greeks and Romans is described by Homer. The girdle was used among the ancients for a purse. The Romans always wore a girdle to tuck up the tunica, when they had occasion for exertion; this custom was so general that such as went without girdles, and let loose their gowns, were reputed idle, dissolute persons.

It was generally the custom for bankrupts and other insolvent debtors, to put off and surrender their girdles in open court. The reason was, that our ancestors used to carry all the necessary utensils, as purse, keys, &c. tied to the girdle; whence the girdle became a symbol of the estate. History relates that the widow of Philip I., duke of Burgundy, renounced her right of succession by putting off her girdle upon the duke's tomb.

There was an ancient duty or tax raised in Paris every three years, called the *queen's girdle*, which was intended for the mainten-

ance of the queen's household. Vigenere supposes it to have been thus called because the girdle anciently served for a purse; but he adds that a like tax had been raised in Persia, and under the same name, above 2,000 years before, as appears from Plato, and Cicero.

The *Christian's Girdle* was instituted by Motavackel, caliph in the year of the Hegira 235, to be worn by Christians throughout the Kast, as a badge of their profession.

The *Order of Cordelia* was instituted by Anne de Bretagne, after the death of her first husband, Charles VIII., for widow ladies of noble families; it was placed round the escutcheon of their arms, and was also worn round the waist, with the ends hanging down. This order, soon after the decease of the founder, fell into disuse. P. T. W.

ANCIENT CARVING TERMS.

In an ancient work called the *Boke of Kervynge*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, there are the following curious terms, which may be worthy the digestion of any corporate body, viz.—"Breke that deer.—Lesche that brawn.—Rere that goose.—Lyste that swanne.—Sauce that capon.—Spolye that hen.—Fruche that chekyn.—Unbrace that mallard.—Unlace that conye.—Disembre that heron.—Display that crane.—Disfygure that peocke.—Unjoint that bytture.—Untacke that curlew.—Alaye that fesande.—Wynge that partrycke.—Wynge that quaille.—Mynce that plover.—Thye that pyggon.—Border that pastie.—Thye that woodcocke.—Thye all mauer smalle byrdes.—Tymbre that fyer.—Tyere that egge.—Chynne that samon.—Strynge that lampreye.—Splat that pyke.—Sauce that haddock.—Sance that plaice.—Sauce that tench.—Splay that brame.—Tuske that berbell.—Culpon that troute.—Fyne that cheven.—Trassene that ele.—Trance that sturgeon.—Undertrounch that porpus.—Tayme that crabbe.—Barbe that lobster." P. T. W.

The Naturalist.

WHY ARE GIGANTIC ANIMALS SO RARE?

(From Swainson's *Discourse on the Study of Natural History*; in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*.)

THE thick-skinned, or pachydermatous tribe of quadrupeds, comprise the genera of the elephant, rhinoceros, megatherium, and hippopotamus: these are well known as the most gigantic of all animals. We have ascertained, by analysis, that they form a circular group, and that the rank of this group is equivalent to that of a tribe. Yet, in regard to the number of objects it comprises, this is the most scanty tribe in the animal kingdom. It does not contain, in fact, as many individuals as are found in a single genus of parrots. Whence, therefore, arises this dis-

parity? How are we to account for the wide intervals between the different *Pachydermata*, and the very small ones between the genera of parrots? To this we should answer, first, that many of these forms, which once existed, are lost; and, secondly, that their paucity, so far from disturbing the harmony and regularity of nature's system, tends to show it in a light directly the reverse. First, then, the extinction of numerous forms of *Pachydermata* rests on well known and incontrovertible facts. Not only are the fossil remains of hippopotami, of elephants, and of rhinoceroses, belonging to extinct species (and, very probably, to intermediate gradations of form), found in numerous and various parts of the world, and in considerable quantities, but modern geology has brought to light a whole family of these quadrupeds, represented by the megatherium, which are now so completely exterminated from the earth, that not a single living example exists to testify the creation of such a race. If, then, all the fossil *Pachydermata* were alive, and were incorporated, according to their affinities, with those now living, the contents of the whole group would probably be augmented to four or five times its present number; and those chasms, which now appear so wide, would be proportionably lessened; nay, it is highly probable they would not be greater, in proportion, than those between the different genera of the parrots. But, secondly, let us suppose that it was essential to the symmetry and harmony of nature, that all her groups of the same rank and value should contain pretty nearly the same number of species, and that their numerical contents should be proportionate to their value. What, in the present instance, would be the result? The tribe of *Scansores*, or climbing birds, includes the parrots; and, upon a rough estimate, certainly contains between four and five hundred species. We know, by induction, that this tribe is equivalent to that of the pachydermatous quadrupeds. Now, if these tribes were as equal in their contents, as they are in their rank, more than half the earth would be overrun with monsters. Elephants would be as common as flies; we should have to reckon not *two*, but perhaps two hundred species. All the large rivers would be almost choked with hippopotami. Rhinoceroses would swarm in the woods, in herds of thousands, as the parrots do now in the forests of America. And huge megatheria, perhaps of a hundred species, would attack a forest, and strip it of its verdure in a few days. The world, in fact, would be filled, as it once was, with monstrous animals; and man would find no resting-place in it. Nor is this all: the whole of these gigantic creatures feed upon herbage, grass, or the leaves of trees. Let us imagine, then, for a moment, what would be the state of those countries, as

the vegetable world is now constructed, which should be inhabited by thousands of such monsters, as the tropical regions now are by the parrots. The consumption of food necessary to support such creatures would be enormous. No plains would be sufficiently fruitful to graze thousands of elephants and rhinoceroses of hundreds of species. The trees would be bared of their leaves, and verdure would disappear. The earth, in fact, would be as much devastated as if perpetual swarms of locusts had stripped it of its clothing; and thousands of these devouring monsters would annually perish for want of food, poison the air, and create pestilence and famine. Such results, however frightful, are too obvious to be denied. The paucity, therefore, of pachydermatous quadrupeds, instead of proving a want of uniformity and consistency in the groups of nature, is the very peculiarity which manifests the harmony and design with which they were balanced and adjusted, by Infinite Wisdom, from the beginning. The pachydermatous quadrupeds, considering their immense size, are proportioned to the rest of the animal creation, throughout which we find that great bulk is restricted to few individual forms, while excessive minuteness is extended to countless millions. What, therefore, would at first seem to constitute the *Pachydermata* an imperfect group, is, in reality, its highest perfection. If its chasms were fewer, or narrower, it would possess more forms, for which the world, in its present state, could scarcely find room. Be this, however, as it may, we need not, after this, require further demonstrative evidence to prove the inequality of numbers in natural groups of the same value; or, that apparent gaps may not often be accounted for on the soundest and most philosophic principles.

Antiquariana.

POSTLIP HALL, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

(From a Correspondent.)

POSTLIP, anciently called Poteslip, is a mansion situated on the northern side of Cleeve Cloud Hill, as you descend towards Winchcomb; and its windows command a considerable portion of the vale of Evesham, and an intermediate valley bounded on the east and west by the Cotswold Hills.

The mansion stands in the centre of a fine estate, on the northern boundary of Cotswold, and is noticed in the earliest English records as one of the most valuable domains in this part of Gloucestershire. Without doubt, it derived additional importance from its proximity to the abbey of Winchcomb and Hayles. In the reign of Edward the Confessor, it was held by Godric, a powerful thane, or English gentleman, in



(Postlip Hall.)

whose family it remained until the time of William the Conqueror; when it passed into the hands of Ansfred de Corneille, a follower of the victorious monarch. At that time, it was taxed three hides of land and four plough tillages, whereof two only were in demesne and upon the estate. There were upon it two water-mills, and a wood one mile long and one mile broad, but of which there is not a vestige. In the days of Edward, it paid one hundred shillings yearly; but the Conqueror's government received an annual tax of 4*l.*, which is supposed to have been for the land in demesne; at least, such is gathered from Domesday Book and other ancient chronicles.

The descendant of Ansfred flourished upon the domain of Postlip till the reign of Edward I., when it became the property of William de Postlip: he, like his predecessors, maintained the rank of franklin which was inferior to that of nobility, though independent of any suit, service, or homage, to any liege lord; except the sovereign of the land. William de Postlip, however, detracted from the dignity of the estate by committing felony, of which he was convicted in the twenty-seventh of Edward I.; but the records do not state whether or not he suffered the penalty of his crimes. It is probable that he forfeited his lands to the church, as we find William de Chesterton and others seized and possessed of the manor of Postlip, which they held in trust for the abbey of Tewkesbury in the seventh year of the reign of Richard II. This supposition is further strengthened by the circumstance of an ancient chapel having been built within a short distance, by William de Jolley, the proprietor of Postlip in the reign of Stephen, who intended it as a sanctuary for his tenants during the sanguinary civil wars which desolated the kingdom during that monarch's away. Prior to the estate belonging to the abbey of Tewkesbury, the tithes were en-

joyed by the neighbouring abbey of Winchcomb, which was then one of the most splendid and opulent monastic establishments in England.

After the Reformation, Postlip was again fated to change hands: the estate was given to Sir Thomas Seymour in the first year of Edward VI., and the tithes were granted to Sir Thomas Hutton in the 24th of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. About the times of Charles, James, and the Commonwealth, it belonged to an opulent family named Broadway; and the arms of Giles Broadway, carved in oak and stone, still form some of the most interesting ornaments which to this day decorate the walls.

The present mansion was built about three hundred years since by a member of the Broadway family. In common with many other ancient buildings, it has the vulgar reputation of being haunted; and, certainly, the venerable and gloomy appearance of a spacious and curiously carved oaken chamber is calculated to strengthen such an impression in the minds of the superstitious; though no more rational conjecture has been assigned for its spiritualization.

In the reign of Anne, or George I., Postlip became the property of the Earl of Coventry, at which time the ancient chapel was in good repair; but, although it contains several fine specimens of Saxon architecture, (particularly a curious arch which divides the body of the chapel from the choir,) it is now used as a place for agricultural implements. The worship of the church of Rome was formerly celebrated within its walls by the members of a neighbouring cell of Cistercian monks, who were distinguished for their hospitality to strangers, and the piety and virtuous conduct of their lives. Of late years, valuable paper mills have been erected on the estate. The springs which rise from the neighbouring hills, and supply these mills, are of the purest quality, so essential for the

production of those splendid and varied coloured papers and tissues for which this manufactory is more particularly celebrated. The streams in the vicinity also abound with trout of the most delicate flavour.

T. J. B.

The Public Journals.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN THE WEST INDIES.
(From "*The Cruise of the Midge*," in *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

We found ourselves seated at dinner in the lower piazza of the court facing the east, so as to be screened from the rays of the setting sun by the roof of the house.

The water of the clear pool in the centre of the yard was led away, on the side we sat on, in a little canal, amongst the rocks, out of which it was hewn, and this was thickly planted with lotuses. We had dined, and the golden sky overhead began to be spanned with a bright silver star here and there, and the distant, and scarcely perceptible buzz of a solitary scout of a mosquito, would every now and then suddenly increase to a loud singing noise, as he reconnoitred your auricle—presently you heard the loud hum of a whole picket of them—the advanced guard of a host of those winged pests, which were thus giving token of the approach of evening.

"Mr. Brail," said Helen, laughing, "do you see how carefully those beautiful water-lilies have folded up their silvery leaves before retiring to their watery pillows?—there, that one nearest your foot has already sank below the water, and the largest, that is still gently moved by the small ripple that radiates from the splashing water in the middle of the basin, will soon follow.—See—it is gone!"—and, one by one, the whole of the plants gradually sank under the surface for the night.

I was struck with this, and fascinated by the tone and manner of the speaker, when suddenly the lotuses again emerged.

"Heyday!" said De Walden—"your poetry is all lost, Miss Hudson, the flowers don't seem to sleep sound on the watery pillows you spoke of; they are all back to have another peep at you."

"Probably they found their beds were not made, De Walden," rapped out Listado.

"But really what is this?" said Helen, and as she spoke, the jet gradually became weaker and weaker; the water in the pool rapidly subsided for a minute; and then, with a loud gurgling noise, disappeared altogether, leaving the rocky bed dry, and the poor, pet mountain-mullets walloping amongst the water-plants like so many silver wedges.

"Hillo!" shouted Listado, in extreme surprise—"Hillo! who has stolen our purling stream?—what the deuce has become of the river, Master Hudson?" This was a thing

neither Mr. Hudson nor any one else could tell—that it had absolutely vanished as described was clear enough; but just as the girls and De Walden had secured the fish in a tub, the basin was again filled as suddenly as it had been emptied, with the same loud gurgle, and in ten minutes one could not have told that any thing had happened.

"There must have been some subterranean convulsion to produce this phenomenon," said I.

"No doubt of it," rejoined Listado—"Old Nicholas had run short of water for his tay, and borrowed our beautiful jet for a little—but, hush! he has heard me, so sure as peas are pays in Ireland, and he has turned off the water again—Hush!"

It once more disappeared in the same manner, and with the same loud, gurgling noise as before; but after the basin was dry this time, we distinctly heard several distant reports in the bowels of the earth, like the far-off reverberations of a cannon-shot amongst the hills.

"There was no earthquake?" said he, after we had a little recovered from our surprise; no one had perceived it if there had been. "I should not be surprised if this be the precursor of one, however," he continued, "after this long drought and intense heat."

The following evening was the one we had fixed on, according to previous arrangement, to ride to a beautiful bay.

The weather, as already hinted, for several weeks preceding this, had been uncommonly hot, even for that climate, and the earth was parched by intense drought. In many places in our rides we came upon fissures a foot wide, and several fathoms deep, and the trees had, in general, assumed the hue of our English leaves in November. There had been several "*temblores de tierra*," or shocks of an earthquake, within this period—slight at first, but they seemed to increase in strength and frequency, as the dry weather continued, and it was, therefore, reasonable to refer the sudden disappearing of the jet of water to some internal convulsion of this nature.

On the day in question, there was not a cloud to be seen, a hot, blending, blue haze hung over the land and water, through which every object trembled as if the earth and sea had sent up a thin smoke through intensity of heat.

The sun when he rose, and until high up in heaven, had the same red, magnified disk, as in a foggy winter morning in England, and a lurid purple hue pervaded all nature, as if he had been suffering a temporary eclipse, while the usual sea-breeze entirely failed.

About noon every thing was deadly still,—the cattle had betaken themselves to the small river, where they stood chewing their

coals, as if overpowered with the density of the air. Not a bird was hopping in the trees, the very lizards were still, and the negroes employed in cleaning the coffee-pieces, worked in silence, in place of shouting and laughing, and gabbling to each other, as is their wont—and when the driver or black superintendent gave his orders, the few words he uttered sounded loud and hollow, echoing from hill to hill. I could hear distinctly what he said on the opposite mountain side, situated above a mile off, although I was persuaded at the same time that he spoke in his natural tone, and with no greater exertion than he used in common conversation. The very clink of the negroes' hoes in the rocky soil was unaccountably distinct and sharp.

Several inexplicable noises had been heard during the forenoon from the head of the ravine, and once or twice a strong, rushing sound, like the wind amongst trees, passed over our heads, as if cohorts of invisible spirits were charging each other in the air. At other times, a gradually increasing, subterranean, grumbling noise would spring up, at first undistinguishable from distant thunder, but coming apparently nearer, it would end in a series of deadened reports, like a distant cannonade, and this again was followed by a sharp hissing, or hurtling, altogether different from the rushing noise already described, and resembling that made by the flight of a Congreve rocket more than any thing else. But the most startling sound of all was the solitary wild cry of a crane, now and then, which resembled for all the world the high note of a trumpet, blown short and quick.

We had all been puzzling ourselves with these appearances and strange noises during the forenoon, some arguing that a hurricane was impending, others that they betokened an earthquake; but the stillness continued without either occurring, and the day wore on very much as usual.

In the evening, the sun was again shorn of his flaming beams, as he sank in the west, and became magnified as in the morning, by the haze, into a broad, moonlight globe.

"Come," said our excellent host, "we have had no exercise to-day, I calculate; so let us order the mules, and ride to Helen's beautiful bay, that she raves about; we shall at least breathe fresher air there."

"Oh, papa!" said she, but the ladies vanished, and soon reappeared all ready, when we mounted, and set off accordingly.

By the time we reached the eastern cape, or headland of the small bay, the sun was near his setting, and had tinged the whole calm sea, as far as the eye could reach, with a bluish purple. The stars appeared larger than usual, some of them being surrounded with tiny haloes, and the planet Venus, as

she struggled up in the east, looked like a small moon.

We wound downwards along a zig-zag path, hewn out of the rock, until we arrived at the beautiful white beach, which we had admired so much from above.

The swell in the offing tumbled in long purple undulations, and as it broke on the rocky coast beyond the promontory, the noise was like the roar of a populous town, borne on the swell of the breeze. In the bay itself, however, all was still as death, and the surface of the sea was clear and calm as a mirror.

The sun was still visible to us, but already every thing was in shade on the opposite side of the bay—here about a quarter of a mile across, where the dark trees and bushes were reflected with startling distinctness. There was no ascertaining the water line in that direction, as the bank was high and precipitous, and the foliage darkened down to the water's edge; the beach on our side ending at the head of the bay, where a small wooden wharf ran into the sea, alongside of which lay a shallop with her sails hoisted, but hanging motionless on the spars. A solitary negro was walking slowly up and down this erection, smoking, his dark shadow in the water looking like his doppel gänger, or a familiar spirit. There was a large schooner lying right in the centre of the bay, very heavily rigged, and apparently armed, but I could see no one on deck at first; presently, however, there was a bustle on board of her, and two boats were hoisted out.

"What schooner is that?" I asked at Mr. Hudson—he did not know—it must be some coaster, he thought; but I was not sure of this, for all at once, under the cliff on the opposite side, we heard the sound of a hammer, and could see a forge at work, by the light of a primrose-coloured jet of flame, spouting up as if under the action of a pair of bellows, that glanced on the water, and flashed on the hairy chest and muscular arms of a swarthy-looking fellow, naked all to his trousers, and on the dingy figure of a negro that worked the bellows for him.

"When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove,"

sang Listado, but the sound of his own voice in the unnatural stillness, startled both himself and us, and he broke off abruptly. Next moment the flame of the forge disappeared, and the sparks, like fire-flies, flew from a red-hot bar in all directions, under the strokes of the Cyclops we had seen at work, until the hissing iron became of a dull red, and gradually disappeared from my eye altogether; the clink of the hammer, and the groaning and asthmatic puffing of the bellows then ceased. A boat now put off from the schooner, and pulled in the direction of the forge,

From the clash and tinkling of the materials as they were taken on board, it was

evident that the whole apparatus had been dismantled. As the people returned towards the schooner, we heard a voice hail them from her to make haste, as the person speaking "did not like the weather."

The instant they got on board, another anchor was let go, topmasts and yards were struck, and had down on deck, boats were hoisted in, and other precautions were, doubtless, taking, which we could not see, from the bustle we heard, to ensure her riding easily through the coming night. Soon all was still again. The fire-flies now began to sparkle amongst the trees, when as we turned to reascend the path by which we had come, De Walden said he thought the water of the bay trembled, and that the stars twinkled in it; but, before I perceived any thing, it was again calm as glass. Several fish now leaped out, as if startled, shattering the surface into circling and sparkling ripples; others skimmed on the top with an arrowy rush, and their heads above water; and several owls broke from the shelter of the bushes opposite with a hoarse screech, rustling the leaves, and after a struggling and noisy flutter at the start, flitted across to us, ruffling the glass-like bay with the breezy winnowing of their wings.

"What can all this mean?" said Listado. "Did you perceive any thing, Brail?"

He was standing beside his mule as he spoke, but none of the rest of us had dismantled.

"No; did you?"

"I thought there was a slight shock of an earthquake just now; but you might not have felt it from being mounted. There, listen!"

A rushing, as of a mighty wind, the same kind of mysterious sound that we had heard from the wood, in the morning, now breezed up in the distance once more, mingled with which, a report like a distant cannon-shot was every now and then heard.

It was evident that some tremendous manifestation of the power of the Invisible was at hand, but none of us moved. Some unaccountable fascination held us riveted to the spot. What, indeed, was the use of flight. Where could we have hid ourselves from him to whom the darkness is as the noonday, and whose power pervades all space.

The water in the bay now began to ebb suddenly, and retired about twenty paces, leaving a broad, white, sandy beach where before there had been but a narrow stripe of pebbles. In another moment it again rushed in with a loud *shaking* noise,—I coin the word for the sound,—and then thundered against the rocks, as if the swell of the everlasting deep had been hove by a storm against the shore, flashing up in white smoke all round us and over us. A huge mass of grey rock was detached from the cliff above,

and thundering with increasing bounds, was pitched over our heads, distinctly visible between us and the sky, a pistol-shot into the sea, where it dashed its shadow in the water into fragments, as it fell into the bay with a flash like fire; rotten branches and sand showered down in all directions, the dew was shaken like a fall of diamonds from the trees, the schooner's crew shouted, birds and beasts screamed and bellowed, and the mules we rode started and reared as the earth quaked beneath their feet, and yelled forth the most unearthly sounds that ever issued from the throat of quadruped. The shallop at the wharf was dashed to pieces; the schooner was first dragged from her anchors by the sudden and tumultuous ebb, and then hove with inconceivable violence against the wharf, where I thought she would have been stranded; but the retiring surge again floated her back, and the next minute she was fast drifting out of the bay.

We hastened home, where we found every thing in great confusion. The house was filled with dust, the walls and roof cracked in many places, and the wooden frames of the windows in two instances forced from their embrasures by the sinking of the walls. The field negroes were crowding round in great dismay, and the house servants were no less so; but amidst all this hubbub—lo!—the beautiful fountain was once more bubbling, and hissing, and splashing in its rocky basin, and amongst the leaves, as cheerily as if it had never intermitted at all.

The ladies immediately retired, their nerves having been desperately shaken; and I for one was glad to follow their example.

New Books.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.
By the Author of "*Eugene Aram*."

[In this superb historical romance we scarcely know which to admire most—the fact or the fiction, or the rich fancy and exuberant ingenuity of the author in wreathing both into his wonder-fraught story. The circumstances under which he has so gracefully accomplished this performance have been in some respects advantageous. His visit to the disinterred remains of the ancient city of Pompeii had greater charms for the author than either the delicious breeze or the cloudless sun, the violet valleys or the orange groves, of the South; and, "on viewing, still fresh and vivid, the houses, the streets, the temples, the theatres of a place existing in the haughtiest age of the Roman empire," he felt "a keen desire to people once more those deserted streets, to repair those graceful ruins, to reanimate the bones which were yet spared to his survey; to traverse the gulf of eighteen centuries, and to wake to a second existence—the City of the Dead." He began his

undertaking with Pompeii itself at the distance of a few miles—the sea that once bore her commerce, and received her fugitives, at his feet—and the fatal mountain of Vesuvius, still breathing forth smoke and fire, constantly before his eyes: nearly the whole of the work was written at Naples last winter; and by a coincidence worth notice, its publication took place nearly on the same day with another eruption of the terrific volcano, whose phenomena have supplied the catastrophe of the work itself. Mr. Bulwer, however, had many difficulties to contend with: for example, to paint the manners and exhibit the life of the middle ages, would have been comparatively easy; but, with the earlier and more unfamiliar period, or the classical age of his romance, we have “no household and familiar associations.” Yet, in his descriptions does the author arouse the curiosity and enlist the interest of his reader. He has stripped the details of classic story of their scholastic pedantries, and the discoveries of our own times of their archæological affectation, so as to render his description of a mansion at Pompeii even more interesting than the arrangement of our own Buckingham palace. The date of the story is the first century of our religion—the most civilized period of Rome: the conduct of the narrative lies amidst places whose relics we may yet trace—the catastrophe is among the most awful which the tragedies of ancient history present to our survey. From his ample materials, Mr. Bulwer has selected such as are most attractive to a modern reader; “the customs and superstitions least unfamiliar to him—the shadows that, when reanimated, would present to him such images as while they represented the past, might be least uninteresting to the speculations of the present.”

It need scarcely be here observed that Pompeii was destroyed, A. D. 79, by an eruption of Vesuvius, not such as takes place every year; for, in the words of Dion Cassius, “all eruptions which have happened since would be trifling, even if all summed into one, compared to what occurred at the period we refer to. Day was turned into night, and night into darkness—an inexpressible quantity of dust and ashes was poured out, deluging land, sea, and air, and burying two entire cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, while the people were sitting in the theatre.”

The following passage from Mr. Bulwer's preface will furnish the prime agents in the story, in the absence of its outline, which can scarcely be expected in our cabined columns.]

The city, whose fate supplied me with so superb and awful a catastrophe, supplied easily from the first survey of its remains, the characters most suited to the subject and the scene; the half Grecian colony of Hercules,

mingling with the manners of Italy so much of the costumes of Hellas, suggested of itself the characters of Glaucus and Ione. The worship of Isis, its existent fane, with its false oracles unveiled; the trade of Pompeii with Alexandria; the associations of the Sarnus with the Nile, called forth the Egyptian Arbaces—the base Calenus—and the fervent Apærides. The early struggles of Christianity with the Heathen superstition, suggested the creation of Olinthus; and the Burnt Fields of Campania, long celebrated for the spells of the Sorceress, naturally produced the Saga of Vesuvius. For the existence of the Blind Girl I am indebted to a casual conversation with a gentleman, well known amongst the English at Naples for his general knowledge of the many paths of life. Speaking of the utter darkness which accompanied the first recorded eruption of Vesuvius, and the additional obstacle it presented to the escape of the inhabitants, he observed that the blind would be the most favoured in such a moment, and find the easiest deliverance. This remark originated the creation of Nydia.

The characters, therefore, are the natural offspring of the scene and time; the incidents of the tale are equally consonant, perhaps, to the then existent society: for it is not only the ordinary habits of life, the feasts and the forum, the baths and the amphitheatre, the commonplace routine of the classic luxury, which we recall the Past to behold; equally important and more deeply interesting are the passions, the crimes, the misfortunes, and reverses that might have chanced to the shades we thus summon to life. We understand any epoch of the world but ill, if we do not examine its romance;—there is as much truth in the poetry of life as in its prose.

[And here it may be remarked that a few isolated quotations will but ill convey to the reader an idea of the poetical diction of the story, or the tasteful elegance of the author in the combination of his own fancy with the materials which his ingenious research has amassed. In short, it is not by piecemeal, but as a harmonious whole, that the merits of “The Last Days of Pompeii” must be adjudged. Our reader would, however, feel disappointment if we contented ourselves with this glance at the very attractive work before us: we shall, therefore, detach a few of its scenes, incidents, and situations, which may illustrate what we have said of the graphic power and minute polish of the writer, if they convey not the ability with which he has wrought his dazzling and darkening materials into the thread of narrative.]

The following is a stirring sketch of the gay

Streets of Pompeii.
Clodius arrived in the *Via Domitiana*,

which was crowded with passengers and chariots, and exhibited all that gay and animated exuberance of life and motion which we find at this day in the streets of Naples. The bells of the cars as they rapidly glided by each other, jingled merrily on the ear, and Clodius with smiles or nods claimed familiar acquaintance with whatever equipage was most elegant or fantastic; in fact, no young man was better known about Pompeii. "What, Clodius! and how have you slept on your good fortune?" cried, in a pleasant and musical voice, a young man, in a chariot of the most fastidious and graceful fashion. Upon its surface of bronze were elaborately wrought, in the still exquisite workmanship of Greece, reliefs of the Olympian games: the two horses that drew the car were of the rarest breed of Parthia; their slender limbs seemed to disdain the ground and court the air, and yet at the slightest touch of the charioteer, who stood behind the young owner of the equipage, they paused motionless, as if suddenly transformed into stone,—lifeless, but lifelike, as one of the breathing wonders of Praxiteles. The owner himself was of that slender and beautiful symmetry from which the sculptors of Athens drew their models; his Grecian origin betrayed itself in his light and clustering locks, and the perfect harmony of his features. He wore no toga, which in the time of the emperors had indeed ceased to be the general distinction of the Romans, and was especially ridiculed by the pretenders to fashion; but his tunic glowed in the richest hues of the Tyrian dye, and the fibulæ, or buckles, by which it was fastened sparkled with emeralds: around his neck he wore a chain of gold, which, in the middle of his breast, twisted itself into the form of a serpent's head, from the mouth of which hung pendant a large signet ring of elaborate and most exquisite workmanship; the sleeves of the tunic were loose, and fringed at the hand with gold; and across the waist a girdle wrought in arabesque designs, and of the same material as the fringe, served in lieu of pockets for the receptacle of the handkerchief and the purse, the stylus and the tablets.—"My dear Glaucus!" said Clodius, "I rejoice to see that your losses have so little affected your mien. Why you seem as if you had been inspired by Apollo, and your face shines with happiness like a glory; any one might take you for the winner, and me for the loser."—"And what is there in the loss or gain of those dull pieces of metal that should change our spirit, my Clodius? Per Jove! while, yet young, we can cover our full locks with chaplets—while yet the cithara sounds on unsated ears—while yet the smile of Lydia or of Chloë flashes over our veins in which the blood runs so swiftly, so long shall we find delight in the sunny

air, and make bald Time itself but the treasurer of our joys. You sup with me to-night, you know."—"Who ever forgets the invitation of Glaucus?"—"But which way go you now?"—"Why, I thought of visiting the baths, but it wants yet an hour to the usual time."—"Well, I will dismiss my chariot, and go with you. So so, my Phylas," stroking the horse nearest to him, which by a low neigh and with backward ears, playfully acknowledged the courtesy; "a holiday for you to-day. Is he not handsome, Clodius?"—"Worthy of Phœbus," returned the noble parasite,—or of Glaucus." Talking lightly on a thousand matters, the two young men sauntered through the streets: they were now in that quarter which was filled with the gayest shops, their open interiors all and each radiant with the gaudy yet harmonious colours of frescos, inconceivably varied in fancy and design. The sparkling fountains, that at every vista threw upwards their grateful spray in the summer air; the crowd of passengers, or rather loiterers, mostly clad in robes of the Tyrian dye; the gay groups collected round each more attractive shop; the slaves passing to and fro with buckets of bronze, cast in the most graceful shapes, and borne upon their heads; the country girls stationed at frequent intervals with baskets of blushing fruit, and flowers more alluring to the ancient Italians than to their descendants, (with whom, indeed, "*latet anguis in herba*," a disease seems lurking in every violet and rose)—the numerous haunts which fulfilled with that idle people the office of cafés and clubs at this day; the shops where on shelves of marble were ranged the vases of wine and oil, and before whose thresholds, seats, protected from the sun by a purple awning, invited the weary to rest and the indolent to lounge,—made a scene of such glowing and vivacious excitement, as might well give the Athenian spirit of Glaucus an excuse for its susceptibility to joy.—"Talk to me no more of Rome," said he to Clodius. "Pleasure is too stately and ponderous in those mighty walls: even in the precincts of the court—even in the golden house of Nero, and the incipient glories of the palace of Titus, there is a certain dulness of magnificence—the eye aches—the spirit is wearied; besides, my Clodius, we are discontented, when we see the enormous luxury and wealth of others, with the mediocrity of our own state. But here we surrender ourselves easily to pleasure, and we have the brilliancy of luxury without the lassitude of its pomp."—"It was from that feeling that you chose your summer retreat at Pompeii."—"It was. I prefer it to Baïæ: I grant the charms of the latter, but I love not the pedants who resort there; and who seem to weigh out their pleasures by the drachm."

A Pompeian Mansion.

The house of Glaucus was at once of the smallest, and yet of the most adorned and finished of all the private mansions of Pompeii; it would be a model at this day for the house of "a single man in Mayfair"—the envy and despair of the celibian purchasers of buhl and marquetry. You enter by a long and narrow vestibule, on the floor of which is the image of a dog in mosaic, with the well-known "*Cave Canem*," or "beware, the dog." On either side, is a chamber of some size; for the interior house not being large enough to contain the two great divisions of private and public apartments, these two rooms were set apart for the reception of visitors, who neither by rank nor familiarity were entitled to admission in the penetralia of the mansion. Advancing up the vestibule, you enter an atrium, that when first discovered was rich in paintings, which *in point of expression* would scarcely disgrace a Raphael. You may see them now transplanted to the Neapolitan Museum; they are still the admiration of connoisseurs—they depict the parting of Achilles and Briseis. Who does not acknowledge the force, the vigour, the beauty, employed in delineating the forms and faces of Achilles and the immortal slave! On one side the atrium, a small staircase admitted to the apartments for the slaves on the second floor; there, too, were two or three small bedrooms, the walls of which portrayed the rape of Europa, the battle of the Amazons, &c. You now enter the tablinum, across which at either end hung rich draperies of Tyrian purple, half withdrawn.* On the walls was depicted a poet reading his verses to his friends, and in the pavement was inserted a small and most exquisite mosaic, typical of the instructions given by the director of the stage to his comedians. You passed through this saloon, and entered the peristyle; and here the mansion ended. From each of the seven columns that adorned this court hung festoons of garlands; the centre, supplying the place of a garden, bloomed with the rarest flowers placed in vases of white marble, that were supported on pedestals. At the left end of this small garden was a diminutive fane, resembling one of those small chapels placed at the side of roads in Catholic countries, and dedicated to the Penates; before it stood a bronze tripod: to the left of the colonnade were two small cubiculi or bedrooms; to the right was the triclinium, in which the guests were now assembled. This room is usually termed by the antiquaries of Naples, "the chamber of Leda;" and in the beautiful work of Sir William Gell the reader will find an engraving from that most

delicate and graceful painting of Leda, presenting her new-born to her husband, from which the room derives its name. This beautiful apartment opened upon the fragrant garden. Round the table of citron-wood, highly polished and delicately wrought with silver arabesques, were placed the three couches, which were yet more common at Pompeii than the semicircular seat that had grown lately into fashion at Rome; and on these couches of bronze studded with richer metals, were laid thick quiltings covered with elaborate broiery, and yielding luxuriously to the pressure.

A Pompeian Entertainment.

At that instant the slaves appeared, bearing a tray covered with the first preparative initia of the feast. Amidst delicious figs, fresh herbs strewed with snow, anchovies, and eggs, were ranged small cups of diluted wine sparingly mixed with honey. As these were placed on the table, young slaves bore round to each of the five guests, (for there were no more,) the silver basin of perfumed water, and napkins edged with a purple fringe. But the ædile ostentatiously drew forth his own napkin, which was not, indeed, of so fine a linen, but in which the fringe was twice as broad, and wiped his hands with the parade of a man who felt he was calling for admiration.—"A splendid *mappa* that of yours," said Clodius; "why, the fringe is as broad as a girdle."—"A trifle, my Clodius, a trifle! They tell me this stripe is the latest fashion at Rome: but Glaucus attends to these things more than I."—"Be propitious, O Bacchus!" said Glaucus, inclining reverentially to a beautiful image of the god placed in the centre of the table, at the corners of which stood the Lares and the saltholders. The guests followed the prayer, and then, sprinkling the wine on the table, they performed the wonted libation. This over, the convivialists reclined themselves on the couches, and the business of the hour commenced.—"May this cup be my last!" said the young Sallust, as the table, cleared of its first stimulants, was now loaded with the substantial part of the entertainment, and the ministering slave poured forth to him a brimming cyathus—"May this cup be my last, but it is the best wine I have drunk at Pompeii!"—"Bring hither the amphora," said Glaucus, and read its date and its character.—The slave hastened to inform the party, that the scroll fastened to the cork betokened its birth from Chios, and its age a ripe fifty years.—"How deliciously the snow has cooled it!" said Pansa; "it is just enough."—"It is like the experience of a man who

* The tablinum was also secured at pleasure by sliding doors.

+ The most valued wood—not the modern citron-tree. Some, amongst whom is my learned friend, Mr. W. S. Lander, conjecture it with much probability to have been mahogany.

has cooled his pleasures sufficiently to give them a double zest," exclaimed Sallust.

* * * * *

Here the conversation was interrupted for a moment by a flourish of flutes, and two slaves entered with a single dish.—"Ah! what delicacy hast thou in store for us now, my Glaucus?" cried the young Sallust, with sparkling eyes. Sallust was only twenty-four, but he had no pleasure in life like eating—perhaps he had exhausted all the others; yet had he some talent, and an excellent heart—as far as it went.—"I know its face, by Pollux!" cried Pansa; it is an Ambracian kid. Ho!" (snapping his fingers, an usual signal to the slaves,) "we must prepare a new libation in honour to the new comer."—"I had hoped," said Glaucus, in a melancholy tone, "to have procured you some oysters from Britain; but the winds that were so cruel to Cæsar have forbid us the oysters."—"Are they in truth so delicious?" asked Lepidus, loosening to a yet more luxurious ease, his ungirdled tunic.—"Why, in truth, I suspect it is the distance that gives the flavour; they want the richness of the Brundisium oyster. But at Rome, no supper is complete without them."—"The poor Britons! There is some good in them after all," said Sallust; "they produce an oyster!"

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"The kid is excellent," said Sallust.—The slave, whose duty it was to carve, and who valued himself on his science, had just performed that office on the kid to the sound of music, his knife keeping time, beginning with a low tenor, and accomplishing the arduous feat amidst a magnificent diapason.—"Your cook is of course from Sicily?" said Pansa.—"Yes, of Syracuse."—"I will play you for him," said Clodius; "we will have a game between the courses."—"Better that sort of game certainly, than a beast fight; but I cannot stake my Sicilian—you have nothing so precious to stake me in return."—"The musicians who were stationed in the portico without, had commenced their office with the kid; they now directed the melody into a more soft, a more gay, yet it may be, a more intellectual strain; and they chanted that song of Horace, beginning "*Persicos odi*," &c. so impossible to translate, and which they imagined applicable to a feast that, effeminate as it seems to us, was simple enough for the gorgeous revelry of the time. We are witnessing the domestic and not the princely feast—the entertainment of a gentleman, not an emperor or a senator.

The second course was gone—the feasters fell back on their couches—there was a pause while they listened to the soft voices of the South, and the music of the Arcadian reed. Glaucus was the most rapt and the least in-

clined to break the silence, but Clodius began already to think that they wasted time.—"*Bene vobis!* (your health!) my Glaucus," said he, quaffing a cup to each letter of the Greek's name, with the ease of the practised drinker. The second course, consisting of a variety of fruits, pistachio nuts, sweetmeats, tarts, and confectionary, tortured into a thousand fantastic and airy shapes, was now placed upon the table, and the ministri, or attendants, also set there the wine, (which had hitherto been handed round to the guests,) in large jugs of glass, each bearing upon it the schedule of its age and quality.—"Taste this Lesbian, my Pansa," said Sallust; "it is excellent."—"It is not very old," said Glaucus, "but it has been made precocious like ourselves, by being put to the fire:—the wine to the flames of Vulcan—we to those of his wife—to whose honour I pour this cup."—"It is delicate," said Pansa, "but there is, perhaps, the least particle too much of rosin in its flavour."—"What a beautiful cup!" cried Clodius, taking up one of transparent crystal, the handles of which were wrought with gems, and twisted in the shape of serpents, the favourite fashion at Pompeii.—"This ring," said Glaucus, taking a costly jewel from the first joint of his finger, and hanging it on the handle, "gives it a richer show, and renders it less unworthy of thy acceptance, my Clodius, whom may the gods give health and fortune long and oft to crown it to the brim!"—"You are too generous, Glaucus?" said the gamester, handing the cup to his slave, "but your love gives it a double value."—"This cup to the Graces!" said Pansa, and he thrice emptied his calix. The guests followed his example.

[After much toasting and music, the party break up, and adjourn to the house of Ione, the lovely Greek.] They drank, therefore, to the health of Glaucus and of Titus—they performed their last libation—they resumed their slippers—they descended the stairs—passed the illumined atrium, and walking unbitten over the fierce dog painted on the threshold, found themselves beneath the light of the moon just risen, in the lively and still crowded streets of Pompeii. They passed the jewellers' quarter, sparkling with lights, caught and reflected by the gems displayed in the shops, and arrived at last at the door of Ione. The vestibule blazed with rows of lamps; curtains of embroidered purple hung on either aperture of the tablinum, whose walls and mosaic pavement glowed with the richest colours of the artist; and under the portico which surrounded the odorous viridarium, they found Ione already surrounded by adoring and applauding guests.

The Gatherer.

Conch Divers of the Bahamas.—In December, 1821, one of his Majesty's ships, in going into the harbour of New Providence struck on a bank, and rubbed off a sheet or two of her copper. The following morning, one of the divers being sent for, and supplied with hammer, nails, and sheets of copper, sunk himself to the keel, and after two or three breathings at the surface of the water, made good the defects! He was afterwards required by the commanding officer to bend a hawser on to the chain cable near the anchor, as it lay at the bottom in nearly four fathoms water. This he accomplished with much ease, and a seaman-like bend it proved on the anchor being hove up. These divers, who are black men, and generally natives of the outer islands, are nearly six feet in height, with broad shoulders, and so accustomed to diving for conches from their infancy, in from two to ten fathoms water, that they have habituated themselves to continue under water for as long a time, perhaps, as the pearl-divers of India. They often take with them a hammer, and on finding a conch will break its shell, take out the fish, and prepare it for dressing before they rise; they will also take a bottle of any drinkable liquid, with the cork wired, and sink to the bottom in three or four fathoms, and with a corkscrew, draw the cork, drink its contents, and rise with the empty bottle! Porter is always the beverage they solicit on these occasions.—*Nautical Magazine.*

Rate of Intellect.—Written under a poor-rate collector's notice:—"If this his not attend too you be summond."

Stays.—Lady Mary Wortley Montague says "one of the highest entertainments in Turkey is having you to their baths. When I was introduced to one, the lady of the house came to undress me; another high compliment they pay to strangers. After she had slipped off my gown, and saw my stays, she was very much struck at the sight of them, and cried out to the other ladies in the bath: 'Come hither, and see how cruelly the poor English ladies are used by their husbands:—you need boast, indeed, of the superior liberties allowed you, when they lock you thus up in a box!'"

Coffee consumed throughout the World.—In Great Britain, about 10,000 tons; France, 20,000 tons; in the Netherlands, 40,000 tons; Spain and Portugal, 10,000 tons; Germany and the Baltic, 32,000 tons; United States, 15,000 tons:—Total consumption, tons 127,000. Of this large quantity, the British West Indies does not produce more than 30,000,000 lbs., or 13,392 tons; while

the island of Java alone yields 20,000 tons, Cuba, about 15,000 tons; St. Domingo, nearly 16,000 tons; the Dutch West India colonies, 5,000 tons; the French and Barbados, 8,000 tons; and the Brazils and Spanish Main, fully 32,000 tons. Our East India colonies are capable of yielding coffee to an indefinite amount.

Gay was, probably, one of our richest poets. Secretary Craggs made him a present of stock in the South Sea year; and he was once worth 20,000*l.*, but lost it again. He got about 400*l.* by the first *Beggar's Opera*, and 1,100*l.* or 1,200*l.* by the second. He was negligent, and a bad manager: latterly, the Duke of Queensbury took his money into his keeping, and let him have only what was necessary out of it; and as Gay lived with the Duke, he could not have occasion for much: he died worth upwards of 3,000*l.*

Otway, (by a contemporary.)—His person was of the middle size, about 5 feet 7 inches high, inclinable to fatness. He had a thoughtful, speaking eye, and that was all. He gave himself up early to drinking; and, like the unhappy wits of that age, passed his days between rioting and fasting, ranting jollity, and abject penitence, carousing one week with Lord Plymouth, and then starving a month in low company at an ale-house on Tower-hill.

A Good Editor.—What Pope said of Bayle may be taken as the qualification of a clever editor: "he is the only man that ever collected with so much judgment, and wrote with so much spirit at the same time."

The Birmingham Festival.—On the commencement of the Hallelujah Chorus, "the audience rose as one mass, silent, breathless, and expectant, awaiting the first grand burst of this imperishable monument of greatness. All that knowledge, power, and precision could do, was done—the shout of hundreds, the blast of trumpets, the deep diapasons of the organ, the thunder of the drums, conspired to fill the mind with such overwhelming and indescribable sensation, that most trembled while many wept as children, so uncontrollable were their feelings. During the performance of the concluding choruses, "Worthy is the Lamb"—"Blessing and honour"—and the "Amen" so totally absorbed and lost was the understanding in the awful majesty of the music, and so deep, so universal was this feeling, that when the band had ceased, a death-like silence prevailed, and it was not until after some minutes had elapsed that a foot was moved or a word was spoken."—*Birmingham Gazette.*

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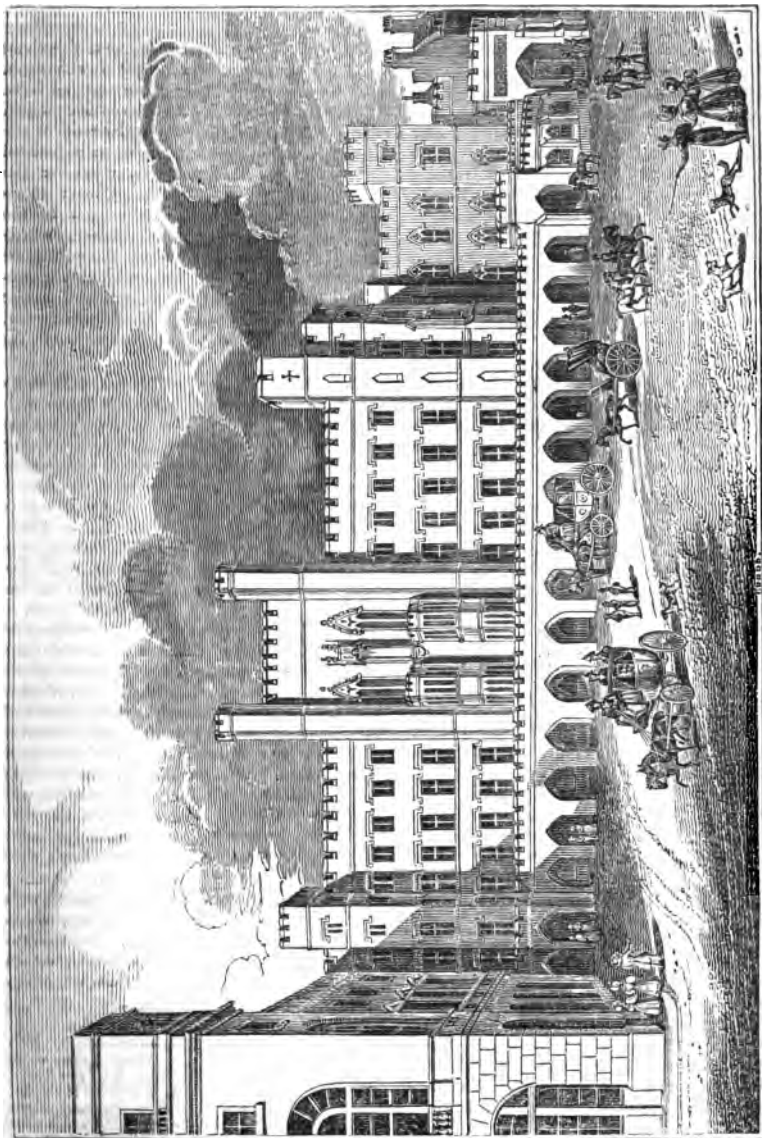
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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[PRICE 2d.]



THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

RESUMING the design commenced in our previous Number, with the early history of St. Stephen's Chapel, it is our present intention only to present the reader with an outline of the recent Conflagration; and, in future Numbers, to follow up, and complete the illustration of the antiquities, modern history, and actual state, of both Houses of Parliament, their localities, and associations. The reader is probably aware that we do not usually present the *Mirror* as "the abstract and brief chronicle of the times;" but, in this instance, we feel that we are warranted in departure from our common practice, by the extraordinary interest attached to the subject. Important, however, as the event may be to the chronologist, we are free to confess that its *antiquarian* associations have, in the main, induced us thus to attend to minute details; for, to say the truth, we have comparatively but little sympathy in the disappearance of any of the modern architectural glories of the site, except as regards the pecuniary loss and inconvenience of their destruction to the nation.

To enable every reader to understand and trace, in his mind's eye, the commencement, progress, and extent of the late Fire, it will be necessary to premise a brief outline of the relative position of the irregular pile of buildings, which occupy the space in depth from the bank of the Thames westward to Old Palace Yard; and in length from New Palace Yard southward to Abingdon-street. These buildings clustered around the two sides and the southern end of Westminster Hall, which stands in a line with the current of the Thames; and, although this magnificent Hall is not the nucleus, or centre, of the extensive pile, it may be advisable to start from this point. As you face the entrance to the Hall, beneath the superb north window,—on the right or western side is a succession of Law Courts, including the Courts of King's Bench, Chancery, Vice-Chancery, Common Pleas, and Exchequer; all of which abut or are attached to the stupendous wall, which is immensely thick; and between which Courts and the wall is a long, narrow passage, communicating by four arched doors with the Hall itself. On this side likewise, is a line of pointed windows, by which the Hall is partially lit; and at the south end is a lofty, storied window, corresponding with that at the northern end, already mentioned. Parallel with the back of the Courts, and fronting St. Margaret's square and churchyard, is a substantial range of stone buildings, extending from the corner of New Palace Yard to the corner of Old Palace Yard, which begins at Poet's Corner. These buildings are occupied as retiring rooms for the Judges,

Counsel, and other officers, and private entrances to the Courts. At about two-thirds of its extent, commenced the committee-rooms of the House of Commons, under which, at the extreme corner, fronting Henry the Seventh's Chapel, was an entrance for the Members of the House of Commons. This comprised the whole of the buildings on the right or western side of Westminster Hall.

On the left, or eastern side, next the river, the buildings were of a different character. They commenced with some ancient edifices, we believe, connected with the old Exchequer office; these were attached to the wall of the Hall by two antique chambers with pointed and barred windows, formerly used for the reception of state prisoners. Under these chambers are two arched entrances to the courtyard of the Speaker's House, which faces as you enter; the left of the courtyard being occupied by old brick buildings, appropriated to the Speaker's secretary, and junior clerks of the House of Commons; and the right being formed by the wall of the Hall.*

We now come to describe the edifices beyond the Hall, in which the fire raged with most destructive fury. The stone building on the west, terminating opposite Henry the Seventh's Chapel, turns an angle, and is continued facing Abingdon-street, to the termination of Westminster Hall. Within this range of building were corridors and staircases leading to the committee-rooms and to both Houses of Parliament; this point, with the gable of the Hall above, being shown in the left of the engraving on the annexed page.

From this angle extended the western or principal façade of the House of Lords, built a few years since, from the designs, or at least under the direction, of Mr. James Wyatt. It contained three and four stories of passages and apartments, in what is termed the Tudor style of architecture, and consisted of quadrangular and octangular towers, with square-headed windows; the centre was flanked with turrets, between which the first and second stories had handsome bay-windows; above were two pointed windows, with an enriched niche between them. Around the basements extended a colonnade, with open arches, finished with battlements to correspond with the façade above. In this colonnade, beneath an octangular tower, was an arched entrance for the Peers; from which ex-

* Upon the south side of New Palace Yard also is situated the Star-Chamber, celebrated in the oppressive reigns of the Kings of England. This apartment is not denominated from the *stars* which formerly ornamented its ceiling, but from the *Starrs*, or Jewish bonds, deposited in it by order of Richard I. Here sat the Star-Chamber Commissioners, whose arbitrary and severe decrees contributed not a little to bring about those popular discontents whence the civil wars between Charles I. and the Parliament originated.

teaded a colonnade similar to the preceding, but filled in with windows, to a handsomer entrance for the King and his train on state occasions. The latter portion was erected by Sir John Soane, subsequently to the other part of the elevation, by Mr. Wyatt; which has been condemned, and not undeservedly, as tame almost beyond endurance, especially in opposite contrast with that beautifully restored specimen of florid pointwork—Henry the Seventh's chapel, "the miracle of the world," as Leland styled it 300 years since, and as it still remains. This extensive range, from the Commons' to the King's Entrance, is shown in our Engraving; and to trace the progress of the Fire, it will be requisite to notice the respective towers and intervening buildings. In this pile, on the ground-floor, next the first square tower, were Howard's Coffee-house, waiting, and coat-rooms; above were the rooms of Mr. Bellamy, the housekeeper, and other apartments. Above the Peers' Entrance was the Lord Chancellor's Room; and a staircase leads from the King's Portico into a saloon, through which His Majesty passed to the robing-room, behind the throne, at the southern extremity of the large apartment, distinctively termed the House of Lords. As this apartment will be hereafter illustrated, we shall here merely observe that it was shut in on the west by the façade we have just described; and on the east by the range of buildings facing the river, and remaining for description. This consisted of a pile of Parliamentary offices, in the Tudor style; the gable of the Painted Chamber, lit with pointed windows, and one of the oldest edifices; adjoining was the House of Commons' Library; next was the residence of Mr. Ley, Clerk of the Commons; then the eastern gable of St. Stephen's Chapel, or the House of Commons, and beyond it the Speaker's Residence; the two latter engraved in our last Number, with part of the Garden, which extends along the whole of the eastern front.

Irregular as was this vast pile of buildings it was, in many respects, sought to be rendered convenient by means of communication too numerous for us to particularize. There were nearly as many levels as buildings; from the low area of Westminster Hall, and the Speaker's dining-room, (or the crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel,) to its ventilator floor, and the topmost tower of the Lords' façade. The Hall and the Lords' colonnade were public thoroughfares: the former, as we have shown, communicated with the Law Courts. Lobbies, long galleries, passages, and staircases, led to the Houses of Lords and Commons, their respective libraries, the residences of the official persons, and depositories of parliamentary papers. The Speaker went in state from his own dwelling by a passage to the House of Commons, and as

we have already mentioned, his dining chair was just beneath his official one: and the Lords and Commons conferred in the Painted Chamber as conveniently as though their "Houses" were beneath the same roof. In short, the Hall, Law Courts, Houses of Lords and Commons, official residences, libraries, offices, with all the luxurious accommodations of coffee-houses and dining places, were, in this mass of buildings, assembled as beneath one vast roof; and it is scarcely possible for the memory to grasp the multiplicity of national business which has been transacted upon this spot, or to enumerate the conveniences which were concentrated here for its dispatch.

The FIRE, by which these buildings were wholly consumed, considerably damaged, or scathed, burst forth on the evening of Thursday, October the 16th, from some portion of the western front of the House of Lords. The precise place is much disputed; but, all persons concur, that when the alarm was first given, which was about twenty-five minutes before seven o'clock, a considerable portion of the House of Lords was in a blaze. At seven o'clock, the flames burst through almost every window of the front, and at the same time broke through its roof. The fire was first discovered within by opening a large doorway, through which the Commoners went to the bar of the House of Lords: immense volumes of flame then burst forth; and at the same instant they rushed out through the semicircular windows in the body of the House of Lords. A strong south-west wind so greatly aggravated the conflagration, that in less than half an hour it had spread through the entire body of the House, thence through the passages and lobbies leading to the House of Commons, and to the committee-rooms, and Bellamy's Members' dining-rooms above them. The Police Force were quickly on the ground, and engines came rolling in rapid succession, several of which were brought into play in the open space of Palace Yard; but the fire had got such decided hold of the premises, that the exertions of the men were of little or no avail.

"For a length of time," says the *Times'* report, "the exertions of the firemen appeared to be principally directed to save that part of the House of Lords which consisted of the tower that rose above the portico. All the rest of the line of building was enveloped in flames, which had extended themselves along the whole (except the wing) of that part of the adjacent building to the left, that fronts Abingdon-street, and the upper stories of which were committee-rooms, while at the basement were the stone steps leading to the House of Commons. The wing of this building, however, which rose high above the rest, the upper part being a portion of Bellamy's, and the lower being used as a receptacle of

the great coats of the Members of the House of Commons, was, for some time, like the tower above the portico at the entrance to the House of Lords, but slightly injured by the flames; and these two objects seeming to bound the ravages of the fire, and to offer successful resistance to its further progress, while all between them was in one uninterrupted blaze, attracted universal attention. The flames did not, in fact, extend beyond these two points, but seemed to exhaust themselves in the destruction of them. They took fire nearly at the same moment; and, burning furiously for nearly half an hour, the whole structure, from the entrance of the House of Commons to the entrance to the House of Lords, presented one bright sheet of flame. At length, the roofs and ceilings gave way; and when the smoke and sparks that followed the crash of the heavy burning mass that fell, had cleared away, nothing met the eye but an unsightly ruin, tinted with the dark red glare reflected from the smouldering embers at its feet."

While this terrific destruction was proceeding in the House of Lords, the flames extended eastward towards the Commons, in consequence of an opening made at the lower end of the House of Lords for a new gallery. For this purpose had been cut away the wall, which might otherwise have checked the progress of the flames in the Commons direction. Having burnt the further division of the gallery, the flames rushed through the door leading into it, along a staircase and through several offices, chiefly of old wood, and thus conducted the fire to the body of the House of Commons, which being likewise of wood, burnt with such rapidity, that, about eight o'clock the roof fell in, with a tremendous noise, like the firing of guns.

Meanwhile, Westminster Hall had been the scene of conflicting hopes and fears. So early as seven o'clock, considerable alarm was felt for the safety of this magnificent edifice, in consequence of the great body of flames and flakes of fire which were carried over it. From New Palace Yard, the interior of the Hall was a scene of painful interest. The iron railed gate was fast closed; but the inner door was open, and through the great southern window volumes of flame might be seen raging through three windows opposite and immediately near it. There was no one in the Hall: it seemed as it were deserted and abandoned to the approaching fire. It was in vain to think of breaking the iron fence. Some gentlemen persuaded a party of firemen to begin breaking open the small side-door which leads into the Hall: when this was nearly done, a person connected with the building called from within upon the firemen to stop, and by his key saved further labour. To save the Hall now seemed to be the only object to which the attention

of all parties, gentlemen, soldiers, policemen, firemen, and other assistants, could be rationally directed. The iron gate was opened, and two engines were brought into the body of the Hall; the firemen then ascended by ladders to the great window and played upon the flames through dense smoke and a thick shower of sparks; while they were exposed to molten lead, which in one instance, fell upon and destroyed part of a fireman's helmet. By ten o'clock, the fire was so stopped by these exertions, that, although it had consumed all but the beams and walls of the building in which it raged, the flames had only broken the glass of the Hall window.

Although the southern gable was thus preserved, the fire had been making some progress on each side of the Hall, notwithstanding the torrents of water which numerous engines had poured upon the building. To persons within the Hall, at this period, the scene was strikingly impressive. It is true that the massiveness of the walls would have withstood the external fire; more apprehension was felt for the newly-slatted roof; but still more for the interior chestnut roof, celebrated as a fine specimen of the carpentry of the middle ages, and for strength and durability not since excelled. Had the fire once reached this beautiful light and dry timber-work, it must have been rapidly consumed. The flames at each side glared closely and ominously through the upper line of windows, and even flared against some of the large lower windows in the middle line; and, on the eastern side, next the Speaker's house, the fire glowed through the lath and plaster with which the windows had been screened up; while, in one place, where there had been a private door, the wooden framework blazed round an orifice, which, (in the language of a journalist,) seemed like the mouth of one of the potteries. Before the great window, at the same time, there was a deep, dull red, in the midst of which were the ribs of the opposite burnt building, occasionally veiled by thick volumes of smoke, or a fall of burning fragments. The wind had, in the meantime, providentially shifted more to the west, and, with the exception of the flames at the Committee-room corner, turned the fire river-ward and from the Hall. In the Committee-room wing, also, the fire had been stopped by the judicious expedient of cutting away the adjoining roof.

Hitherto, we have not spoken of the Conflagration as viewed from the river, whence it appeared as if nothing could save Westminster Hall from the fury of the flames. An immense pillar of bright, clear fire sprang up behind it, and a cloud of white, yet dazzling smoke whirled above it; through which, as it was parted by the wind, you could occasionally perceive the lantern and enriched pinnacles on each gable. At the

same time, flakes of fire fell upon the vast roof with such rapidity as to render it miraculous that the whole extent did not burst into one unbroken blaze or sheet of fire. From Waterloo Bridge the scene resembled a mighty bonfire, and till you had passed through Westminster Bridge, you could not catch a glimpse of the fire in detail. As soon as you had shot through the Bridge, the whole of the melancholy spectacle was before you. The body of the House of Lords was the central fire of this artificial volcano: the flames raged high on the western side; and on the east, from the Speaker's House to the Parliament offices, the flames were shooting fast and furiously through scores of windows, and flinging a golden yet frightful glare across the river to the palace towers of the opposite shore. The conflagration had done its worst in the Speaker's residence; the House of Commons and Mr. Ley's house were merely roofless shells; and the fire, crackling and rustling in its course, soon devoured the modern tower which contained the House of Commons' library; though, fortunately, the greater number of the books had been removed to another building, and were thus saved. By eleven o'clock, the library tower resembled a huge furnace chimney, lit up with flame from base to summit. The two oriel windows, which fronted the river, appeared to have their framework fringed with lighted jets of gas; and as these disappeared, a clear passage was opened right through the edifice for the raging flames; whilst, foremost in the fearful scene, was, above the upper window, a strong beam of wood burning fiercely from end to end; and the shapes of firemen were indistinctly seen in the lurid light, flitting about in the most perilous situations. The noises throughout the river frontage were indescribably appalling; as the crackling and smashing of windows, the battering down of wooden partitions, and the heavy clatter of falling stones and brickwork, all evidently displaced to check the advance of the flames, which, however, were not stopped until they had reduced the Painted Chamber to a shell. To the thickness of its ancient walls may be attributed the saving of the Parliament Offices beyond it: had the chamber been of modern date, the adjoining building would probably have been consumed.

Soon after midnight, the library tower fell inwards, with a terrific crash; and shortly afterwards, the inward fire, as if it had received fresh fuel in the fragments of timbers, darted up in one startling flame, which was almost at the same instant extinguished in a dense column of the blackest smoke. As soon as this smoke cleared away, the destructive ravages of the fire became more evident. Through a vista of walls flaming with clinging timbers, you beheld the Abbey frowning

in substantial pride over its scorched or ruined neighbours; and blackened walls and wide breaches denoted that in the desolation of six hours had fallen some of the labours of nearly as many centuries!

Such is but a hasty narrative of the recent Conflagration, which in the rapidity and extent of its ravages, may be said to have equalled, if not exceeded, any similar calamity of our times. We need not recapitulate the buildings destroyed or injured, but shall merely repeat the consumed portion of the buildings represented in our Engraving: this includes the committee and other rooms appertaining to the House of Commons, in the left of the Cut; and the House of Lords, robing and committee-rooms, and apartments of the resident officers, as far as the octagonal tower towards the south end of the building—all which are totally destroyed. The last portion burnt was the Chancellor's room, above the Peers' entrance. Only part of the Royal Gallery, (to be hereafter described,) is destroyed; and the Peers' libraries and adjoining offices, or what may be termed the southern end of the whole assemblage of buildings, is preserved.

NATURAL HISTORY OF OCTOBER.

By James Fennell.

At the commencement of this month, the light, delicate tints which have latterly been observable in the foliage, undergo another change and assume a deeper hue; but as they disappear others equally light and delicate display themselves in different parts of the landscape. But these are not of long continuance. Every time the storms rage they strip the trees of all their diversified and showy clothing; for then

"the leafy deluge streams;
Till choak'd and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak."

Trees are not, however, divested of their leaves by the blustering storms, or even their own decay alone, as this occurrence is in a great measure owing to a cause operating internally. "It is not enough," says Mr. Rennie, "to account for the fall of the leaf, to say it falls because it is weakened or dead; for the mere death of a leaf is not sufficient to cause its fall, as when branches are struck by lightning, killed by a bleak wind, or die by any similar cause, the dead leaves adhere tenaciously to the dead branch. To produce the natural fall of the leaf, the branch must continue to live while its leaves die, and are thrown off by the action of its sap-vessels. The change of temperature from heat to cold seems to be one of the principal circumstances connected with the death and fall of the leaf. Hence it is that European trees, growing in the southern hemisphere, cast their leaves at the approach of winter there,

which is about the same period of the year that they put forth in their own climate. The native trees of the tropics are all ever-greens, and like our hollies and pines, have no general fall of the leaf, though there is always a partial fall going forward, and at the same time a renewal of the loss."

The oak is scattering its acorns which furnish at this season very acceptable food to swine and other animals. The clever author of a very amusing and instructive work, entitled the *Philosophy of Nature*, when speaking of what are termed spontaneous oaks, intimates that such are planted by the squirrel. "This little animal," he says, "has performed the most essential service to the British navy. Walking one day in the woods belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, near Troy House, in the county of Monmouth, my attention was diverted by a squirrel that sat very composedly upon the ground. * * * In a few minutes the squirrel darted like lightning to the top of a tree beneath which he had been sitting. In an instant he was down with an acorn in his mouth, and began to burrow in the earth with his hands. After digging a small hole, he stooped down and deposited the acorn; then covering it, he darted up the tree again. In a moment he was down with another, which he buried in the same manner. This he continued to do as long as Colonna, [the author's assumed name,] thought proper to watch him. The industry of this little animal is directed to the purpose of securing him against want in the winter; and as it is probable that his memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to remember the spot in which he deposits every acorn, the industrious little fellow no doubt loses a few every year. These few spring up and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree. Thus is Britain, in some measure, indebted to the industry and bad memory of a squirrel for her pride, her glory, and her very existence." The author of the *Contemplative Philosopher* relates a similar circumstance of the crow, which, he says, plants whole rows of oaks.

There is a very pretty experiment with an acorn which it will not be irrelevant here to describe, as this is the time at which it may be performed. If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain undisturbed, it will in a short time burst, a root will descend into the water, and a straight tapering stem will arise clothed with light green leaves. An oak thus growing on the mantel-piece of a room forms a very elegant and interesting object. For an acquaintance with this experiment we are indebted to a learned correspondent of the *Field Naturalist's Magazine*.

The elder-tree is now hung with thick clusters of berries, and

"The village dames, as they get ripe and fine,
Gather the bunches for the elder-wine;
Which bottled up becomes a rousing charm
To kindle winter's icy bosom warm;
And with its merry partner, nut-brown beer,
Makes up the peasant's Christmas-keeping cheer."

Among the few plants that flower in October, may be mentioned the ivy, field gentian, corn-feverfew, small nettle, red-hemp nettle, Parnassian grass, pale hairy-crowfoot, ploughman's spikenard, perennial knawel, early winter-cress, and autumnal starwort.

The field gentian is said to be employed by the Swedish poor instead of hops.

On the root of the perennial knawel there is found, according to Professor Burnett, the *Coccus Polonicus*, a species of insect that yields a crimson dye.

In a state of fructification may be noticed several species of cryptogamic plants; as ferns, mosses, lichens, liver-worts, and fungi.

The fungi, commonly called mushrooms and toadstools, are of immense utility in the economy of nature, by their growing amidst corrupting matter which they imbibe and purify; and thus by their assistance is the atmosphere preserved from the nauseous effluvia with which it would otherwise be tainted. From the fungi making their appearance in places very suddenly and growing with vast rapidity, Pliny, and other ancient naturalists, supposed that they originated not from seeds, but were spontaneously produced by some mysterious transformation of the substances whereon they grew. This erroneous notion was first dispelled in the sixteenth century, by Clusius, who discovered that the fungi are produced from what is analogous to the seeds of plants; and the accuracy of this discovery has been fully confirmed by the researches of all succeeding fungologists. Many wild animals feed on fungi, and man eats, and otherwise uses, several species. In this country the field mushroom, (*agaricus campestris*), champignon, morelle, black truffle, and white truffle, are served up to table. As truffles grow some inches under the surface of the earth, it is found necessary to employ dogs to discover them, which they appear to do through the medium of their acute sense of smell. In Italy, pigs are said to be used to perform the like office.

A species of fungus of a bright red colour, and called the fly-agaric, is common in our woods, and though not used by us, yet is in great request among the Russians, and other northern people, who swallow it on account of its narcotic and inebriating qualities. It is stated that he who partakes of it "becomes as sadly comical as a Christmas clown; if he wishes to step over a straw, he takes a stride or a jump sufficient to clear the trunk of a tree; a talkative person cannot keep secrets

or silence, and one fond of music is perpetually singing; thus he flounders on from one absurdity to another, till outraged nature sinks into a stupor of unconsciousness, or, more awful, bursts into spasmodic agony: the burning stomach heaves forth the cursed potion, and it is well if the life go not with it." It is also said that this species "yields an expressed juice, which, rubbed on walls and bedsteads, destroys bugs, or mixed with milk, poisons flies." The fine dust, or powder, which is contained in the full-grown puff-balls, and other species of fungi, when mixed with a solution of gum, makes fine colours for painting.

The hedge-hog, dormouse, and field-mouse, make for themselves warm beds, and conceal stores of provision against the winter. The squirrel, also, lays up a winter stock of food, which circumstance, as has been already mentioned, is often beneficial to man's interest.

The stoat assumes its white winter-dress, in which state it is called the ermine.

The merlin, common snipe, jack-snipe, woodcock, Royston crow, redwing, and field-fare arrive.

The merlin is a low but quick flyer, and preys on larks and other small birds, though it was formerly trained to capture partridges and quails.

The jack-snipe is of a very solitary habit, and the motive that induces it to be so is, as Mr. Knapp observes, "particularly obscure." Some writers have erroneously considered this bird as merely the male of the common snipe; but the less size of the former, the difference in its plumage, and other circumstances are sufficient to prove that it is quite a distinct species from the latter.

Woodcocks are of a very nocturnal nature, for they arrive, fly about, and feed in the night-time. Their food consists of worms, which they extract from the earth by means of their long beaks.

The redwing feeds on berries, and Pennant, speaking of its vocal powers, says it has "only a disagreeable piping note;" but Mr. Blyth, who has attentively studied the habits of birds as practised in their natural haunts, states that it has "one or two very pleasing and mellow notes."

Fieldfares, and other migratory birds, are said to be sure prognostics of a severe winter, if they arrive unusually early and in great abundance. Unlike ourselves, the dumb portion of the creation are materially influenced in their actions by the existing state of things: hence, were we to observe their movements more closely, and to compare our observations on them with the prevailing state of the weather and the change by which it is succeeded, we might discover some

valuable data for judging of approaching meteorological transitions.

The sandpiper, redstart, (if this species be not already gone), and martin, depart. The last species quits us for Senegal; and it has been found, by marking different individuals, that on their return to this country they use the same nests, if they be not destroyed, which they occupied during their previous visit.

The skylark is heard until the middle of the month. Linnets resume their notes, but the chief songsters are the wren and the robin. The latter becomes now more familiar with mankind, singing at the porch of the cottage, and even entering it for the crumbs which the old folks and their children are ever pleased to bestow it. Indeed, wherever Mr. Robin goes, he finds a hearty welcome, abundance of food, and faithful protection; and these favours, if even he possessed not his present bold assurance, pure simplicity, and heavenly song, to recommend him, he will always receive so long as his sympathy for suffering innocence is recorded in the "Children in the Wood." This favourite nursery ballad is very fairly regarded by Pennant as "the first trial of our humanity," and he declares that "the child who refrains from tears on hearing that read, gives but a bad presage of the tenderness of its future sensations."

Starlings and linnets congregate. Gilbert White endeavouring to account for the congregating of birds, says:—"As some kind of self-interest and self-defence is, no doubt, the motive for the proceeding, may it not arise from the helplessness of their state in such rigorous seasons; as men crowd together when under great calamities, though they know not why? Perhaps approximation may dispel some degree of cold; and a crowd may make each individual appear safer from the ravages of birds of prey and other dangers."

Rooks daily revisit their old nests and make such repairs to them as they deem requisite, for the strong gales that usually blow at this time disarrange and scatter their building materials.

Snakes and toads withdraw to their winter retreats, which are commonly the holes in banks or the hollows in trees, wherein they remain in a sleep-like torpor, until awoken by the return of warmer weather. Thus they imitate, on a small scale, that fictitious somnambulist Rip Van Winckle, who fell asleep on a mountain-top and woke not until he had completed a nap of one hundred years duration.

The alderman butterfly may yet be observed. During the preceding month of the present year, this species has been remarkably abundant, and in many streets of the metropolis it has been far from scarce. In

the earlier months we often see this and many other species in tolerable plenty flying about Covent Garden and other markets, where their presence is probably owing to their having been transported thither while in the larva, or chrysalis, state, along with the vegetable supplies.

The cabbage butterfly and the twenty-plume moth lay their eggs.

The gamma moth, (so called from each of its upper wings having a mark resembling the Greek letter of that name,) is still to be seen flying about at the sides of flowery banks both in the day and night-time. I have observed that in the dark the eyes of this moth possess a luminous appearance.*

The larva of the cypress-spurge moth may be found on the plant whose name it bears. It may be known by its scanty tufts of hair, and its black, white, red, and brown streaks. "The leaves of the plant," says Mr. Rennie, "which are in the form of short, narrow blades of grass, are made choice of by the caterpillar to construct its cocoon, which it does with great neatness and regularity, the end of each leaf, after it has been detached from the plant, being fixed to the stem, and the other leaves placed parallel, as they are successively added. The other ends of all these are bent inwards, so as to form a uniformly rounded, oblong figure, somewhat larger at the one end than the other."

The water-measurer, boat-fly, and whirligig-beetle, may be seen merrily sporting, especially in sunny weather, on the surface of almost every pond, or other piece of water.

The snail-beetle appears towards the end of the month. The larva of this insect is discovered to insinuate itself into the shell of the snail and then to eat up the inhabitant.

The "shard-borne" beetles

"In the dull evening hum their heavy drone."

Camden Town.

* Vide Field Naturalist, vol. ii. p. 65.

Manners and Customs.

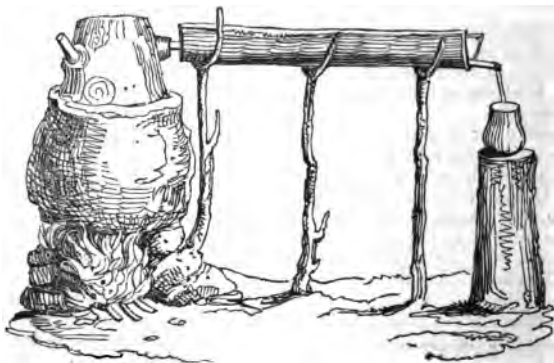
THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

(From our Note-Book.)

THE Tahitian islanders distil an intoxicating beverage from the saccharine matter of the Ti root. Whole districts frequently unite to erect a public still. It generally consisted of a large fragment of rock, hollowed in a rough manner and fixed firmly upon a solid pile of stones, leaving a space underneath for a fireplace. The butt-end of a large tree was then hollowed out, and placed upon the rough stone boiler for a cap. The root macerated in water, and already in a state of fermentation, was then put into the hollow stone and covered with the unwieldy cap. The fire was kindled underneath. A hole was made in the wooden cap of the still, into which a long, small, bamboo cane, placed in a trough of cold water, was inserted at one end; and when the process of distillation commenced, the spirit flowed from the other into a calabash, cocoa-nut shell, or other vessel, placed underneath to receive it.

When the materials were thus prepared, the men and boys assembled to drink the ava or spirit; the first that issued from the still being the best and strongest, was handed to the priests and chiefs; that which was subsequently procured, answered very well for the people in general. This amusement lasted for several days.

The Tahitians use the drum in their religious mysteries, and also in their dances. The sacred drum, which was nearly eight feet high, was beaten sometimes at midnight when the human victim was to be offered on the following day. The peaceful idolaters have been startled from their sleep by the dull, deep, portentous note; and, as its awful sounds have reverberated among the rocks of



(Tahitian Still.)



(Trumpet-shell and Drum.)

the valley, every individual through the district has been smitten with alarm and apprehension that he might be the victim marked out by the priests; for no one knew till the murderer's hand was uplifted, who was selected to propitiate the gods of his island by the surrender of his life!

A shell was the trumpet used by the priests, heralds, and by warriors at sea; the largest shells of the *murex* species were selected, and were sometimes above a foot long. A perforation was made, about an inch in diameter, near the apex of the shell, into which they inserted a bamboo cane about three feet long, which was secured and bound to the shell. The aperture was rendered air-tight by a retinous cement. These monotonous shells were blown during procession to the temple, sacrifices thereat, general restrictions, or inauguration of kings.

Their flute is a bamboo cane, about an inch in diameter and twelve or eighteen inches long. It is blown through the nostril.

Their songs are generally historical ballads, and refer to the legends or achievements of the gods, and some to the exploits of their distinguished heroes or chieftains. They were often when recited in public accompanied with gesture and action. (How forcibly this reminds us of the days of early Greece, when the songs of Homer were recited from town to town, and the drama commenced her birth among the wandering reciters who gave to their verses a kind of histrionic effect!)

These traditionary ballads were a kind of standard or classical authority, as were the Triads among the Welsh bards. J. S.

The Public Journals.

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?

Why don't the men propose, mamma?

Why don't the men propose?

Each seems just coming to the point.

And then away he goes!

It is no fault of yours, mamma,

That every body knows;

You *fit* the finest men in town,

Yet, oh! they won't propose!

I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,

To make a proper match;

For coronets and eldest sons

I'm ever on the watch;

I've hopes when some *distingué* beau

A glance upon me throws;

But though he'll dance and smile and flirt,

Alas! he won't propose!

I've tried to win by languishing,

And dressing like a blue;

I've bought big books, and talk'd of them

As if I'd read them through!

With hair crop'd like a man, I've felt

The heads of all the beaux;

But Spurzheim could not touch their hearts,

And oh! they won't propose!

I threw aside the books, and thought

That ignorance was bliss;

I felt convinced that men preferred

A simple sort of Miss;

And so I lis'd out naught beyond

Plain "yeses" or plain "noes,"

And wore a sweet, unmeaning smile;

Yet, oh! they won't propose!

Last night, at Lady Ramble's rout,

I heard Sir Harry Gale

Exclaim, "Now I *propose* again;

I started, turning pale;

I really thought my time was come,

I blush'd like any rose;

But oh! I found 'twas only at

Ecarté he'd *propose*!

And what is to be done, mamma?

Oh what is to be done?

I really have no time to lose,

For I am thirty-one;

At balls I am too often left

Where epistlers sit in rows;

Why won't the men propose, mamma?

Why *won't* the men propose?

T. H. B.

New Monthly Magazine.

SKETCHES ON IRISH HIGHWAYS.—THE IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

(By Mrs. S. C. Hall.)

"A BEAUTIFUL car! Won't yer honour go with Shaun Langly? Sorra such a horse from Passage to Waterford. Stand out o'

the way, ye pack of impostors! Sure it isn't such a garron as that ye'd put before his honour? Look at his shandrumdandy! Whew! it hangs together by nothing at all!—it'll go to pieces, the first bit of bad road that comes in its way."

This was the first specimen of genuine Irish brogue I had heard for more than sixteen years, and I felt an indescribable sensation as it fell upon my ear, while once more standing on my native soil. Our reply to the invitation was,—"We don't want a car."

"Oh! I ax yer honour's pardon. Then it's for you the Swish car is waitin there all the mornin forenint us at the side o' the hill. Holloa! Mistor Ally's man! Come down! will ye? Here's the English company. Come, step out. Holloo! holloo!"

The truth is, our friend "holloood" so loudly, that he would have been invaluable on board the steam-boat we had just quitted, as a speaking-trumpet. In answer to his summons, half tumbling, whole galloping down the hill, came the "Swiss car."

"Is the sun too much in yer eyes, Ma'am, dear?" exclaimed a kind voice at my elbow, just as the driver was mounting. "Put up yer *numpara*, my darlint. Yer bonnet's too small, my lady: which, though an advantage to me, is the contrary to you. It's a beautiful sun, God bless it, for the harvest;—but I'm doubtin if it's as bright over the wather as it is here. Well, glory be to God, they can't take the bames of the sun from us, any way. There, now you're not so *sinsible* of the heat! A safe and pleasant journey to yez here and hereafter! Take the baste asy, Michael, up the hill. Sure Ireland's bothered entirely wid the hills,—but the roads are as smooth as wax from this to Bannow." And on we went.

It was found that the Swiss car could not take our luggage, so we determined to hire a machine which we heard was "wonderful strong," and a horse that "would go to Bannow and back in less than no time."

Now I am anxious that my experience should warn others against the evils of Irish travelling,—at least in so far as concerns the confiding of life and limb to the tender mercies of "an outside jaunting car." Public or private, they are all execrable. Had my English readers ever the good fortune to behold one? If not, let them imagine a long box, elevated upon what are called springs; this long box forms the centre of the machine, and to confess the truth, is a convenient place for conveying luggage; at each side of the under part of this box projects a board, which forms the seats, and from these depend narrow, movable steps, upon which it was intended the feet of the travellers shall rest; the driver's seat is elevated over one end of the box, and is generally composed of crooked bars of iron, while the har-

ness, perfectly independent of oil or blacking, is twisted and patched, and tied so as to leave but little trace of what it originally was, either in formation or quality. Upon one of these atrocities was I seated, my feet hanging down upon the "step,"—if I leaned back, I bumped my head against the driver's seat; if I sat forward, I must inevitably have fallen upon what our charioteer called "*Eran new powdher pavement*," the said *powdher pavement* consisting of a quantity of red granite broken into lumps the size of a giant's hand, and strewn thickly over the hills and hollows of a most wicked road.

Our party consisted of three. Now, on these cars you are placed *dos-a-dos*, and as three could not possibly sit on a side intended for two, I had half the vehicle to myself; the gentlemen chating of politics on the back *opposite* (to invent an Irishism) seat.

"I hope ye'r honour's comfortable?" inquired the driver, after a terrific jolt, with that familiar, yet respectful manner, which distinguishes a race now almost extinct even in primitive Ireland—the race of old servants. "I hope your honour's comfortable. I think this a dale pleasanter than them Swish cars, though I did my best to make that easy for you this morning."

"Indeed! What did you do to it, Michael?"

"Faith, then, just put half a hundred of stunes in the bottom of it, and plenty of straw over them to keep it steady, which ye'd ha' never knowd—only I'm afther telling you—these mighty fly-away cars, them *ferrin* ones, are not asy and steady like these"—(another terrific jolt that would have destroyed the springs of the best made London phaeton).—Michael looked round at me, and then repeated, "I hope yer honour's comfortable!" It seemed a bitter mockery of comfort, and yet poor Michael did not mean it so. At last, we got over the "powdher pavement," and even the gentlemen congratulated themselves on the event. When, lo and behold! we stood at the foot of what I was told was a "*little hill*;" the poor horse eyed it with strong symptoms of dislike.

"It's a fine mornin', said Mike, pulling the horse to a dead stop.

"So it is," said I.

"Gintlemin, there's a beautiful view from this hill," persisted our driver, "and the sweetest of fresh air, and to walk it up would do ye a dale of good. You might travel long enough in England widout comin' across such a prospect."

"Shall I walk also, Michael?"

"Oh, sorra a step! Sure Nimble (that's the baste's name) will go a dale the better from havin' a lady to carry. Gee up, my man! Cushla machree was every inch of ye. Nimble, my darlint! it's yerself that was the beauty—onct!"

"It is a long time ago, then," replied I, looking with compassion upon the poor, long-boned animal.

"Indeed you may say that, lady dear. You see he's kilt entirely with the hard work; and the poor appetite, though that last is lucky, for it's little the man that owns him has to give him to eat."

"How is that, Michael?"

"Faith, it's myself can't tell you, my lady, only *sorrow has long legs*; and his landlord's as hard as the devil's forehead"—(another jolt, I thought the car was broken to atoms.)

"Michael, what is the matter?"

"Troth, Ma'am, we're done for! I wish I hadn't sent the gintlemin on; but you wouldn't have a knife, or a piece of ould leather, or a taste of rope in yer pocket—asy, Nimble—bad luck to ye, will ye stand asy? Small blame to the baste to want to get on; there's a black cloud comin' over Knock-naughdowly will soak every tack on our backs in five minutes, and sorra a house nearer than Kilborristhane. Come here do, you little gossoon; run afther thim gintlemin, and call thim back; and harkee! give me that piece of string that's round yer hat. New run, run for the dear life. Och, faith, we're in for it; this harness 'ill never reach Bannow; an' deed an' deed poor Nimble seems unasy."

"Was he in harness to-day, before?"—

"He was."—"Did he go far?"—"Not to say far, only three mile. I mean three goin' and three comin'."—"Had he a heavy load?"

"Faith, he had. Mrs. Graham and seven of her children, and two nurses, and the bathin' woman, goin' and comin' to the salt wather, to say nothing of the fish and stones and things they brings home afther bathin'."

"I think," I replied, jumping off the car, "that I will walk on to the next village, and send you some assistance; it is evident the horse can never achieve the hill."

"God bless you, Ma'am, dear, isn't he like ourselves, *used to all manner of slavery*! I ax yer pardon! but if yer ladyship would lend me a loan of the string of your cloak, it would mend this little fray in the harness, and the never a bit of harm would I do it."

To Michael's great astonishment, I did not feel disposed to part with what he so irreverently termed the *string* of my cloak, but climbed up the hill until I overtook my companions. One of them a native of the soil, only laughed at my dilemma; he was accustomed to such adventures; and said that, within less than a quarter of a mile he would procure a capital horse from a Mr. Matty Byrne; and the poor animal who had been previously worn out in the service of Mrs. Graham and her countless children, might fare as he best could by the roadside till the jaunting car returned.

We posted on as fast as possible to Master Byrne's, and found his residence in good time, that is, just before the pelting of the pitiless storm commenced.

"Had he a horse?" "To be sure he had—three—beauties! Would flog the country to produce three such!" "Would he lend it?" "To Mr. Alley troth he would, and the veins of his heart with it, to one of the name;" and immediately he hallooed to a strapping youth, who popped up his head from out a potato pit, and commanded him forthwith to bring "Spanker" from the plough.

The shower was over; "the valley lay smiling before us." Michael and the car had arrived; the luggage, which was piled up in what they called—just then very appropriately—the *well*, soaked through. Spanker, a bright bay, bony horse, with an exceedingly quick eye, stood meek and quiet enough at the door. I resumed my seat, and looked on the beautiful prospect, which, as the road was tolerably good, I was enabled to enjoy.

"Master Byrne," I inquired, "is your landlord resident here?"

"No, *thank God*, Ma'am!"

"Indeed: who is your agent then?"

"A born gentleman—God's fresh blessing be about him! As long as he is over us, we'll make a free present of the landlord to the English; and much good may he do them!"

At this moment, Spanker made a dead stop opposite the door of a small public-house.

"Make the horse go on," said our friend in a cold, determined tone. Byrne looked round at him precisely with the expression of a dog when disappointed of a long-expected bone. "He has a *laning* this way," he replied. "I fear, Byrne, you go there more than once a-week."—"Sometimes I do, my lady."—"Every day, Byrne?"—"Not always, Ma'am, dear."—"Twice a-day, Byrne?"—"Faith, Ma'am, if I do it's Spanker's fault, and not mine. When I gets on his back, thinking a trifle of exercise would do me good, as sure as fate he makes for the public—and no mistake."

"Believe me, it is a ruinous habit."

"No disputin' it, my lady; but ruin has followed ould Ireland so long, that it would be heart-breakin' to part company now." We were at the commencement of another hill. "I must trouble ye all to get off," said Byrne. "It would take more wit than would reach from this to Cape Clear to make Spanker go either up or down a hill with any body behind him."

We submitted to necessity, and walked.

"You may get on the car now, Ma'am, dear.—Spanker, stand still, will ye?—Up

wid yez now, while he's picking Jimmy Rape's barley through that hole in the hedge, for if he knowd you were getting up, all the saints in the calendar wouldn't hold him."

THE POOR SCHOLAR'S LAMENT.

DEATH,—old fellow! have we, then,
Come at last so near each other?
Well, shake hands, and be to me
A quiet friend, a faithful brother.

All those merry days are gone,—
Gone with cash and health, old fellow;
When I read long days and nights,
(Save, now and then, when I got mellow.)

Newton! Euclid! fine old ghosts!
Fine wast thou too, classic learning,—
Though thou left'st a huge aches behind,
Head, and heart, and temples burning.

How I toiled! I wore my brain,
Wasting o'er the midnight taper,
Dreaming—dreaming!—till one day
I woke, and found my life—a vapour!

Once I hoped (ah, laugh not yet!)
For wealth, and health, and fame—the bubble!
So I toiled up Wisdom's steep, and
And got a fall, boy, for my trouble!

Now all's over! no one came—
Not one cheered my strong endeavour;
So I sank, and called on thee:
Come, boy, let's be friends for ever!

Ere we go, let's curse this den,
Where worth ne'er was yet befriended:
I'll cry "Curse!" and thou "Amen!"

Soh,—I'm blind: our chant is ended.—C. L.
New Monthly Magazine.

Spirit of Discovery.

CAPTAIN BACK'S EXPEDITION.

LETTERS from Captain Back have been received at the office of the Royal Geographical Society, the latest date being the 29th of April last, when the intelligence had just reached him of Captain Ross's return. Their contents are of a mixed character; and their epitome has been forwarded to the newspapers, by Captain Maconnochie.

Captain Back and his party were all well, with the exception of Augustus, the Esquimaux interpreter, who had accompanied Sir John Franklin in both his journeys, and was now dispatched by the Hudson's Bay Company to join this third enterprise, but perished by the way. The winter, had, indeed, been extraordinarily severe. "We have had," says Captain Back, "a most distressing winter in this more than Siberian solitude, where desolation reigns in unbroken repose. Even the animals have fled from us, as it were by instinct, and many, very many, of the unhappy natives, have fallen victims to famine, in situations the most revolting to human nature. The fish, also, on which I in some measure relied, left us; in places which we were told never before failed, we have not caught a fish; and during the whole season scarcely a living creature has been seen, except, on one occasion, a raven, which, in wheeling over the house, startled me with his croak, so uni-

form was the silence around us. I ran out: but when it saw me it screamed, and again made off to the western mountains, in the dark shade of which it was speedily lost. My party has been thus much dispersed in quest of food; and every messenger has brought me tidings of their encountering severe privations. Mr. McLeod (an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, attached to the party), and his family, are at this moment somewhere on the lake, fishing: and you may imagine what it costs me to see them also exposed to the rigours of this severest of all winters; for the mean of three thermometers has been far below the lowest we ever sustained in our former expeditions. After this narrative, you may believe that, in spite of all my care and economy, some part of the provision laid up for our voyage has been necessarily consumed. The most experienced man in the country could not have foreseen this; nor was there any possibility of avoiding it. My anxiety is immeasurable on account of it; but I still hope that the Indians may be enabled to procure us dry food, or, in short, something that may afford sustenance, so that the fondest wishes of my heart may not be frustrated. Of that, however, in one sense, there is no danger; for, come the worst, I can always reduce my men, and go in our boat. Do not, therefore, let this affect you, for I feel confident of overcoming it. Another misfortune is, that, pinched as we are for provisions, we must drag our boats and luggage almost 100 miles over rock and ice, before we can reach open water. This we have ascertained through the winter; but never mind, this also shall be done, and it will be a new feature in discovery. In our former expeditions we had none of these tremendous obstructions to contend with, though we had to take our bark canoes some distance on sledges. But I have perfect confidence in my men; and they, good fellows, think I cannot err," &c.

The above was written before the arrival of the express announcing Captain Ross's return; and, pressed for time, only a few lines are added subsequent to that event. They are, however, so characteristic of the gallant writer, that they ought not to be omitted:—

"April 25, 1834.

"I have this moment received your dispatch, with an account of Ross's return. I am all gratitude and happiness. My heart is too full to write; but I shall pay attention to all that is recommended to me; of this assure the committee. What a triumph is this return of Ross's to us all, who 'hoped against hope.' And what do the croakers say? Will they acknowledge the lesson afforded by it of the power of stubborn perseverance?" &c.

From a private letter, it may be interesting to some to add also the following scrap:—

"My day is chiefly spent thus:—Before

breakfast I read a portion of Scripture, and afterwards attend to my observations, study, draw (I have plenty of pencil sketches), work up my survey, take notes, &c. At the same time, I keep my eye on whatever duty is going on; have our evening school twice a week, and read the service in French and English every Sunday."—"My guitar is cracked, and jars abominably; but you will not be surprised at this, when I add that I have been obliged to grease my hands daily to prevent their cracking also; for such is the dryness of the atmosphere, that nothing can stand it," &c.

It may also allay the anxiety of friends and relations to add, that Hearne found abundance of game along the banks of the Clew-ee-cho, so that, as the season advances, Captain Back's hunters may reasonably be expected to be equally fortunate. His prudence, based on a long experience, may also be relied on, as well as his enterprise. His buoyancy of temper, and the confidence reposed in him by his companions, will support all their spirits. In a word, his task is arduous—more arduous than had been imagined previous to the receipt of these letters; but it could not be in better hands. And it is very satisfactory to know, from other letters received by the committee of the Hudson's Bay Company, that ample supplies have been since forwarded to him, which will support him through the winter. Early next spring, he and his whole party will set forward on their return.

To these interesting particulars may advantageously be added the following, from the *Literary Gazette*:—

"The letter to Captain Maconnachie of the 29th of April is, it should have been mentioned, from Fort Reliance,* Captain Back's winter quarters, at the east end of Great Slave Lake (see the complete analysis of his journey thither in the *Lit. Gaz.* No. 909, June 21st). Letters to Commander James Ross, and to branches of his own family, are of five days later date, viz. May 4th; and in about a month (early in June) our gallant countryman expected to proceed on his course.

"While we read with strong sympathy the description of the privations to which the party had been exposed, and the necessity of breaking upon their summer provision, it is consolatory to reflect that it was written before Captain Back was aware of the return of Captain Ross—a very important event, as it not only limits the objects the writer had in view, but narrows the extent of his prospective labours. He has not now to seek the more distant wreck of the *Fury*, but will confine himself to the geographical interests of the expedition. Fort Reliance is about 200 miles from Commander Ross's obelisk, to which

Back would direct his toilsome and difficult march over the long and wild region his letter notices. But the absolute length of his route will depend on the water communication between, and the point where he reaches the sea coast. Where the river Thlew-ee-cho-dezeth terminates is quite a riddle—what "Back's River" may be is as much unknown—and all that is probable is that the travellers will come upon the shore somewhere between the Cape Turnagain of Franklin and Ross's obelisk. Having made the latter, they will have to retrace the coast to Cape Turnagain, and thus finish all that is wanting on the line of the North Continent of America between the meridian 100° and 110°.

"It is also gratifying to learn, by the Hudson Bay despatches, that when they return to their winter quarters they will find replenished stores of pemmican sufficient for all their need; while in the preceding summer months they will be partially supplied with game.

"Thus, though our enterprising voyagers have enough of fatigue and difficulty to encounter, we have every thing to hope for them, and from their continued exertions. Next year, please God, we trust to welcome them in safety and health"

The *Athenæum* adds a copy of Back's warm-hearted letter to Commander Ross, observing—"How strangely has the wheel of fortune turned round! Back left us, aided by public sympathy, in the hope of extricating Ross and his gallant crew from their perilous situation, or ascertaining what had been their melancholy fate; and now the Rosses are at home with us, reading of the privations and difficulties with which Back and his handful of followers are contending."

* Fort Reliance, May 2nd, 1834.

"My dear Ross,—Accept the warmest congratulations of my heart at your safe and happy return to your country and friends. Those friends will inform you of the interest we all took in your fate; and though some slight apathy was evinced by a few, yet the ready cheerfulness of the many to assist us in promoting this expedition, must ever be a source of the greatest gratification to your uncle and yourself. For my part, my purpose is answered; and, were it not that the public has a right to my services, in attempting to perform what remains to be done on this coast, this year should have seen me also among you. What hardships you must have suffered,—how gallantly maintained,—and how providentially have you been preserved at last! That good-hearted person, your brother, was the last with whom I shook hands at Liverpool; and I have a letter from him for you. Nor must I forget to mention the exertions of our friend, Bromley, whose feeling for you was little less than a relation's. It was he who first called on me after my return from Italy, and informed me of Dr,

* Lat. 62 deg. 48 min. 15 sec. north; and long. 109 deg. 10 min. west.

Richardson's failure with government, as well as of your father's anxieties on the subject. But all these things we will talk over when we meet. In the mean time, convey my kindest regards to your uncle and your family; and, with 'one cheer more' for your safety, believe me,

"My dear Ross,

"Your sincere friend,

"GEO. BACK."

CHINESE INVENTIONS.

It appears, from the recent communication of a correspondent at Canton, to the *Morning Herald*, that the Chinese have been, for the last quarter of a century, *unjustly low rated*; which the writer attributes to the little intercourse of Europe with China, except through England, and that through persons whose interests have been served by keeping up delusion on both sides. A few minor agricultural implements and contrivances to supply the cravings of the luxurious rich, may serve to exemplify this mistake. For all practical purposes, of colours, or tests of metals, the Chinese are equal to the manufacturers of London or Paris. The Persian wheel waters and fertilizes whole districts. Dempster's scheme for preserving fish in ice, (adopted in Scotland in 1800,) feeds the alderman about lat. 28° N., from the snow of the steppes, with delicious north country fish; and has existed for centuries. Wheels driven by crews, keep in life and freshness by a stream of water thousands of fish brought into boats by the Canton market daily, in lat. 21° N. The Chinese bricklayers have, from time immemorial, used for chopping rice-straw to mix with lime, the very implement which has been patented in Britain within these ten years. The French have been peculiarly successful in preserving provisions by exclusion of air; but the Chinese had preceded them for centuries in their simple and effectual methods of keeping eggs, fish, and vegetables. China is the original country of silk in its greatest beauty; and it is only mentioned to relate an amiable sort of barbarity left, approaching to the hot-beds of Potsdam or Sevrès, not so generally known. At Nankin, the Emperor has a silk-manufactory worked by his own servants; their fabrics are finer than those of any other looms in China; none of the articles are sold, as they are made exclusively for the Imperial family, or sent as presents to the Emperor's high servants over the empire. The Imperial manufacturers are said to have the privilege of taking, (previous to their exposure to sale,) the picked lots of silk in the district, and of selecting from a private loom any very ingenious weaver. Sugar is of early origin, and perhaps more is used in, and exported from, China than all the rest of the world put together; and if their sugar-candy be taken into account, it does not

yield to our highest refined sugar. The teas require not a word of encomium: it will be very long before the *sloe-leaf* gatherers on the hills of Brazil, can rival them either in cheapness or quality.

Anecdote Gallery.

POPE'S EARLY DAYS.

MR. POPE'S first education was under a priest, and I think his name was Banister. He set out with the design of teaching him Latin and Greek together.—"I was then about eight years old, had learnt to read of an old aunt, and to write by copying printed books.—After having been under that priest about a year, I was sent to the seminary at Twiford, and then to a school by Hyde Park Corner: and with the two latter masters lost what I had gained under the first. About twelve years old, I went with my father into the Forest, and there learned for a few months, under a fourth priest. This was all the teaching I ever had, and, God knows, it extended a very little way.

"When I had done with my priests, I took to reading by myself, for which I had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm, especially for poetry: and in a few years I had dipped into a great number of the English, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek poets. This I did without any design, but that of pleasing myself: and got the languages, by hunting after the stories in the several poets I read; rather than read the books to get the languages. I followed every where as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fall in his way. These five or six years I still look upon as the happiest part of my life.

"In these rambles of mine through the poets, when I met with a passage, or story, that pleased me more than ordinary, I used to endeavour to imitate it, or translate it into English; and this gave rise to my *Imitations* published so long after. [He named among other books he then read, the *Criticisms* of Rapin and Bossu; and these might be what led him to write his essay on criticism. He used to mention Quintilian, too, as an old favourite author with him.—*Spence.*]

"It was while I lived in the Forest, that I got so well acquainted with Sir William Trumbull, who loved very much to read and talk of the classics in his retirement. We used to take a ride out together, three or four days in the week, and at last, almost every day.—Another of my earliest acquaintance was Walsh. I was with him at his seat in Worcestershire, for a good part of the summer of 1705, and showed him my essay on criticism in 1706. Walsh died the year after.—I was early acquainted with Lord Lansdown,

Garth, Betterton, and Wycherley, and, not long after, with St. John."—*Spence's Anecdotes*.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

This house was kept by William Urwin, and was situated on the north side of Russell-street, at the end of Bow-street; subsequently occupied by a perfumer, and numbered 23. Here Dryden had his armed chair, which in winter had a settled and prescriptive place by the fire, was in the summer placed in the balcony; and he called the two places his winter and his summer seat. The appeal was made to him upon any literary dispute. The company assembled on the first or dining room floor, as it was called in the last century, and hence we hear of a balcony. The company did not sit in boxes, as at present, but at various tables which were dispersed through the room. Smoking was permitted in the public room, it was then so much in vogue that it does not seem to have been considered a nuisance. Here, as in other similar places of meeting, the visitors divided themselves into parties; and we are told by Ward, that the young beaux and wits, who seldom approached the principal table, thought it a great honour to have a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box. Will's continued to be the resort of the wits at least till 1710.—*Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

The March.—At the Cape of Good Hope, the colonists are emigrating northward and eastward, beyond the limits of the colony, to form new settlements. The Hottentots are progressing in civilization and religion. A printing press has been added to the missionary institution at Genadendal, and an organ has been built in the Hottentot church there. At Kat River, many intelligent Hottentots are compositors and pressmen.

In the spring of the year, the Chinese celebrate the Tsing-ming rites, by ascending the hills to pray at the tombs of their relations: which act they call Pae-tsing, or the worship of the first green of the young spring.

In some parts of China, it is customary for the lady to become the suitor: she marries the man, not the man her. On these occasions, the expenses of the marriage festival are defrayed by the bride.

Origin of the Penny Post-Office.—An office unknown in other countries was projected by Mr. David Murray, an upholder in Paternoster-row, in the year 1683, who, by this admirable and useful project, deserves to be considered as a benefactor to the City, and to have his name transmitted down to posterity. He communicated the scheme to

Mr. William Dockwra, who carried it on for some time with great success, till the Government laid claim to it as a royal prerogative. Dockwra was obliged to submit, and in return had a pension of 200*l.* per annum, allowed him by the King during his life.

P. T. W.

Short-sightedness.—The following instance of this failing, contrasts well with the present state of our Australian colonies, and the constant communication which is going forward between them and the mother country. It is taken from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1786, vol. lvi. p. 806, 807:—"It has been seen in the public prints, that a plan for forming a settlement at Botany Bay, for the restriction of felons sentenced for transportation, is actually to be carried into execution; but the plan is so wild and extravagant, that we can hardly believe it could be countenanced by any professional man, after a moment's reflection. Not the distance only, but the almost impracticability of crossing the line with a number of male and female felons, who, in their cleanliest state, and as much at large as can with safety be allowed them in gaol, and with frost, scarcely to be kept from putrid disorders, must for ever render such a plan abortive. The rains, tornados, and heats that accompany these tempests, near and under the line, are often fatal to the hardest navigator; besides the mountainous seas that are almost always to be encountered in passing the Cape, and in the latitudes in which the transports must pursue their course to Botany Bay, no man surely who had a life to lose, or a relative or friend that he wished ever again to see, would engage in so hazardous an undertaking. We may, therefore, venture to foretell, that, if any such desperado should be found, his fate, like that of Lunarde's late expedition, will for ever deter a second repetition. It is notorious, that the Dutch East India ships lose more than half the recruits they take on board for their settlements in India, in crossing the line, and before they reach the place for which they are bound. Yet this course to India is not near so dangerous as the course to Botany Bay. Add to these objections, that the natives are the most savage and ferocious of any that Captain Cook met with in exploring the eastern coast of New Holland."

Hiring a Coachman.—I had a master once who had two beautiful English horses, and he wanted a careful man to drive them; he was a mighty pleasant gentleman—the sort of master would knock a man down for the least thing in the world—and so good-hearted when the passion was over. Well, there was as many as fifteen after the place, and the first that wint up to him, "Well, my man," says he, "how near the edge of a precipice

would you undertake to drive my carriage?" So the boy considered, and he says, says he, "Within a foot, please yer honour, and no harm."—"Very well," says he, "go down, and I'll give ye yer answer by-and-by." So the next came up, and said he'd be bound to carry 'em within half a foot; and the next said six inches; and another, a dandified chap intirely, was so mighty nice, that he would drive it within "three inches and a half, he'd go bail." Well, at last my turn came, and when his honour asked me how nigh I would drive his carriage to a precipice, I said, says I, "Please yer honour, I'd keep as far off it as I could."—"Very well, Mither Byrne," says he, "you're my coachman," says he. Och, the roar there was in the kitchen, whin I wint down and tould the joke! Well, I was there better nor two years, and at the end I lost it through a little mistake. I was drowsy one night coming home, and faith the horses had a spite to me, on account of my counthry, and they took a wrong turn, and stuck fast in a gap; and sure it's rewarded I ought to have been instead of punished, for sorra a one but myself would ever have got the horses and carriage out of the gap without a scratch or a brack upon them; but there's no justice in the world!"—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Cloth Trade.—The Mixed Cloth Hall at Leeds contains 1,800 stands of twenty-two inches each in front, which are the property of 1,780 manufacturers, twenty holding two stands each. The markets are held every Tuesday and Saturday for one hour and a quarter on each day; no one sells before or after the ringing of a bell, under a penalty; and the whole of the cloth is sold in a rough state.

Futurity.—Our flattering ourselves here with the thoughts of enjoying the company of our friends when in the other world; may be but too like the Indians thinking, that they shall have their dogs and their horses there.—*Pope.*

Pope's Homer.—The MS. of the Iliad descended from Lord Bolingbroke to Mallet, and is now to be found in the British Museum, where it was deposited at the pressing instance of Dr. Maty. Mr. D'Israeli, in the first edition of his *Curiosities of Literature*, has exhibited a fac-simile of one of the pages. It is written upon the backs and covers of letters and other fragments of papers, evincing that it was not without reason he was called Paper-sparing Pope.

Happiness.—The happiness of life is so nice a thing, that, like the sensitive plant, it shrinks away even upon thinking of it.—*Spence.*

Pronunciation.—Lord Granville had long wanted to pass an evening with Mr. Pope: when he at last did so, Mr. Pope said that

the two hours were wholly taken up by his lordship, in debating and settling how the first verse in the *Æneid* was to be pronounced: and whether we should say Cicero or Kikero! This is what is meant in the two lines inserted in the *Dunciad*, on those learned topics.—*Dr. Warburton.*

Maxims.—It is vanity which makes the rake at twenty, the worldly man at forty, and the retired man at sixty.—We are apt to think that best in general, for which we find ourselves best fitted in particular.—Every body finds that best and most commendable that he is driving, whilst he is driving it: and does not then suspect what he chooseth afterwards, to be half so good.—If a man saw all at first, it would damp his manner of acting: he would not enjoy himself so much in his youth, nor bustle so much in his manhood.—It is best for us to be short-sighted, in the different stages of our life, just in the same manner as it is best for us in this world not to know how it is to be with us in the next.—*Pope.*

"*Morland's pictures*," says Cunningham, "were mostly produced under the influence of intoxication; and the strong stimulant of immediate payment; they were painted in the terror of want, and in the presence of the sordid purchaser, who risked five guineas in a venture for twenty; yet they want nothing which art can bestow, or the most fastidious eye desire. Such was the precious coin which this unfortunate man paid for gin, obtained the company of the scum and seculence of society, and purchased patience from his creditor, or peace from the tipstaff. The annals of genius record not a more deplorable story than Morland's."*

* *Lives of British Painters*, vol. ii. p. 241.

•• Answers to Correspondents in the Part now publishing.

BURNING OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

It is our intention to devote a portion of about Six Numbers of the *MIRROR* to the details of the above memorable Event, more especially in illustration of the antiquities of the House of Lords and the House of Commons, and their interesting localities.

No. 687 contains an Engraving of the House of Commons, and the Speaker's Residence; with notices of the ancient Palace, and the early history of St. Stephen's Chapel.

No. 688 (the present.) contains an Engraving of the west front of the Houses of Parliament, and an Outline of the recent Conflagration.

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No. 689.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER.

[PRICE 2s.]

Spirit of the Annuals for 1835.



BOA CONSTRICTOR AND BOAT'S CREW.
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SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1835.

The Oriental Annual

[Is, in every respect, a continuation of the splendid design commenced in its preceding volume. Of its engravings, we last year, (with the concurrence of the publishers,) presented our readers with a highly-finished specimen; and, by a similar act of courtesy, we are this year also enabled to quote one of the superb productions of art in the volume before us.

The Engravings are twenty-two in number, from drawings by Mr. Daniell, R. A. They represent a few of the magnificent wonders of India in nature and art; the luxuriance of the one and the elaborate beauty of the other: and a few of the scenes are so gemmed with the enchanting effects of climate, and the pleasing picturesqueness of costume, as to dazzle us with their sunny and many-shaded varieties. Add to these attractions, the native simplicity and unadorned beauty of a few portraits, and you have but a faint reflection of the gems which this casket of a volume enshrines. Among the latter illustrations we must notice the Indian fruit-seller, in the vignette; and the Rajpootnee Bride. But, let us glance at the subjects as they occur; as the interior of a Mosque at Juanpore, with its highly-enriched architecture; the one-horned Rhinoceros, and the luxuriant back-ground, with its aloe and cactus; the Yak of Thibet, of kindred pictorial beauty; the Haram, and its favourite; Mosque at Mattra, with its graceful towers and caparisoned elephants; the Moar-punkee, a splendid state barge, with its flying peacock bow, pavilion, and score of rowers,—an ethereal contrast with our leaden-looking civic pleasure barges; Mausoleum at Lucknow, with its crowning dome and domelets; the Palace-garden at Lucknow, a brilliant sunny scene; the Kulwhuttea Gate, a noble specimen of the Indian castle; and the Kut-wallee Gate, still more superb in decay; a glittering view of Calcutta, the “city of palaces;” and last, though one of the first in merit, the horror-fraught original of our Engraving, of which speaks the opposite page. The letter-press, illustrative of this terrific scene, is as follows:]

Nearly a hundred miles below Calcutta, at the embouchure of the Hoogley, is the Delta of the Ganges, called the Sunderbunds, composed of a labyrinth of streams and creeks, all of which are salt, except those that communicate immediately with the principal arm of the sacred river; those numerous canals being so disposed as to form a complete inland navigation. A few years before the writer's visit to Calcutta, the captain of a country ship, while passing the Sunderbunds, sent a boat into one of the creeks to obtain

some fresh fruits which are cultivated by the few miserable inhabitants of this inhospitable region. Having reached the shore, the crew moored the boat under a bank, and left one of the party to take care of her. During their absence, the lascar, who remained in charge of the boat, overcome by heat, lay down under the seats, and fell asleep. Whilst he was in this happy state of unconsciousness, an enormous boa constrictor emerged from the jungle, reached the boat, had already coiled its huge body round the sleeper, and was in the very act of crushing him to death, when his companions fortunately returned at this auspicious moment, and attacking the monster, severed a portion of its tail, which so disabled it that it no longer retained the power of doing mischief. The snake was then easily despatched, and found to measure 62 feet and some inches in length. (The writer adds,) the immense size of these snakes, (boas,) has been frequently called in question, but I know not why it should when the fact has been authenticated by so many eye-witnesses. Nor was it unknown to ancient historians; for, Suetonius, in the forty-third chapter of his Lives of the Twelve Cæsars, mentions that the Emperor Augustus over and above the regular shows, gave others occasionally for the purpose of exhibiting any extraordinary object of which he might obtain possession; amongst these, he mentions a rhinoceros, a tiger, and a snake, seventy-five feet long—*quinquaginta cubitorum*.

[The letter-press is as heretofore by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B. D. and is entitled “Scenes in India.” It is of very miscellaneous and entertaining character; although we must content ourselves with one more extract:]

It is generally imagined, and by persons too who have been some time resident in India, that the Cobra di Capello, exhibited by the jugglers in this country, is perfectly harmless, in consequence of its fangs being extracted by these practical adepts in the art of legerdemain. But this is altogether a mistake. The fangs are positively not extracted; and the creature is presented to the spectator possessing all its natural powers of mischief unimpaired. The bite from a snake shown by any of these itinerant conjurors, would as certainly prove fatal as from one encountered in the jungle. This will, perhaps, appear strange to those who have heard of these reptiles being constantly shown in the houses of the curious, and more especially when they are told that this snake is frequently permitted to put its head against the cheeks of the children of those who show them.

The dexterity of the jugglers in managing these dangerous reptiles is truly extraordinary. They easily excite them to the most desperate rage, and by a certain circular motion of

the arms appease them as readily: then, without the least hesitation, they will take them in their hands, coil them round their necks, and put their fingers to their mouths, even while their jaws are furnished with the deadliest venom, and the slightest puncture from their fangs would produce not only certain but almost instant death.

The power which these people exercise over this species of venomous snake, remains no longer a mystery when its habits are known. It is a remarkable peculiarity in the Cobra di Capello, and, I believe, in most poisonous reptiles of this class, that they have an extreme reluctance to put into operation the deadly powers with which they are endowed. The Cobra scarcely ever bites unless excited by actual injury or extreme provocation; and even then, before it darts upon its aggressor, it always gives him timely notice of his danger not to be mistaken. It dilates the crest upon its neck, which is a large, flexible membrane having on the upper surface two, black, circular spots, like a pair of spectacles, waves its head to and fro with a gentle undulatory motion, the eye sparkling with intense lustre, and commences a hiss so loud as to be heard at a considerable distance; so that the juggler always has warning when it is perilous to approach his captive. The snake never bites while the hood is closed; and so long as this is not erected, it may be approached and handled with impunity. Even when the hood is spread, while the creature continues silent, there is no danger. Its fearful hiss is at once the signal of aggression and of peril.

Though the Cobra is so deadly when under excitement, it is nevertheless astonishing to see how readily it is appeased even in the highest state of exasperation, and this merely by the droning music with which its exhibitors seem to charm it. It appears to be fascinated by the discordant sounds that issue from their pipes and tomtoms.

I confess, for some time after my arrival in India, I laboured under the general delusion that the fangs of these reptiles were always drawn out by the persons who carried them about, and had often fearlessly ventured within their spring with a feeling of entire security: I, however, took especial care never to approach a captive snake, after I discovered that it still retained its powers of destruction. The jugglers, who gain a precarious subsistence by showing these creatures, will bring them in from the jungles by the neck, and an instance of their being bitten is scarcely ever heard of. They themselves appear not to have the slightest apprehension of danger; for it is not often that the snake, though so rudely seized, manifests any symptoms of irritation.

Friendship's Offering

[Is foremost in the gay throng in arrival and merit. The prose tales are too long for entire quotation. They are full of love and fine madness; as the Intercepted Letter, a story of amiable life, by the author of *Trials and Triumphs: the Client's Story*, by Mr. Inglis, who is ever agreeable in narrative and description, though, in this instance, his subject has a painful interest—a repentant rich man leaves a fortune to the descendants of its rightful possessors and heirs, whom he had neglected to save during an upset in the river Cam, and their father, he had quieted by criminal neglect; the narrator is the attorney who makes the repentant's will, after which the client dies by laudanum: all which is truly tragic. The First Sleep, by the author of the *Puritan's Grave*, is a delightful version of Adam's first repose, and his awakening to behold the beauty of the new-made world. Mustapha, the philanthropist, is a tale of Asia Minor, of nearly fifty pages extent. The first paragraph bespeaks its interest:—]

Mustapha Ben Mustapha, Ben Ali, Ben Kaled, thou wast well-known, long-loved, and deeply lamented. Tears are still shed upon the turban stone that marks the spot where thy remains sleep the sleep of the holy; the young women spread their veils upon thy grave, the young men pray to be like thee, brave, beautiful, and beloved; the old men thank Allah, that thou wast the light of their infancy, and the glory of their land. Yet thy sun was long clouded by sorrow, thy name was long stained by calumny, and anguish long bowed to the earth the brow that was yet to wear the heron plume of power, and the diamond chelenc of the favour of the Sultan, king of kings.

[There are besides other tales by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Hall, and Miss Mitford. The following passage from the latter, is full of the life and beauty of that purest of all pleasures—a garden.]

The old buildings matted with roses, honeysuckles, and jessamines, broken only by the pretty out-door room which Lucy called her green-house; the pile of variously tinted geraniums in front of that prettiest room; the wall garlanded, covered, hidden with interwoven myrtles, fuschias, passion-flowers, and clematis, the purple wreaths of the mau-radia, the orange tubes of the *acrima carpis*, and the bright pink blossoms of the lotus *spermum*; the beds filled with dahlias, salvias, calceolarias, and carnations of every hue, with the rich purple and the pure white *petunia*, with the many coloured marvel of Peru with the enamelled blue of the Siberian larkspur, with the richly scented changeable lupine, with the glowing *lavatera*, the splendid *hybiscus*, the pure and alabaster cup of

the white œnothéra, the lilac clusters of the phlox, and the delicate blossom of the yellow sultan, most elegant amongst flowers;—all these, with a hundred other plants too long to name, and all their various greens, and the pet weed mignonette growing like grass in a meadow, and mingling its aromatic odour amongst the general fragrance—all this sweetness and beauty glowing in the evening sun, and breathing of freshness and of cool air, came with such a thrill of delight upon the poor village maiden, who, in spite of her admiration of London, had languished in its heat, and noise, and dirt, for the calm and quiet, the green leaves and the bright flowers of her country home, that, from the very fullness of her heart, from joy and gratitude, and tenderness and anxiety, she flung her arms round her brother's neck and burst into tears.

[Our main extract is—]

HELL'S HOLLOW. BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

[The incidents upon which this sketch is founded are not imaginary. Many persons, now living, remember all the circumstances; and the atrocious bandit, to whom the peasantry attributed many horrible acts, was publicly executed in the *Place d'Armes* at Dijon. *Creux d'Enfer*, like our "Devil's Bridge," appears to be a name commonly bestowed on savage and dismal glens.—J. A. S.]

"I saw him, I,
Assailed, taken, flight, stabbed, bleed, fall, and die."
DOWNE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great number of travellers who cross the Jura, and admire, in passing, the cloud-capped summits of the Réculet, where the snow lingers through two-thirds of the summer, and sometimes leaves a remnant of the past winter to greet the coming,—few leave the highway for the purpose of exploring the deep hollows, the forests and caverns, which encircle its base. Those who have taken this pains, however, will remember the *Creux d'Enfer*, or "Hell's Hollow," a small glen, or rather gorge of the mountains, of tremendous magnificence, in which one of those nameless streams that water the eastern limits of Franche Comté takes its rise. It is inclosed on all sides by lofty rocks, which, on the east, are naked, rugged, perpendicular, but elsewhere clothed with pines, whose reversed branches, as if shattered by the tempest, flap like a sea-fowl's broken wing in the blast. The torrent breaks out with noise and foam through a narrow cleft in the rock, which forms the only practicable entrance into the glen; and this, at all times dangerous, is often rendered impassable by rain, or the melting of the snow. Viewed from the summit of the surrounding cliffs, it appears utterly inaccessible; yet you see, perched like a nest among the rocks, a ruined *chalet*, which has the air of having been inhabited at no very distant period. Who, and what its inhabitants were,

I learned from one but too deeply versed in its whole history.

Quitting my carriage and family a little beyond *La Vata*, I strolled, without chart or guide, towards the Réculet, beholding, at every step, picturesque beauties, which it boots not now to dwell upon. At length, after many a toilsome ascent, through paths bordered on either side with deep snow,—though it was now nearly the end of May,—I suddenly reached the edge of *Hell's Hollow*. Nothing that I had seen ever struck my imagination like this wild spot—no, not the snowy, shining summits of a hundred Alps, stretching away in glittering files from Chambery to the Tyrol, like a world formed of the vapours of the morning.—It seemed as if man had never before regarded it—for the *chalet* was not immediately visible; and when it became so, appeared, at first, like a portion of the rock.

[Here the writer meets an old beldame, who narrates the sketch.]

"About twenty years ago, the *chalet* in the glen was occupied by a widow and her six sons, all nursed in arts of hardihood, all hunters by profession,—men who scorned the soft pillow, the arm-chair, and the fire-side; who loved to roam the mountain fastnesses of Jura or Alp, in quest of the stag or the chamois, and sometimes of nobler game. Travellers,—men of the same kidney, mayhap,—occasionally accompanied them to their home in the glen, to partake of their hospitality; but it generally happened, as report went, that they quarrelled over their cups, that knives were used for other purposes than carving pigeons, and that the brave brothers, thus put upon their metal, worsted their brawling, unthankful guests. The ignorant, base peasants of the neighbourhood whispered it about, that the insolent braggadocios who fell in these conflicts, were made away with for their money. It is true, that whatever gold they had about them, remained in the hands of the brothers: how could it be otherwise? It had been useless to put the pieces in the mouths of the dead when they were thrown into the well; and as to their heirs, how could the simple, wild hunter of the mountains, ignorant of the arts of towns, hope to discover them, or ascertain their claims, amid a crowd of harpy lawyers? The gold, I say, was kept by the brothers, and, being kept, was naturally regarded as their own, and employed in ministering to their unsophisticated enjoyments. Had the true heirs presented themselves, the money, I repeat it, would have been honestly rendered to them; but no claims being made, the *chalet* became the heir, and every inhabitant of it enjoyed an equal share of these gifts of fortune.

"Nevertheless, these hunters had their chief. This was *Machou*, the second bro-

ther, a man formed by nature to overawe and command his fellows. Gigantic in stature, with head and limbs of prodigious size, his muscular force was unequalled. The very wolf of the forest was said to fly at his approach, or, if he offered resistance, was strangled like a village cur.

"Occasionally, ladies, admirers of mountain scenery, visited the chalet, at the risk, and, sometimes, at the expense of their lives; for, to strangers, especially such as stayed all night, the air was poisonous, the water death. Many died during the night, no one knew how; others, the dangers of the glen escaped, perished with all their followers among the neighbouring precipices. Such, at least, were the rumours; and, in consequence of these rumours, with which Machoul and his brothers were always connected, the officers of justice, as they are called, had long lain in wait for them, envying, peradventure, the calm tenour of their lives, unruffled, except by such accidents as the above.

"While affairs were in this position, Machoul encountered on the mountains a traveller, who, having, like yourself, had the temerity to stroll in unbeaten paths without a guide, had lost his way, and was found, about night-fall, fatigued and bewildered, in the vicinity of the glen. * * * They arrived at the chalet, where the traveller was introduced. All the brothers, who happened to be then at home, crowded round him, some admiring the gait and bearing of the man—for he was tall, handsome, and distinguished by a certain nobleness of manner which is seldom possessed—others dwelling upon the rich appearance of his costume, or the beauty of his arms, which, in their simple wonder, they attempted to draw from his girdle. At this he drew back.

"Look you, young men," said he, "whether you understand the usages of the world or not, I do, and I counsel you never to lay hands on a stranger's arms. It is a liberty I never permit any man to take with me." Then, drawing a fine pair of pistols from his belt, and holding one in each hand,—"Observe," said he, "the make of these things. They are charged, and might be mischievous in awkward hands."

"As to that," replied Machoul, with some warmth, "we are not so awkward as you appear to think; and, in fact," continued he, "I myself possess a pair which have the look of belonging to the same family with yours." With that he drew a pistol from under his frock, and walking close up to the stranger with the muzzle pointed, perhaps accidentally, towards his breast, began to play, as if from mere thoughtlessness, with the lock.

"I see," observed the traveller, with perfect coolness, "that you are well armed. It is prudent, it is necessary to be so. But you must not confine your hospitality to the ex-

hibiting of pistols. Your mountain air has given me an appetite, which, however, will not digest iron."

"At this sally Machoul smiled, and replacing the weapon whence he had drawn it, gave orders for supper. The table was, ere long, spread, and the traveller sat down to a repast, such as he certainly had not reckoned upon finding in the mountains: flesh, fowls, fish, truffles from the Jura, wines of Burgundy, together with those delicate little Alpine strawberries, which are only found on the limits of eternal snow. Wine heats the blood. Hot blood generates strife. Who began the quarrel was never known; it is only certain that high words arose; that the traveller repressed with haughtiness the noisy but honest freedom of his hosts; and that, at last, a scuffle ensued. He was placed at the table next Machoul, who was somewhat prone to wrath, more especially when heated with wine; and, enraged at some contemptuous expression which fell from the mouth of his guest, struck him a blow on the face. At this moment, entering the room with wine, I saw my boy—"

From certain expressions which had escaped from the old woman, and still more from the general tone of her narration, I had expected this denouement; yet, now that we had come to it, it appeared shocking, unanticipated:—

"You entered the room!" I exclaimed; "What! are *you* the mother of Machoul?"

"Ay," replied she, with a ghastly smile, and plucking off the rag which covered her bosom; "Machoul sucked at this breast. And when he was an infant, Sir, the neighbours of all the country round admired his smiling countenance, his matchless complexion, his robust health, and extraordinary size. And could I, when he hung at my breast, twisting his rosy fingers in my black tresses, and gazing with unutterable fondness at my face,—could I foresee that torture and the guillotine were preparing—that my boy—my favourite boy—whu—whu—whu—!" And bitterly wrung by the remembrance of past days, the old woman lifted up her voice and wept, covering her face with her hands, and trembling convulsively in every limb.

[After a sad outburst of remorse, the old woman proceeds:]

"I was, I believe, saying that I entered the room with wine just as Machoul struck the stranger. The latter, inspired with ungovernable fury by the blow, leaped instantly on his feet, and seized my son by the throat. At the sight I shrieked aloud, and, unmindful of my feebleness, throwing the wine to the ground, flew to the rescue. My other boys, however, forestalled my design; but not before Machoul's face was quite black, and his body, apparently lifeless, dashed upon the ground. The traveller now thrust back his antagonists, as if they had been so many pig-

mies, and then placing his back against the wall, and snatching the pistols from his girdle, stood with five men before him, like a wild beast at bay.

"I warn you," cried he, "to keep at a distance. I have no desire to shed your blood: but the first who advances a single step, is a dead man. Make way for me!"

"And with the word, still keeping his face towards us, while he retreated backwards, he sprang through the door, and disappeared, before a single hand could be stretched forth to detain him. When Machoul recovered, and found that his enemy had escaped, his fury knew no bounds. Numerous torches were immediately kindled, and every nook and fissure of the glen searched in vain; though a slight sprinkling of snow which had just fallen enabled us to trace his footsteps in several directions, both across the torrent and along its side. Machoul even extended his search through a portion of the neighbouring country; but no vestige of the man appearing, we all returned to the chalet, where we found on our arrival, that his manteau and knapsack had remained behind; and these we carefully examined. Of the riches, however, we found no trace; not a single coin of any description; nothing, in short, but a few garments, a small miniature, and a few half worn-out letters in an unknown language. Of those letters not one fell into the hands of the harpies of justice. I secreted them carefully; and here," said she, untying her greasy housewife, "they still are."

On glancing my eye over them, I found they were English, and addressed, apparently by a lady, to a distinguished individual, whose known habits perfectly agreed with those imputed to him in the old woman's narration. I wished to be permitted to restore them to his friends; but all I could then obtain was the offer to peruse so much of them as was still intelligible. This I declined; upon which she replaced the letters in her housewife, and proceeded.

"Finding in the knapsack nothing to reward our search, we at length retired to rest; but the presentiment of approaching evil;—which in the course of my life has often tortured me,—would not suffer us to sleep. The ensuing morning broke with rain and high wind; the snow disappeared from the ground, and the torrent of the Hollow, increased at once by its melting and by the rain, swelled to an unusual size, and precipitated itself in foam and thunder down the abyss. No one expected to leave the chalet that day. However, towards evening the rain ceased, while the wind increased to a hurricane; nevertheless, looking through the window, I thought I perceived, shortly after nightfall, a strong, red light among the pine forests on the summit of the cliffs. Alarmed myself, I quickly alarmed my sons, who, hastily snatching up

their arms, sallied forth to reconnoitre. It was not long before the figures of several men were discovered on the heights, who, with flaming torches in their hands, appeared to be examining whether there were any other entrance into the glen, than by the bed of the stream below. At length, finding none, they retreated. Machoul and his brothers doubted not that they were the officers of justice, who had selected the night that they might be the more sure of their prey; and that discovering no other pathway, they would quickly attempt to force their way up the stream. Immediately preparing themselves, therefore, for a desperate struggle, they crept along the sides of the abyss, through ways known only to themselves; and after waiting a considerable time in suspense, with carbines and pistols cocked, beheld ten or twelve men approach, the foremost bearing torches, and all armed to the teeth. The narrow, winding, and precipitous path lay along the edge of the chasm through which the foaming stream tore its way, far below, among the rocks; and the party who had to traverse in mounting it several narrow patches of pine forests, were now, by the meandering of their road, brought into full view, and now hidden amid the dense foliage. At last they emerged from among the trees, and Machoul, on perceiving in the midst of them his guest of the preceding night, was exceedingly troubled; for that man was the first who had taught him that his bodily force was not invincible. The others stepped along cautiously, as if fully aware of the peril of their undertaking, from which, however, they would not shrink; but this person, as if enamoured of danger, or wholly insensible of its terrors, pushed on rapidly, and soon, notwithstanding the fury of the torrent, advanced to the mouth of the fissure, and began with something like preternatural strength to ascend.

"Machoul, who formed the vanguard of the fraternal band, seeing that no time was to be lost, steadily levelled his carbine at the head of the traveller; but he, in whom the boast of the Alpine riflemen, 'of never missing,' was scarcely presumptuous, now failed in his aim, but struck one of the torch-bearers, who, dropping like a stone into the water, was hurled with his half-extinguished brand down the precipice, and lost to sight. This unexpected event seemed for an instant to damp the courage of the gendarmes; but, quickly rallying, they tossed aloft their blazing torches, which casting a red glare on the faces of the brothers, as they leaned forward among the rocks, enabled them to take, alas! too just an aim; for in an instant the youngest of my boys dropped lifeless into the same gulf which had swallowed up his enemy. Upon this my children retreated further up the stream, while the gendarmes, following up their advantage, pushed on more boldly.

To secure themselves as far as possible from the aim of their enemies, the torches were delivered to the hindmost, while the others moving considerably in advance of them, groped their way in darkness. Meanwhile, many random shots were fired on both sides, but with no other effect than to awaken the startled echos, which for ages had mimicked no other sound than the voice of the cataract; and at length, with incredible good fortune, they were drawing near the inner extremity of the passage, when Machoul, who knew that should they make good their entrance into the glen, all were lost, calling upon his brothers to imitate his example, threw himself, dagger in hand, into the torrent, to oppose the advance of their leader. The rocks here approached so close as barely to afford a passage for one man, so that the first brunt of the conflict must necessarily lie between the foremost of the opposite parties, while those behind could yield no effectual aid to their champion. With the full consciousness of this fact, Machoul and his antagonist drew near each other. The dim light which forced its way from behind, between the traveller's body and the rocks, exhibiting imperfectly the terrific features of the scene, fell upon the face of Machoul, disclosing to his adversary the workings of his passions, and serving to direct his aim; while to my son it presented but the dark outline of a man, which, as he spoke not, might as well have been that of a phantom. Both stood more than knee deep in the water, whose white surface, shooting by like an arrow, was rendered partly visible by the trembling uncertain light. Behind the traveller and in support of him, the gendarmes stood in a dense row, some holding aloft their torches, which flared tremendously in the wind, others grasping their weapons, and preparing to use them. My four remaining sons crowded behind their brother for the same purpose. Machoul commenced the conflict by aiming a blow with a poniard at the heart of his antagonist, in which, missing his aim a second time, and striking his hand with prodigious force against the rock, the weapon unfortunately dropped from his grasp. The traveller at the same instant seized him in his arms, and held him with such irresistible strength, that the weapons which he wore at his belt could not be employed. Machoul now called upon his brothers to use their pistols, exhorting them to shoot his adversary, even should their balls be compelled to pass for the purpose through his own body. Apprehension for his safety, however, restrained them; for the desperate combatants had now grappled each other so closely, limb was so intertwined with limb, that they appeared but one frame, agitated convulsively by some internal movement, and furiously seeking its own destruction.

"Yield thee, villain!" at length exclaimed

the traveller, imagining himself to be gaining ground, and straining every nerve to overpower his antagonist;—"yield, before I hurl thy carcass down the gulf!"

"As I had as lieve my carcass were down the gulf, as on the gallows," replied Machoul, "I shall fight it out. Death I must face in one place or another; and I care not whether it be here or elsewhere."

"At the same time he was meditating on the means of extricating himself. Perceiving that all hope of safety lay in the speedy destruction of the traveller, and preparing for a last attempt at effecting it, he planted his left foot firmly against the rock, throwing all his weight upon the right; then suddenly lifting up his adversary, who by no means expected this movement, he endeavoured to swing him round, and plunge him down the torrent, but failing in his purpose, fell backward into the water, with his enemy upon his breast. Even then, however, he did not immediately loosen his hold, so that they lay for an instant struggling and rolling in the foaming stream; but the stranger, maintaining the advantage which good luck had given him, at length succeeded in freeing himself from the grasp of Machoul; and then seizing him by the throat, he plunged his head under water, and held him in that position, notwithstanding the terrific efforts which rage and agony inspired, until he had swallowed an immense quantity of water, and was nearly drowned. Then lifting up my son, and casting him, great God! like a dead dog upon the ground, he called aloud, 'Cease to trouble yourselves about the inferior villains. Bring up the lights. Here is the carcass of the miscreant Machoul.'

"All this I in some sort witnessed; for, upon hearing the report of fire-arms reverberating among the rocks, I could not keep myself within, but crept down trembling towards the chasm, sometimes concealing myself among the trees which grew in clumps in the bottom of the Hollow; then again, as the combat grew more furious, venturing farther and farther, until I found myself within a few paces of where they fought. So long as there was any hope that my sons might succeed in driving back the blood-hounds of justice, I made no noise, though my heart leaped like a snared hare, in my breast; but when all, as I conceived, was over, and Machoul a corpse, my mother's feelings could no longer be repressed. Bursting forth from my concealment, and bounding forward with shrieks of agony, I fell senseless on the body of my son. The senses of Machoul, however, had only temporarily forsaken him. When I came to myself, I saw him sitting upright by my side upon the ground, but with his arms tied behind his back with strong ropes. Two men bearing burning torches and cocked pistols were standing, one on either side of us; while

the hated traveller, the cause of all our misery, was supporting me with an air of kindness and compassion. The pity of the foul fiend would have been less unwelcome at that moment. I started from him with horror, and would none of his compassion. As I moved, the dead bodies of two of my sons met my eye, weltering in blood: the whole band, it seems, had attempted the rescue of Machoul, and these unhappy two had fallen. Torches were moving to and fro in the distance, in pursuit, I did not doubt, of the remaining two; but they escaped, and still, I thank God, live, though far from France; and to this day have supported their wretched mother with a portion of their honest gains, though they have never been able to wean me from this fatal spot.

"When the gendarmes found the pursuit hopeless, they returned; and observing me endeavouring, in a *patois* unknown to the bystanders, to comfort Machoul with the hope of escape, they conjectured the subject of our conversation, and would have separated us; but the stranger—and this time I thanked him in my heart—interposed in my behalf, saying, 'Let her alone. The prisoner is perfectly secure. There is nothing to fear.'

"An additional rope, however, was passed round the breast and arms of Machoul, whom the gendarmes could not, even when thus bound, regard without terror; and in this condition, surrounded by the whole party, he was marched up to the chalet, with his miserable mother by his side. Here the stranger recovered all his property, except the letters; which I kept, I know not why; except that I saw how deeply the loss of them affected him, and was gratified even by that small modicum of revenge. I had concealed them in a dry nook of the chalet, where I discovered them, many months after, on my return. The whole party remained all night in the house, diligently searching every part of it for proofs against my son. Their suspicions even directed them to the well, where, on descending, they found—what you will easily conjecture. I cannot inform you—but, assuredly, those bones had considerable weight in procuring the condemnation of Machoul. Next morning we were hurried away to prison, whence, after many a solitary, weary hour, I was dragged forth—not to suffer, but to witness—Oh, great God! what a spectacle for a mother. They will describe it to you at Dole, or —."

Here she ceased speaking, being seized with a convulsive shuddering that paralyzed her whole frame. She fell backward against the rock. The paleness of death came over her. Compassion for the misery she had endured made me consider death as the only haven in which her perturbed spirit could hope for rest; yet I had no wish to be the solitary witness of her last moments, and independently of all reflection, was impelled by

common humanity to make every effort in my power to bring her back to life. I therefore bore her into the fresh air, and by casting water on her face, at length succeeded in restoring animation and consciousness. I then requested her to point out the way to some human habitation. A woodcutter's hut was at hand. As she was with my aid proceeding thither, we were joined by its honest tenant and his son, to whom the old woman was perfectly well known. She appeared, however, to feel an invincible repugnance to approach the dwellings of man, and as we drew near the corner of the poor man's garden, cried out—"Stop!—I must go no farther!"

She then seized me eagerly by the hand, and muttered in a low tone of voice, as if she dreaded to embody the thoughts which thronged upon her mind, "I have two words to speak before I die. I could have wished to have been at this moment in the presence of the only beings with whom I claim kindred upon earth—who alone have any cause to regret or lament me—to shed a tear on my grave—or feel an interest respecting the direction in which my spirit shall take its flight, when it has overleaped the limits of this world—but this consolation is denied me; and, in truth, I have not deserved it. I tremble, too, lest the step I must necessarily hazard, should endanger the lives of my children. But they must receive this packet, which I conjure your compassion to deliver to them at —," and she whispered the name of a Swiss town in my ear. "I have long carried it in my bosom against this hour; and may God, who is the friend of the friendless, of whom, alas! I have thought too little, reward you for the good you will thus be the author of to three miserable fellow-creatures. The letters of that traveller, the immediate cause of all I have endured, I likewise entrust to your keeping. Restore them—restore them to him."

With the word she was a corpse. I have fulfilled her intention in both cases.

[The poetical interest of the *Offering* shall be attested by three quotations, two of which are from the graceful pen of Barry Cornwall.]

THIRTEEN YEARS AGO.

(*Beggar-girl.*)

THIRTEEN years ago, mother,
A little child had you;
Its limbs were light, its voice was soft,
Its eyes were—oh, so blue!
It was your last, your dearest,
And you said, when it was born,
It cheered away your widowhood,
And made you unforlorn.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
You loved that little child,
Although its temper wayward was,
And its will so strong and wild;

You likened it to the free bird,
That flies to the woods to sing,
To the river fair, the unfettered air,
And many a pretty thing.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
The world was in its youth:
There was no past; and the all to come
Was Hope, and Love, and Truth.
The dawn came dancing onwards,
The day was ne'er too long,
And every night had a fiery sight,
And every voice a song.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
Your child was an infant small,
But she grew, and budded, and bloomed, at last,
Like the rose on your garden wall.
Ah, the rose that you loved was trod on,—
Your child was lost in shame,
And never since hath she met your smile,
And never heard your name!

(Widow.)

Be dumb, thou gipsy slanderer,
What is my child to thee?
What are my troubles—what my joys?
Here, take these pence, and flee!
If thou wilt frame a story
Which speaks of me or mine,
Go say you found me singing, girl,
In the merry sun-shine.

(Beggar-girl)

Thirteen years ago, mother,
The sun shone on your wall:
He shineth now through the winter's mist,
Or he shineth not at all,
You laughed *then*, and your little one
Ran round with merry feet:
To day, you hide your eyes in tears,
And I—am in the street!

(Widow.)

Ah, God!—what frightful spasm
Runs piercing through my heart!
It cannot be my bright one,
So pale—so worn;—Depart!
Depart—yet no, come hither!
Here! hide thee in my breast!
I see thee again,—again!—and I
Am once more with these bless'd!

(Beggar girl.)

Ay, gaze!—'Tis I, indeed, mother,
Your loved,—your lost,—your *child*!
The rest o' the bad world scorn me,
As a creature all defiled:
But you—you'll take me home, mother?
And I—(tho' the grave seems nigh,)
I'll bear up still; and for *your* sake,
I'll struggle—not to die!

B. C.

THE FATE OF THE OAK.

THE Owl to her mate is calling
The River his hoarse song sings;
But the Oak is marked for falling,
That has stood for a hundred springs.
Hark! a blow,—and a dull sound follows;
A second,—he bows his head;
A third,—and the wood's dark hollows
Now know that their king is dead.
His arms from their trunk are riven,—
His body all barked and squared,—
And he's now, like a felon, driven,
In chains to the strong duck-yard.
He's sawn through the middle, and turned,
For the ribs of a frigate free,
And he's caulked, and pitched, and burned;
And now—he is fit for sea!
Oh! *saw*,—with his wings outspread,
Like a ghost (if a ghost may be,)
He will triumph again, though dead,
And be dreaded in every sea.

The lightning will blaze about,
And wrap him in flaming pride,
And the thunder-loud cannon will shout,
In the fight, from his bold broad-side.
And when he has fought,—and won
And been honoured from shore to shore,
And his journey on earth is done,—
Why, what can he ask for more?
There is naught that a king can claim,
Or a poet, or warrior bold,
Save a rhyme, and a short-lived name,
And to mix with the common mould!

BEATRICE: A LOVER'S LAY.—BY MARY HOWITT.

GENTLE, happy Beatrice,
Visioned fair before me,
How can it a wonder be
That many so adore thee?
Old, and young, and great, and wise,
Set their love upon thee;
And if gold could purchase hearts,
Riches would have won thee.

Social, cheerful Beatrice,
Like a plentiful river,
Is the current of thy joy,
Flowing on for ever!

Many call themselves thy friends;
Thou art loved of many;
And where'er the fair are met,
Thou'rt fairer far than any.

Pious, duteous Beatrice,
All good angels move thee;
Meek and gentle as a saint—
Most for this we love thee!

I can see thee going forth,
Innocent and lowly,
Knowing not how good thou art,
Like an angel holy:

See thee at thy father's side,
Most touching is thy beauty,
Gladdening that benign old man,
With cheerful love and duty.

I can see his happy smile,
As he gazes on thee;
I can feel the boundless love
That he showers upon thee!

What a happy house thou mak'st,
Singing, in thy gladness,
Snatches of delicious song,
Full of old love-sadness!

How I've sat and held my breath,
When the air was winging,
From some far-off chamber lone,
Breathings of thy singing.

How I've listened for thy foot,
Sylph-like stepping, airy,
On the stair, or overhead,
Like a lightsome fairy.

What a happy house it is
Where thou hast thy dwelling!
Love, and joy, and kindness,
There evermore are welling.

Every one within the house
Loves to talk about thee:—
What an altered place it were,
Sweet Beatrice, without thee!

I can see thee, when I list,
In thy beauty shining,
Leaning from the casement ledge,
Round which the rose is twining.

I can see thee looking down,
The little linnet feeding;
Or sitting quietly apart,
Some pleasant volume reading.

Would I were beside thee then,
The pages turning over,
I'd find some cunning word or two
That should my heart discover!

I would not heed thy laughter wild—
Laugh on, I could withstand thee,—
The printed book should tell my tale,
And thou shouldst understand me!

I know thy arts, my Beatrice,
So lovely, so beguiling,—
The mockery of thy merry wit,
The witchery of thy smiling!

I know thee for a syren strong,
That smites all hearts with blindness;
And I might tremble for myself,
But for thy loving kindness;

But for the days of bygone years,
When I was as thy brother:
Ah happy, faithful Beatrice,
We were meant for one another.

I'll straightway up this very day,
And ask thee of thy father;
And all the blessings life can give,
In wedded life we'll gather.

[The twelve embellishments are chiefly of portrait interest; and, as Wood, Chalon, and Parris, furnish four originals, there is no lack of graceful attraction in this department. The gem of the volume we take to be the Farmer's Family, exquisitely engraved by W. Finden, from a drawing by J. W. Wright.]

The Comic Offering

[COMES with a Frontispiece "Wag-on of Fun," loaded (light weight) with puns, jests (with care), and stories, "to be kept till called for," and a packet addressed to "Hum and Co.," the vehicle having passed over "the Blues, Fogs, and Low Spirits." But Miss Sheridan's own description of the Frontispiece is not the least amusing of her two or three prose and verse pieces:—]

The frontispiece shows that the "Annual Wag-on of Fun," having passed through the towns of Blithe, Rum-say, Brighton, Merry-oneth, &c., has trotted up again to the Gen'l. Wag: Office of Sheridan and Company. It will be found, as usual, an accommodation vehicle for light articles:—and, hoping some day to "lead the Van," we trust it will not be said that we are, this year, "in the Wain!"

We have hitherto had the gratification of being most kindly received, after *Four* Annual tours: and now laying before our friends the produce of the *Fifth* year, we hope they will not like the *Four* most! With reference to the time of publication, this is our "Fifth" of November,—but unconnected with any disloyal plot, from the bare fact, that, at this season, leaves are not *Trees* on,—in any *Branch*!—and, although we object not to a little Squib, no "*Guys*" will be seen about us,—rein de "*Faux*!"

Several strangers have this year taken places with me, whom I shall be most happy to book again! My best thanks are due to them for joining the "*Wagon-train*" (quite a "*Civil service*" for me), and I beg, in gratitude, to offer each of them a *Writership*!

While examining my load, I hope my *foll*

bales may contain nothing *baleful*: and, among my *packages*, that I have packed nothing *old*:—the whole being *directed generally* to the Royal Exchange of Fun, no article will be found *directed to any individual*. Keeping on my own side, I know nothing of "wheels within wheels," nor have I done any mischief, for it must be some person who *intentionally* crosses my path, against whom I would *direct* my "*Shafts*!" The whip which takes a wide range, falls lightly: and no one can say I use my "*Lash*" severely, —though bound to give *upwards of Sixty Cuts*!

In *Drawing*, my Team (which has a set of "merry *Belles*") teams with excellence, R. Cruikshank being one of my *leaders*:—and as we all "pull well together," it is to be hoped that none of us have *drawn* badly. Those who wish to check our progress must not try by the usual method, for we are resolved, instead of being stopped by "*Woe*!" that *Woe* shall be stopped by us!

Gentlemen Critics! ye literary turnpike-keepers, who take the *Toll* of the *Belles Lettres*,—after letting us pass free for four years, ye will not now weigh us, and say we are too *heavy*! That ye will not put your *Bar* against us, I rely,—in spite of the toll-gate motto, "*No trust*."

Though frequently obliged to press articles more closely, from want of space, I have carefully marked the best points with "*Keep this side upwards*:" when I could see through the owner being unusually particular, I have observed, "*Glass, with cure*:" all pieces of dry humour have been "*Kept dry*:" and some which would not pack with the others last year, will now fit in, and have been "*Kept till called for*."

Hitherto our graphic ideas, like Turkey-figs, have been "conveyed in wood" (in Turkey-box, too): but this year our "Graphics" are partly *Lithographics*:—and those who *design* anything for us next year, may first satisfy themselves that we have not "*gone roughly over the Stones*!"

Finally, having tried to shun all *Cross-roads*,—to avoid all *Rail-ways*,—and not to give any short *Cuts*,—my wish is to put up "Fun's Wag-on" in the *Highway to Reading*,—to which the only approach is a *BUY Way*!—LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN.

[Here is another:—]

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO DOORS. BY HENRY W. CHALLIS, ESQ.

No. 1.—Ah, neighbour!—why, how glum you are grown! You were used to be more open!

No. 2.—Yes, 'tis all very fine for you, with that new coat of paint, while I am kept so close! People now only take heed of *number one*.

1.—Yes, and of you, 2! But you are ever grumbling.

2.—No wonder, when I am so near the railings! Am I not continually being kicked or banged about? Am I ever treated like a "private door?" Does not every footman give me a rap? But I am no reformer for all John knocks!

1.—Why then do you not bolt? I'd go to the East Indies.

2.—Indies! Why, it's useless turning to the East, or to the West, when I can scarcely turn on my own hinges!

1.—But your master—

2.—Oh! what cares he! He is a traveller, and declares that he can live *without doors*.

1.—Then the maid Betty—

2.—(Sighing.) She is a jilt—besides there exists a *difference* betwixt us.

1.—As how?

2.—Hark ye! lovely Betty is a woman, I *a-dore*!

1.—And your living—

2.—There again have I *food* for complaint. Would you credit it? though I *board* myself, she makes me *fast all day*!

1.—(Aside.) Poor fellow! I perceive he's cracked.

2.—Oh! that Betty!—

1.—Peradventure, she is looking out for *money*?

2.—Then let her look at me; I have plenty of *chinks*. But, no! it's my rival, the pot-boy; he *tapped* me last night, by way of signal.

1.—I see! to *draw* her attention.

2.—Exactly. She pretended to fetch pickles from the corner shop, and *left me a-jar*!

1.—Which you did not *relish*?

2.—Then took him into the pantry—all *through me*!

1.—Didn't you follow them?

2.—Poh! I couldn't take any *steps*; she took good care to *chain me*! Besides, I should have been *missing* from my *post*;—but it won't last much longer.

1.—Indeed!

2.—We shall not have a *single* woman in the house soon, for master is going abroad, and his only daughter is to marry a surgeon.

1.—Oh! when your master goes *abroad*, I suppose the others will "*get along*," as the Yankees say. Will the surgeon live here?

2.—Alas! yes—and he insists that I, as well as my young lady, shall *bear his name*.

1.—That looks somewhat *brazen*, I confess; but I congratulate you, my dear friend, at last, on your "*gaining the plate*!"

2.—(Indignantly.) *Chut! chut!*

[Scene closes.]

[We expect a laugh at Miss Isabel Hill, and here are the materials.]

THE REVERSE OF WRONG NOT ALWAYS RIGHT.
BY ISABEL HILL.

In my young days, I lodged for a short time in the same house with a worthy wi-

dower, named Hobbes, the beauty of whose two little girls, Mary and Harriet, attracted my attention. He begged me, when we should be all in London again, to look in now and then, on the children. I did so, but they were soon sent to a boarding-school, and I ceased my visits, as they did not even pass their vacations at home; but their father and myself still occasionally met, as well-wishers, *en passant*.

After seven years passed in this way, Mr. Hobbes called, to beg that I would come and see his daughters, now domesticated with him, and much improved. My first leisure day I made a pilgrimage to his house in the city. On my being announced, the "young ladies" *ran* to welcome me, with fussy cordiality, laughing as boisterously as if there had been something invincibly ludicrous in the circumstance of our meeting, or in my appearance; which, I beg to state, was not the case; my ugliness is past laughing at. (Of course I say this to extort a compliment!) But the Misses Hobbes,—oh, the girls of to-day! the heartless off-handedness of their manners, with elders, and superiors!—No matter!

"Laur, Miss Ill!" began the eldest, "Mriur always roars so, when she's *nervous*."

"I never thought you'd darken our dores agin," continued the other,—for both, I found, committed felonies on the King's High English, though, "as it were, with a difference."

"She baint a bit altered, is she, Henery-etter?" added "Mriur."

"But *you* are, even in your names," remarked I.

"Oh!" answered the eldest, "Mary and Aryut arnt genteel enough for us now; we old our eads igh.—Mriur, put a cheer for er, while I pore er out a glauss o wine;—'tis a sentry since we saur you last—whatever ave ye bin doin?"

"This age!" interrupted her sister, "we've noos for ye; Par has hired a guvnis for us,—sich an egstrawnree caritur!"

"Iss, I bleve ee!" resumed Henrietta; "she teaches daurnsin, drawin, arethmuttic, and a vurryutty of thinks more, that I can't possible describe; my payshaunce! she talks so purticlur, and says taint the valley of the salry she minds, but the sentiment of dooty. I carnt say it like she does. Well, I used to think *you* was formull anough, but she—Oh, it's *out Erodin Erod*! We are jest goin to read with her; let me interlooce you!"

I was presented to Miss Phibbs, in the study, and congratulated the pupils on her instructions.

"Menny thanks, Madim," replied the governess, smiling primly. "My a-rivil may be o-portune for them; but their intimissy is of emense impotence to a persin of my dispishin, at the presint mor-int. I never seek to harriss or muzzil the infint blossoms of in-



Pa de six.

telect, but lead them eresistibly, never iritating them, by taking o-fence with slight o-cashin. Mr. Hobbes, though co-mershil, aprisheates my e-forts: while I posess his confidince, I am temptid to believe that my systim cannot be e-roneous; his daughters will shortly sickumb, and grow recinciled to it."

"Maynt us read to ye, marm, before Miss Aitch?"

"My dear Meria, correct those expressings; a-nother time I mean. Do not puzzil yourself now; as yet, you are but in the vestibil of erudishin's tempil."

"Hime further nor that, *hime* in Henry the Heighth," said Maria.

"Co-mence, then, mia cara," minced Miss Phibbs.

The girl began at the eighth paragraph in the second section. Goldsmith, hem!—and shortly came to a passage, which she read thus:—

"Hin his way he stayd a fortnit at the hurl of Shrewsbree's, where, one day at dinner, he was taken hill, not without voylunt"—

"My dear," interrupted Miss Phibbs, "agen and agen, must I point out the diffrence between O, I, and I, O?"

"Heigho!" punned the other sister, "she don't know a jint from a base vile."

"If you do not become perfect in your diphthong," proceeded the preceptress,—

"You will deserve a *whip* thong," concluded the *clever* Miss Hobbes.

"Re-co-mence the sentence—the parigraps, the sekashin!" said the precise Miss Phibbs.

Her élève obeyed; but coming afresh upon the unlucky vowels, now read, with an air of infinite self-satisfaction,

"Not without vilunt suspicions of having pynsed himself."

I laughed so heartily, that this matter could

not be righted. The fair wag now took her sister's place; opening at section 2 of *Mary*, she read six paragraphs, and ended the seventh by declaiming:—

"Latimer was soon out of pain; but Ridley continued to suffer much longer, his legs bein consomed before the fire reached his vittuls."

The absurd image this blunder suggested to my mind's eye, forced me abruptly to take leave of the all-professing pretender, and her hopeful charges. Miss Phibbs accompanied me to the door, whispering, "Ah, madim! to a gentlewomin of your talint, I need not repeat the anshint aphirism, that there is no washing the blackmore white!"

[Smart, classical, and transporting, is]

THE SHEEP-STEALER. FROM THE GREEK OF EPIMENIDES OF CRETE.* DONE INTO ENGLISH.

Athanias, king of Thebes, kept in his palace a ram,—not a battering-ram, but a simple sheep,—which was celebrated for its golden fleece; the gods had made him a present of it, and, though contrary to the rules of grammar, the *present was perfect*; so the king regarded it as the *paladium* (that is, the *ram-part*) of his family.

Now Athanias had a son, whose name was Phryxus, who, in a pet at the ill-usage of his step-mother, Mrs. Nephelē, ran away with the pet ram of his father.

All the ramifications of the royal household were, of course, in a rampant consternation!

And all the people came in a *flock* to the palace, when they heard how their sovereign was *fleece*d, and took on in a lamentable way.

* Epimenides, according to Diogenes Laertius, wrote this story toward the 47th Olympiad, about 600 years before the Christian era.



"I wish you joy."—"Why?"—"Because you do not seem to have any."

And the guards were ordered under arms, with a *charge* to load their pieces with *ram-rods*!

Meanwhile, Phryxus made good his retreat to Colchos, where he commenced what he jocosely termed his *sheep-sharing*,—sacrificing the ram to Jupiter, and presenting the golden fleece to Cæta, the king, who placed it in a grove of *yew*s, consecrated to Mars, and treated Phryxus and his people with potations of lamb's wool.

To prevent mistakes or misappropriation, Cæta placed a dragon that never winked, and a brace of bulls with flaming nostrils, to *watch* his newly-acquired treasure.

"They must get up betimes," cried the exulting king, "*who go by my watch!*"

"Few kings," said his minister, smirking, "can indeed boast such a *bul-wark*, sire!"

In this respect, however, both king and minister made a blunder; and Jason laughed at their *Bulls*!

And who was Jason?

Jason was the son of Eson, king of Thesaly, and undertook to carry off the far-famed treasure; urged to the enterprise by his uncle Pelias, who handled the reins of government, and drove the state-carriage, under *colour* of Jason being *green* in years, and Eson *grey* and bed-ridden.

This old boy was playing a deep game; for, if Jason happened to lose (of which there

was an excellent prospect), he saw a fair chance of winning a *crown*; at the same time, he inwardly lauded his own generous patriotism in intending to give the people—a *new sovereign*!

To expedite his departure, Pelias cunningly offered him all the boats pertaining to the kingdom. But Jason replied, "Such *craft* may do very well for a minister, uncle, but is unfitting a hero!"

Argus, naval architect to his Majesty, was immediately commanded to make a long boat, and not be long about it!

The wood was cut from the Forest of Dodona, famed for its use in the manufacture of dolls and oracles. Pelias found the *funds* and Argus the *stocks*! Jason, meanwhile, occupied himself in raising the necessary forces for the undertaking. He sent an invitation to Hercules and his club, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Orpheus, Typhis, and many other renowned chiefs of Greece, to share with him in the peril and glory of the enterprise. And they all came, and went with the *greatest expedition* of the times.

Typhis was the pilot, and took his station at the wheel.

Lyncæus, who possessed a most penetrating sight, stood on his right hand, pointing out the quicksands and hidden rocks, which did not *point out* of the waves. "But which he," as Jason said, "in the *sea saw*."

While Orpheus sweetened the weariness of a long voyage with his voice and lyre, singing prettily, — "Row brothers row," — "Off she goes," — "Twas in the good ship Rover," and other *classic* compositions of the times; the other heroes not disdaining to ply their oar, and, as Jason quaintly observes in his journal, "If we did at last find the fish we were pulling for, it was certes with a *hard row!*"

Hercules alone retarded their progress, for the immense weight of his body completely overloaded the vessel. Typhis whispered to Jason that the Colchians would assuredly, at sight of his brawny figure, conceive that they were bringing in a cargo of *muscles!*

He moreover consumed so much more than all the rest of the crew, that they were frequently compelled to put ashore, to take in *fresh* provisions, — if we may so call *salt* junk! Having at last exhausted all the water, Hylas was sent on shore to seek for a fresh supply.

This Hylas was a handsome youth, of whom Hercules was very fond. But Hylas never returned. It is said that he was drowned, although the poets feign that he was carried away by some nymphs who were washing on the banks; — the same *genus* who in modern times write up "*gentlemen done for!*" Finding he did not return, Hercules went on shore to seek him; and his friends took the opportunity to rid themselves of a very troublesome companion.

"Now, my hearties! — a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether!" cried Jason.

"There she goes! light as a cork!" said Typhis. "I never, till now, saw the inutility of keeping a *log!*"

"Leave Hercules alone for shifting for himself," said Orpheus; "no one can get out of a difficulty or a scrape, better than he."

"May he never get into a *mess*, where I'm a party," observed Lynceus.

The vessel, disencumbered of Hercules, flew like a swallow over the waters, and soon arrived at the port of her destination.

Jason, arrived at Colchos, began to reconnoitre; and, being a handsome and accomplished prince, found little difficulty in obtaining an introduction at the court of Cæta, whose daughter, Medea, falling desperately in love with him at first sight, after the manner of those times, — Jason politically considered that Cupid would better assist him in his rapacious designs than Mars.

He forthwith called a council, and submitted his plans.

"I am unmarried," said he, "and I think I shall be able satisfactorily to prove, that a *single* man will be able to do more, peaceably, than all our valiant band of heroes, by force. One single *arrow* from Dan Cupid, with such a *beau* as nature has made me, I think, will do the business!"

"You, Orpheus, shall play a *serenade*

under her balcony this evening, while I make an *overture.*"

"I *accord* in such an excellent *movement*," said Orpheus; "and, if you can only prevail upon Miss Medea to 'pitch the *key*,'" —

"Why, we'll unlock the treasure, in a jiffy," said Jason, "and walk off with a fortune to the tune of —"

"Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life," warbled Orpheus.

"But," — observed Lynceus, "do you intend to take away the whole fleece?"

"Certainly; we'll fleece him till we set his wits wool-gathering!" cried Jason, gaily.

"And, once secure on board, my chums will row back again, as nimbly as so many *roe-bucks!*"

And Jason's anticipations were amply fulfilled, for Medea, more beautiful than dutiful, assisted him in securing the golden fleece, and, while her papa slept, eloped with her lover, with whom she arrived safe in the kingdom of The-saly, where they both lived very *unhappily* for many years afterwards!

[The modicum of illustrations is sixty cuts and spirited lithographs: of the former, the publishers have courteously enabled us to present two specimens.]

The Forget-me-Not

[Is altogether an improvement upon former years — we mean as regards its prose, its illustrations, its size, and binding. The tales do not startle by their interest; but they are of uniformly pleasing character, and their interest is well maintained in every narrative. Most of them are too long for quotation; and, on this account, we are thrown upon the expedient of mere extract specimens. The names of the contributors, Mrs. Gore, Mary Howitt, Miss I. Hill, Mr. T. K. Hervey, Delta, William Howitt, and Mr. Inglis, promise much, and what is better, they perform it. We can only name a few of the most attractive stories, as the Warlock, by the Old Sailor; the Bear of Carniola, by Mr. T. K. Hervey; the Fortunes of Alice Law, with many fine touches of pathos, by William Howitt; Now or Never, a tale of high and lowly maiden love, by Mrs. Gore; and the Protestant Burial-ground at Rome, in its sad realities, contrasts with the fiction of the volume.]

The Oak of St. Pierre, a happy, smiling village of the valley of the Moselle, enshrines a touching legend: —

Near the church, and in the centre of the village green, (the joyous scene of many a rustic *fête*,) stands an enormous oak, which has probably withstood the ravings of the blast during a thousand winters. Its history is intermingled with the annals of the province; for the records of the *commune* make

frequent allusion to public documents which were attested, to lands granted, and leases signed, under the shadow of its giant branches, which, springing horizontally from the trunk, effectually shelter the verdant spot beneath from the scorching effects of the noontide sun. But there are other and less pleasing recollections connected with the history of this venerable relic of past ages; and tradition still points to the rude form of a cross, deeply carved, and to appearance burnt into its knotty, hollow trunk, which perpetuates the memory of a tragic circumstance that occurred near the spot, about two hundred and fifty years ago.

In the cemetery, a large moss-grown slab reclines half buried in the centre, surmounted by a small iron cross, nearly consumed by the action of the elements, on which a garland of the choicest flowers the village gardens can produce is constantly renewed. Of the ample inscription which appears originally to have been engraved upon this stone, the words, *Ci gite*, and the date, 1582, alone remain to reward the researches of the curious antiquarian.

[Of this cross, the sexton relates the following legend:]

Towards the close of a sultry day, in the latter end of June, a single horseman, having a young female mounted on a pillion behind, was slowly proceeding along the wild and rocky defile through which the river Jaude winds its rapid and devious course. He was journeying from the town of Champagny to that of Altkirch, with the intention of placing his daughter, who rode behind him, as a boarder in one of the numerous religious houses with which the latter city then abounded. The prospect of a long separation from an only remaining child had given a deep interest to the conversation of the father, and prevented his observing that the shades of evening were rapidly settling on the stupendous cliffs, that rose like a wall on either side of the scarcely perceptible bridle-path by which they were proceeding. Striking his horse with the spur, the rider soon quickened his pace to a hard trot, when his attention was attracted by a sharp, shrill noise; and, almost at the same instant, the good grey horse on which he rode was pierced in the chest by an arrow from a cross-bow, and, after plunging desperately, fell to the ground in the agonies of death. The violence of the shock precipitated the young lady into the rocky, but shallow torrent; the horseman, however, retained his seat; and, hastily disengaging himself from the expiring animal, prepared to fly to the rescue of his child. He placed her on the green bank, and, drawing his sword, fearlessly awaited the termination of this mysterious assault. The low notes of a bugle now ran echoing along the cliffs; and the unfortunate travellers, on looking in the direction from

which these sounds had proceeded, discovered five fierce and savage-looking figures, clothed in steel caps and leathern jerkins, rapidly descending, by swinging themselves from crag to crag with all the agility of the chamois. The stranger, encircling his daughter with one arm, and placing his back against a tree, fought desperately. The contest, however, was too unequal to be of long duration; and the robbers, after pillaging him of his money and arms, hastily retreated by the way by which they had approached, leaving both their victims in a state of insensibility.

The father, though greatly exhausted from the loss of blood, was the first to experience a return of consciousness; and, raising his child in his arms, proceeded, with all the haste his feeble condition would allow, towards the village of St. Pierre, whose spire was at intervals faintly visible in the moonlight. He at length reached the ancient oak; and, overcome by fatigue and the pain of his wounds, he placed his burden at its foot. It was now midnight. While busy in exertions for her restoration, his fears were again awakened by loud shouts from behind; and in a few minutes he recognised his plunderers, who, with fierce execrations, commenced tearing the ornaments from his daughter's person. The pain of his wounds, the hopelessness of the contest, were forgotten in the impulse of paternal affection. To start from his kneeling posture, to rush upon the foremost of these savages and fell him to the earth, was but the work of an instant. His own destruction, however, was the result; and the remainder of my tale may be comprised in a few words.

On the following morning, as some peasants were proceeding to their daily toil, their attention was arrested by the sight of a young female, her countenance pale and her dress torn and disordered, sitting at the foot of the village oak. She supported in her lap the head of an elderly man, whose person exhibited traces of recent and brutal violence. The unhappy lady returned no answer to their inquiries, nor betrayed the slightest symptoms of consciousness, except by occasionally regarding the bloodstained, pallid countenance which lay upon her lap: she then, with a deep sigh, relapsed into her former state of stupor.

They were borne to the residence of the benevolent curé; and, though the unhappy daughter revived sufficiently to narrate her tragic story, she lived but a few days, and lies buried in the same grave that covers the mangled body of her parent. The villagers still point to the ruins of a castle, which crowns a beetling cliff overhanging the Jaude, as the retreat of the murderers; and, with a feeling of superstition common to the lower classes of all countries, will put themselves to considerable inconvenience rather than pass the spot, when once the setting sun has sunk

behind the lofty peaks that distinguish the summit of the Ballon d'Alsace.

[From the Protestant Burial-ground at Rome are the following notes : the author of the paper is not named ; but he has evidently a nice perception of what best interests the human heart.]

To begin with the lower burial-ground :—It is on a flat space before the pyramid, and close under the trees. Cypressess and stone-pines have been planted there, and they are now of great size and beauty ; while the aloe and the rose grow close around the graves. Some of the tombs are highly interesting. The largest monument is to the memory of the lady of the late Sir Grenville Temple ; near it is the tomb of Keats the poet, with this inscription :—

This grave contains
all
that was mortal
of a
young English poet,
who,
on his death-bed,
in the bitterness of his heart
at the malicious power of his enemies,
desired these
words to be engraven on his tombstone :
" Here lies one
whose name was writ in water."
February 24, 1821.

Keats was a true poet in character and disposition ; he was composed of " most penetrable stuff," and had a painful susceptibility to the judgments of others. He came to Rome in a consumption, attended by a friend, a young artist : it is supposed that his death was hastened by certain literary criticisms on his poems, that preyed upon his mind.* He died at the age of twenty-four. Shelley wrote an elegy upon his friend Keats, some of the stanzas of which are most beautiful, and describe the spot where Keats lies interred.

Very near that spot a child of Shelley's is buried ; and these were Shelley's verses written on the death of his favourite boy, at Rome, in June, 1819.

My lost William—thou in whom
Some bright spirit lived, and did

* In a manuscript note on a pamphlet, dated November 12, 1821, Lord Byron says : " Mr. Keats died at Rome, about a year after this [the *Endymion*] was written, of a decline, produced by his having burst a blood-vessel on reading the article on his '*Endymion*' in the *Quarterly Review*. I have read the article before and since ; and although it is bitter, I do not think that a man should permit himself to be killed by it. But a young man little dreams what he must inevitably encounter in the course of a life ambitious of public notice. My indignation at Mr. Keats's depreciation of Pope has hardly permitted me to do justice to his own genius, which, *malgré* all the fantastic fopperies of his style, was undoubtedly of great promise. His fragment of '*Hyperion*' seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as *Eschylus*." In another letter to Mr. Murray, Lord Byron, after some remarks upon Mr. Keats, adds, " However, he who would die of an article in a Review would probably have died of something equally trivial." The same thing nearly happened to Kirke White, who died afterwards of a consumption.

That decaying robe consume,
Which its lustre faintly hid,
Here its ashes find a tomb :

And beneath this pyramid
Thou art not—if a thing divine
Like thee can die, thy funeral shrine
Is thy mother's grief and mine.

Where art thou, my gentle child ?

Let me think thy spirit feeds,
Within its life intense and mild,
The love of living leaves and weeds,
Among these tombs and ruins wild ;
Let me think that through low seeds
Of the sweet flowers and sunny grass,
Into their hues and scents may pass
A portion.

The higher burial-ground is in a sloping direction from the ruined walls of ancient Rome, walls now decorated for the strangers' remains with roses, the leaves of which fell in luxuriant showers and strewed the tombs. Entering the large iron gates of the inclosure, gates wide enough to admit a funeral procession, a walk rises gradually to these walls : the walk is between rows of aloes and rose-trees, and rosemary hedges. The tombs at present occupy only the highest part of the inclosure, and several of the graves are dressed out with little edges of violets and low-growing flowers, or white roses ; and some are entirely neglected, undecked, and unheeded. Many of the graves evince the care of friends in the way that the flowers are placed and cultivated. From the high ground is a lovely view of Rome, with the dome of St. Peter's and the cypresses of the Villa Millini on the horizon.

Here are buried several artists and learned men of various nations, and here lie the ashes of Shelley under a plain, flat stone, having the following inscription :

Percy Bysshe Shelley
Cor Cordium
Natus IV. Aug. MDCCCXIII.
Obiit VIII. Jul. MDCCCXXII.
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change,
Into something rich and strange.

[The volume closes with some tributary lines, (in *Fraser's Magazine*, said to be by the Rev. Mr. Croly,) to the memory of the late Mr. Ackermann—" a man of fervent charity," and therefore entitled to this distinction, beyond the merit of being the originator of a class of works which not only aim at the amusement, but the improvement of the mind and heart.

The engravings are considerably enlarged ; but we have only space to particularize *Eulione*, engraved in fine style, from Sir T. Lawrence ; and a charming view in *Madeira*, from a drawing by Westall.]

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The Mirror

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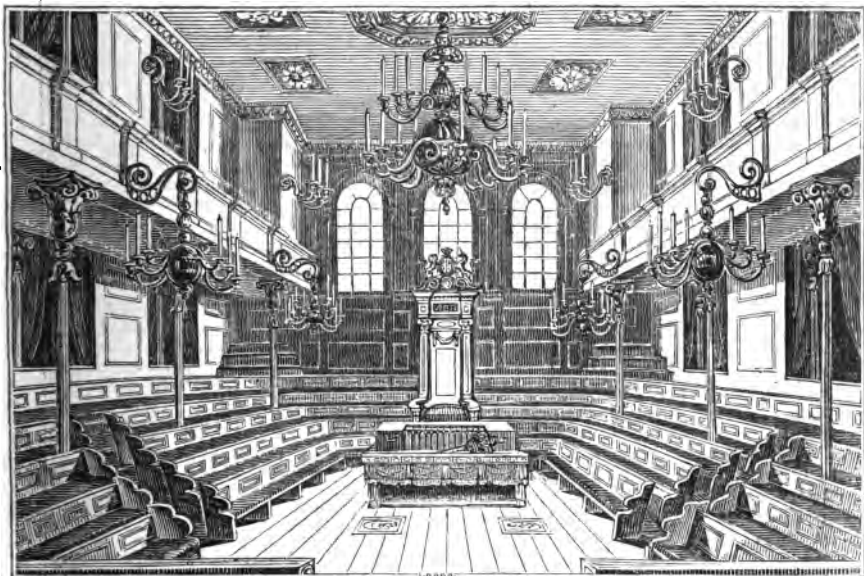
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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THE LATE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AND ANTIQUITIES OF ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.



(INTERIOR OF THE LATE HOUSE OF COMMONS, see page 324.)

THE conversion of St. Stephen's Chapel into the House of Commons, or, properly speaking, the fitting-up of "the House" within the Chapel walls has already been incidentally noticed at page 275. The body of the House occupied only one-half of the Chapel area, the other portion being in lobbies; and it was not more than half the height of the Chapel walls; so that, in reality, scarcely a fourth part of St. Stephen's Chapel was employed for the sittings of the members. Indeed, the House resembled a huge box: beneath it was the Speaker's dining-room and other apartments; and above it to the original roof, was the gallery, known as "the ventilator."

We have spoken of the uncertainty of the style in which the House was first fitted up; but, it was not until the reign of Queen Anne, that galleries were added under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren. It was then customary to cover the walls with tapestry, which

was renewed every new parliament, the house-keeper, claiming, on such occasions, the old hangings as her fee.

From that period to 1800, little appears to have been done to the House; but, when the hundred Irish members were to be added, in consequence of the Union with Ireland,*

* The House of Commons, in Fortesque's time, who wrote during the reign of Henry VI., consisted of upwards of 300 members: in Sir Edward Coke's time their number amounted to 493. At the Union with Scotland, in 1707, there were 513 members for England and Wales, to which forty-five representatives for Scotland were then added; so that the whole number of members amounted to 553. On the Union with Ireland, in 1801, one hundred members were added for that country; and the whole House of Commons from this time has consisted of 653 members. In the election of members, anciently, all the people had votes; but in the eighth and tenth of King Henry VI., for avoiding tumults, laws were enacted, that none should vote for knights but such as were freeholders, did reside in the county, and had forty shillings yearly revenue, equivalent to nearly twenty pounds a year of our present money:

it was found expedient to extend the accommodation for sittings. When the wainscot was taken down for this purpose, the walls were found to be covered with *oil paintings*, many of which were in a state of high preservation. Dr. Charles Gower, one of the physicians to the Middlesex Hospital, communicated a knowledge of this discovery to Mr. John Thomas Smith, an ingenious artist, who was so pleased with these beautiful specimens of ancient art, that he solicited, and obtained permission, to copy them for the purpose of engraving. This work he accomplished amidst the noise and dust of the alterations; for the workmen were not allowed to suspend their labours a moment for the artist's accommodation. Mr. Smith subsequently published engravings of several of these paintings in his work on the *Antiquities of Westminster*;* in these plates is not only delineated the outline of the several subjects, whether on stone or glass, but the colours are actually matched. Among the subjects represented on the walls of the Chapel were the History of Jonah, Martyrdom of the Apostles, History from Joseph to Joshua, History of Daniel, Jeremiah, the Israelites, Tobit, Judith, Susanna, Bel and the Dragon, Samuel to Solomon, and our Saviour's Miracles. One of these paintings is represented as possessing great merit in the composition: the subject was the Adoration of the Shepherds; in which the figure of the Virgin was not devoid of beauty or dignity.

We copy, in outline, one of Mr. Smith's specimens, and regret that we can only convey to the reader by words, an idea of the beauty and brilliancy of its colours. It is represented by Mr. Smith as a figure from St. Stephen's, though it corresponds with one of "the King delivering to Nicholas de Ely, his new Great Seal," said to have adorned Henry the Third's New Council Chamber, built in the twenty-eighth year of his reign, (1245,) and commonly called the Chamber of the Holy Cross. We are unable to determine its identity, but shall proceed to describe a few of its beauties. It resembles one of the illuminated figures of a missal, or Catholic mass-book. The complexion of the King is fair, his hair of dark auburn; in his right hand he bears a golden sceptre, surmounted with a silver bird; and in his left hand is an ornament of gold, resembling a shrine: the dress is magnificently embroidered; the

legs are bright vermillion; the band blue and gold, very superb; and the shoes profusely dight with gold: while the back or wall, elaborately figured in black and grey, sets off the exquisite richness of the whole composition. (*See the Engraving.*)



(Painting from St. Stephen's Chapel.)

There were likewise found upon the walls several *painted texts*† of the reign of Edward III., in Latin, beautifully written in the finest jet black, with the first letter of bright and different colours. Several grotesque paintings also served as supporters to the different coats of arms which adorned the frieze; and, "a close resemblance might be discovered between some of these monstrous combinations, and the figures which were employed in the Egyptian hieroglyphics."

At the alteration and enlargement of the House of Commons, which brought these relics to light, the entire side walls were taken down, (except the buttresses that supported the ancient roof,) and thrown back,

the persons elected for counties to be *militēs notabiles*, at least esquires, or gentlemen fit for knighthood; native Englishmen, at least naturalized; and twenty-one years of age; no judge, sheriff, or ecclesiastical person, to sit in the house for county, city, or borough. The working of the recent Reform Act need not be added.

* *Antiquities of Westminster*; the Old Palace; St. Stephen's Chapel, (now the House of Commons,) &c. containing 246 engravings of topographical subjects, of which 120 no longer remain. By John Thomas Smith.

† The texts in the Painted Chamber were of earlier date than the above: they will be noticed in the description of that very interesting apartment.

by which more seats were procured. The Chapel, as finished by Edward III., was of such great beauty, that it has been regretted that it should have been defaced by these alterations. "The interior walls appear to have been divided into compartments of Gothic, but not inelegant forms; each having a border of gilt roses, and the recesses covered with paintings. At the east end, including about a third of the length of the chapel, which exhibited various tokens of having been once inclosed for the altar, the walls and roof were completely covered with gilt and painted decorations. The gilding was remarkably solid and highly burnished, and the colours of the paintings vivid, both being apparently as fresh as in the year they were executed."*

Besides these early specimens of pictorial embellishment, there were also discovered many beautiful specimens of sculpture: the foliage enrichments of the columns, and the elaborate finish of the Gothic frieze are referred to as examples; and we have transferred one of the handsome doorways illustrated in Mr. Smith's work.



(Door-way in St. Stephen's Chapel.)

A writer in the *Morning Herald* refers to the beautiful cloisters of the Chapel as "the last specimens of the true and elegant Gothic that were erected in England. Just as these fine works were finished, under the direction of Dr. Chambers, who was dean of the Chapel Royal of St. Stephen, Henry began his turmoil which ended in the Reformation."

With reference to the above relics, gene-

* London and Middlesex. By the Rev. J. Nightingale.

rally, it has been observed, "that such exquisite productions should have been so shamefully neglected is matter of surprise to those only who are unacquainted with the exact nature and extent of the prejudice which, at the time of the Reformation, swelled the breasts of the Reformers. The connexion which these paintings were supposed to have with the ancient superstition, was a sufficient cause for their neglect, and even their total destruction. When, therefore, the sanctuary of devotion was converted into the present House of Commons, the exuberant decorations on the windows and the walls, were probably defaced without scruple or remorse. Not even a tradition remained of their existence; nor, is it probable that they would ever have been known, if the Union with Ireland, by necessitating an enlargement of the House, had not caused them to be brought to light. Something singular, therefore, is attached to the history, the preservation, and the discovery, of these curious vestiges of art, which belong to a period comparatively barbarous, and exhibiting an almost total dearth in embellishments of genius and taste."†

In connexion with the figure represented, it may be observed, that Henry III., (to whose reign this specimen is referred,) enriched many cathedrals with sculpture and with painting, "to an extent and with a skill," says Allan Cunningham, "which merited the commendation of Flaxman." Much of the undisciplined talent of this period was also employed in embellishing palaces: "foreign artists too were imported; and the manufacture of saints and legends was carried on under the inspection of one William, a Florentine. Those productions take their position in history, and claim the place, if not the merit, of works of taste and talent. At best they were but a kind of religious heraldry; the most beautiful of the virgins and the most dignified of the apostles were rude, clumsy, and ungraceful, with ill-proportioned bodies and most rueful looks."‡

This language is scarcely applicable to the painting of which we have just spoken, although the specimen has somewhat of an heraldic formality and character. However this may be, a passage referred to by Walpole, of Henry III. directing his chamber at Winchester to be painted with "the same pictures as before," proves that the art of painting had been introduced early among us; perhaps it even countenances the tradition that it is as old as Bede. "Vertue indeed urges with more nationality than probability, the claim of England to early knowledge of art, and our acquaintance with the mystery of oil colours before they appeared in Italy. In sculpture, considerable talent was shown before this period; but he who proves that equal skill was exhibited in painting, has

† Nightingale.

‡ Cunningham's Lives.

likewise to prove that the artists were Englishmen — a circumstance contradicting tradition, and unsupported by history. The early works in this island were from the hands of foreigners.*

The arts seem to have suffered some neglect during the reigns of the first and second Edwards; but it is observed by a Correspondent of the Journal already quoted, that "it is a curious circumstance, and but little known, that certain records of the reign of Edward I., prove that oil was used in painting St. Stephen's Chapel about 130 years before painting in oil is said to have been invented by John Van Eyck," who flourished at Brussels in 1410. "Hawkins says, the same records furnish the names of painters in this country entirely unknown before, and existing in a period during which Lord Orford confesses he found no vestiges of the art; though he adds, it was certainly preserved here by painting on glass."

It remained, however, for Edward III. to perfect the chapel of St. Stephen, and for united beauty of construction and splendour of decoration, to render it the gem of his age. "Of this very beautiful and magnificent building, it is not too much to say, that no edifice existing at the time of its erection, in any part of the world, could in any degree be compared with it; nor is it supposed that any of later times could be produced at all equal to it in point of splendour of decoration, unless, indeed, it may be the church of St. Peter, at Rome. The church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, now a Turkish mosque, is commended for its internal beauty, arising from the mosaic ornaments on its walls; but it cannot be imagined, in this respect, a rival to the chapel of St. Stephen, because it does not appear, that any historical compositions, or other subjects of painting, except only a few single figures on the inside of an arch, not exceeding four altogether, are represented on its walls, which seem rather to resemble a tessellated pavement. If Erasmus was struck, as he professes himself to have been, at the sight of the riches of Becket's shrine, and Keyser, in viewing those of our Lady of Loretto, what would, in all probability, have been their sensations, on seeing this Chapel in its full glory and splendour, and lighted up for the performance of divine worship."

The interior of the late House of Commons, as shown in the Engraving, has been frequently described, but seldom, if ever, more pleasantly, than by one of the honourable members who last spoke within its walls.† To conceive an accurate idea of the building itself, or rather the hall or room, occupied as "the House," the reader has only to ima-

gine a small church or chapel, capable of seating about 1,000 persons only, when every part is filled, pews, aisles, galleries, and all, and he will have a correct notion of the *size* of the House. Its *form* was oblong; the length being equal to about twice the breadth. The central pews in the lower part of the Chapel having been all removed, left the open space then called the floor. The side pews, under the galleries, were replaced by open seats or benches, which were ranged lengthwise, instead of across, and ran parallel to the *sides* of the building; and these being raised in elevation one above the other, from the front range on the floor to the back range touching the wall, (to the number of five or six in succession,) the members, on both sides, faced each other, and were thus more easily seen and heard. The entrance to the chapel was at the west end: and, on either side of the passage, on going in, were ranges of seats, under the west-end gallery, rising one behind the other, like the side seats, and appropriated chiefly to the reception of strangers, who were admitted here by the Speaker's order only, obtained through a member of the House. They were conducted to their places by official messengers, dressed in black, with collars or badges round their necks: and when any division took place, the same messengers directed them to withdraw. There also sat two gentlemen in full court dresses, with swords, occupying seats specially set apart for them, ready to take into custody any one offending the rules of the house, and otherwise to obey the order of the Speaker.

On entering by the west door, the spectator had immediately opposite to him, at the eastern end, three, tall, arched windows, which stood over the altar of the original chapel; in place of which altar was an eastern doorway for the retirement of the speaker and the members. The speaker's chair occupied the place where the pulpit of the Chapel originally stood; and, being lofty and capacious, surmounted by the Royal arms, well carved in oak, and elevated a little above the floor, it had an imposing appearance. Before the Speaker's chair, and occupying nearly two-thirds the breadth of the floor between the side benches, stood a large, square table, covered with the official boxes of the ministers, large volumes of statutes and reports, and other books and documents for ready reference connected with the proceedings of the House; and in the centre was laid the mace. At the upper end of this table, immediately before the speaker, and, consequently, fronting the visitor who entered the apartment, sat three clerks, wearing the wigs and gowns of barristers-at-law, and taking notes of such parts of the proceedings as required

* Cunningham.

† J. S. Buckingham, Esq. one of the members for Sheffield. Parliamentary Review, No. 1.

‡ We have seen a fragment of the altar, which was of ebony.

to be entered in the journals or placed on the records of the House.

The several divisions of the benches were generally thus filled: the front row, on the floor, and to the right of the Speaker, when seated in his chair, was called the Treasury bench, and was occupied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or leader of the House of Commons, and the Cabinet Ministers, or public secretaries near him. The benches rising behind this were filled by the avowed adherents of the Ministry. On the benches extending from these, onward to the door of entrance, and still on the right of the Speaker, or on the left of the visiter as he entered, sat the independent members, who, though not pledged to support the Ministry on all occasions, were considered to be rather inclined to assist them than otherwise, to approve of their policy generally, and to give them the benefit of all doubts that might arise in any difficult questions.

The opposite side of the House was appropriated nearly in a similar manner. The Opposition benches were directly over against those on which the Ministers sat, the front range being occupied by the most distinguished and most determined opponents of the existing administration; and the ranges behind by those next in order of intensity, or determination in their general disapproval of ministerial measures; while the benches onward, towards the door, were occupied by independent members, not pledged to support the Opposition in all their views, but rather inclined to oppose the Ministers than otherwise.

The whole of the house was lined with wainscot, and the benches of the members had cushions, covered with leather. The galleries which ran along the west end, and the north and south sides, were supported by slender iron pillars, crowned with gilt Corinthian capitals.

The galleries were thus disposed of: the end one, over the entrance door, had in its front a large clock, and was opened to the reporters of the press, and to visitors; and the whole gallery would contain about 200 persons. The side galleries were rarely used, and then only by members.

These separate divisions of the House were estimated, as to capacity of accommodation for members, as follows: the lower part of the House, including the two sides, at 200 each; the cross benches, recesses, and parts behind the Speaker's chair, at about 100 more, making 500 at the utmost, when closely packed. The side galleries might contain, if crammed full, 150 each, or 300 in the whole; and the end, or Stranger's gallery, 200 more—making 1,000 in all; but that would be at the risk of probable faintings and suffocation from want of air, and the certain discomfort of all persons present.

The House was lit by a large central chandelier, and smaller chandeliers projecting from the galleries.

The whole of these fittings, "which converted the finest chapel in the kingdom into the worst imaginable chamber of legislation, have withered away like a burnt scroll, and revealed the original walls and proportions of the building," (as shown in the Cut, at page 328,) with much of the original mouldings and tracery, carving and embellishment, having the sharpness and beautiful finish of yesterday. Indeed, the strength and thickness of the gilding, so to speak, are surprising.

It has been stated in the *Morning Herald*, that several of the apartments connected with the ancient service of the Chapel were long used as coal, wood, and lumber rooms. An exquisite octagonal chamber in the chapter-house served as a scullery and bake-house; and an oratory above it, of the same admirable proportions, was used as a lumber place, and footman's sleeping-room. The present Speaker has, however, restored these apartments at last to the dignity of parlours. In the chapter-room is the identical table on which lay the mace, when Cromwell ordered his soldiers to "take away that shining bauble, and lock up the doors." The *Herald* states it to be a handsome table, well-made, and in high preservation, adding that "it has been traced to the time of Queen Elizabeth, when it was manufactured out of the first cargo of mahogany received in this country." There must be an error in the last lines; for, although Raleigh is said to have employed mahogany in repairing his ships, the first cargo of this beautiful wood was not received in England until the year 1724, or only 110 years since. We, therefore, suspect the age of the table to be considerably less than is set down by our contemporary.

TALLIES.

At the present moment, the origin of this antiquated mode of reckoning may be acceptable to our readers.

The custom may be traced in the Roman *symbolum*, which was a piece of wood or metal, broken into two parts, one of which was consigned to each contracting party. Olaus Wormius has given a representation of the tallies used by the ancient Danes, of which each party kept one; but, it appears that we are indebted to our Norman Conqueror for the establishment of this rude contrivance of registering in England, at the period of his Conquest.

Sir John Fenn says a talley, or *taille*, (from the French *tailleur*, to cut,) was a straight, well-seasoned cleft stick of hazel or willow, both parts of which were notched, according to the sum advanced, one part remaining with the creditor, the other with the debtor.

"The sum of money was not only marked on the side with notches, by the cutter of tallies, but likewise inscribed on both sides by the writer of the tallies. The smallest notch signified a penny, a larger one a shilling, and one still larger a pound; but other notches, increasing successively in breadth, were made to denote ten, a hundred, or a thousand. The stick was then cleft through the middle by the deputy chamberlains, with a knife and a mallet; the one portion being called the talley, and the other the counter-talley, or folium." (*Knowledge for the People, Origins and Antiquities, Part iii.*)

Tallage was a tax raised by tallies and was part and parcel of the tyranny of the Norman government in England and the feudal system. "The inferior subjects of the crown were oppressed by tallages. The demesne lands of the king and all royal towns were liable to tallage; an imposition far more rigorous and irregular than those which fell upon the gentry. Tallages were continually raised upon different towns during all the Norman reigns, without the consent of parliament, which neither represented them nor cared for their interests. The itinerant justices in their circuit usually set this tax. Sometimes the tallage was assessed in gross upon a town, and collected by the burgesses: sometimes individually at the judgment of the justices. There was an appeal from an excessive assessment to the barons of the Exchequer. Inferior lords might tallage their own tenants and demesne towns, though not, it seems, without the king's permission."* (*Hallam's Hist. Med. Ages, v. ii. p. 441.*)

Reckoning by tallies was the system adopted in the Exchequer, or that branch of the king's court, in which all matters relating to the revenue were exclusively transacted. In time, the tallier of the Exchequer, became corrupted into the teller of the Exchequer.

Giving tallies was a royal mode of contracting debts by our early sovereigns, as Exchequer bills have been the means of raising loans in our times: indeed, the Exchequer bill was the counter-tally, or folium of the tally; and the court of Exchequer has existed in its late order since the days of Edward I., by whom it was regulated and reduced from the institution of the ancient Norman Exchequer, introduced here by William the Conqueror.

Edward III. could not have achieved his glorious conquests without the aid of tallies, which were the sinews of war in his reign, as Exchequer bills have been in our time. Knighton says that Edward collected money, *i. e.* wool to sell for it, from all England by hazel tallies and short writings.

In more recent times, tallies have been

circulated as money: for, "during the great recoinage," (1697,) says Sir W. D'Avenant, all great dealings were transacted by tallies, bank-bills, and goldsmiths' notes."

In like manner are we indebted to these wooden notes of hand for the first standing army raised in our quarter of the world. About the middle of the fifteenth century, Charles VII. established companies of ordonnance, the basis of the regular French army, in order to protect the country from the pillage of military ruffians, who infested the high roads and villages of France. They consisted of about 9,000 soldiers, all cavalry, of whom 1,500 were heavy armed; "a force not very considerable," says Hallam, "but the first, except mere body-guards, which had been raised in any part of Europe as a national standing army. These troops were paid out of the produce of a permanent tax, called the *taille*; an innovation still more important than the former."

We are inclined to consider the "Clog," or "Perpetual Almanack," made upon a square stick, to have been a kind of tally. Dr. Robert Plot, in 1686, described a variety of these old almanacs then in use in Staffordshire. Some he calls "public," because they were of a large size, and commonly hung at one end of the mantel-tree of the chimney: others he calls "private," because they were smaller and carried in the pocket. Dr. Plot represented one of these clogs in his *History of Staffordshire*, which our ingenious contemporary, Mr. Hone, has judiciously adopted as a frontispiece to the second volume of his treasurable *Every-day Book*. There are three months upon each of the four edges of this clog; and the days, weeks, and months, are denoted by different strokes, similar to the pence, shillings, and pounds, of the money tally. There are, besides, hieroglyphics and other characters too numerous to mention. Hence also the perpetual calendar of school-days; and not a few readers may join ourselves in the recollection of notching a hazel stick with the days to the holidays and *dulce domum*, a notch being cut away with each passing day. Such was the tally of our boyhood—our Time's Exchequer—which a painstaking boy would now and then finish with pen-and-ink letters and figures to denote the days and dates. But, let it not be supposed that we ever imitated royalty by contracting debts or raising money by tallies. Your school loans are raised in pence instead of millions.

The chopping of sticks by the City authorities, in the court of Exchequer, on Michaelmas Day, must not, however, be confounded with a tally custom; its origin being in the tenants of a certain manor in Shropshire supplying their lord with wood; in token of this custom, the tenants are directed by the court to come forth to do their suit and ser-

* For the important subject of tallages, see Madox, *Hist. Excheq. c. 17.*

vice, when the senior alderman below the chair steps forward, and chops a single stick.

To descend from great to small things, the only relics of the tally within our recollection are the tally of the milkman, (although he employs chalk instead of notches,) and the tally-trade, or the custom of paying for goods by instalments.

It should here be added that the Receipt of Exchequer, the most ancient revenue department in the state, with all its "complicated machinery" of tallies and checks—such as auditor, clerk of the Pells, tellers, deputy tellers, examiners, &c. terminated on the various accounts of the last quarter being made up, and the new establishment came into practice the next day. The comptrollers' department will, for the present, be carried on in the old building in New Palace Yard. The paymaster's department is at the Treasury, where all pensions and public moneys will, in future, be dispersed by check on the Bank of England. In lieu of the revenue being received at the Exchequer, the different receivers will pay it into the Bank of England, to the public account, a new office having been established there for this purpose. The expense in salaries, &c. of the Old Exchequer was about 45,000*l.* per annum.*

As one of the Exchequer apartments was filled with the old tallies, it became advisable to destroy them, and an order was issued from the Board of Works to burn these ancient relics; although it was intimated that "persons curious in such matters would like to purchase bundles of them for museums and collections." The tallies were, accordingly, burnt in the principal stove of the House of Lords, and to the consequent overheating of the flues proceeding in every direction from this stove through the wood-work of the House, is attributed the late fire.

PHILO.

* * Since the preceding was written, a column or two of well-compiled antiquarian and historical particulars of tallies has appeared in the *Times* journal, from which we shall select such details as are not included in the present article.

* A Correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* remarks: "The mode of checking by tallies (*bois tallis*) or cleft sticks, for ages set forgery at defiance; the recent change, it is said, has already encouraged two attempts. An old Exchequer tally will now be a relic of price."

The Sketch Book.

THE PORTRAIT.

(From a Correspondent.)

CHARLES BEAUVERGER was a promising young artist of the French capital. Devoted to his profession, he spent one-half of his time in the gallery of the Louvre, though it must be confessed, that he was an equally

constant visitor to the pit of the Grand Opera. The sister arts were his passion; and, if he wanted studies from nature, the *Boulevards* might answer his purpose as well as the *Bois de Boulogne*.

Among his companions, Charles bore the character of a very Solon, the *beau-ideal* of juvenile steadiness; nor was there a young painter in Paris, who could have procured a better certificate from the *Préfecture de Police*. He did not belong to a single political society, nor had he joined the far-famed club of the suicides, who draw lots in the morning to fix upon the lucky member that fortune may have destined for their evening's amusement. The individual, on whom the lot may fall, is expected, (by the particular desire of his friends and the public,) to take a leap into the "dark unknown," after eating a good supper at some fashionable *restaurant*.

Like other people, Beauverger had proved his patriotic zeal for the honour of *la belle France*, by repeatedly discharging an old fowling-piece at the heads of the Swiss guards, during the three memorable days of July, 1830. It has, moreover, been suspected that he could sing the *Marseillaise*, but he never spoke in admiration of the great Robespierre, nor carried a dagger under his coat, nor ventured to show himself in the *Palais Royal* with a St. Simonian beard, or even a blood-red, thorough-going, out-and-out rebel cravat. In fine, he had not committed any of those marvellous absurdities, which have lately so distinguished the youth of Paris.

The reader will by this time have judged, that he was not without good sense and good feeling, the sole preservatives from the influence of a general or epidemic folly. He possessed, indeed, not only these, but a considerable share of talent, with an imagination of no little warmth. Unhappily for his professional fame, he was very poor, and where money and credit are totally wanting, the most shining abilities, or solid acquirements, in Paris, as in other places, are, to borrow a commercial phrase, rather at a discount.

Hitherto he had lived on, sufficiently contented with his humble lot, when, led by the music of *Robert le Diable*, and not having the fear of the tender passion before his eyes, he took his ordinary place at the opera, one winter's evening, before the rising of the curtain. His fate was irrevocably sealed by one glance at the boxes.

Almost in the centre of a group of bright faces, there sat one of the most lovely *demoiselles* that ever smiled on a Parisian audience. The simple arrangement of her coal-jet hair, the light elegance of her dress, and, above all, the modest grace of her demeanour, accorded well with the appearance of extreme



(Ruins of St. Stephen's Chapel. See page 325.)

youth, Her figure could hardly have been surpassed on this side of fairy-land, and the beauty of her intellectual forehead, with the bright fulness of her eye, could bear comparison with the fairest creations of Italian art.

Such was the charming person that inspired the painter with emotions which he vainly attempted to combat. He gazed upon her till his whole inner man reeled in the drunkenness of enjoyment: he heard not a single note of the fine music—he saw none of the splendid scenes of magnificent *diablerie*—for his heart was in the dress circle, bound by the magic spells of a sweeter enchantment.

At the close of the performance, he flew to the doors of the theatre, but he only succeeded in getting a momentary glimpse of the fair unknown, just as she was on the point of stepping into a carriage, which almost immediately drove off.

From that evening, poor Beauverger was haunted by a restless and uncontrollable desire of ascertaining the name and residence of his beautiful enslaver. He wandered about Paris like a troubled spirit, frequented all the places of public amusement, (to the great injury of his failing purse), visited all the

churches, (till the beadles took him for a pious devotee), curtailed his allowance of meat, drink, and sleep; and became, in consequence of this habitual abstinence, very thin, very pale, and the living picture of morbid melancholy.

After a time, despairing of success in his manifold researches, he adopted another resolution, which will appear no less romantic than his preceding course of action. Having purchased the necessary materials, he began to trace upon canvass the lovely features which had caused him so much tribulation, and, his whole mind being fixed on the work, he soon completed an excellent portrait of his adorable charmer.

Spring had now returned, without effecting the smallest change in the nature of his ideas. He had spent a whole forenoon, according to his custom, or, if you will, his caprice, in contemplating, with a sorrowful kind of pleasure, the labour of his own hands. The sun had reached its meridian, before he condescended to recollect that he had had no breakfast, and was in the fair way of having no dinner. The fact was, that his finances were totally exhausted, for the reader will readily suppose that his late occupations had

not been quite so productive in a pecuniary as in a poetical sense.

Hunger is a great moralist on the vanity of human wishes—almost as bad as Dr. Johnson himself—so that when Charles came to the door of the *traiteur's*, and putting his hand into his pocket, drew it out *empty*, he felt himself rather awkwardly situated, and much more inclined to be sober in his future desires. To starve would be, by no means, a pleasant mode of terminating a love adventure; besides, he would soon have to pay his landlord, the tailor had been pressing for a settlement of his little account, and his heart swelled at the bare thought of his angry washerwoman.

Torn by conflicting feelings, (but rather disposed to blush for the romantic delusion, which had brought him to the want of actual necessities,) he hurried through the noisy streets, regardless of the giddy votaries of pleasure, who swarm, like flies in the sunshine, wherever Paris extends her dissolute dominion. After wandering for some hours without any very settled purpose, he found himself in the midst of the tombs, the garlands, and the crucifixes of *Père la Chaise*.

By the side of a little mound of turf, green as an emerald, tastefully decorated with flowers, and inclosed round about with a neat iron railing, stood an old gentleman, whose dress and mien brought to the mind of the beholder a thousand recollections of *l'ancienne France*. He wore a well-powdered wig, from which descended a *queue* of no puny dimensions; his waistcoat would have made from three to five of the modern articles of that name; and his roquelaure, (to use the favourite expression of my Uncle Toby,) was made of a species of satin. When to these parts of his attire, we add the glories of knee-buckles and shoe-buckles, we have little more to say respecting his appearance, except that his clothes were all of the deepest black, and that his pale countenance bore evident signs of a secret and absorbing sorrow. He looked upon the grave beside him, and his eyes filled with tears.

Grief opens the heart to sympathy, and teaches us to pity the grief of others. When the old gentleman turned "with ling'ring steps and slow" from the tomb, which had spoken to his feelings, and told of severed affection, he saw the slender figure of Charles Beauverger at no great distance. Struck by the melancholy looks of the painter, he approached him with a benignant mien. and, in the kindest, as well as the most delicate manner, he begged to know if he could be of any service. The young artist blushed and stammered, but the stranger continued his inquiries with so much perseverance, and yet with so much urbanity, that he soon learned the position of our luckless hero.

"I see it all!" said the good old man.

"You are poor, and you are proud; so were the great poets and painters of antiquity. Believe me, there is nothing to blush for in their company; it does you honour, Monsieur, it does you honour. Pray, do me the pleasure of dining with me!"

This invitation was by far too welcome to be refused, and the new friends proceeded together to a splendid *hotel* in the *Faubourg St. Germain*, the residence of the Marquis de V——. Beauverger had every reason to be satisfied with the hospitality of his entertainer, who still, however, continued to be depressed by a dark melancholy.

Before they parted, the Marquis requested the address of his young friend, and the next morning, Charles was not a little surprised by a visit from his host of the preceding night.

"I come," said he, "to see what can be done for you. I am thought a tolerable judge of paintings, and shall be willing to purchase one of yours. Let me have the advantage of viewing them."

Beauverger changed colour, and produced a few sketches, the work of a former period.

"These cannot be all," continued the old gentleman; "show me some of your finished productions."

"They were all sold about six months ago," replied the artist.

"And what have you been doing ever since?" asked the warm-hearted visitor, with a smile of incredulous astonishment.

"I have a picture," said Charles, "but, poor as I am, I would not sell it for a thousand times its weight in gold!"

"You will *show* it, I suppose," continued the Marquis.

Beauverger drew aside a green curtain, behind which was the famous portrait.

"Good God!" cried the old gentleman. "My daughter! my lost Gabrielle!"

A torrent of tears flowed down his furrowed cheek, and his utterance was checked by frequent, audible sobs.

"Your daughter!" said the youth, sinking back in a chair.

"Yes!" replied the Marquis; "my beloved, my lamented daughter! She died, poor girl, of a consumption; and when I met you yesterday, Monsieur Charles, I had just been to visit her grave. But where did you know her, and how came you to take this admirable likeness?"

With a tone of real feeling, that served to palliate the previous absurdity of his conduct, and exhibit the fine qualities of his heart in the most favourable light, did Beauverger begin to relate his romantic adventure. When he had finished, the Marquis took him by the hand, and thus addressed him:

"We part no more, my young friend! You shall not sell your picture, but you shall come with it, even as it now hangs there, to my

house. Would to God, that Gabrielle were yet mine to give! I am sure that you would have made her a good husband; but, as that cannot be, you shall console me for the loss of her sweet society. Having no children, you shall be my son! We will think of her as of a dream, by which we were both deceived, though one of us be bowed with the weight of many years, while the other is yet in the spring-time of his life; and when we mingle our tears together, that picture shall be at our side—the cause and the cure—the witness and the comforter!”

ERIC.

Notes of a Reader.

FULCHER'S SUDBURY POCKET-BOOK FOR 1835.

THIS is certainly one of the prettiest of our provincial periodicals, and we are happy to congratulate its editor and publisher on his continued success. He has very judiciously continued the Botanical Calendar, an improvement of last year, and added a copious Almanac, which, by the way, may be received among the first fruits of the bit-by-bit repeal of the taxes on knowledge.

The poetical miscellany has enlisted Mary Howitt, Bernard Barton, the editor, and others; their several contributions are full of good taste and fine feeling, and are such as must improve every family circle in which they may be introduced. The following, by Mary Howitt, are characterized by touching simplicity and sweetness.

COWSLIPS.

Nay, tell me not of southern flowers,
Of plummy bells from Persian borders;
The cowslip of this land is ours,—
Is dearer far to me!

This flower in other years I knew;
I know the fields wherein it grew,
With violets white and violets blue,
Beneath the old elm-tree.

I never see these flowers but they
Send back my memory far away,
To years long passed, many a day
Else perished long ago:

They bring my childhood's days again;
Our garden-fence I see it plain,
With ficaries* like a golden rain,
Showered on the earth below.

A happy child, I leap, I run;
And memories come back, one by one.
Like swallows, with the summer's sun,
To their old haunts of joy.

A happy child, once more I stand
With thee, sweet sister, hand in hand,
And hear those tones, so true, so bland,
That never brought annoy.

* *Ranunculus Ficaria*—Pilewort, Crowfoot, or Lesser Celandine. "In the spring of the year, almost every grove, thicket, and dry hedge-bottom is enamelled with the glossy, golden flowers of the pilewort, the petals of which appear actually varnished. When they have been a few days exposed to the bright sun, they become white, and then fall off."

I hear again my mother's wheel;
Her hand upon my head I feel;
Her kiss which every grief could heal,
Is on my cheek e'en now.

I see the dial overhead;
I see the porch o'er which was led
The pyracantha green and red,
And jasmine's slender boughs.

I see the garden thicket's shade,
Where all the summer long we played,
And gardens set and houses made,

Our early work and late;
Our little gardens, side by side,
Each bordered round with London pinks,
Some six feet long and three feet wide,
To us a large estate.

The apple and the damson trees,
The cottage shelter for the bees,
I see them—and beyond all these,

A something dearer still;
I see, an eye serenely blue,
A buoyant heart, a spirit true,
A friendship that my childhood knew,
Alas! in good and ill.

Sweet sister, thou wert all to me,
And I sufficient friend to thee;
Where was a happier twin than we,
Who had no mates beside?

Like wayside flowers in merry May,
Our pleasures round about us lay!
A joyful morning had our day,
Whatever its eve betide.

The Step-mother, by G. W. F., is another melody for childhood, and breathes affection in every line: and the Dirge upon Captain Clapperton, by Bernard Barton, subsides into the best consolation. The Poetical Selections and Original Hebrew Melodies, with Enigmas and Charades, complete the contents of this very pleasing Annual-et! The Engravings are tastefully executed. Melford Hall is a charming frontispiece, and Melton Spring is a gemmy vignette.

CHANGES ON THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

[Among the *Notabilia* of the *Examiner*, we find the following very interesting reading.] A manuscript work, entitled "The Wonders of Nature," is preserved in the Royal Library at Paris, by an Arabian writer, Mohammed Karwini, who flourished in the seventh century of the Hegira, or at the close of the thirteenth century of our era. Besides several curious remarks on aerolites, earthquakes, and the successive changes of position which the land and sea have undergone, we meet with the following beautiful passage, which is given as the narrative of Khidr, an allegorical personage:—"I passed one day by a very ancient and wonderfully populous city, and asked one of its inhabitants how long it had been founded? 'It is, indeed, a mighty city,' replied he; 'we know not how long it has existed, and our ancestors were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves.' Five centuries afterwards, as I passed by the same place, I could not perceive the slightest vestige of the city. I demanded of a peasant who was gathering herbs upon its former site, how long it had been destroyed? 'In sooth, a strange question!' replied he; 'the ground

here has never been different from what you now behold it!" 'Was there not of old,' said I, 'a splendid city here?' 'Never,' answered he, 'so far as we have seen, and never did our fathers speak to us of any such!' On my return there, 500 years afterwards, I found the sea in the same place; and on its shores were a party of fishermen, of whom I inquired how long the land had been covered by the waters? 'Is this a question,' said they, 'for a man like you?—this spot has always been what it is now.' I again returned, 500 years afterwards, and the sea had disappeared; I inquired of a man who stood alone upon the spot, how long this change had taken place; and he gave me the same answer as I had received before. Lastly, on coming back again, after an equal lapse of time, I found there a flourishing city, more populous, and more rich in beautiful buildings, than the city I had seen the first time; and when I would fain have informed myself concerning its origin, the inhabitants answered me, 'Its rise is lost in remote antiquity: we are ignorant how long it has existed, and our fathers were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves.'—[Surely, in this fragment of antiquity, we trace the "Geological Changes" of modern science.]

The Public Journals.

THE WATER-DRINKER IN THE PYRENEES.

[A CLEVER, lively, rattling paper with this head-line appears in *Blackwood's Magazine* for the present month. It is of the pure magazine, touch-and-go, keep moving order; and having once begun it, you feel as if you are with the writer in every nook, corner, and turning of his rambles. Tired with the revolutionary *folies* of the *Trois Jours* in 1832, he bought a pair of Norman roadsters at Paris, and mounting his *garçon* on one, and himself on the other, he rode forth to take the world as it came. The next evening he reached Orleans, and thus he tells his night's sojourn there:]

The Innkeeper's Daughter.

I was rather unlucky in the time of my arrival. There were at once some kind of fair in the city, a squadron of cuirassiers in the stables, whose officers were lodged in the house, and a marriage party. This marriage was curious, and characteristic enough. The bride was somewhat distinguished for personal charms. She was rich, yet she had remained single till five-and-twenty—a terrible period for a French belle matrimonially inclined, and this delay had been aggravated by the circumstance that she had been continually surrounded by troops of admirers. From her prominent position in the world, the front of her father's bar—a rich innkeeper in one of the neighbouring towns—no passer-by could be

ignorant of her attractions, and many a glance and many a speech had told her that her "single blessedness" was distraction to mankind.

The captains of the *demi-solde*, now a numerous body in France, laid siege with the vigour of veterans, who longed for a comfortable retirement from the turmoils of the world. The *garçons de bureau*, the most exquisite coxcombs, or the most coxcomb exquisites, in France, brought down their newest speeches and waistcoats from Paris, on their way to the south, and angled for her with these glittering baits, *en passant*. As for the young Orleanois, they had all sighed, and sighed in vain. The secret of all this cruelty was not in the fastidiousness of the lady herself; for none could complain more loudly of the hard necessity of making so many fine young men miserable for life. The stony heart was in her father's bosom. He had been born and bred the keeper of an inn, and such he was determined should be his son-in-law. But, next to his own will in this instance, he loved his daughter, and the grand difficulty was, how to reconcile his trading predilections with the personal tastes of mademoiselle. After having swept the wide circle of his own experience, and failing in the search, he had actually advertised for a husband. The advertisement was eagerly answered from all corners of France; for, however equivocal a parent's panegyric of his daughter's charms might be considered, there could be no room for any error in the fact, that she was to be worth 100,000 francs on the day of marriage, and as much more on her father's decease. A dozen or two of stirring young fellows, who thought themselves made for captivation, as indeed every Frenchman does and will do, to the end of time, came forward as innkeepers; but the parental investigation was too keen for those extemporaneous sons of hospitality. Their hotels were found to be in the air; *Chateaux en Espagne*, and they were summarily dismissed. The lady exhibited the most meritorious indifference on the occasion. But romance has a share in every thing on French ground. Under all this frost there was fire. The difficulty was, to find an innkeeper at once to her taste and her father's, for he would not have given her to a marshal of France, unless he wore an apron and stood at a bar. At length the true Simon Pure appeared. A showy figure, with the true Gascon *patois*, grimace, and gaiety, strong upon him. Now let me not be conceived a willing libeller of the *beau sexe*, when I say that the daughter took a dislike to this very likeable personage in the exact proportion of the father's liking. The Gascon produced his credentials—they were every thing that was satisfactory—he knew every inn from the Loire to the Rhone, and abounded with pleasantries of them all. At length some malignants, who, of course,

had been among the rejected suitors, began to spread the report that the man of anecdote was an *aventurier*. This he denied, declaring that it was a mere *ruse* to extinguish his hopes, and offered to fight the whole population of Orleans, the day *after* he should become a husband. The innkeeper was of course the more obstinate the more his wisdom was doubted by his neighbours, and his taste disputed by his daughter. Yet, in the meantime, he actually sent off a confidential friend to make inquiries on the spot where the Gascon had described his trade as flourishing. Just one week before my arrival, a despatch had reached him from the quarter in question, stating, that his friend had been seized with illness, but had sent him the fruit of his inquiries, all highly confirmatory of his opinions. The despatch was triumphantly read at the door of the hotel, and in the moment of reading, a stranger, who had mingled in the crowd, offered to bet 10,000 francs that the whole affair was a matter of moonshine, and that the fair lady of the inn and the Gascon would never be married. All this sounds like the plot of a farce, but what else is life in France? The innkeeper, sure of his facts, took the bet at once, and offered to double it; which, however, the stranger declined. The bet had been scarcely made, when the friend came galloping up, to declare that he had been on the spot where the Gascon had *located* his establishment, and that it was no where to be found unless in the bottom of the Garonne, which flowed over the exact spot described. A Frenchman's indignation is always prodigious, and the father's wrath was of the most amusing order. But the stranger returned, and demanded the payment of his wager. Between vexation at his own credulity, and at the loss of his money, the old man played innumerable antics, but the money side of the question prevailed, and rather than pay the 10,000 francs, he consented to the marriage. The Gascon was sent for; he appeared; was boiling over with wrath at the whole transaction, declared himself so ill used by the general suspicion, that nothing could induce him to ally himself with a father who could treat him so ungenerously, and finally challenged the bearer of the intelligence to mortal combat. At length, to avoid the *eclat* of the affair, he was pacified by the promise of 5,000 francs, in addition to the former dowry.

But now another impediment arose. The intended bride was missing; she had fled, leaving a letter on her pillow, declaring that she had retired from the persecutions of lovers and father, to a neighbouring convent, where she was determined to take the veil. Confusion on confusion. After another negotiation with the stranger, in which he refused to lower his wager a single sou, the half-frantic innkeeper offered his fugitive

daughter 5,000 francs more to return, forget her antipathies to mankind, and marry the Gascon, however she might hate him in particular. The lady at last gave way, as she declared, merely for the sake of the parental peace of mind. She now returned, gave her hand to the Gascon, who was discovered to be her favoured lover half-a-dozen years before, a gallant subaltern in some of the French marine corps, and betrothed to her privately before he had left France. The old innkeeper's resolve to give his daughter only in the line of his own vocation, was the grand impediment. The mission of the friend to ascertain the point was known, and the wager was laid by a brother subaltern, in anticipation of his return. The better, of course, disappeared. The two lovers obtained their additional dower, squeezed out of the purse of the old man, who was rich enough to give double the money; and, if I were to judge from the festivity of the evening, all parties were in a state of rapture at the *dénouement*. They kept the whole building in an uproar till long after midnight, dancing, drinking, and singing choruses to the honour and glory of *La belle France*.

I slept but little. My host had crammed me into a *grenier*, which having been once used as a store-room for the family provisions, was now haunted by rats, who lived on the remembrance, or came, like the ghosts of old times, to wander round the spot where what they so long loved had lain. The night was a perpetual succession of noises, to all of which the habitual architecture of France gave full play. Every door, every floor, and every window, was but variety of chink; and I could not merely hear every sound from every corner of the huge hotel, but almost see every movement. Candles glanced their twinklings across my rafters from the rooms above, and as my chamber was a mere loft, running over a long gallery and its annexed apartments, I had the benefit of the whole illumination. If I had taken the trouble, I might have had a bird's eye view of all the proceedings of the feast, military and civil, below. But just as I was falling asleep, and the songs and shouts were mingling into a drowsy murmur on my ears, the cuirassiers began to stir. The trumpet sounded in the stables, thenceforth all was trampling, scrambling, and *sacreing*. Then heavy boots began to pace along the gallery, then the waiters began their morning practice of *rattaning* the dust out of their clothes, which French economy considers a much more saving plan than brushing them, the whole making a strong resemblance to a distant musketry fire. I gave up the attempt to struggle with this general conspiracy against human quiet, and added my share to the disturbance, by ordering my cavalry to be saddled, and setting myself *en route* over the large pavement of the courtyard.

THE IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

(Concluded from page 300.)

ANOTHER mile or two of bad road—not powder pavement, however, but an odd jumbling together of sand and stones upon a foundation which had never been properly levelled; our driver commenced chattering at a great rate. The horse either could not or would not increase his speed beyond a walk; and to the oft repeated question of “How far are we from Bannow now?” the changes were rung as follows:—“Near upon four miles.”—“Three miles and a perch.”—“Four miles good.”—“Whatever you may think, the baste counts it four mile and a quarter.” And once, when I inquired of a smith who had left his iron cooling at the door of his forge to run and look at us, he replied, after the true Irish fashion, “Why, thin, is it to Bannow ye’re going?”

They certainly are the most amusing and the most provoking people in the whole world. My patience began to ebb; I think—I do not mind confessing it now—but I do think I was getting out of humour; I was fatigued beyond the power of saying what fatigue was. The evening clouds were overshadowing us, and the road looking dreary, and the cabins very unlike the sweet cottages at Saltmills.

“How far is it, as the crow flies, from Ballyhay to Bannow?”

“About three miles.”

“And by your road?”

“Faith, Ma’am, dear, I wouldn’t say but it’s eleven.”

“One would think you delighted in making long instead of short roads.”

“So we do—that is the County does; the longer the road the longer the job—the longer the job, the more money for the job-makers. But murder in Irish—if there isn’t a stream.”

“Well, it is not a foot deep.”

“Sure I know that; but Counsellor Dan himself wouldn’t argufy Spanker over a running stream, though he says to the King, they say, ‘William, my dear, do this—and Billy, my darlint, sign them;’ yet he wouldn’t get Spanker over a stream.”

What was to be done? Off jumped Matty and commenced unharnessing the abominable horse. “What do you intend to do?” we inquired. “Just then carry him over.”

“Carry what over?” “The baste, to be sure.” “What, that vicious brute?” “Ay, or go back to Ballyhay?”

The man was perfectly in earnest; he succeeded in assembling two or three countrymen, who fairly lifted the horse over, and then pushed the car on to the opposite side.

“And now,” says Byrne, turning to me with no gentle countenance, “if you wasn’t every inch a lady, I’d tell you that it was very cruel to call that insensible baste a vicious

brute—he has come a’most the whole road wid ye without a kick or a stumble to signify, or a stoppage, or anything but the heart’s blood of good manners. Didn’t I rare him from a foal, trotting at my knee with my own childre?”—and hasn’t he the sense of a Christian? It’s little I thought a lady would turn her tongue to call him a brute.”

“I believe, Ma’am,” inquired Matty, after a pause occasioned by the car’s jolting so loudly over a quantity of bad road, that it would have been impossible for us to hear the discharge of a cannon, “I believe you have no such convenient ways of travelling in your country as this? You are always shut up in coaches, and such kind of things, so that the fresh air can’t get about ye, and you have no sort of exercise; the English people as well as the English carriages are mighty asy going: there’s no such thing as a post-chay used this side o’ the country on account of the cars.”

* * * * *

While my heart felt swelling within me, a sad train of thought was broken, by our driver exclaiming to one of my companions—“What did you say, Sir?”

“I was observing,” was the reply, “what you can know little about, Matty; that it is supposed the lost books of Spenser’s *Fairy Queen* are still in Ireland.”

Byrne cast a contemptuous look upon the gentleman, as well as to say, “May be I don’t know indeed!” then with a changed expression of countenance, while with his whip he pointed exultingly to a neat, pretty cottage whose white chimneys peered above the trees which clustered round it, he replied—“There’s the man that has them!”

“What!” exclaimed my companions, in natural astonishment, “do you mean the man who lives in that cottage possesses the lost books of Spenser’s *Fairy Queen*?”

“Faith, I do—mean what I say, the very books. Every book that’s *printed* at all at all, he gets, and the ‘*Dublin Pinny Magazine*,’ and a mighty fine man he is, own brother’s son to Father Gorum, with a power o’ larnin; and since yer honor’s so curos about thin books, shall I step down and say you want a sight of them? he’ll lend them to you with all the pleasure in life, I’ll go bail.”

At first the gentleman’s blank look of disappointment was exceedingly amusing. Matty’s earnestness had misled them; they forgot for a moment that an Irishman pretends to know every thing; that he is never at fault; and within that moment, brief as it was, visions of the extreme splendour with which the concluding books of the “*Fairy Queen*,” would burst upon the reading public in this time of poetic drought, dazzled their imaginations; even the mention of the “*Dublin Penny Magazine*” hardly reduced.

them to sober press. Poor Byrne! he was much annoyed at not being permitted to display his friend's store of information to the "Strange English."

We had entered upon our last mile: we were in the "charmed district," where the benefits arising from resident landlords, and the advantages of education and cleanliness, are too evident to be for a moment questioned.

Poor Spanker had climbed his last hill, and stood panting at the summit. The sun had sunk behind the old church of Bainsow, and steeped the ocean in a flood of golden light. What had once been, and still is called the Moor, lay beneath our feet, gemmed with neat and tranquil cottages, inhabited by contented and cheerful inmates. In the background rose the mountain of Forth, celebrated in the history of the Irish Rebellion; and somewhat in the shadow of the windmill which crowns the hill stood a tall, picturesque figure, his hands folded, and resting on the top of his staff, and a pretty little sylph-like girl, of about five or six years old, clinging to the skirt of his coat, which was belted round his waist by a leathern belt.

"I'd be mighty grateful to ye, Ma'am, if ye'd walk down this bit of a hill. Ye seem to know right well the ould place, and can't mistake it; and I'll lade the baste down. It's small throuble, I'm thinking, to ye to be done with the jaunting car?" said Matty Byrne.—*Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*

New Books.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

(Continued from page 287.)

[We resume our selection of brilliant passages from this richly-stored work; although, where all is splendour, like the boy in the Eastern tale, we are somewhat embarrassed in our selection of its riches. The following observations are full of energetic truth,—upon what may be termed]

The Ubiquity of Intrigue.

It is not without interest to observe in those remote times, and under a social system so widely different from the modern—the same small causes that ruffle and interrupt the "course of life," which operate so commonly at this day;—the same inventive jealousy, the same cunning slander, the same crafty and fabricated retailings of petty gossip, which so often now suffice to break the ties of the truest love, and counteract the tender of circumstances most apparently propitious.—When the bark sails on over the smoothest wave, the fable tells us of the diminutive fish that can cling to the keel and arrest its progress:—so is it ever with

the great passions of mankind—and we should paint life but ill if, even in times the most prodigal of romance; and of the romance of which we most largely avail ourselves, we did not also describe the mechanism of those trivial and household springs of mischief which we see every day at work in our chambers and at our hearths. It is in these, the lesser intrigues of life, that we mostly find ourselves at home with the past; if you scorn them, you are only a romance writer—and you do not interest the heart, because you do not portray it.

[Here is a graphic outline of]

The Temple of Fortune.

Unconscious of the sudden enemy he had left behind, and forgetting not only his taunts, but his very existence, Glaucus through the gay streets, repeating to himself, in the wantonness of joy, the music of the soft air to which Ione had listened with such intentness; and now he entered the street of Fortune with its raised footpath—its houses painted without, and the open doors admitting the view of the glowing frescos within. Each end of the street was adorned with a triumphal arch; and as Glaucus now came before the temple of Fortune, the jutting portico of that beautiful fane, which is supposed to have been built by one of the family of Cicero, perhaps by the orator himself, imparted a dignified and venerable feature to a scene otherwise more brilliant than lofty in its character. That temple was one of the most graceful specimens of Roman architecture. It was raised on a somewhat lofty podium, and between two flights of steps ascending to a platform, stood the altar of the goddess. From this platform another flight of broad stairs led to the portico, from the height of whose fluted columns hung festoons of the richest flowers. On either side the extremities of the temple were placed statues of Grecian workmanship; and at a little distance from the temple rose the triumphal arch crowned with an equestrian statue of Caligula, which was flanked by trophies of bronze. In the space before the temple, a lively throng were assembled—some seated on benches, and discussing the politics of the empire, some conversing on the approaching spectacle of the amphitheatre. One knot of young men were lauding a new beauty, another discussing the merits of the last play; a third group, more stricken in age, were speculating on the chance of the trade with Alexandria, and amidst these were many merchants in the Eastern costume, whose loose and peculiar robes, painted and gemmed slippers, and composed and serious countenances, formed a striking contrast to the tunked forms and animated gestures of the Italians. For that impatient and lively people had, as now, a

language distinct from speech—a language of signs and motions inexpressibly significant and vivacious: their descendants retain it, and the learned Jorio hath written a most entertaining work upon that species of hieroglyphical gesticulation.

Portrait of the Heroine.

Ione was one of those brilliant characters which but once or twice flash across our career. She united in the highest perfection the rarest of earthly gifts—Genius and Beauty. No one ever possessed superior intellectual qualities without knowing them; the alliteration of modesty and merit is pretty enough, but where merit is great, the veil of that modesty you admire, never disguises its extent from its possessor. It is the proud consciousness of certain qualities that it cannot reveal to the every-day world, that gives to genius that shy and reserved and troubled air, which puzzles and flatters you when you encounter it. Do not deceive yourself, vain worldling, by the thought that the embarrassed manner of you great man is a sign that he does not know his superiority to you! that which you take for modesty is but the struggle of self-esteem. He knows but too oppressively how immeasurably greater he is than you, and is only disconcerted, because, in the places you encounter him, he finds himself suddenly descended to your level. He has not conversation—he has not thoughts—he has not intercourse with such as you—it is *your* littleness that disconcerts him, not his own! Ione, then, knew her genius, but, with that charming versatility that belongs of right to women, she had the faculty, so few of a kindred genius in the less malleable sex can claim;—the faculty to bend and model her graceful intellect to all whom it encountered. The sparkling fountain threw its waters alike upon the strand, the cavern, and the flowers; it refreshed, it smiled, it dazzled every where. That pride, which is the necessary result of superiority, she wore easily—in her breast it concentrated itself in independence. She pursued thus her own bright and solitary path. She asked no aged matron to direct and guide her—she walked alone by the torch of her own unflickering purity. She obeyed no tyrannical and absolute custom. She moulded custom to her own will, but this so delicately, and with so feminine a grace, so perfect an exemption from error, that you could not say she *outraged* custom, but *commended* it. It was possible not to love Ione; perhaps she seemed too high for the love of vulgar natures; but if you did once love her, it was to adoration. The wealth of her graces was inexhaustible—she beautified the commonest action; a word, a look from her, seemed magic. Love her, and you entered into a new world; you passed from this trite and common-place earth. You were

in a land in which your eyes saw every thing through an enchanted medium. In her presence you felt as if listening to exquisite music; you were steeped in that sentiment which has so little of earth in it, and which music so well inspires—that intoxication which refines and exalts, which seizes, it is true, the senses, but gives them the character of the soul. She was peculiarly formed, then, to command and fascinate the less ordinary and the bolder natures of men; to love her was to unite two passions, that of love and of ambition—you aspired when you adored her.

[The following reflective pages upon a tortoise found in the house appropriated by the author to Glaucus, teem with philosophic beauty.]

When that fairy mansion was first disinterred from the earth, they found in the garden the shell of a tortoise that had been its inmate. That animal, so strange a link in the creation, to whom Nature seems to have denied all the pleasures of life, save life's passive and dream-like perception, had been the guest of the place for years before Glaucus purchased it; for years, indeed, which went beyond the memory of man, and to which tradition assigned an almost incredible date. The house had been built and re-built—its possessors had changed and fluctuated—generations had flourished and decayed—and still the tortoise dragged on its slow and unempathizing existence. In the earthquake, which sixteen years before had overthrown many of the public buildings of the city, and scared away the amazed inhabitants, the house now inhabited by Glaucus had been terribly shattered. The possessors deserted it for many days; on their return, they cleared away the ruins which encumbered the viridarium, and found still the tortoise, unharmed, and unconscious of the surrounding destruction. It seemed to bear a charmed life in its languid blood and imperceptible motions: yet was it not so inactive as it seemed; it held a regular and monotonous course: inch by inch it traversed the little orbit of its domain, taking months to accomplish the whole gyration. It was a restless voyager that tortoise!—patiently and with pain did it perform its self-appointed journeys, evincing no interest in the things around it—a philosopher concentrated in itself! There was something grand in its solitary selfishness!—the sun in which it basked—the waters poured daily over it—the air, which it insensibly inhaled, were its sole and unfailling luxuries. The mild changes of the season, in that lovely clime, affected it not. It covered itself with its shell—as the saint in his piety—as the sage in his wisdom—as the lover in his hope. It was impervious to the shocks and mutations of time;—it was an emblem of time itself: slow—regular—

perpetual: unwitting of the passions that fret themselves around;—of the wear and tear of mortality. The poor tortoise!—nothing less than the bursting of volcanoes, the convulsions of the riven world, could have quenched its sluggish spark! The Inexorable Death, that spared not pomp or beauty, passed unheeding by a thing to which death could bring so insignificant a change. For this animal, the mercurial and vivid Greek felt all the wonder and affection of contrast. He could spend hours in surveying its creeping progress, in moralizing over its mechanism. He despised it in joy,—he envied it in sorrow.

The Gatherer.

Hogg's Tales.—"Any commands, Miss, for Watherford?" says I. "Yes," says she; "go to the library, and bring me Hogg's Tales; I want them very much." "To the library to fetch hog's tails!" says I; "that's a quare place to get them." "Not at all," says she; "at the English library. Where else would you get Hogg's Tales?" "Oh! very well, Miss," says I; "as it's the *English* library, I suppose they keep all *sortings* there." "To be sure they do," says she; "you won't forget." "Did I ever forget any thing you bid me?" says I. "When I do," says I, "it'll be time enough for you to be backbiting me," says I; "which is a thing no young lady ought to do to a decent man;" and off I went in a huff. Well, the bustle of the town and one thing or another bothered me so, that I forgot *where* she said I was to get the hog's tails; so I walked off to the shambles, and hunted every stall in the place, but never a man there would cut off the tail of his pig for me, because they all said the tail was the beauty of the baste. So, when I couldn't get the tails, I bought two of the *prettiest bacon faces* you ever saw, thinking they'd do for Miss Carline as well as the hog's tails! And to be sure the laugh they riz again me, for it turned out that what she wanted was a story-book, written by one Mister Hogg—and sure that's a queer name for a Christian.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The Himalaya Mountains.—The trees in these regions are sometimes of enormous girth, occasionally measuring 20 feet in girth, towering to a height of more than 150 feet, and exhibiting a sheer, branchless trunk at least 60 feet high, surmounted by a vast crest, which waves like a gigantic canopy above it, projecting its mighty shadow in the calm, clear light of the setting sun, and wrapping in solemn shade the scarped and precipitous sides of the neighbouring hill. Every thing here is, in fact, on so immense a scale, that all minuter objects are lessened to a degree

hardly to be conceived. At a short distance, a man seems dwindled to a mere puppet, while horses and oxen appear scarcely bigger than dogs.—*Oriental Annual* for 1835.—(This volume is of similar excellence to its predecessor, and the Engravings are upon the same superb scale as last year. We have copied the most successful of them as an illustration of the Supplementary "Spirit of the *Annals* for 1835," published with the present sheet.)

Patronage of Genius.—A hitherto unrecorded instance of the patronage which George IV. privately afforded to genius, has just come forth in the memoir of the late N. T. Carrington, the author of the poem of *Dartmoor*. When it first appeared, in 1826, the monarch ordered his opinion of the poem to be transmitted to the author in the shape of a present of fifty guineas.

Lawyer's Writing.—A lawyer once told a friend of mine, that he was in the habit of writing three sorts of hand. The first was such, that he and his clerk could only read; the second himself could only decipher, and the third could not even be understood by himself. *Moral.*—With regard to the first, his clerk could only betray him; to the second, he could only be betrayed by himself; and the third was a regular injunction upon himself and his proceedings. P. T. W.

The Weather.—Among other prognostics of a hard winter, an English gentleman residing in France, writes, "I have for some years observed, that *onions* have a less or greater number of *skins* according to whether the ensuing winter is to be mild or severe. This year they are very thickly coated."

H. D. C.

Utility of Wealth.—"I have not observed," says Dr. Johnson, "that men of very large fortunes enjoy anything extraordinary that makes happiness. What has the Duke of Bedford? What has the Duke of Devonshire? The only great instance that I have ever known of the enjoyment of wealth was that of Jamaica Dawkins, who going to visit Palmyra, and hearing that the way was infested by robbers, hired a troop of Turkish horse to guard him."

Steam Engines.—Such has been the improvement in these mechanical giants, that as much power is now obtained from one bushel of coal, as in the earliest periods was to be had from seventeen bushels.

With the present Number,
A SUPPLEMENT
OF THE
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OF

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.]

THE LATE HOUSE OF LORDS.



INTERIOR.



RUINS, (from Abingdon-street.)

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THE LATE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THAT portion of the ancient palace at Westminster which was distinctively known as the House of Lords, is said to have been the banquet-hall of the royal residence, before the building of the magnificent apartment now known as Westminster Hall. The old hall then became the Court of Requests, in which petitions of subjects to the King were received; and, subsequently, it was fitted up for the assembling of the Peers, and, like the House of Commons, enlarged at the Union with Ireland.

The vault called Guy Fawkes's Cellar, under the hall, or Court, was the original kitchen of Edward the Confessor's palace. Within it, the gunpowder and other combustibles, intended to blow up the King and Parliament, were deposited by the Catholic conspirators, in James the First's reign, anno 1605; and Guy Fawkes was seized at the entrance, the night before the opening of the Sessions. During some alterations, about eight years since, this cellar was destroyed.

The chamber, or body of the House, wherein the Peers assembled, did not, however, occupy the whole of the old Court; part of the north end being formed into a lobby, by which the Commons passed from their House to that of the Lords; and the height being reduced by the elevated floor of wood, over the original stone pavement. It was lit by semi-circular windows, and the walls beneath were hung with tapestry: there were no side galleries, except upon extraordinary occasions, as upon the trial of the late Queen Caroline, in our time, at the close of which the galleries were removed.

From old prints, the tapestries of the House of Lords were very superb. The last which decorated its walls, were the most celebrated, consisting of representations of the Spanish Armada, in 1588. They were the gift of the States of Holland to Queen Elizabeth. At the Union with Ireland, these hangings were taken down, cleaned, and put up again, within large frames of brown-stained wood, dividing the tapestry into compartments, representing the grand movements of the attack and defeat. Upon the borders were medallion portraits of the several gallant officers who commanded the English fleet on that memorable occasion. These curious productions of an art now almost extinct, were, of course, destroyed in the recent conflagration; and, an eye-witness, who noticed the bright blue conflagrations that played amidst the body of flame from the House of Lords, attributes this singular appearance to the colouring matter in the materials of the tapestry.*

The old canopy of state, under which the

throne was placed, was a piece of quaint device; and, at the Union, its tarnished and decayed condition was rendered more conspicuous by the arms of the united kingdoms being inserted, embroidered with silk, with silver supporters. The throne was an armed chair, profusely carved and gilt, ornamented with crimson velvet and silver embroidery; but, what with the new national interpolations, and old faded and dingy velvet, the whole sadly lacked the *splendor loci*—the regal glitter—fitting for its appropriation. In this superb obscurity, the draperies remained until the year 1820, when a throne of the most sumptuous and costly description was fitted up in room of the elevated arm-chair before used as the seat of the monarch. The new throne consisted of an immense canopy of crimson velvet, surmounted by an imperial crown, and supported by columns richly gilt, and decorated with oak leaves and acorns; whilst tridents, olive branches, and other emblematic figures of British glory, ornamented the pedestals. This throne was first used on the accession of his late Majesty. It was always kept covered, except when occupied by the King, or when there was a commission to give assent to bills; on the latter occasions it was uncovered, and it became the representative of royalty. As a work of taste, the throne was more elaborate than beautiful: it was glittering and costly; but, its proportions could not be said to add to the dignity of its royal occupant. Altogether, when so filled, it fell short of the nursery idea of a king upon his throne.

There was a great disproportion between the dimensions of the two Houses of Parliament. The House of Lords, though having only 400 members, not more than 200 of whom generally attended, was larger than the House of Commons, where, of 658 members, 400 were supposed likely to attend. We gather, from Mr. Buckingham's graphic *Review*, that the House of Lords was a much more noble and imposing hall, and had an aristocratic air breathing through every part of it. At the upper end was the King's throne, surmounted by a rich canopy and drapery of crimson and gold. Before it was "the woolsack," or seat of the Lord High Chancellor, as first Legal Dignitary of the Realm, Keeper of the King's Conscience, and Speaker of the House of Lords. The side benches were arranged as in the House of Commons, facing each other, and rising in elevation as they receded; but, in place of the open floor in the centre, there were cross benches immediately facing the Speaker's seat. The subdivision of parties in their Lordships' House was as follows: The King's Ministers sat on the right of the woolsack, or Speaker's chair; the Opposition occupied the benches on the left; and the Independents, or Neutrals, or Indifferents

* See Gentleman's Magazine for the present month, p. 478.

for there are some of each, generally seated themselves on the cross benches between the two. There was, as in the House of Commons, a large table, upon which lay the Mace and Great Seal, and at which sat the official clerks, in their barristers' wigs and gowns. There being no side galleries, the lofty side walls exhibited to great advantage the Armada tapestry; and the hall, being well lighted, the benches covered with bright crimson cloth, and the floor softly matted, the whole breathed an air of dignified repose and tranquillity, which was quite appropriate to the place.

Of the interior of this lordly Hall, the *first* Engraving on the annexed page is an accurate representation. The *second* Engraving shows the outer wall of the body of the House, with a fragment of the façade, engraved in our No. 688, and the gable of the vast Hall in the distance.

It has been stated, that, on examining the ruins of the two Houses, the walls now (or very lately) standing in front of Old Palace Yard, appeared to be built of Kentish rag-stone, black flint, and rock chalk, faced with small scantlings and bored stones, which the writer considers to mark the age of Richard II., (q. Edward III.,) in whose reign they were rebuilt. Behind are red brick walls, which were erected by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1678. The red brick pier, at the north-east angle of the Painted Chamber, as well as part of the north side, were built by Inigo Jones.

ANTIQUITIES OF ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.

(Continued from page 335.)

We return to the early history of this very interesting edifice, to detail a few particulars of its foundation and endowment; but more especially, to illustrate the plan and embellishments of the Chapel, as they appeared upon the enlargement of the House of Commons in the year 1800. These we shall proceed to describe more fully than we were enabled to do in our previous Number, from an anxiety to include the internal arrangement of the late House in that sheet, without disadvantage to the variety of its general contents.

The first Chapel, built by King Stephen, was amongst the earliest labours of the Freemasons in England; and we learn that the Chapel and several other works were finished under the direction of Gilbert de Clare, Marquis of Pembroke, who, at this time, presided over the Lodges. The Chapel was begun to be rebuilt by Edward I.; at which the Masons were employed more than two years. In the Exchequer rolls is (or was) preserved a curious account of the expenses incurred on that occasion. It appears that the daily

pay of the carpenters was *5d.*; that of the other workmen, *3½d., 3d., and 2½d.* Although the weekly expenses were but trifling, the amount of the whole sum thus disbursed was considerable. We are not informed whether the building of the Chapel was completed; but, it is more certain that all the buildings were destroyed or much injured in the great fire mentioned by Stow; and although the palace buildings were subsequently repaired, it does not appear that the Chapel was restored during this reign; "as the wars in Scotland, in which the King was engaged, did not allow him leisure to renew his labours; nor had he sufficient wealth to carry on such a work."*

Masonry flourished in England in the reign of Edward III., who patronized the Lodges, and appointed five deputies under him to inspect the proceedings of the Fraternity; one of whom, Henry Yeule, (called in the old records, the King's Freemason,) built the Charter-House, in London; King's Hall, Cambridge; Queensborough Castle; and rebuilt *St. Stephen's Chapel*, Westminster. The works were commenced on the 27th of May, 1330, in the fourth year of Edward III.; but from a charter preserved in the Tower of London, it is evident that this Chapel was not finished for several years. In this charter, the motives which induced King Edward to rebuild and endow it are said to be expressed with peculiar elegance and neatness. As part of the King's magnificent design, on the first of January, 1353, he granted to the Dean and Canons of this collegiate Chapel, a spot of ground extending to the Thames, whereon to build cloisters; he also made a grant of some houses in the neighbourhood, and vested several manors for the endowment of the college in John, Duke of Lancaster, as trustee. The completion of these cloisters has already been referred to as some of the most beautiful of the works; as has been the surrender of the college, which took place in the first year of Edward VI.; the revenue being valued at the suppression at 1,085*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.*

Proceeding to the discoveries of 1800, the eastern part of the Chapel served for the House of Commons, and the western was occupied by the lobby, and adjoining rooms and offices. In the latter were few traces of any enrichments; but, in the former were the remains of the altar, stone seats, and other rich works.

In the elevation of the western front, or entrance to the Chapel, from the ground line in the centre, rose two arches, supporting an open screen. On the right of the screen was the entrance into the porch adjoining, which was the wall of the Court of Requests. On the left was a space, corresponding once, it

* Preston's Illustrations of Masonry.

may be presumed, with the perfect side of the screen, extending to the south wall of the Court. Above the screen, some remains of the centre building were visible. On the south front, the centre window was complete; five others were filled up with the brickwork between the windows which lighted the late House of Commons. The buttresses were entire, as well as the tracings in the spandrels of the arches.

On the east front, from the ground line, were three windows of the chancel, the easternmost of which was then in part filled up. The buttresses were entire, as well as the octangular towers. On the right was part of an ancient wall, which now belongs to the Speaker's house. Over the groins of the chancel were part of the remains of the altar; and on each side, stone seats, and clusters of columns, the capitals of which rose to the ceiling of the late House of Commons: the whole being of the richest workmanship, and profusely gilt, as we have witnessed in a capital preserved in the *sanctum* of a distinguished antiquary.

On the left of the chancel, were clusters of columns; on the right side of the left clusters was the eastern window, and without was the profile of the buttresses. At the east end of the columns was an open part; to the right was the chancel, and the bases were two feet below the pavement, which showed that there must have been a great ascent to the chancel.

The whole of the undercroft, now the Speaker's state dining-room, was perfect, except the bases of the outer columns, and formed a fine superstructure of gigantic support to the light and delicate parts above. In the inside you beheld the east window, the altar, and the stone seats, which were broken through. The clusters of columns, the impostes of the windows, the arches, the spandrels, the entablature, the beautiful proportions of the windows, and the enrichments of the whole, crowded on the sight, and filled the beholder with admiration; a portion of which will be felt on beholding the arches, as opened by the late fire.

At the upper end of the Chapel, near the altar, on the south side, were evidently the remains of a black marble monument; but, to whose memory it was erected, was uncertain. Over the monument were three angels, standing upright, with half-expanded wings, covered with golden eyes, in shape such as are on the peacock's tail. The expression and attitude of the angels are described to have been truly interesting. You might suppose the body of the deceased stretched before them; the three angels bore palls or mantles before them, which they were preparing to throw over the body, and, at the same time, the angel in the middle seemed to say: "Behold all that remains

on earth of him who was once mighty!" while the countenances of the two others were expressive of kindred regret. The outstretched palls in the hands of the central angel was powdered over with the irradiated gold circles, in the middle of which were spread eagles with two heads. This affords some clue to the identity of the tomb, as follows: the armorial bearings of Peter of Savoy,* uncle to Queen Eleanor, the wife of Henry III., who beautified the Chapel, consisted of an eagle with two heads; but his shield displayed "*Or, an eagle, with two heads, sable.*" Now, as the eyes of the peacock's tail were painted in gold, so different from the natural colouring, it is not improbable that, for the sake of adding elegance to the palls, the painter chose to represent the eagle in gold rather than in sable; and, this granted, it may be the tomb of St. Peter of Savoy that we have just described.

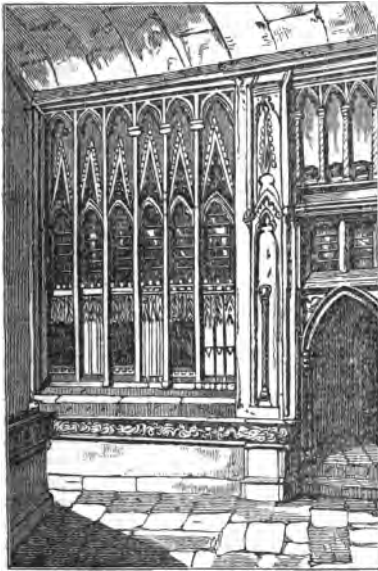
On the left side of the altar was the painting of the Adoration of the Shepherds, already mentioned. Though the group was not disposed with accuracy of design, yet the treatment of the subject highly interested the imagination. The Virgin, on one side, held the new-born infant, while Joseph was spreading the swaddling clothes. The cattle behind were not ill-expressed; and the devotion of the shepherds with their flocks, was characteristically delineated; but, the shepherd's boy, blowing the double flutes to his dancing dog, and the fighting rams, ill accorded with the celestial harmony of the subject; though, as the painter had placed these uncouth accessories outside the stable, the inconsistency might be overlooked.

On the right side of the altar were several paintings, apparently, figures of different kings and queens, tolerably well drawn, and in good proportion, and proving the durability of colouring in the infancy of the art. The King, engraved at page 322, is, probably, one of these figures, if it be not that from Henry's Council-chamber. On the north side of the Chapel were paintings of men in armour; and beneath two were the names of Mercure and Eustace. In short, the whole of the architecture and enrichments, colours, and gilding, were extremely fresh and well preserved. It is remarkable that several of the mouldings were filled up with ornaments so minute, that those of the spandrels and groined entablature could hardly have been perceptible from the Chapel floor. The wall upon which the King is engraved at page 322, must have been of minute beauty, as it requires a microscopic

* Peter, Earl of Savoy, who, about the year 1245, when on a visit to his niece, Queen Eleanor, built the noble palace on the spot still called the *Savoy*, adjoining the Strand, but now partly occupied by the northern approach to Waterloo Bridge, and the buildings of Lancaster-place.

eye to appreciate its intricacy and delicately figured work.

Our next illustration shows a specimen of the tracery of one of the lobbies.



(Lower Lobby.)

The blockings and frieze of the entablature over the windows of the Chapel contained, some of them, leaves and flowers; others, perfect masks; and others, shields with the arms of Edward the Confessor, Geneville, Mandeville, and Briyere—the arms of Castile and Leon, and ancient France—the arms of the kingdom of the West Saxons—vine leaves and grapes, supported by a figure issuing out of a cloud; and shields, with the arms of Strabolgi, earls of Athol, in Scotland, and barons of Chilham, in Kent, together with the shields of several other kings and barons; and a few relics of this feudal magnificence may, probably, still be traced upon the dismantled and blackened walls. The whole chapel, with its noble architecture, its superb paintings, and splendid emblazonry, must have presented an unique picture, in every respect worthy of the Saint whose name it bears, and of its founder, Edward III., the munificent patron of ancient art.

Several fragments of the paintings were presented to the Society of Antiquaries; from whom a committee was appointed to superintend the execution of drawings of all curious remains that were brought to light during the alterations of the year 1800; but, we are not aware how far the Transactions of

the learned Society exceed the individual enthusiasm and abilities of Mr. Smith, in his *Antiquities of Westminster*, rendered still more treasurable by the occurrence of the recent calamity.

TALLIES.*

(Abridged from the Times.)

A TALLY is a wooden staff, or stick, upon which notches having been cut, it is cloven or split in two, in the direction of the grain lengthwise, and through the notches. Each of these pieces would of course bear the like number of notches, and each would therefore record the weight, number, or value of anything the notches signified. For instance, before the general use of writing, two persons doing business together were accustomed to cut a tally between them. The quantity of goods sold, or the sum of money, was entered upon a stick with a knife, instead of into a book with a pen; and the stick upon which the entry was made in notches having been split and divided, one half was kept by one contracting party, and the other half by the other party. When another transaction required a similar entry, the debtor produced his notched half to the creditor, who fitting it accurately to his own, added the requisite notches below the former notches across the two halves, which he held fitted together as one stick; and thus both debtor and creditor possessed an exact statement of the account. In ancient times, all accounts were kept by this plain and simple method.

The universality of the tally may be inferred from the occurrence of its denomination as an implement of account in different languages. The tally in French is *taille*, in Italian *tacca* and *taglia*, in Spanish *taja*, in German *kerbstoff*, in Dutch *kerfstok*, in Swedish *karfstok*, in Danish *talstok*.

Dr. Johnson derives tally from the French *tailler*, to cut; whence we better derive a tailor, who both cuts and fits. Tally is more likely to come from the Latin *talis*, in Greek *ταλικος*, like, or, like to like. Two lines in *Hudibras* are illustrative either way—

"So right his judgment was cut fit,
And made a tally to his wit."

In the sense of the latter etymon there is a law term. To pray a tales is to move the court that a deficiency in the number of a jury summoned may be supplied by persons present, tales, or like to those nominated.

With reference to the tallies of the Exchequer and their antiquity, it should be noticed that into the treasury of this court, which is the treasury of the state, tenants of the Crown sometimes paid their rents, instead of making the payments to the sheriffs—the official collectors of the King's rents. From the

* See also page 335 of the present volume.

Court of Receipt at the Exchequer the tenant received a tally, denoting the sum paid, which was an effectual discharge for the amount, and so to be acknowledged by the sheriff upon its production. Sheriffs, as collectors of the Crown, gave tallies. By statute 1 Edward I., c. 2, anno 1299, it was ordained, "Let the sheriffs beware, under pain of great forfeiture, that from henceforth they do make tallies of all such money as they or their officers have received by our commandment." Cutting notches on a stick was an easy and safe way of specifying and keeping accounts, and, therefore, well adapted to the accounting with the King's tenants, who were plain countrymen, and originally discharged their rents in corn and cloth. To assist in receiving these homely payments at the Exchequer, there were two officers called the pesour, or ponderator, and a fusour. The pesour received the weight of the corn or cloth, and the fusour received the weight of the bullion, in which also rents were originally paid. When these officers received cloth, corn, or bullion, they gave an account in figures to the receiver of the tallies, who made out the tallies; but when bullion came to be coined, and rents paid in money, instead of corn or cloth, other officers, called tallyers, were appointed instead of the pesour and fusour. In course of time the denomination of these new officers became easily corrupted, and they are now called tellers.

When a person made a payment into the Exchequer, he paid it to a teller, who made a bill for the sum he received, with the Christian and surname of the payer, and his addition and the day of payment, all in numeral letters, and threw the bill down through a pipe into the tally-court. The bill was received there by the cutter of the tallies, who was an officer appointed to provide seasonable and proportionable hazel for them, and cut the wood into fit lengths, and shape each stick into four sides, square, that they might be written upon. Immediately on the arrival of a bill from the teller, the tally-cutter began to prepare a tally for the sum mentioned in the bill, by cutting a notch or notches signifying the amount; namely, a notch of about a hand-breadth for M, 1,000*l.*, one of about a finger-breadth for C, 100*l.*, one still less for X, 10*l.*; for odd pounds, he put as many slanting notches as there were pounds; for shillings, slight, straight notches; for pence, merely scratches; and for a half-penny, he made a small hole: the notches were of respective precise proportions according to a standing gauge. The tally-cutter having thus prepared the tally, he wreathed the bill about it, and passed it to the scriptor talliorum, the writer of the tallies, an officer now denominated auditor of the Receipt. This functionary took the tally, and wrote upon the two opposite sides of the wood a dupli-

cate of the parchment bill with the sum. The clerk of the Pells then entered the bill in his book, and the writer of the tallies read the tally, while the clerk of the Pells looked into his book to see that the entry and the tally corresponded. Lastly, the tally being still whole, it went to the Chamberlain's, who divided it. This was termed striking the tally. One half, called the tally, was then delivered to the party who had paid the money, and the corresponding half, called the counter-tally, being kept by the chamberlain, was carefully carried away and filed upon a string with others in their custody. The files of the counter-tallies were kept under both their keys in chests at the tally-court, until the tallies were brought in. Upon a tally being presented they took the counter-tally from the string, and carefully examined both, to see whether in all respects they agreed or tallied. After fitting the tally and counter-tally exactly together, and scrupulously ascertaining that they were parts of each other, the chamberlains pricked both with their marking-iron to denote the perfection of the tally, and entered in a book the sum, with other distinguishing particulars. From that time it was handled no more by the bringer, but was laid up as a genuine voucher. In the accounts of the Exchequer, 9 Henry III., are entries—for rods for the tallies, *vs.*; for leather for the tallies, *ixd.*; for a great sack to put the tallies in, *xiiiijd.* Upon the issue of every tally, and likewise upon its being brought in and joined, fees were payable to different officers of the court. For every 1,000*l.* on a tally of land-tax, there was a fee to the tellers of 8*d.*, to the auditor 4*d.*, to the clerk of the Pells 4*d.* For every 1,000*l.* on a tally of Excise, the fee to the tellers was 1*s.* 4*d.*, to the deputy chamberlains 6*d.*, to the auditor 6*d.*, to the clerk of the Pells 6*d.*, to the tally-cutters 6*d.* The tally-joiners had 2*s.* for every tally of Excise, and 1*s.* for each tally of taxes. Upon every tally for pensions, salaries, free-gifts, and the like, the auditor received fees amounting to 19*s.* 2*d.*

When tallies were erroneously marked, or lost, or broken, or other accidents happened to them, orders suitable to the circumstances of each case were made by the barons. In the reign of Edward I., William de Bozhore had received of John de Escudemor 60*s.*, which he was to pay to the Exchequer, and with it a tally, upon which John had before paid in five marks. William converted the 60*s.* to his own use, and wrote it upon the tally as paid in. The wrong was discovered, and William, who was an attorney of the King's Bench, was committed to prison for a year, and afterwards to await the King's pleasure for his release. It was further decreed, because William had endamaged the tally of five marks by counterfeiting upon it,

that John should be at liberty to sue out a new tally for the five marks, with the 60s. added.

Sheriffs' accounts with the King were discharged by tally upon the money being paid; and for certain expenses to which they had been put, but for which they could not charge, they were allowed to sue out tallies, which were received as part of their debts to the Crown. For example, when the King's justices in Eyre, who went from place to place and lived privately, were created justices of assize, they were entertained by the Crown; for they could not go privately from town to town, as the justices in Eyre did, who were received in pomp only at their entering into office, and not afterwards; but the justices of assize were received with certain state and magnificence at every assize, which creating an extraordinary expense to the sheriff, it became a constitution of the court of Exchequer that the sheriff should be allowed such expense by the treasurer, and that he should have authority to strike a tally as for so much money received by the King. This was called a tally of allowance or reward. In 1548, 2 and 3 of Edward VI., it is ordained by statute "that the sheriffs shall have such and like tallies of reward as they had before." The allowances to sheriffs still exist, but they are paid in another form.

In successive reigns, and until a late period, tallies of loan were issued upon receipt of sums lent to the king, and were in the nature of obligations to the subject for repayment. In 1455, Sir John Fastolf having intrusted a tally of loan to his cousin Fenn, he wrote thus to his friend John Paston, Esq., for advice—"Worshipful Sir and Cousin—I recommend me to you, and like you to weat (wish you to know) that I have a tally with my cousin Fenn of 500 marks (333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) and more, for to be changed upon such places as a man might have most speedy payment, and I pray you heartily to commune with the said Fenn, that I might be insured of the said tally to be exchanged, and for what reward competent to be given upon the same I will (should) agree to it." It is obvious that Sir John wished to sell his tally, and desired to learn what discount he ought to allow upon it. Within memory, tallies of this kind were negotiable in the money-market. They were subject to fluctuation in value like other public securities, were paid off nearly in the same manner as Exchequer bills, were as valid as those instruments, and in some respects were preferable to them; hence in old newspapers they will be found quoted among the prices of stocks, &c., and mentioned as having risen or fallen. With reference to them as articles of brokerage, Dr. Garth says, "The only talents in esteem at present are those in Exchange-alley: one *tally* is worth a grove of bays."

In the same light they seem adverted to by some lines of Swift:—

"from his rug the skewer he takes,
And on the stick two equal notches makes;
With just resentment flings it on the ground—
There, take my *tally* for a thousand pound."

Tallies of the Exchequer, as instruments of loan, declined with the growth of Exchequer bills; and as implements of account they are now disused. By the statute of 23 Geo. III., c. 82, indented check receipts were to be issued from the tally-court instead of tallies, and after the expiration of existing interests, the offices of the chamberlains, nominally the tally-joiners, with the offices of the tally-cutters, were to be abolished, the displaced officers retired with compensations, and their functions were transferred to other officers of the court. The chamberlains, in conjunction with the auditor, had the charge of the two most ancient and most used records of the kingdom—namely the *Domesday Book* of the Conqueror, and a manuscript volume of much celebrity among antiquaries, and of real importance in the office of the Exchequer, called the *Black Book of the Receipt*, written by Richard Bishop of London, who served in the office of the Treasury for his father Nigel, Bishop of Ely, treasurer to King Henry I. To the safe keeping of the chamberlains was likewise committed the disused ancient seal of the court of Receipt, and the Royal wills, contracts of marriage, and other deeds relating personally to the sovereign and his family, with original leagues, treaties, and negotiations, and other national documents, now deposited in the State Paper-office. In early times, the chamberlains had the chesting and custody of the Royal treasure. The extinction of those officers, as tally-joiners, and the death of the last of the old tally-cutters in 1804, presaged the extinction of tally-making. Exchequer tallies have since been wholly abolished by an act of his present Majesty.

In recurring to the former general use of tallies, it should not be forgotten that there is a passage to the point in the second part of King Henry VI. Among other heinous offences charged upon the Lord Say by Jack Cade, he alleges against him, "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used," &c. What the dramatic rebel amusingly feared is accomplished. The tally has disappeared, and even this memorial of its having existed may be smiled at as a "trivial fond record." Accounts between brewers and publicans were customarily kept by the tally. The following lines from Prior are evidence that bakers used the tally:—

"Have you not seen a baker's maid
Between two equal panniers away'd?"

Her tallies useless lie and idle,
If placed exactly in the middle."

The old mode of accounting in a formal manner by the tally seems still to exist in Hampshire. In a relation of certain usages in the manor of Pamber, it is stated that "the annual proceedings (accounts?) of the Court Leet are recorded on a piece of wood called a tally, about three feet long, and an inch and a half square, furnished every year by the steward." Upon a trial at Winchester, one of these tallies was produced in evidence, which occasioned a learned counsel, innocent of tallies, to denominate it a wooden cause. Several years ago, when the tallies of Pamber had largely accumulated, many of them experienced the doom of some of the late tallies of the Exchequer; they were considered as useless lumber, and burnt.

Illustrations of the subject are less exhaustible, perhaps, than a good-natured reader's patience.

[We are enabled to add an outline of an Exchequer tally, of the date, 1810. The length of the original is $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and its extreme width three-quarters of an inch. From the cross line in the lower part has been stripped off the counter-tally, cutting the date line of the transaction; so that, identity consisted not only in the wood fitting, but in the halved date and notches corresponding. In the upper edge are the notches of calculation, and the handle. The tally is of elm, and even somewhat more roughly cleft than our Cut represents, notwithstanding its recent date of execution: for, this rough mode of computation was used until the Exchequer Court was reformed altogether.]

Specimen of an
Exchequer Tally.

BEES.

(To the Editor.)

ANXIOUS to correct any error in your popular Miscellany, of which I may be considered the author, I now beg to refer your readers to a paragraph in your last volume, concerning "Bees," for which I am certainly responsible; and exceedingly regret that I was not earlier aware of its incorrectness; because it has been transcribed from the *Mirror*, I know, into several newspapers, and widely-circulated periodical works. The passage in question, relates to the personal acquaintance which a gentleman of Bury St. Edmunds had with his bees; and, to my great confusion, being lately in company with a young gentleman of that town, who keeps, and perfectly understands, those

"musical hounds of the fairy king,
Who hunt for the golden dew;"

but not being aware how nearly the subject concerned me, he quoted, only to satirize, the paragraph of which I speak. I immediately told him that I had sent it to the *Mirror*, upon the authority of a friend who vouched for the fact; and he then goodnaturedly explained, that such a personal acquaintance with bees was impossible; "because," he said, "bees alter in a day; they go out of the hive small, and return large; and I would defy any one to recognise the empty bee of the morning, when it comes home laden at night."

To your readers and to yourself, I owe this candid avowal of an error, not indeed wholly my own,—but better acknowledged than kept to myself;—and further, beg to assure all concerned in, or for, your popular Periodical, that though given to romancing, I never knowingly depart from strictest truth, in matters which I relate as fact. I may be deceived, but I only state what, and as, I hear.

M. L. B.

GOLDEN OINTMENT.

I CONSIDER it a duty I owe to the Public, to make known a very valuable recipe, which has been in my family upwards of 200 years. It is that of making what is called Singleton's Golden Eye Ointment, which is composed of purified quicksilver, and very strong nitric acid; five ounces of the former to twenty of the latter. The acid should be poured into a glass that will bear considerable heat, and the quicksilver gently dropped into it; being then subjected to the heat of a furnace, it will quickly evaporate, and there will remain at the bottom a crust or brilliant sediment, of about an eighth of an inch in thickness. This substance must next be ground upon a marble slab, until a very fine powder appears: it must then be mixed with fresh butter that has several times been simmered, so as to divest it of its impurities;

and you will have an ointment at once exquisite for the eyes, for the ringworm, and all cutaneous disorders.—A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE MIRROR.

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

(Continued from page 182.)

"A very great proportion of useful, practical knowledge is obtained by unlearning error, and by stripping facts of the fanciful additions which are made by writers who compile books in their closets, without a personal acquaintance with what they undertake to describe.—*Rennie*.

5. RENNIE'S FACULTIES OF BIRDS. (PART I.)

Larks, p. 2.—"Larks, and some other small birds are attracted by bright objects, as is proved by what bird-catchers call *daring*, that is, fixing a piece of looking-glass on a movable pivot and whirling it round; but in this case it is probable the larks are allured by the principle of curiosity so very lively in birds." Perhaps, in some instances, birds are thus captured in consequence of the dazzling glare of light reflected from the glass causing them to fall, from its affecting them with sudden temporary blindness. This appears to have been the cause of the strange occurrence, related by one of the American ornithologists, respecting an Indian, who, when declaring his exceeding power, held up a dagger and commanded an eagle flying over head to descend immediately, which command, to his own astonishment and that of the spectators, is said to have been actually followed by the bird instantly falling on his weapon.

Redbreast, p. 8.—All attempts to introduce into science new names when they can be dispensed with, ought to be resisted, because they only serve to obstruct the progress of knowledge by creating confusion. This remark is made because we observe that Mr. Rennie, in this work, calls the redbreast *Rhodondella rubecula*, though in all his preceding works he has called it *Sylvia rubecula*, which is its common scientific appellation.

Pigeon, p. 12.—Mr. Rennie states that a pigeon when liberated from a balloon, travelling above the clouds, drops down perpendicularly till somewhat nearer to the earth, from a desire to get within sight of such objects below as may be useful to it as directors, or sign-posts, in finding the point to which it wishes to steer. Now, may not the cause of a pigeon falling thus downwards till within a certain distance from the earth, be owing to the air of an elevated region being too light and rarified to support a bird on the wing?

Shad, p. 53.—"So delicate is the ear of this fish reported to be, that the sound of thunder terrifies them to death, and numbers are annually found thus killed on the Rhine and the Moselle." As many species of fish

are much affected by electric changes in the atmosphere, I suspect the lightning, and not the thunder, to be the cause of the shad's death.*

Magpie-moth, p. 83.—"No bird," says Mr. Rennie, "will touch the caterpillar of the magpie-moth." The antipathy of birds to this species was first noticed by Mr. Blyth in a communication to the *Field Naturalist*, from which we quote his words:—"Can any reader inform me what peculiarity there is in the chemical composition of the common magpie-moth (*Abraxas grossulariata*), that all my various insectivorous birds reject it? I have a nightingale which will readily take food from the hand, and which, like all other small insectivorous birds, is most voraciously fond of lepidopterous insects, in general; but the magpie-moth he constantly refuses. * * I once kept my insect-eating birds without food beyond their usual time, when I threw into their cage a variety of common moths, amongst which were three or four of the common *Abraxas grossulariata*; but the latter were even then rejected, though the other various species were all devoured greedily. One, however, was swallowed by a whin-chat, but he did not take a second, and I noticed a tree-pipit (*Anthus arboreus*) take one of them in his mouth, which, on tasting, he refused. The caterpillar, also, is rejected by all these various birds. May not this be a principle cause of the magpie-moth being one of the most abundant species we have?" (Vol. i. p. 549.)

Sense of Taste, p. 85.—Mr. Rennie says that tasters, or papillæ, are not confined to the tongue, "but may be seen in the inner skin of the lips and cheeks, as well as on the palate or roof of the mouth. It has farther been proved that these are useful in tasting, by the case of a boy whose tongue sloughed off in confluent small-pox, and who retained the sense of taste, though not so vividly as before his calamity." That it is not always absolutely necessary to tasting, that one should apply the substance to be tasted to the tongue, is also proved by the fact of persons tasting onions, &c. when these are rubbed on the soles of the feet.

Hen-harrier (*Circus pygargus*), p. 146.—"Bingley tells us that a gentleman who was shooting in Hampshire, sprung a pheasant, shot at it, and notwithstanding the report of his fowling-piece, it was pursued by a hen-harrier, but escaped into a covert. He afterwards sprung and missed several more, the hawk continuing to hover round all the while he was beating the field, as if well aware of the game which lurked in the stubble." There are many instances, besides the above, on record, exhibiting the fearless intrepidity of the hawk tribe when pressed by hunger.

* Vide an article on the Effects of Electricity on Animals, in the *Field Naturalist*, vol. ii. p. 91.

6. RENNIE ON POPULAR ERRORS RESPECTING DESTRUCTIVE INSECTS.

Mr. Rennie has sent us a small pamphlet thus entitled, and which is a reprint of an article contributed by him to Baxter's Library of Agricultural and Horticultural Knowledge. It may be read with great benefit by those who are interested in crops liable to the ravages of insects, and who have not time or patience to make researches themselves with a view of discovering a preventive or cure.

Lady-bird, p. 9.—Of the common lady-birds (*Coccinella 7-punctata*) Mr. Rennie affirms that in both their larva and perfect state, they "never touch vegetable substances, —feeding entirely on the green flies (aphides) which are the cause of the destruction of which the lady-birds have been unjustly accused." As we have witnessed the lady-birds engaged in devouring the aphides, we concur in what Mr. Rennie states. It may be observed, however, that in one of Professor Burnett's lectures, delivered at King's College, he includes the *Coccinellæ* among the insects he mentions as being destructive to vegetation; and in Kirby and Spence's *Introduction to Entomology*, is the following passage:—"The larvæ of some species of *Coccinellæ* feed, according to Professor de Reitch, solely on the leaves of plants, as that of *Coccinella hieroglyphica* which eats the leaves of common heath (*Erica vulgaris*), after the manner of the larvæ of *Lepidoptera*." (Vol. i. p. 263, note.)

7. TURTON'S MANUAL OF LAND AND FRESH WATER SHELLS.

To the conchologist who seeks for shells in the fields and lanes, lakes and ponds, this is an useful little book, as it contains coloured plates and brief descriptions by reference to which the name of a shell may be found with tolerable facility. The student must, however, strive to acquire some particulars of greater value than the mere names and diagnostics of the species he may find, for the man whose knowledge of shells is limited to these points, is not what is meant by a conchologist.

Ephemera, p. 2.—Authors who have studied one branch of natural history almost exclusively, are often very unfortunate when they touch upon those branches which they have thus comparatively neglected. Dr. Turton furnishes us with a fine instance of this in the following extract:—"Is it not probable, that the infusorial order of worms may be merely the minuter species of *Ephemera* in their mediate stages of transformations? Of the natural economy of this last tribe we know only that the egg is dropped into water, and that it emerges in a perfect, winged, state. The larva and chrysalis metamorphosis must take place under water, and for this purpose must be furnished with organs appro-

priately adapted. And it may be reasonably conjectured that the testaceous covering of some of them is merely the hardened clothing of the chrysalis." What a confused jumble of error is here! The poor *Ephemera* seem inextricably "in for it." Mr. Jesse, (*Mirror*, p. 180,) is not quite certain but that they are in their first state cadis-grubs, (which are undoubtedly the larvæ of the *Phryganea*), and here we find Dr. Turton conceiving them to be at first infusorial worms! And then, notwithstanding the fact of the transformations of these insects having been long accurately known, he tells us that all we know is, that the eggs from which they come are "dropped into water," and that they "emerge in a perfect, winged state." Unfortunately for the learned doctor, it so happens that they do *not* emerge in the perfect state, but in the pupa, or, as he objectionably calls it, *chrysalis* state. Their leaving the water winged is no evidence of their being in the perfect state, because the pupæ are also furnished with wings.—J. F.

Manners and Customs.

SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

THE owners of a trading vessel to Tahiti, one of the islands, and residence of the king Pomare, sent him a horse as a present from New South Wales. The multitude were so alarmed when the animal landed on the shore and rose out of the water, for he swam to the beach, that they fled with precipitation, climbing the trees, or crouching behind the rocks and bushes for security. The largest animal with which they were acquainted was a pig; and when the captain, on the following morning, saddled and rode the horse up and down the beach, the natives were in ecstasies of joy, screaming out that it was "a land-running pig," "a man-carrying pig."

Like the Jews who carried the sacred ark to the field of battle, the South Sea islanders always bore with them some deity, under whose patronage they imagined victory certain. In their naval engagements, one canoe called the *Vaatii*, or sacred canoe, was always stronger, larger, and more highly ornamented with carving, feathers, &c. than any other. Small houses were erected in each, and the image of the god was kept in them. Here they offered prayers and performed sacrifices.

"Tabu," is the term implying restriction upon a whole province, as a religious penance: a man marked by the priests for impiety, is said to be tabu-ed; and a similar word is used among the Africans near Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle, and the adjoining districts. Tabu is a species of excommunication, a kind of religious scourge well known to all sorts and classes of priestcraft.

The Africans on the Gold Coast have a

belief that the sharks are sacred, and to be consumed by one is a passport to a happy eternity: so strong is the belief that they have a saying in broken English, "Him Joo Joo (the shark) eats, him go comertable." The South Sea islanders likewise reverence the large and voracious blue shark. Temples were erected to their honour in which priests officiated and offerings were presented to the deified sharks while fishermen and others who were much at sea sought their favour. The priests were said to be always recognised by a shark, and their persons were consequently uninjured by them. The turtle was also an object of respect and veneration among them: it was sacred, and none could dare to eat of it when dressed with sacred fire, except the kings, the priests, and a large share was offered to the idol. Our aldermen have also a high respect for the turtle genus, especially when dressed by the Lord Mayor's fire.

It was a religious and positive observance that the wife should not only be prohibited from eating those kinds of food of which the husband partook, but she must not eat in the same place, or even prepare her food at the same fire. This restriction applied not only to the wife with regard to her husband, but to all the individuals of the female sex. No sickness on the part of a female could cause this rule to be relaxed. Even the baskets in which the provision of the man was kept, were considered polluted if used by a female; and as the women lived upon inferior food and ate in little solitary huts erected for the purpose, the very imprecations of the men had reference to the degraded condition of the other sex.

The idolaters having resolved to offer a human victim at an approaching ceremony determined to sacrifice a young native who had embraced Christianity; and in the selection of this youth the priests not only gratified their own vengeance, but deemed that he would be the more acceptable to their deity. The youth was kneeling in prayer on the brow of a hill, while the sun was setting; when a party of the priest's servants required his attendance upon some excuse; but he immediately recollected the approaching festival, and it flashed across his mind that *he* was the selected victim. "Why deceive me?" said he calmly to his intruders; "I know what is wanted—the ceremony approaches: to-morrow I shall be laid upon your altars of blood. I am to be your victim—I believe in the God of the white people—you may kill me, but I am not afraid to die." The youth was still upon his knees, when the infuriated natives immediately rushed upon him and murdered him: his body was then placed in a long basket made with the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, and carried with exultation to the temple, where it was offered

to the gods; and then suspended among the branches in the sacred grove.

When a distinguished visiter arrived in the island, a sumptuous feast was prepared, called a *feeding* by the natives; not, however, by furnishing a rich and splendid entertainment at the habitations of the proprietors, and inviting the party to be honoured as guests, but it was managed in a more hospitable and substantial manner; for numbers of whole pigs, fowls, fish, roots, and vegetables, puddings, fruit, and "every delicacy of the season," were carried to the encampment of the honoured visiter, who feasted with those whom he chose to invite. The priests always attended, and first selected such tit-bits and choice fruits as they deemed would be acceptable to the gods, which elegant extracts they carried with great solemnity to the temple, and deposited them on the altar.

Like the ancients, they had public games of wrestling on grand and solemn festivals connected with the worship of their deities. The wrestlers rubbed oil over their bodies. Foot races also formed a game: the competitors were anointed with oil; they wore only a girdle bound tight round the loins, a wreath of flowers adorned their brows, and a light bandage of native cloth was sometimes bound, like a turban, round the head. When the sea was smooth, canoe-racing was occasionally practised.

Their naval reviews were very interesting and animated. Ninety or a hundred canoes were, on these occasions, ranged in a line along the beach ready to be launched in a moment. Their elevated and often curiously carved sterns, their unwieldy bulk, the raised and guarded platform for the fighting men, the motley group assembled there, bearing their singularly, and sometimes fantastically, shaped weapons, the numerous folds of native cloth that formed their cumbrous dress, their high broad turbans, the streamers floating in the air, all conspired to add a wild charm to the scene around. Then, while the canoes, or fleet were thus ranged along the beach, the king stood in a small one, drawn by a number of his men, who walked in the sea. In front of each canoe, he paused and addressed a short harangue to the warriors, and an invocation to the gods. After this, on a given signal, the whole fleet in a moment was floating upon the bosom of the sea, and the navigators were to be seen displaying their naval tactics and their strength in gaining the given goal, from which they returned in regular order.

These islanders have a game precisely similar to the Scottish game of "Golfe."

Archery is a sacred game; and the implements and the dresses worn by the archers on those festivals, were all sacred. The game did not consist in shooting at a mark, but it

was a trial of strength. The archer stood on a stone pile, about three or four feet high, of a triangular form, one side of the angle being convex: this spot was considered sacred.

Hurling the spear and javelin was also a favourite sport; and in it were much dexterity and prodigious strength. The contests were generally between two tribes, so that the sports partook of a spirit of nationality.

Cock-fighting appears, however, to have been the most favourite pastime, and has been known to them for many centuries past. They did not arm the bird with artificial spurs; but, in order that the cocks might be as fresh as possible, they pitted them early in the morning, when the air was cool, and before they might become languid by the heat of the day.

J. S.

The Public Journals.

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

A Sailor's Trick.

It was towards the end of December that we put to sea from Boston, in America, bound to Europe. The northern coast of the United States is proverbially tempestuous in winter; and we found the season of our voyage no exception to the general rule. Scarcely had we lost sight of the land, when a furious gale of wind sprang up, that continued, with little intermission, for fourteen days. Tremendous squalls drove us at times nine and ten knots an hour; showers of rain, sleet, and snow, poured upon us in rapid succession. Day and night we were pitching over the mountainous billows, the vessel rolling from side to side, as if each moment about to upset, or plunging her bows into the front of a mighty wave, as if to precipitate herself headlong into the depths. She was as deeply laden as she could swim; and it strikes one with astonishment, on observing such a heavy mass labouring over the restless waters, and exposed to all the fury of the elements, how bits of wood can hold together in this agitation.

However, stormy weather does not last for ever. After crossing the warm and smoking current of the Gulf-stream, the tempests abated. I had little apprehension during their continuance, as I knew the vessel to be well-built, and nearly new; and I had full faith in the skill and experience of the captain and crew. For all this, I had been served a trick.

The lone ocean! what a solitude! We were in the great track of navigation across the Atlantic; yet, after leaving the American coast, not a sail caught our eye till we had passed the Azores; nothing but the salt, vast, dread, eternal deep. Now and then a solitary gull, or shear-water, or petrel, might be seen skimming over the waves; or a shoal of por-

poises, or black-fish, cutting through the water, offered a momentary spectacle; or, more rarely, a Portuguese man-of-war—not a ship, but a shell-fish. I was leaning over the ship's rail, one serene, sunny day, watching the navigation of this little craft, with its beautiful bluish-green hull and white striped sail, scudding gracefully forward under a gentle breeze. Suddenly it struck sail, and sank out of sight.

"Gone to Davy's locker!" exclaimed the mate, who had been scanning the phenomenon as well as I, "and now look out for squalls."—"Ay, but we have already weathered too many of them, to be apprehensive on that score," replied I.—"Ay, to be sure!" answered Bill.—"So tight a ship as we have got under us, you know."—"Tight—O! hem!" said Bill; with a roll of his eye, and thrusting a long quid into his cheek; "Oh, ay! tight! yes! ha, ha!"—"There was something in the fellow's look at these words that I did not comprehend. "Ay! tight and sound, why not?" returned I, casting my eye along the ship's side. Bill looked more significantly than ever; and I could perceive that he watched my eyes very sharply. As my glances wandered fore and aft, I thought something looked oddly near the main chains. I stared hard at it, while Bill was twisting up the muscles of his face, as if he knew something more than ordinary. "What is that bit of board clumsily stuck on the ship's side there?" asked I.—"A little bit of gingerbread-work," answered he, with an arch leer.—"Gingerbread-work, hey? let us nibble a bit at it," returned I, beginning to suspect something. So getting over the side, I clambered down to the spot, and set to knocking and scratching about it.—"Avast! avast!" cried Bill, in some agitation, "you will have it off."—"What, then, is there anything underneath?"—"Nothing but a hole through the ship's side, about as big as your head."—"A hole through the ship's side?"—"Ay!" replied he, with great gravity.—"And how long has it been there?"—"All the voyage."—"Come, now, Bill, you are buttering me down. Tell me the truth."—" 'Tis true as the moral law; but say nothing about it—the other passengers might be sort o' scared, you see."—"Ay, if they believed it; but"—"I'll tell you just how it happened; the whole affair to an affigraphy. You see we lay at the wharf in Boston, all loaded."—"Well!"—"Well, trying to haul off into the stream, the ship grounded just at night, and when the tide left her, she took a heel against the wharf, and the end of one of the fenders coming in a sort o' clumsy way against her broadside, smashed it right through."—"And you put to sea upon it?"—"Exactly so: first nailing a bit of pine board over the place, and giving it a daub of black varnish; 'twas all done in ten minutes

after we found it out in the morning. 'Twould have taken time, you know, to unload and repair.'—"Gracious powers! Have we come through all these gales of wind with a leak of two square feet ready to burst upon us?"—"Ha! ha!" said Bill, hitching up his waistband, "many is the time I've chuckled in my sleeve to hear you bragging to the old man how tight a ship you had got—'tis just above the water-line, though—no danger. Yet, when the sea ran high, I used to put my head down the after-hatchway, and hear the water pouring in—it made me feel kind o' streaked."—"Streaked! by the powers! you deserve to be streaked and striped too, for serving a man such a trick."—"Oh, for the matter of that, it is all as good as a sermon; there's a moral law and an inference to every thing."—"And what moral do you make of all this, Mr. Parson?"—"Why, replied Bill, with an air of the greatest mock-gravity, "such is the lot and luck of all mortal mankind. Many a chap carries sail, without knowing what a crazy craft he is floating in."—"Truly, Bill, you have spoken like a Professor, for a good moral might be handsomely picked out of the affair. But have a care for the future; and the next time you undertake to preach me a sermon at sea, don't give my ship a punch through the ribs by way of a text."

A Yankee Trick.

It was a time of great bustle and expectation in the little village of L—, situated "somewhere out of the world, and up in the woods," in the state of Massachusetts. There was to be a special frolic in the shape of a horse-race—a horse-race, do I say? I mean a scramble of quadrupeds, for since the practice had been known there, very few of the animals that put their hoofs in would have been entitled to the name and honours of a horse at Doncaster. Four-footed animals they were for the most part, though some of them kept the fourth in reserve, and chose to go upon three—Narraganset pacers, Vermont shamblers, Berkshire blunderers, Connecticut caperers, Worcester plough-joggers, Dogtown dumpies,—in short, the tag-rag and bob-tail of the four-footed creation.

Once a year it had been customary to run a race of this sort in the village of L—, and the fleetest runner of this motley multitude won a prize of some value, to which every adventurer contributed a sum. On the present occasion the prize was considerably augmented by an offer from an individual who had constituted himself a society for the promotion of horse-racing, and more than common interest was, of course, excited at the approach of the festival. The old farmers who had horses fit for running, gave them extra quantities of corn and fewer applications of the lash, as if to be flat and fleet

were the same thing. Some, however, were more cautious in their preparations, and, among the rest, Job Hawker, a sly, calculating, guessing, questioning, bargaining, swapping, Jack-of-all-trades sort of a chap, long-sided and limber-tongued, with a face as grave as a deacon, but a roguish twinkle of the eye on occasion, that gave you assurance he was no greenhorn. Job's horse had beaten them all hollow the former year, and he was in full confidence of the same good fortune this time. Howbeit, he took all imaginable precautions to secure success, and put his steed only to that quantum of exercise and fodder which he judged conducive to speed.

But while he was flattering himself with the prospect of a certain victory, and as the day of trial approached, he was thrown into consternation by the arrival of a stranger, mounted on a Canadian pony, who came with the avowed intention of putting in for the prize. At the first announcement of this intelligence, Job fell into despair, for it so happened that he knew the individual, having encountered him in the northern part of Vermont, while on a trading excursion in that quarter. Job had witnessed a trial of speed which the pony exhibited there, and knew that his own *Bucephalus* was no match for him. It was plain, that if the Canadian took a share in the race, he must win; and the catastrophe seemed inevitable, for nobody had a right to exclude him. But Job hit upon a trick. Early the next morning, he clapped his military hat upon his head (Job was a lieutenant), and waited upon the Canadian.—"Well, I suppose, squire, you are the gentleman with the pony?"—"Yes, sir."—"Ah, I guessed as much. Well, I suppose you are a thinkin' o' racin' to-day?"—"Yes, if it is according to rule."—"Sartin! It's all accordin' to rule, if in case you have tried to beat the beater."—"Beat the beater!"—"Yes, beat the beater; you know what that is, I take it."—"No, hang me if I do."—"Well, that's a good 'un; but I guessed as much. You see the case is exactly this: I beat the last races, and you, being a new comer, must give your horse a try with me before you can enter for the race."—"Oh, if that is all, I am content; bring out your horse, and let us try as quick as you please."—"Your horse!" exclaimed Job, with well-feigned surprise.—"Yes, your horse; you don't mean a foot-race, sure!"—"Why, squire! don't you know?"—"Know what?"—"Know what? why, it is my *ox* that is to race, and not a horse!"—"An ox!" cried the Canadian, staring with all the eyes in his head.—"Yes, an ox," returned Job, with imperturbable gravity. "Why, I thought you knew all about it."—"About what?"—"About racin', to be sure. Did you never hear of my ox that beats all creation?"—

"No!" exclaimed the Canadian, in the greatest astonishment.—"Why, didn't you see him about town yesterday?"—"The man was thunderstruck; he had seen the ox, and this strange announcement made him believe what he had always been told, that Yankees were born devils. "I have beaten horses," thought he, "but never tried with an ox." Job kept on a grave face.—"My ox is all saddled and bridled," said Job; "are you ready?"—"I think I won't try this time," replied the man, hurrying away with a most desponding look. He ordered his pony to be got ready, paid his bill, and mounted to set off. The landlord stared.—"Why, you mean to stay and try the race to-day, don't you?"—"No, no," replied he, shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head. "I'll run my pony against any horse, but there is no knowing what a cursed ox *may* do."—Job bore away the prize that year, and the stranger never came again to disturb him; but his last words are still a common saying in the town of L—; and whenever a horned beast gets antic, he is specially impounded with the remark, "There is no knowing what a cursed ox *may* do."

THE WATER-DRINKER IN THE PYRENEES.

(Continued from page 332.)

[NOTHING is barren to a tourist of such dancing spirits, and next is the following]

Ludicrous Adventure.

The *Limousin*, through which I now rode, is a fine province, covered with produce of every kind, from corn down to crab-apples, the last by no means a despicable resource for a peasantry who can turn them into cider, and what is still more to the credit of their fortitude, can drink it. But a man does not travel thus for nothing. Sterne says, that sentiment always lies ready for the sentimental traveller; and the adventurer, on the same principle, is entitled to all the marvels of the province. On arriving in one of the villages, a few leagues from Limoges, I found the population all awake and in the streets, though the hour was ten at night, and the French peasantry are early sleepers. On inquiring the cause, I was inundated with wonders worthy of an excursion into Caffraria; a whole host of lions, tigers, and leopards, were in full march to eat all the villagers alive. There was wailing and weeping enough in the little streets to have announced the onslaught of an army of Tartars. Not fully satisfied of the security of my own position, or that of my servant and horses, I applied myself to ascertain the truth amid the picturesque. But in the centre of circles clamouring, crying, and obtesting earth and skies in all the tones of terror, what could be

learned? I went into the inn, ordered my supper, if it were to be my last; and, previously to being devoured by the lions and tigers, laboured to extract something in the shape of probability from the bulky innkeeper, whose solid flesh seemed very likely "to thaw, and dissolve itself into a dew," at the prospect of being a victim, conscious, too, that he would be a luxurious one. To seize on a fact is always a difficult thing with the peasantry, and I found the difficulty by no means diminished by the fears of the plump landlord. However, it came to this, that a caravan of wild beasts, travelling through the department, and which had exhibited with great éclat at Limoges within the week, had, by some unlucky accident, been overturned in a ditch, on the edge of the forest. The hinges of the travelling menagerie gave way—for when did a hinge ever do any thing else on the continent—the animals took advantage of the open door, and darted away into the forest, to the great rejoicing of the drivers and people about the caravan, who had expected to be among the first offerings to their appetites in the day of freedom.

The forest, of course, became an exclusive place from that moment, *tabooed* to all unlicensed tread, and deserted by all the bramble-cutters, ramblers, and lovers of the vicinity. The gendarmerie had been speedily made acquainted with the circumstance, but as their researches were limited professionally to the high-road, and the bars of the inns, nothing resulted from this measure. The *Gardes de la Chasse*, great nuisances to man in every province of the land, were found perfectly harmless to wild beasts; for after three or four days of nominal search, they came back, as wise as they went. Even the powers of M. Le Prefet were at fault; and the lions and leopards were left to settle matters in their own way. But this way had become serious. At first a single sheep or goat had disappeared, but now sheep, goats, ducks, geese, every thing that could be eaten, began to disappear by threes and fours a-night, and the farmers and housewives alike were threatened with utter destitution. Another week of this havoc would have stripped fold and poultry-yard to the last fleece and feather. On the very day of my arrival, the consternation had been raised to its height by the sudden disappearance of the principal farmer's daughter, a village belle, who, walking in her garden in

* Perhaps, no people on the earth are more easily excited than the French: they well know how to clamour an every-day occurrence into a most extraordinary event. One Sunday morning, at Calais, we remember the whole place being thrown into such consternation by an unruly ox, that you might have imagined the enemy beating at the town-gates. The terrified creature's pursuers darted and drove in every direction but the right to secure it; although the French, in the general sense of the vulgar phrase, know how to "take a bull by the horns."
—Ed. M.

the twilight, had been heard to utter a loud scream, and from that moment was seen no more. The father was running about distracted, and his three sons, stout young fellows, were furnishing their old fowling-pieces to set out on a desperate expedition for the recovery of the remains of their sister. What a chorus of sighs, and prayers, what embracings and kissings on both cheeks, preluded their march. They looked sullen, as the peasant always does; but they seemed determined, and took their leave of the wondering and deploring circle with the air of three heroes of the stage;—all France is one great melo-drame. The remainder of the peasants formed a *cordon*, and kept guard, evidently in the most imminent expectation of being invaded from the forest before daylight. I lingered among them for awhile, listening to their Arabian Nights' histories of the public danger. But sleep, which Alexander the Great said was the only thing, except love, which reminded him of being mortal, began to remind me that I had rode nearly fifty miles since dawn, and that I was not less mortal than other men. I left the peasantry to their bivouac, and went to my little chamber. But I was soon forced, nevertheless, to take my share in the general perturbation. It was about two in the morning, and still dark, when I was roused by a tremendous barking of dogs, neighing of horses, yelling of horns, and outcries of men, women, and children. I jumped up, and undoubtedly there was some cause for alarm, if I were to credit the rumours that met me from the whole family gathered outside my door. The invasion had actually commenced, by an attack on the cattle house in the yard immediately below me. I had a case of London pistols, which had caught the landlord's eye, and as those were in themselves a pledge of prowess, and as I was an Englishman besides, a name which, with all the prejudices of foreigners, goes for something in the way of resource and intrepidity, I found myself the elected champion of the household. The men offered to fight, if I would lead, and the women, crowding round me in their shawls and their short petticoats, were irresistible. I accordingly sallied forth to play the reluctant warrior. The night was chill for the season, and I shivered a little at the first plunge into the air, surcharged with dew; luckily this was not seen, and my renown escaped criticism. But the *frissonnement* went off in a few minutes, and I gallantly took the command. We first sent in a couple of the innkeeper's mastiffs to reconnoitre; but this manoeuvre was unsuccessful. The dogs went in unwillingly, and soon came out again, evidently intimidated, and one of them with a torn ear.

We had now sufficient proof that some hazardous intruder had got among the cattle,

which, indeed, continued to bound and below desperately; but whether the intruder were lion or leopard, or how many of either might be laying waste the farmer's stock, were questions that perplexed us considerably. At length I ordered lanterns to be brought, and proposed to go into the stable, and report my discovery. This, however, raised a new clamour among the good-natured Frenchwomen, who insisted that the "gentleman" should not thus go to certain death, a clamour which, to do them justice, was seconded by the men. I finally compromised the dispute, by directing the landlord's sons, two fine lads, to take their stations with their lanterns and fowling-pieces at different points of exit, while I explored the interior at the safe distance of a window some feet from the ground. All now waited in strong expectancy. I posted my seconds, leaving a strong rear-guard in the court ready to take advantage of circumstances. I mounted the casement, and looked in; but the casement was like the hinges of the caravan, crazy to the last nail. My weight, as I peered forward, broke down its ancient joint, and I rolled in head foremost. Luckily I fell upon a heap of straw, and, as luckily, neither did my lantern go out, nor did my pistol go off. I heard the effects of my catastrophe in an uproar of groans and exclamations without. It was concluded that I was dragged down by one of the monsters, and that my bones were then in his jaws. In a moment after, a shot was fired, followed by a growl, and I saw an animal about the size of a small calf, bound from one of the stalls, and crouch just before me. The lantern lying on the ground showed me the savage, and I fired. It made another bound, and turning away with a roar, took refuge by the side of one of the bulls whose blood he had been drinking. I now opened the door, and announced the discomfiture of the enemy. All instantly rushed in, and the animal, which proved to be a chetah, or hunting tiger, was covered with a sack, and taken prisoner; it was dying, but still so furious, that it was found necessary to destroy it, which was done amid the shouts of the populace. It appeared that I had not the honour of giving the first wound—that was due to the son of the landlord, who had seen the glistening of its eye by the lantern as I fell; but mine was the mortal wound. My ball had struck immediately below the eye, and lodged in the brain. We were both lauded to the skies. At daylight the keeper of the caravan returned; and assuaged the general alarm, by telling us that the chetah was the only tenant of the wagon that had escaped, and that all his stock of lions and tigers were safe. But one still more formidable source of anxiety remained. What had become of the village belle? Her brothers had searched the country, without finding a vestige of her.

But there is a balm for all things, if we will but wait for it. While her whole relationship were in agony, a chaise was seen driving into the village with a huge white cockade hung over the horses' nose. The driver was the lover of the lady; the maiden herself was now a bride. She had been swept away to the altar, the night before, "nothing loath," in the midst of the general confusion; and in the midst of the general joy at her being still in the land of the living, all was forgiven and forgotten. The adventure was now completed. I was solicited to stay for the wedding feast in the afternoon, which I did; and to stay for a week, a month, or a year, all which offers I declined. I spent a day as honest festivity as if I had spent it at a cabinet dinner; and next morning took my leave, followed by a hundred prayers, and the tears from a troop of bright eyes, the tribute of my achievement, such as it was.

[Here we halt, but must return to the Water-drinker, if it be only to mount with him the *Pic du Midi*]

The Gatherer.

In parts of the Netherlands, the women partake with the men in the most laborious operations of husbandry; and a recent tourist says, that he saw a young woman harnessed with a man in the painful labour of dragging a harrow over a surface of rough clods.

There is a curious calculation, which for some time has been ominously correct, whereby we are enabled to fix upon the year of any Holy Father's death. The rule is simply this—to ascertain the year in which the existing Pope is to die, take the title of the preceding Pope, the title of the reigning Pope, and add ten, prefixing the century, thus:—

Pius 6th	Pius 7th	Leo 12th
Pius 7th	Leo 12th	Pius 8th
10	10	10
1823	1829	1830

These are, at least, curious coincidences.

Ricaut, in his *History of the Turks*, says, that they so confound chronology and history, as to assert that Job was a judge in the court of King Solomon, and Alexander the Great one of his generals.

Italy contains a population of 21,000,000 of inhabitants, spread upon a surface of 90,652 square miles, which is rather more than 230 inhabitants to one square mile. Her stated revenue is about 323,370,000 francs; her active army, 116,941 men.

When Claude Lorraine, who, it is well known, was not celebrated for painting figures, disposed of his pictures, he used to say to the purchasers, "I sell you the landscape; but, mind, I give you the figures."

The English gardens, described by Hensler, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are exact copies of those of Pliny. In that at Whitehall was a sundial and *jet-d'eau*, which, on turning a cock, spirted out water, and sprinkled the spectators. In Lord Burleigh's, at Theobald's, were obelisks, pyramids, and circular porticos, with cisterns of lead for bathing, and also a labyrinth, an ingenuity frequent in that age. At Hampton Court, the garden walls were covered with rosemary, a custom formerly very common in England.

W. G. C.

Economical Superstition.—Among the superstitious notions which still exist in Normandy, is the following, connected with the treatment of children;—It is believed that the Virgin Mary sweetens the food of infants, a notion which saves sugar, and prevents the stomach of children from being overloaded with sweets. As the child grows up, however, the Virgin ceases to interfere with its victuals, which is remarkably judicious.

Coals and Wood.—A few years since some tyro in geology raised an alarm of the exhaustion of our coal mines; which was soon set at rest by men of science. In France, however, there is much more cause for fear of the exhaustion of fuel; since, according to a recent calculation, 5,000 square miles of the woods of France have disappeared!

Curious Entry.—In *Pepys's Diary*, we find the following entry:—"Up, to walk up and down the garden with my father, to talk of all our concerns, about a husband for my sister, whereof there is at present no appearance; but we must endeavour to find her one now, for she grows old and ugly."

In 1418, iron balls were not used for cannon, since we find an order for making, at Maidstone, in Kent, 7,000 stone bullets for the King's Ordnance.

W. G. C.

The King of Naples has issued an order prohibiting his subjects from wearing beards. —What will become of all the Naples soap?

Dahlia's are natives of Mexico, where they were found by Baron Humboldt, growing in sandy meadows at 800 or 900 toises, or from 1,600 to 1,800 yards above the level of the sea. Specimens of them were transferred to the Botanic Garden at Mexico, and thence to Madrid. Lady Holland introduced them into this country.—*Farmer's Magazine*.

Simon Pauli, who virulently opposed the use of tea, indulges in the irony of the following lines:

Drink Wine, and profit;
Drink Beer, and grow thin;
Drink Water, and die.

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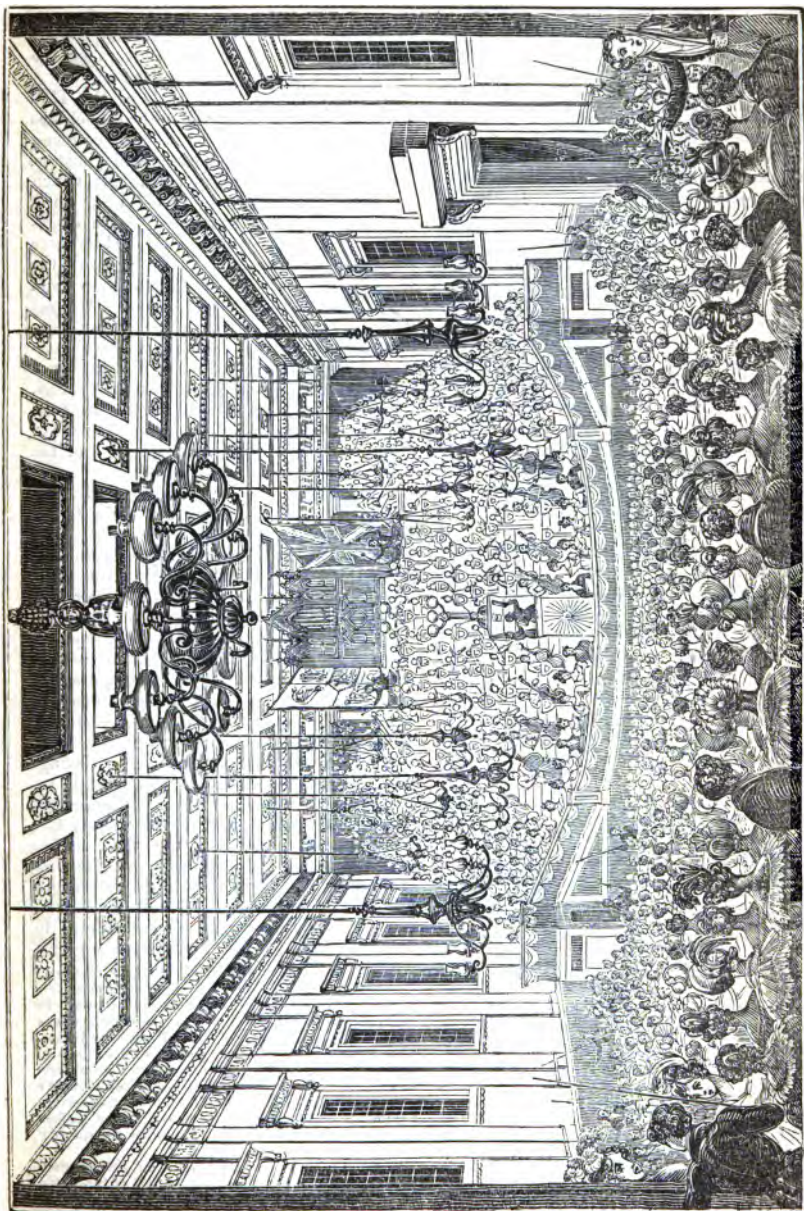
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AMATEUR MUSICAL FESTIVAL, IN EXETER HALL.

EXETER HALL, AMATEUR MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

It affords us much pleasure to report within one volume of our Miscellany, two successful exhibitions of the cultivation of musical science in this country; for such we are disposed to consider the Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey, and the more recent Amateur Musical Festival in Exeter Hall. This, however, is but a part of our gratification; for, the Amateur, as the Abbey Festival, was undertaken to aid the cause of "all mankind's concern—charity;" the exertions have been alike honourable, and, in both instances, have been attended with similarly beneficial results; in the first instance, to the treasures of the leading musical societies of the metropolis; and, in the second, to the funds of the Westminster and Charing-cross Hospitals. Although the Abbey was the predecessor of the Hall Festival, it must not, however, be inferred that the latter was entirely consequent upon the success of the former; for, a festival upon a large scale had been projected by the members of the Benevolent Society of Musical Amateurs, long previous to the Commemoration at the Abbey; though the success of this latter in some degree encouraged the projectors to mature their original design, unaided as this was by attractive association with the venerable Abbey, or the influential patronage and presence of the highest personages in the country. And nobly too, with the best energies of genius, with lack of such powerful aids and some disadvantageous comparison, have the amateurs, (led by professors,) worked out their laudable two-fold object—to show that musical science is in high culture in the metropolis, and proportionally appreciated—and its divine association with active benevolence—"each purpose, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminating the other without obscuring itself."

The respective performances at Exeter Hall too closely resembled those at the Abbey, which we fully detailed,* to allow us to enumerate them on the present occasion. Our notices will, therefore, be comparatively slight, and in outline; but, we hope, sufficient to place upon record this very meritorious exhibition of British talent, and this excellent appropriation of British benevolence.

The interior of Exeter Hall has been already described in our pages, though it may be as well to repeat here a few of its details. The Hall is a vast apartment, 131 feet long, 76 wide, and 45 feet high; and will contain, in comfort, more than 3,000 persons. It is not, however, a favourable place for sound; the ceiling being not only flat, but having deeply sunk sofite compartments, two or three of which are open for the purpose of ventila-

tion. Upon this disadvantage, a contemporary cleverly observes: "The fact of the influence of sonorous effect is well known, though its philosophy is little understood, and deserves scientific investigation; without here hazarding an opinion upon the cause, we shall merely state that, from all our experience in buildings of similar construction to Exeter Hall, a certain dull and hollow quantity of tone seems uniformly to be the result of the square form and flat roof."†

The ceiling and upper walls of the Hall are richly embellished; the beautiful echinus moulding running through the cornices, panels, door and window cases, and pilasters. The latter, with four columns, in pairs, which rise to the ceiling, and divide off a portion of the east end of the apartment,‡ have exquisitely carved Corinthian capitals. Handsome console brackets immediately support the ceiling, the circular ornaments in which, (whence hung gas and oil lustres and lamps,) are beautifully executed. In short, the decorations throughout are of very chaste character. The accommodation for the audience consisted of substantial oak-backed seats, which occupied two-thirds of the flooring, and rose to the western wall of the apartment, so as to afford an uninterrupted view of the Orchestra to every one of the audience.

The Orchestra was designed by Mr. Stephen Geary, the architect, King's Cross, and was built by Mr. J. Hoile, of Poland-street. Its dimensions were 76 feet frontage, 46 feet depth, and 37 feet height; thus occupying upwards of one-third of the floor, and within eight feet of the height of the Hall. The Orchestra was a most ingenious piece of carpentry; for, in its construction, neither nail nor screw was employed, though it might have been moved entire, to quote a remark of its clever builder, "like a huge bedstead." High up arose an organ, with a pointwork case, built for the occasion by Mr. Bevington. It was powerful in tone, though, we fear, there is too much truth in the remark of the *Atlas* critic, that it was "a very bad instrument, exactly like the dull, leaden things, that are heard in the minor churches of Flanders." The organ keys were brought down towards the centre of the Orchestra, and, by a similar ingenious contrivance to that adopted at the Abbey, the organist

† *Atlas*.—Yet the ceiling of the late House of Commons was flat, and eloquence could not there be spared to "waste its beauty in the desert air." In our theatres, the construction of the ceiling seems better understood, viz. the circular and coved form, such as the glittering and embellished ceilings of Covent-garden and Drury-lane theatres present; add to which the rich arabesque ceiling of Mr. Arnold's elegant English Opera-House. To what disadvantage must singers have been heard in the roofless theatres of the ancients, even when the *velaria* were drawn to exclude the sun or rain!

‡ From this point is the View on the annexed page, our artist having introduced part of two of the columns as the side frame-work of the print.

* See pages 1-4: 17-31, of the present volume.

fronted the Conductor instead of the organ. The music-stands were of the same tasteful design as those used at the Abbey; the upright resembling the shaft of a church font, and the book-support being in the form of a lyre. The stands were cleverly painted and richly gilt, and relieved the dark clothing of the performers. From the sides of the organ were hung the union-jack and royal standard, the jack, by an oversight of the decorator, which our artist has preserved for the sake of identity, being *upside down*. The other decorations of the orchestra, if they deserve the name, were red and yellow glazed cotton, draped along the front, and a starred frame of the same economical material, rising in the centre, at the back of the Conductor. The other arrangements of the orchestra were as at the Abbey, the principal singers occupying the front, and being Mrs. Knyvett, Miss Bruce, Madame Garcia, Miss Postans, Miss Fanny Healy, and Miss Clara Novello: Messrs. Sapia, Hawkins, A. Novello, Turner, C. Purday, Leffler, G. Pyne, and H. Phillips. The band, led by Mr. F. Cramer, consisted of 234 performers; and the chorus, with Mr. T. F. Travers, Master, ranged on each side, nearly to the ceiling, numbered 400 voices. The organists were Messrs. Henshaw, J. J. Jones, Brownsmith, and Tule. The Conductor was Mr. W. Holderness. The performances were arranged under the direction of a committee of 36 gentlemen; and 24 gentlemen officiated as stewards in the arrangements for the accommodation of the company. The Festival was under the patronage of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Victoria, and the Duke of Sussex. The secretary was Mr. R. G. Jones, whose courtesy deserves commendatory mention.

There were three performances, each preceded by a rehearsal. *The First Performance*, Thursday, October 30, consisted of Selections from Handel, Beethoven, Pergolesi, and Mozart. The choruses were delightfully executed, especially "To thee, Cherubim," from the *Dettingen Te Deum*; and "O Father," in *Judas Maccabeus*. Among the solo pieces deserving particular mention were Pergolesi's air, "O Lord have mercy!" sung with touching pathos by Mr. H. Phillips; and "Waft her, angels," by Mr. Turner, who, says the *Atlas*, "quite eclipsed Braham, though he was inferior to him in the colouring of the recitative."

The Second Performance,* Monday, November 3, consisted of a Selection from the Creation; a Miscellaneous Part; and a Selection from *Israel in Egypt*. The *Creation* was nearly of equal excellence throughout. In the Second Part, "O Liberty!" was encored, the audience being "in a delirium of ecstasy with the thirds of Lindley and Sapia."

* This performance was repeated on Friday, November 7.

The *Atlas* criticism of the remainder is thus delightfully given:—

"The selection from *Israel in Egypt* was, we believe, pretty nearly the same as that given at Westminster Abbey. The noble first chorus of the oratorio was executed with more correctness at Exeter Hall, but we may not hope to hear double choruses with the enchanting effect which the responses from side to side produced in the more favourable situations of the cathedral. The two choruses, "He spake the word," and "And with the blast of thy nostrils," were the only two, in the execution of which, improvement was to be desired: the rest of the performance was in the highest degree creditable to the parties concerned. Of unparalleled magnificence was the last chorus, "The Lord shall reign;" the singers partook to a man in the inspiration of the subject. We had reason to admire Miss Clara Novello in the exquisite address to Light of Milton, which she declaims with equal intelligence and purity of feeling. Her voice is incomparably the most charming in its quality of any now before the public. Might but the freshness of those youthful tones last!"

The Third Performance, Wednesday, Nov. 5, was the sublime *Messiah*; the solo parts being sustained by Mrs. W. Knyvett, Miss C. Novello, Miss F. Healy, and Messrs. H. Phillips, Sapia, Hawkins, Turner, A. Novello, and Leffler. Among the choruses, the execution of "He is the king of glory," had "something of energy and precision which is indescribable, and its long rolling sequences of sevenths almost lifted the hearer from his seat. This one chorus, the triumph of a very charming performance, was worth a pilgrimage to hear."† The concluding chorus was of unexampled grandeur. In the solo parts, should not be omitted the very beautiful singing of Miss C. Novello and Mrs. Knyvett, and the splendid recitative of Mr. H. Phillips.

The Hall was crowded to excess, at rehearsals and performances, and the delight of the audiences was universal. The arrangement of the orchestra and chorus was excellent; and, says the *Atlas* critic, "the undertaking, considered in its results, can only be viewed in one way, namely, as the most important event that ever took place in the music of this country." The same writer observes:

"The great experiment has been tried, and its success has outstripped the most sanguine anticipation. What it was chiefly desired to ascertain in this first trial was, the actual resources which London, whose petty choral undertakings have been so long shamed by the country, possessed for the getting up of classical music on a grand scale. That the taste for sacred composition prevailed to

a great extent in private was well known ; but few, we imagine, expected the lovers of Handel and Mozart to step out of their privacy, and present so formidable an array of musical force as the orchestra of Exeter Hall offered to the eyes of the astonished visitor. Fewer still could have supposed that such a host would have sung together with the accuracy and correct *ensemble* which generally characterized their performance. The trebles were excellent alike in the firmness and *aplomb* of their intonation and their correct time, the basses and tenors were good—the altos, never under the mark—and on the part of the whole there was no exhibition of bawling or violence, but plain, straightforward, good chorus singing. We have never witnessed a more gratifying sight, than this choral crowd presented—a sight of most favourable omen for music. The amateurs have now but to establish a bond of union between themselves—some agreement to carry on their favourite pursuit to the highest degree of grandeur and perfection, and they may soon move the whole musical world.”

LINES

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF BOTH HOUSES OF THE
BRITISH PARLIAMENT BY FIRE, AND THE PRES-
ERVATION OF WESTMINSTER HALL AND ABBEY,
OCTOBER 16, A. D. 1834.

The ascending flames • • •
Spire with a bitter and severe delight.

Count Julian.

THE night was lovely ; and the south-west wind
Crisp'd the dim surface of the broad, smooth Thames.
With sail unfurl'd to the October gale,
Our gallant bark bore bravely down the stream
Toward Augusta—nor as yet had pass'd
Archiepiscopal Lambeth's towers.
From city-ward the sound of man and horn,
The tramp of horses, and the roll of chariots,
Told not of rest : but that the day was gone
Pale Dian and her million stars disclosed.
The light ashore increases, as if were
All Westminster a-blaze !

The eye was mock'd :
We saw the reflex in the mirroring wave
Redoubling ruin : each edifice around,
Quadrupling terrible reality,
Seem'd redly wrapt in flame.

That the hour was nigh,—
With fearful presage did our hearts forebode,
When the great Temple, wherein England's dead
Had many a century in reposing state
Lain undisturb'd, must perish as the dead
Inurn'd within it—when the only record
Of its illustrious tenantry would be
The deathless memory of immortal deeds
Within a nation's heart ! and much we fear'd
That the last sun of glory had gone down
Upon the ancient hall of Rufus !

Thanks !
Nor hall, nor abbey, gorged the glutton-flame ;
But scarce less piteous, a tremendous blaze
From domes, to Freedom and our country dear,
From walls wherein the British senate sat,
Rose toward Heaven majestic—and anon,
As with a magic haste, shore, bridge, and street,
Were throng'd with living masses all a-glare ;
And the red river, as on gala days,
Became a straud of life !

Nor from the land
Less awful was the scene, Distinctlier there

We saw and heard with what hydraulic skill
The dreadless fireman combated the flame,
Unheeding he of peril. There we saw
The fragile rafters blazing at his feet ;
And the hot lead on his broad helmet fall,
Like rain-drops dripping. There we saw
The venturous guardsman, prodigal of life,
Rush through the wreck and from oblivion's maw,
Rescue his country's annals.

There we felt
The helplessness, the littleness of man ;
For in that hall wherein the trumpet's sound
Proclaim'd the champion's challenge at the feast,
When England's peers, and chivalry, and beauty,
Late, and in early days, acclaim'd their kings,
The 'wilder'd statesman's voice was heard
Directing how to save.

But vain the voice
And the endeavour vain to quell the flame
Where now it raged. Through cloister, aisle, and
vault,

Archway and passage, as through flame-flues, pass'd
The all-devouring stream—consuming dreadly
Porch, gallery, chancel, chantry, corridor ;
Nor 'scaped its ire the wool-sack and the throne !
Through carved window-space and ruin-rent
Hiss'd the hot currents, and triumphantly
United upwards in a kindred stream :
One wide, white blaze the old palatial site
Enveloped now, o'er-arching threateningly
The British Nimrod's venerated hall,
Whereon the burning records of the land,
Whirl'd by the flames and winds aloft, fell fast
And blacken'd o'er the roof.

The elder abbey
Stood alone in safety—that sacred structure
By the first Christian king of Albion rear'd !
Temple and tomb ! whose aged, hallow'd walls,
May never eye pollute with aweless gaze !
Whose sculptur'd floor, may never defacing foot
Irreverend press ! for not a rood beneath
Lie Virtue, Genius, Valour, Royalty.—
Norman and Saxon—Briton and the Dane—
Tudor, Plantagenet—Lancastrian, Yorkist—
King, statesman, patriot, warrior, bard, and sage,
Prince, peer, crusader, knight, and lady fair ;
Yea, half the noble of eight hundred years !
That civil feud, which dench'd the sepulchre
With brother's blood, sent many a gallant corse
That met in battle with a gory couch
'Midst strife and tumult, to the stillness there ;
The feud itself for aye lies buried there.
Last of the rival roses ! twined in life,
Lie Richmond and Elizabeth in peace.
Rest, holy dead !

'Twas thus abstractedly
We hurried past faces and past forms
To fancy's eye, when suddenly upheaved
The massive masonry of Edward's tomb.
And the Confessor rose—the founder he—
With crown and sceptre and the pastoral staff !
Next rose a multitude in regal robes !
Rose knights and warlike peers of olden times
In steel and brazen mail, and cloth of gold,
And martial vestments habited ! Then ceased
The clash and creak of gauntlet, corslet, greave,
And glaive : and Spenser, Newton, Handel rose !
With cross and crossier, bald of head, uprose
The servants of the Church ! All rose erect,
And stood in awing silence. The enlarged floor,
Within receding walls, scarce held the Dead,
So crowdingly they rose !

'Twas but a thought,
But not more solemn than the solemn scene,
That had inspired it.

Gorgeous was the light
Within the circuit of the orange glare,
That verging far, lent grandeur to the gloom ;
Giving the fire-hue to each human form,
And robing, as with flame, each awful pile.
Like an enchanter's palace in the glow,
Stood Henry's chapel, exquisitely rich,

Elaborately carved with matchless art.
Shone each near object, bathing as it were,
In living light around a fire-god's throne;
Saw one colossal figure, which enclad
In Roman toga, stood in pristine hue
Amid that living light!

Grey in the gloom
Of the dim distance stood the Abbey towers.—
Those old Cathedral towers,* whose clamorous tongues
Once told of Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt;
Once rang exultingly th' Armada's knell,
Nor yet less joyously, in after-times,
Of Blenheim, Nile, Quebec, and Waterloo.
Long may their voices echo England's glory!
They are preserved—as is the Confessor's tomb,
King Henry's Chapel, and the banquet-hall:
So far exult.

But who can look unmoved
On the black ruin that o'erspreads the base
Of those old fabrics, once Britannia's home!
The ancient palace of her ancient kings!
Her halls of liberty! where has been heard
The eloquence of Freedom's daring sons,
Since when within Saint Stephen's holy walls,
Our first great charter was unroll'd and read,
And made the groundwork of the glorious cause
That hath so often triumph'd! Hence the might
That quench'd Napoleon's culminating star!
The fearless pride with which the sea-chief rode
And swept the seas! And hence sublimer force;
That moral honesty which awes the world
By precept and example of good faith!

Remember lastly, on this hallow'd spot
The Negro's chain was broken. Here was raised
That voice exultant—that free victor-voice,
Which unto man, and all the earth proclaim'd,
"Where'er we rule, there slavery shall not be!"

CYMBELINA.

THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

MORE than four years since a brief Memoir of this interesting young personage appeared in No. 408 of the *Mirror*; when she was an exile from her rightful throne, and was living in retirement at Laleham, in Middlesex. She is now in the full possession of her rights, and wears the Crown of Portugal without any regency, although under the age of sixteen.

Donna Maria left England in the autumn of 1830, with the Princess of Leuchtenberg, then affianced to Don Pedro. They sailed from Portsmouth for Rio Janeiro, where they were received by Don Pedro, who celebrated his second marriage immediately after their arrival. In the succeeding year, after the revolution in Brazil, which obliged Don Pedro to abdicate in favour of his infant son, the ex-Emperor and Empress returned to Europe with Donna Maria, who resided chiefly in Paris, until the legitimate cause finally triumphed, when she was enabled to proceed to Lisbon, and assume the Crown *de facto*. Previously to sailing, she paid a short visit to England, where she was received with royal honours by King William IV., at Windsor, and generally, with much respect. She revisited her former residence at Laleham, for which she expressed much attachment, and on passing through the neighbouring town of Chertsey; was addressed by the

* Indulgence for this license; since the Towers are modern.

inhabitants, and presented with a copy of "De Lolme on the English Constitution."

Don Pedro governed Portugal as Regent for some months; but his health having declined, he resigned the regency in September last, when the Queen was declared of age to govern in her own name. Within a few days of his resignation, Don Pedro died; and the youthful Queen has, therefore, upon her own shoulders the cares of government.

Donna Maria has made a slight change in Don Pedro's ministry, but has retained all the household officers and servants, and shown the greatest consideration to all those employed by her father about the palace. The amnesty and pardon proclaimed to the state-prisoners is said to have been her own earnest desire; and having been obliged to sign a death warrant for a notorious criminal, she was so affected as to be scarcely able to write her signature. Her benevolence is almost unbounded, and she is already the favourite of the populace, as well as of the higher orders.

The Queen resides with her mother-in-law, the ex-Empress, in Lisbon. She is much improved in appearance since her childhood; but the weakness of her ankles has gradually so much increased, that at present her Majesty is unable to walk, and is obliged to be wheeled from room to room in a Merlin chair. She, however, has attended several councils of ministers held in the palace, and has paid great attention to all business brought before her. It is confidently reported that the young Queen is likely to be affianced to the Duke de Leuchtenberg, brother of the ex-Empress, son of Eugene Beauharnois, and grandson of Josephine, first wife of Napoleon.

FIDELITAS.

Retrospective Gleanings.

INSULTATION.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—"It cannot be safe to insult over any: as there is no creature so little, but may do us a mischief; so is no man so low, but may occasion our smart. The spider can impose; the ant can sting; even the fly can trouble our patience. Into all sensitive creatures, nature hath put a kind of vindictive justice; that in some measure they are able to return an injury. If they do not always, it is only because they are not able. Man hath both a more able, and a more impatient soul: and though reason teaches him not to be furious, yet withal, it teaches him not to be dull. Extremities of injury often awaken extremities of revenge; especially if we meet with contempt from others, or find despair in ourselves: for despair makes a coward bold and daring. Nor stands it but with reason, that a strong patience, urged beyond itself, should turn into the strongest rage. The bow that is hardest

to bend, sends out an arrow with most force. Neglect an enemy, but condemn him not. Disdain will banish patience, and bring in fury, which is many times a greater lord than he that rules a kingdom. Contempt unbridles fear, and makes us both to will, to dare, and to execute. Sigismund said true, He hath conquered well, that hath made his enemies fly: we may beat them to a desperate resistance that may ruin us. He is the wrong way high, that scorns a man below him for his lowness. They are but puffed minds that bubble thus above inferiors. We see it is the froth only, that gets to the top of the water. Man cannot be so much above man, as that his difference should legitimate his scorn. Thou knowest not what may show itself, when thy contempt awakens the lion of a sleeping mind. All disdain, but that of vice, detracteth from the worth of man. Greatness, in any man, makes not his injury more lawful, but more great. And as he that suffers, thinks his disgrace more noted for the other's eminency; so he thinks his own honour will be the more when he hath accomplished his revenge: whereby, in some kind, he hath raised himself to be his superiors' equal. Man is, *animal generosissimum*; and though he be content to subject himself to another's commands, yet he will not endure his braves. A lash given to the soul will provoke more than the body's cruel torture. Derision makes the peasant brave the prince. When Augustus saw one like himself, and asked him in a scoff, if his mother was never at Rome, the boy answered, No; but his father was. When Julian in a mock, asked the reverend and aged blind Ignatius, why he went not into Galilee to recover his sight, he said, 'I am contentedly blind, that I may not see such a tyrant as thou art.' We are all here fellow-servants; and we know not how our grand Master will brook insolencies in his family. How darest thou, that art but a piece of earth, that heaven hath blown into, presume thyself into the impudent usurpation of a majesty unshaken? Thou canst not sit upon so high a cog, but mayst with turning prove the lowest in the wheel; and therefore thou mayst think of the measure that thou wouldst then have given me. If we have enemies, it is better we deserve to have their friendship, than either to despise or irritate them. No man's weakness shall occasion my greater weakness, in proudly contemning him. Our bodies, our souls, have both the like original composure: if I have anything beyond him, it is not my goodness, but God's; and he, by time and means, may have as much or more. Take us alone, and we are but twins of nature. Why should any despise another, because he is better furnished with that which is none of his own."

W. G. C.

HAMLET.

THE original story on which this play is built, may be found in Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish historian.* From thence Belleforest adopted it in his collection of novels, in seven volumes, which he began in 1564, and continued to publish through succeeding years. From this work, "*The Historie of Hamblett*," 4to. black letter, was translated. "I have hitherto," says Steevens, "met with no earlier edition of the play than one in the year 1604, though it must have been performed before that time, as I have seen a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Gabriel Harvey, (the antagonist of Nash,) who, in his own handwriting, has set down the play, as a performance with which he was well acquainted in the year 1598. His words are these: 'The younger sort take much delight in Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort.' In the books of the Stationers' Company, this play was entered by James Roberts, July 26th, 1602, under the title of "*A booke called The Revenge of Hamlett, Prince of Denmark*, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain, his servants."

A play, called *Hamlet*, was acted at Newington Theatre, by the Lord Admiral's and Lord Chamberlain's men, June the ninth, 1594. Could this, (says Baker,) be Shakspeare's, the first edition of which was not printed till ten years afterwards?—P.T.W.

SNUFF-TAKING.

THE following copy of the will of Mrs. Margaret Thompson, who died April 2nd, 1776, at her house in Boyle-street, Burlington Gardens, affords a notable specimen of the ruling passion strong in death:

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Margaret Thompson, &c. being of sound mind, &c. do desire that when my soul is departed from this wicked world, my body and effects may be disposed of in the manner following . . . I also desire that all my handkerchiefs, that I may leave unwashed at the time of my decease, after they have been got together by my old and trusty servant, Sarah Stuart, be put by her, and by her alone, at the bottom of my coffin, which I desire may be made large enough for that purpose, together with such a quantity of the best Scotch snuff, (in which she knoweth I always had the greatest delight,) as will cover my deceased body; and this I desire the more especially as it is usual to put flowers into the coffins of their departed friends, and nothing can be so fragrant and refreshing to me as that precious powder. But I strictly charge that no man be suffered to approach my body till the

* See Mirror, vol. x. p. 399.

coffin is closed, and it is necessary to carry me to my burial, which I order in the manner following: Six men to be my bearers, who are well known to be the greatest snuff-takers in the parish of St. James's, Westminster; instead of mourning, each to wear a snuff-coloured beaver hat, which I desire may be bought for that purpose and given to them. Six maidens of my old acquaintance, viz. &c. to bear my pall, each to wear a proper hood, and to carry a box filled with the best Scotch snuff, to take for their refreshment as they go along. Before my corpse I desire the minister may be invited to walk, and to take a certain quantity of the said snuff not exceeding one pound; to whom also I bequeath five guineas on condition of his so doing. And I also desire my old and faithful servant, Sarah Stuart, to walk before the corpse, to distribute every twenty yards a large handful of Scotch snuff to the ground, and upon the crowd who possibly may follow me to the burial place; on which condition I bequeath her 20*l*. And I also desire that at least two bushels of the said snuff may be distributed at the door of my house in Boyle-street."

She then proceeds to order the time of her burial, which is to be at twelve o'clock at noon. She then particularizes her legacies, and over and above every legacy, she desires may be given one pound of good Scotch snuff, which she calls the grand cordial of nature.

J. S. W.

Spirit of Discovery.

LIFE-RAFT.

MACHINES for aiding escape from danger, as shipwreck or fire, have long exercised the ingenuity of persons of inventive turn of mind. The object of such contrivances is in itself, so associated with the nobler sympathies of humanity, as to excite general interest in their success; and to save a life by a raft, or a fire-escape, must surely be more honourable to genius than to construct machines for the wholesale destruction of thousands. Many of these *escapes* have, however, failed in practice, if not in experiment, for want of simplicity in their construction; since, it need scarcely be added, that in moments of imminent danger, when such machines are to be used, persons are least prepared to profit by any but the simplest and most obvious of assistance; the mind being, in most cases, so excited and confused by fear, as to be unable to exercise any of its higher faculties of comprehension or invention. Indeed, complicated machines are less useful to a man in danger than an abstruse book is to an untaught child; since the man may neglect other means of escape, and thus perish, in endeavouring to turn to

account the one before him; but the child may have time for profitable instruction. The simplicity of the contrivance we are about to describe is its main merit and recommendation; and this has induced us to transfer the details to our pages.

This raft was invented about four years since, by Mr. Alfred Canning, engineer, who has proved its efficiency in several public trials in stormy seas, upon dangerous rocky shores, in situations where a life-boat of any description, life-raft, or any other known means hitherto invented, would have failed, or been inevitably dashed to pieces. As a knowledge of the simple construction of this machine cannot be too widely circulated, we subjoin its figure and description.

A, is a main yard or other spar, with two cross-spars, B B, lashed near each end of it, and kept in their places by the ropes or stays C C. To give the necessary firmness to the machine, four of the ropes terminate in a loop at D D, through which a smaller cord is rove, and braced up *tight*.

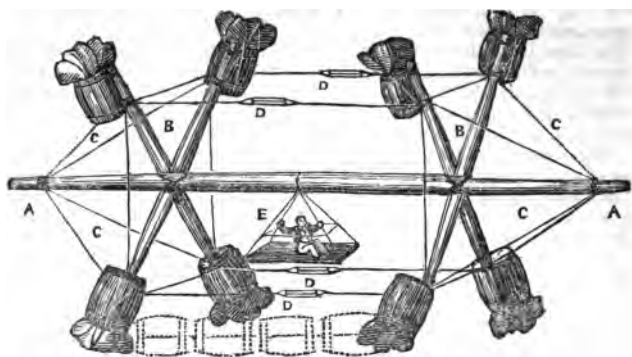
The machine is floated by means of empty water casks, one being attached to each end of the cross-spars B B. The projecting end of each cask is covered with a hammock, to protect it from being stove in by rocks, &c. The number, and disposition of the casks, must, of course, be regulated according to the number of persons to be carried. When the number is great, it is advisable to place the barrels as shown by the dotted lines, to obtain a sufficient buoyancy.

A platform E, for the reception of passengers, is slung upon the main-yard A, by a strong loop, so as to turn freely upon it; one or two loops being used, according to the size of platform required. The loops are kept in the middle of the yard by a chock on each side of them.

It will be observed that only four of the casks can be immersed at one time, and the object of the inventor in using twice that number, is to permit the raft to roll over, without any risk to the parties on the platform *e*: that being suspended as just described, so as to retain a horizontal position whichever set of barrels may be undermost.

Another modification of this raft is composed of three spars, lashed together cross-wise at the middle, and braced up by means of ropes. To each end of these spars is attached an empty cask, or a cork fender, to give the requisite buoyancy. If casks are used, they should be protected with hammocks, as before described. The persons upon this raft support themselves in the centre, holding on by the ropes, and shifting themselves whenever the raft rolls over.

Persons in vessels wrecked are, by this invention, enabled to form in a few minutes, out of materials always at hand, in shipping of every description, a speedy and safe means



(Canning's Life-raft.)

of reaching the adjoining shore, without being subjected to immersion, however they may be tossed about, or upset, while they are protected from shock, when the raft is dashed against rocks.

Among the trials made by Mr. Canning, those at Cherbourg and Jersey are especially worthy of notice. At the former place, a raft of the description shown in the figure, was drawn out to the head of the jetty in very stormy weather. Mr. Canning then seated himself on the platform, the raft was turned adrift, and being driven by the wind across the mouth of the harbour upon the rocks, it was eventually thrown by the waves, high and dry, upon a perilous shore, without any injury either to the machine, or its ingenious inventor.

In September, 1830, after the preliminary arrangements, Mr. Canning seated himself upon his raft, and caused it to be towed from the mouth of the port St. Hilier, nearly to Elizabeth Castle, when he cast off the tow-rope, and abandoned himself to an impetuous wind and raging sea, by which he was driven towards the dangerous rocks of La Collette. With his arms folded across his breast, and in a reclining position, he seemed as much at ease, and in as great security, as if upon a sofa; while the raft was driven amongst the rocks, and dashed against their craggy points, until, at length, a tremendous breaker threw the raft high upon the shore; where Mr. Canning was welcomed with the applause of the admiring crowd. At the termination of this most interesting experiment, Mr. Canning proceeded to Havre-de-Pas, and there let off several rockets in succession, with a cord fastened to each, thereby showing his simple and certain method of conveying a line from the shore to vessels in distress, and thus landing the crew.

A few days since, Mr. Canning experimented in the Thames, with his smaller raft of three spars, and completely succeeded.

The apparatus was towed down the river by a steam-boat, and to test its strength, was forced against the abutment of the bridges in passing them, when Mr. Canning being in the safety cradle, escaped unhurt.

We are happy to add that Mr. Canning's invention has already received a partial, if not its entire, reward. The Society of Arts have presented him with their large silver medal, as a token of the high opinion they entertain of the ingenuity and utility of his contrivance. A subscription has likewise been commenced to indemnify the ingenious inventor; and a model of the raft may be seen at the National Gallery of Practical Science. We hope soon to hear of its receiving Admiralty patronage; for, assuredly, this invention is closely associated with the security and welfare of those "whose home is on the deep."

The Naturalist.

THE VALE OF BUTTERMERE.

THE vale of Buttermere contains the lake called by the same name. This lake, (says Mr. Gilpin,) is small, being only about a mile and a half in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth. It is of an oblong form, and at one end sweeps around a woody promontory. On the western side, a long range of mountainous declivity stretches from end to end, and appears at a distance to fall every where precipitately into the water; though, when the spectator is on the spot, a margin of meadow probably extends from the bottom of the mountain. The eastern side of the lake is woody, and happily contrasts with the western. Near the bottom of this vale is a cascade, which appears at a distance like a white ribbon bisecting the mountain from which it descends. The people of this country, in reference to its foam call it Sour Milk Gill, or Sour Milk Force. Those who wish to study rocks and precipitous waters,

(says Mr. Green,) will find them in great variety in this cascade, which, after falling down the steep mountain, reposes in the lake of Buttermere. The water of this fall comes from Burtness-tarn, which is situated between Red-pike and High-stile. The lake, (says Mr. Clarke,) contains trout and char of an excellent quality. Here also are the fish called grey trouts, which are found in no other lake in Cumberland besides this and Ulswater. The right of fishery is said to belong entirely to the Earl of Egremont, who is lord of the manor.

W. G. C.

DECEPTION ISLAND.

THIS island, one of the New South Shetland group, was visited by Lieutenant Kendall, while belonging to the ship *Chanticleer*, Captain Foster, and a notice of his observations was read, a short time since, before a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. It is situated in lat. 62° 55' S., and long. 60° 28' W., and is of volcanic origin. The interior of it is occupied by a circular lake, which communicates with the sea on its south-east side. Compact lava, ashes, and pumice-stone, are among the component parts of the island, the highest part of which is about 1,800 feet above the sea. It seems that volcanic action was still in progress, as many apertures were found from which steam was constantly issuing with a loud noise. Hot springs abound in the island, and Lieutenant Kendall found water at a temperature of 140°, issuing from under the snow-clad surface of the ground, and running into the sea. Alum was seen in several places. The remains of a wreck were found; too old, however, to afford any clue to the name of the vessel, or the country to which she had belonged.

W. G. C.

THE BITTERN.

THE bittern is a timid and inoffensive bird, of a less size than the heron, and is neither so voracious nor destructive, yet its habits are in the greatest degree curious. The mouth opens to such an expansion that the eyes appear to be fixed in the bill. The plumage is of a pale, dull yellow, variously marked with black, and some parts of the wings are of a bright rust colour barred with black. The crown of the head is black, and on the hind part of the head a pendant crest is formed of the feathers. The back of the neck is clothed with fine down, whilst the front is beautifully ornamented with a ruff of long and loose feathers. The tail is short, the legs of a pale, green hue. The claws are long and slender, and the middle one serrated, in order that the bird may the better hold its prey. It is an inhabitant of the fen countries.

W. G. C.

SINGULAR TIDES AT OTAHEITE.

THE island of Otaheite was discovered by Captain Wallis, in 1767, accurately surveyed by Captain Cook, Dr. Solander, and Joseph Banks, in 1769, and has since been visited by hundreds of navigators from all parts of the world; yet, not one of them noticed the phenomenon of the tides of this island, until Captain Kotzebue, who visited it a few years ago, communicated to the world the singular law by which they are regulated; namely, that the time of high water is precisely at noon and midnight all the year round.

W. G. C.

The Public Journals.

MY HOBBY,—RATHER.

I HAVE only, in my life, known one *lunatic*—properly so called. In the days when I carried a satchel on the banks of the Shamshen (a river whose half-lovely, half-wild scenery, is tied like a silver thread about my heart), Larry Wynn and myself were the farthest boarders from school, in a solitary farm-house on the edge of a lake of some miles square, called by the undignified title of *Pomp's Pond*. An old negro, who was believed by the boys to have come over with Christopher Columbus, was the only other human being within any thing like a neighbourhood of the lake (it took its name from him); and the only approaches to its waters, girded in as it was by an almost impenetrable forest, were the path through old *Pomp's* clearing, and that by our own door. Out of school, Larry and I were inseparable. He was a pale, sad-faced boy, and, in the first days of our intimacy, he had confided a secret to me, which, from its uncommon nature, and the excessive caution with which he kept it from every one else, bound me to him with more than the common ties of schoolfellow attachment. We built wigwams together in the woods, had our tomahawks made of the same fashion, united our property in fox-traps, and played Indians with perfect contentment in each other's approbation.

I had found out, soon after my arrival at school, that Larry never slept on a moonlight night. With the first slender horn that dropped its silver and graceful shape behind the hills, his uneasiness commenced; and by the time its full and perfect orb poured a flood of radiance over vale and mountain, he was like one haunted by a pursuing demon. At early twilight he closed the shutters, stuffing every crevice that could admit a ray; and then, lighting as many candles as he could beg or steal from our thrifty landlord, he sat down with his book, in moody silence, or paced the room with an uneven step, and a solemn melancholy in his fine countenance, of which, with all my familiarity with him, I was almost afraid. Violent exercise seemed

the only relief; and when the candles burnt low after midnight, and the stillness around the lone farm-house became too absolute to endure, he would throw up the window, and, leaping desperately out into the moonlight, rush up the hill into the depths of the wild forest, and walk on with supernatural excitement till the day dawned. Faint and pale he would then creep into his bed, and, begging me to make his very common and always credited excuse of illness, sleep soundly till I returned from school. I soon became used to his ways, ceased to follow him, as I had once or twice endeavoured to do, into the forest, and never attempted to break in on the fixed and rapt silence which seemed to transform his lips to marble. And for all this Larry loved me.

* * * *

Some two or three years after we had taken "the irrevocable yoke" of life upon us (not matrimony, but money-making), a winter occurred of uncommonly fine sleighing—*sledging*, you call it in England. At such times the American world is all abroad, either for business or pleasure. The roads are passable at any rate of velocity of which a horse is capable, smooth as *montagnes Russes*, and hard as is good for hoofs; and a hundred miles is diminished to ten in facility of locomotion. The hunter brings down his venison to the cities, the western trader takes his family a hundred leagues to buy calicoes and tracts, and parties of all kinds scour the country, drinking mulled wine and "flip," and shaking the very nests out of the fir-trees with the ringing of their horses' bells. You would think death and sorrow were buried in the snow with the leaves of the last autumn.

I do not know why I undertook, at this time, a journey to the west; certainly not for scenery, for it was a world of waste, desolate, and dazzling whiteness, for a thousand unbroken miles. The trees were weighed down with snow, and the houses were thatched and half-buried in it, and the mountains and valleys were like the vast waves of an illimitable sea, congealed with its yesty foam in the wildest hour of a tempest. The eye lost its powers in gazing on it. The "spirit-bird" that spread his refreshing green wings before the pained eyes of Thalaba, would have been an inestimable fellow-traveller. The worth of the eye-sight lay in the purchase of a pair of green goggles.

In the course of a week or two, after skimming over the buried scenery of half a dozen states, each as large as Great Britain (more or less), I found myself in a small town on the border of one of our western lakes. It was some twenty years since the bears had found it thinly settled enough for their purposes, and now it contained, perhaps, twenty thousand souls. The oldest inhabitant, born in the town, was a youth in his minority.

Larry Wynn (now Lawrence Wynn, Esq.) lived here. He had, as they say in the United States, "hung out a shingle" (*Londoned*, put up a sign) as attorney-at-law; and to all the twenty thousand innocent inhabitants of the place, he was the oracle and the squire. He was, besides, colonel of militia, churchwarden, and canal commissioner; appointments which speak volumes for the prospects of "rising young men" in our flourishing republic. I mention it for the peculiar benefit of Scotland.

Larry was glad to see me—very. I was more glad to see him. I called him "Larry." By the same token, he did *not* call me "Phil." (There are very few that love me, patient reader, but those who do, thus abbreviate my pleasant name of Philip. I was called after the Indian Sachem of that name, whose blood runs in this tawny hand.) Larry looked upon me as a *man*. I looked on him, with all his dignities and changes, through the sweet vista of memory—as a *boy*. His mouth had acquired the pinched corners of caution and mistrust common to those who know their fellow men; but I never saw it unless when speculating as I am now. He was to me the pale-faced and melancholy friend of my boyhood; and I could have slept, as I used to do, with my arm around his neck, and feared to stir lest I should wake him. Had my last earthly hope lain in the palm of my hand, I could have given it to him, had he needed it, but to make him sleep; and yet he thought of me but as a stranger under his roof, and added, in his warmest moments, a "Mr." to my name! There is but one circumstance in my life that has wounded me more. Memory, avaunt!

"You are come in good time," said Larry one morning, with a half-smile, "and shall be groomsman to me. I am going to be married."—"Married!"—"Married."—I repeated the word after him, for I was surprised. He had never opened his lips about his unhappy lunacy since my arrival, and I had felt hurt at this apparent unwillingness to renew our ancient confidence, but had felt a repugnance to any forcing of the topic upon him, and could only hope that he had outgrown or overcome it. I argued, immediately on this information of his intended marriage, that it must be so. No man in his senses, I thought, would link an impending madness to the fate of a confiding and lovely woman.

He took me into his sleigh, and we drove to her father's house. She was a flower in the wilderness. Of a delicate form, as all my countrywomen are, and lovely, as *quite* all certainly are not, large-eyed, soft in her manners, and yet less timid than confiding and sister-like, with a shade of melancholy in her smile, caught, perhaps, with the "trick of sadness" from himself, and a patrician slightness of reserve, or pride, which

Nature sometimes, in very mockery of high birth, teaches her most secluded child,—the bride elect was, as I said before, a flower in the wilderness. She was one of those women we sigh to look upon as they pass by, as if there went a fragment of the wreck of some blessed dream.

The day arrived for the wedding, and the sleigh-bells jingled merrily into the village. The morning was as soft and genial as June, and the light snow on the surface of the lake melted, and lay on the breast of the solid ice beneath, giving it the effect of one white silver mirror, stretching to the edge of the horizon. It was exquisitely beautiful, and I was standing at the window in the afternoon, looking off upon the shining expanse, when Larry approached, and laid his hand familiarly on my shoulder.—“What glorious skating we shall have,” said I, “if this smooth water freezes to-night!”

I turned the next moment to look at him; for we had not skated together since I went out, at his earnest entreaty, at midnight, to skim the little lake where we had passed our boyhood, and drive away the fever from his brain, under the light of a full moon. He remembered it, and so did I; and I put my arm behind him, for the colour fled from his face, and I thought he would have sunk to the floor.—“The moon is full to-night,” said he, recovering instantly to a cold self-possession. I took hold of his hand firmly, and, in as kind a tone as I could summon, spoke of our early friendship, and apologizing thus for the freedom, asked if he had quite overcome his melancholy disease. His face worked with emotion, and he tried to withdraw his hand from my clasp, and evidently wished to avoid an answer.—“Tell me, dear Larry,” said I.—“Oh God! No!” said he, breaking violently from me, and throwing himself, with his face downwards, upon the sofa. The tears streamed through his fingers upon the silken cushion.—“Not cured? and does *she* know it?”—“No! no! thank God! not yet!”

I remained silent a few minutes, listening to his suppressed moans (for he seemed heart-broken with the confession), and pitying while I inwardly condemned him. And then the picture of that lovely and fond woman rose up before me, and the impossibility of concealing his fearful malady from a wife, and the fixed insanity in which it must end, and the whole wreck of her hopes and his own prospects and happiness,—and my heart grew sick.

I sat down by him; and, as it was too late to remonstrate on the injustice he was committing toward her, I asked how he came to appoint the night of a full moon for his wedding. He gave up his reserve, calmed himself, and talked of it at last as if he were relieved by the communication. Never shall

I forget the doomed pallor, the straining eye, and feverish hand of my poor friend during that half hour.

Since he had left college, he had striven, with the whole energy of his soul, against it. He had plunged into business,—he had kept his bed resolutely night after night, till his brain seemed on the verge of frenzy with the effort,—he had taken opium to secure to himself an artificial sleep;—but he had never dared to confide it to any one, and he had no friend to sustain him in his fearful and lonely hours; and it grew upon him rather than diminished. He described to me, with the most touching pathos, how he had concealed it for years,—how he had stolen out like a thief to give vent to his insane restlessness in the silent streets of the city at midnight, and in the more silent solitudes of the forest,—how he had prayed, and wrestled, and wept over it,—and, finally, how he had come to believe there was no hope for him except in the assistance and constant presence of some one who would devote life to him in love and pity. Poor Larry! I put up a silent prayer in my heart that the desperate experiment might not end in agony and death.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

(By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.)

We stand among the fallen leaves,
Young children at our play—
And laugh to see the yellow things
Go rustling on their way:
Right merrily we hunt them down,
The autumn winds and we;
Nor pause to gaze where snow-drifts lie,
Or sunbeams gild the tree.
With dancing feet we leap along,
Where wither'd boughs are strown;
Nor past nor future checks our song—
The present is our own.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In youth's enchanted spring—
When Hope (who wearies at the last)
First spreads her eagle wing.
We tread with steps of conscious strength
Beneath the leafless trees,
And the colour kindles on our cheek
As blows the winter breeze;
While, gazing towards the cold, grey sky,
Clouded with snow and rain,
We wish the old year all past by,
And the young spring come again.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In manhood's haughty prime—
When first our pausing hearts begin
To love “the olden time;”
And, as we gaze, we sigh to think
How many a year hath pass'd,
Since “neath those cold and faded trees
Our footstep's wandered last;
And old companions—now perchance
Estranged, forgot, or dead,
Come round us, as those autumn leaves
Are crush'd beneath our tread.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In our own autumn day—
And tott'ring on with feeble steps,
Pursue our cheerless way.

We look not back—too long ago
 Hath all we loved been lost;
 Nor forward—for we may not live
 To see our new hope cross'd:
 But on we go—the sun's faint beam
 A feeble warmth imparts—
 Childhood without its joy returns—
 The present fills our hearts!

New Monthly Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

TRAGICAL MURDER.

[ONE of the most striking scenes of the mad career of Christina, of Sweden, is thus related by Miss Landon, in her last novel, *Francesca Carrara*.]

The ex-Queen of Sweden has had one of the gentlemen of her suite put to death in a manner equally sudden and barbarous, and what excites in me a strong personal feeling on the subject is, that Monaldeschi, the cavalier in question, dined with me the very day of his murder, as I must call it. Such a gay dinner as we had! for Monaldeschi, lively, unscrupulous, and sarcastic, was a most amusing companion. His spirits, far higher than his usual bearing, carried us all along with them; and I remember saying to him, "I envy your gaiety; why, Monaldeschi, you are as joyous as if there were nothing but sunshine in the world." He changed countenance, and becoming suddenly grave, exclaimed, "Do not call me back to myself. I feel an unaccountable vivacity, which I know is the herald of disaster." But again he became cheerful, and we rallied him on the belief, which he still gaily maintained, that great spirits were the sure forerunners of misfortune. "Well," was my answer, "I should like mine to be so announced." The dessert was being put down, when a messenger came from the palace, and commanded his immediate attendance on his queen. He turned pale as death, but prepared to obey the summons; and, taking up a glass, filled it with wine. The slender Venetian glass shivered in his hand before he could raise it to his lips. "Are you superstitious, count?" asked some one at the table; "the delicate crystal of Venice is said to shiver when treachery is at hand." This careless observation seemed to affect my guest far beyond what a slight pleasantry could be supposed to occasion. His face became livid; and, snatching up a silver cup, he filled it to the very brim, and drank it down; then he stood for a moment as if lost in thought, when, flinging his cloak around him, he hurried from the room, utterly forgetful of our presence, without even a gesture of farewell. His strange agitation left its own gloom behind, and our party soon broke up. Have you never, Mercœur, felt that vague fear, that feverish restlessness, for which you can give no rational cause; but

which seems as if something extraordinary must happen, though you have not the slightest ground for expectation? I ordered my horse, and rode out; and the pleasantness of the evening led me further than I intended, so that the moon was up when I returned homewards. On my way I had to pass the churchyard, which is about a quarter of a mile from the town. The moonlight was shining full on the lowly graves, over which the branches of an old yew swung to and fro mournfully. To my great surprise, from the lateness of the hour, when the funeral rites are but rarely performed, I saw a group of persons gathered round a grave which was in the very act of being filled up. I distinctly heard the falling of the clods. Reining up my horse beside the low stone wall—prompted by I know not what curiosity—I asked who it was that had been buried? "Count Monaldeschi, executed this evening for treason against his rightful sovereign, Queen Christina," replied a man in the uniform of one of her guards. I let the bridle fall from my hand. Good God! had he then gone forth from my dinner-table to his death? Could my cheerful companion of but a few hours since be lying there, cold as the damp earth they were trampling down upon his body? Were those brilliant spirits but lights of destruction? I know not how I regained the town, for the image of Monaldeschi floated before my eyes; now animated with all the warmth and hues of life—now pale, as I could fancy him after the fatal blow; but brought vividly before me, as objects are brought only in periods of strong excitement. I afterwards learnt the following details, partly from a page of his own, partly from le Père Mantonny:—"On arriving at the palace of Fontainebleau, Monaldeschi was shown at once into the queen's presence, who, with quick steps, was pacing the apartment, holding in her hand a packet of letters, which she had only just refolded. The count dropped on his knee; when, hastily turning towards him, she bade him go to the *galerie aux cerfs*. He obeyed, and there he found the Chevalier di Sentinelli, the chief captain of her guards. Sentinelli is a man who never changed feature or colour in his life; and now, with the utmost coolness, he bade the unfortunate count address himself to the priest in attendance; 'and,' added he, 'make your confession short, for my orders for your execution are immediate. Monaldeschi staggered against the wall, and remained for a few minutes in a state of almost insensibility, when the chevalier, drawing his sword, pointed to the father, who stood nearly as pale and aghast as the man whose confession he was called upon so suddenly to receive. The prisoner sprang forwards, and throwing himself at the confessor's feet, implored him:

piteously to hasten to Christina, and intercede for his life. At first, the Captain Sentinelli objected to Mantuony leaving the room with his penitent unshriven; but respect for the holy man at last induced him to allow his proceeding on what he warned him would be a fruitless mission. The priest found Christina in the same apartment, apparently entirely occupied with a volume of Swedish history. 'You come,' said she, rising from her seat, 'to announce that my orders have been obeyed.' 'I come,' replied the father, 'on a more fitting errand for the minister of our Saviour; I come, in his name, to entreat your pity and pardon for yonder miserable offender. Please your grace to think, that you may take life away, but cannot give it!' 'You will leave your penitent to die unconfessed,' was her only answer; 'I would not destroy both soul and body; but on your own heads be the sin, if you waste the time allowed to prepare for eternity.' 'Lady, for your own soul's sake,' cried the agitated old man, 'be merciful! remember, his blood will rise to the skies, and cry aloud for judgment, even at the last day!' 'Between me and Heaven be the reckoning!' exclaimed she, resuming her seat. 'For the love of our lady be pitiful! Only see him; you cannot order a fellow-creature from your own presence into eternity!' The queen started from her chair. 'I have,' said she, white with anger, which yet affected not her calm and measured words, 'I have laid down most of the possessions of my ancestor; but once a queen always a queen; and treason shall not pass in my household unpunished while I retain but one faithful follower to avenge the cause of his queen and of his mistress. Ay, by my own hand!' continued she, in a louder tone, half drawing a sabre that lay on the table, and returning the glittering blade to the scabbard with a force that made it ring again, 'by my own hand should the traitor perish, rather than his daring treachery should go unpunished! Now, will you back, and shrive the coward? or must he die with his guilt on his head? Yonder clock wants five minutes of the hour,—when that hour strikes, it will sound the knell of a traitor, as it strikes, he dies!' 'The father left the room, and found the count in a state of stupefaction. In vain he adjured him to turn his thoughts to prayer; in vain he offered to him the cross, and implored him to think on Him who died to save; but the agony of his fear was too great for prayer. The clock struck, and Sentinelli drew his sword; the noise roused Monaldeschi, who, springing up, rushed to the window, and endeavoured to throw himself out,—it was fastened. Sentinelli followed, and tried to stab him. The first blow only resounded against the chain armour which he wore under his clothes; but at the

second, the blood rushed in torrents from his side; the third brought him to his knee, and then Sentinelli passed his sword through him. The miserable man dropped on the floor, which was died crimson with his struggles, for still he writhed; when the executioner, pressing him down with his foot, extricated the blade, and, as he drew it forth, Monaldeschi sank back dead. The corpse was immediately put into a coach, and buried in the churchyard with all possible speed; and, but for the horror in men's minds, there would not be a trace left of the unfortunate, even if guilty, Monaldeschi. I hear, however, that one horrible trace does remain: the floor was so saturated with the blood shed in his dying struggles, that no efforts can efface the stain. In vain, buckets upon buckets of water have been poured upon the place, the crimson is there fresh and red as ever."

SIAMESE BARBARITIES.

THE servility of the Siamese people is abject, and the exactions of the government oppressive; their use of torture truly barbarous, and their punishments sanguinary. Of the former, the late Mrs. Gutzlaff has recorded the following affecting instance, as inflicted on a poor unhappy lunatic:—

"About four months ago, one of the princesses died. In a neighbouring province there dwelt a young female, who fell into a trance, and who, on recovering, after having remained in that state above two days and nights, declared herself the identical princess who had died. To prove her assertion, she maintained that she could mention every article which the princess had possessed during her lifetime. It is reported that her enumeration of these was correct, although she had never known the princess. The governor of the province thought this fact so extraordinary, that he sent the poor creature to the king of Siam. One of the princes was appointed to examine her. She persisted in the fact that she was the princess, his sister, and again recounted the possessions of the aforesaid princess, adding that a mighty power had transformed her; stating, that previously to her trance she was very dark, but that since that period she had become fair. Both the king and prince were so indignant, that they ordered her to receive thirty lashes, and have the instruments of torture applied to her hands and head. That used for the head consists of two flat pieces of wood; the head being placed between these pieces, the ends are gradually drawn together, so tightly as to force the eye-balls from their sockets, and cause an effusion of blood from the ears. Smaller pieces of wood are placed between the fingers and drawn together, so as to cause blood to start from the finger-nails. These tortures were applied,

the thirty lashes given, and borne in the presence of hundreds, without a sigh or a groan. Two days afterwards, she was re-examined; and persisting in the same assertions, was sentenced to receive fifty lashes and again to submit to tortures; such was the quiet fortitude with which she bore it, that the people declared that she must be superhuman. At the end of each punishment she mildly said, "I have told you, and do tell you again, I am the princess." To render the situation of this wretched individual still more distressing, one of the king's *telepeys* (priests) told his majesty that the sacred books contained a prophecy, that whenever such a person should arise, the kingdom of Siam would pass to another nation. This raised the king's wrath to despair: a grave council was summoned to devise fresh punishment; decapitation, with the extermination of her family, was proposed; but instead of this she was sentenced to receive ninety lashes, which last she bore with the same fortitude as before. It was then decreed that she should be seated on a raft of bamboo, and turned adrift on the open sea. But the above-mentioned *telepey*, touched with compassion, interposed in her behalf, saying, 'Who could tell whether this were the very person of whom the book spoke?' This allayed the wrath of the king, and the poor woman was sentenced to grind rice in the king's kitchen during the remainder of her life!"

The horrible barbarities practised in their iniquitous war with Laos,—their treatment of the king and his family, who were basely betrayed into their hands, afford a melancholy exhibition of their ferocity. The situation of the captives is thus described by Mr. Tomlin, who was residing as a missionary at Bangkok when they were brought in:—

"The king of Laos and his family when taken prisoners, were brought here in chains, and exposed to public view for a fortnight in a large iron cage! The news of their arrival caused great joy; the Prah Klang and other high personages were long busied in devising the best mode of torturing and putting them to death." Mr. Tomlin, who went to see them, observes, "We were disappointed in not seeing the king. Nine of his sons and grandsons were in the cage; most of them grown up, but two were mere children, who deeply affected us by their wretched condition, all having chains round their necks and legs; one particularly, of an open, cheerful countenance, sat like an innocent lamb, alike unconscious of having done any wrong, and of the miserable fate which awaited him. Two or three, however, hung their heads, and were apparently sunk into a melancholy stupor. Now and then they raised them, and cast a momentary glance upon us, their countenances displaying a wild and cheerless

aspect. The sad spectacle they exhibited was heightened rather than alleviated by the laughter and playfulness of the Siamese boys who went to see them. Close by are the various instruments of torture in terrific array. A large iron boiler for heating oil, to be poured on the body of the king, after being cut and mangled with knives! On the right of the cage a large gallows is erected, having a chain suspended from the top beam, with a large hook at the end of it. The king, after being tortured, will be hung upon this hook. In the front there is a long row of triangular gibbets, formed by three poles joined at the top, and extended at the bottom. A spear rises up from the joining of the poles a foot or more above them. The king's two principal wives, and his sons, grandsons, &c., amounting in all to fourteen, are to be fixed on these as upon a seat. On the right of the cage is a wooden mortar and pestle, to pound the king's children in. Such are the means these unsophisticated children of nature employ to maintain their superiority over one another,—such the engines of power despotism employs to secure its prerogative,—and such the worse than fiendish cruelty of man towards his fellow-man, when left to the unsoftened dictates of his own depraved heart. Shortly afterwards, the old Laos king expired, and thus escaped the hands of his tormentors. He is said to have gradually pined away, and died broken-hearted. His corpse was removed to the place of execution, decapitated, and hung on a gibbet by the river side, a little below the city, exposed to the gaze of every one passing by, and left a prey to the birds. His son afterwards escaped, but on being pursued, put an end to his existence. Of the fate of the others we have not heard."—*Gutzlaff's Three Voyages.*

TERRIFIC FIRE.

THE present capital of Siam is Bangkok, which is situated on the banks of the Menam, and is about two miles and a half long, and a mile and a half in breadth. The palace and chief part of the city is on the left side of the river, which is, at this place, nearly half a mile in breadth, having a large space at the side, occupied by floating houses. The depth close to the bank varies from six to ten fathoms, and this appears to be its general depth during its course for about forty miles from the capital to the bar, at its junction with the ocean. The number of boats moving to and fro on the river, and the bustle among the Chinese mechanics and traffickers, give a lively and cheerful air to the city.

The palace, considering the country, is a respectable building, but the habitations of the people in general are neither suited to cleanliness, comfort, nor durability. Many of them are constructed of the most comb-

tible materials, and the inhabitants are often exposed to extensive and destructive conflagrations. Of one of these occurrences, to an European so alarming, the late excellent Mrs. Gutzlaff has given in a letter, written to a friend in the beginning of 1831, the annexed graphic description. After speaking of being awoken at midnight by the noise, and called to look out of the window of their dwelling, she continues:—

“The whole city of Bangkok seemed to be one flame; but it being about a mile and a half from us, and the wind being rather light, we hoped for safety; we had, however, scarcely uttered our hopes, before the wind blew strongly towards us. The houses in and about Bangkok are nothing more than a miserable pile of either wood, or bamboo and attap, so that a spark sets them on fire in a moment. The fire increased rapidly; and there seemed but little hope for the safety of the Chinese part of the city, which lies between us and Bangkok. Suddenly the fire divided; one mass seemed to recede farther from us, while the other appeared to approach. We called up our people to make preparation for leaving, but the flames advanced with such swiftness, that I wrapped a blanket around me, and after praying to God for the sufferers, as well as for our safety, we ran out. Mr. G. calmly resigned all to God, and prepared for the loss of everything. We perceived that the mass of fire approaching us consisted of a number of floating houses, which had been set adrift in order to prevent the fire communicating to others; four of them had not taken fire, but several were wrapt in flames, and threatened destruction to everything they approached. I stood outside with an old Chinaman to watch the approach of the sparks to our roof, while Mr. G. and others stood at the window ready to throw out the boxes. The wind continued unabated; and it appears to me like a miracle that although the sparks from the immense masses of burning bamboo, wood, and attap houses, were flying around us in every direction, not one fell upon our hut; and we watched with tolerable composure the burning piles, with the Chinese in boats around, striving to extinguish the flame as the blazing mass floated down the river. As soon as it had fairly passed we fell on our knees to bless God for his protection. The fire that had receded from us, and which seemed to be in the city itself, continued to rage, and appeared spreading against the wind. Several poor wretches have been to us this morning for medical aid; some say that seven or eight streets in the Chinese part of the city were burnt, but that few lives were lost, owing to the dexterity of the Chinese in swimming.”—*Gutzlaff's Three Voyages.*

The Gatherer.

Lord Ellenborough.—When Lord Ellenborough was Attorney-General, he was one day listening with some impatience to the judgment of a learned Judge, afterwards his colleague, who said, “In — v. — I ruled that,” &c. “You rule!” said the Attorney-General, in a tone of suppressed indignation, loud enough to be heard, however, by many of his brethren of the bar; “You rule! you were never fit to rule any thing but a copybook.” G. H.

The Russian Empire.—At the death of Alexander, the superficial extent of the Russian empire amounted to 392,890 square miles. From the Niemen, its frontier skirted Eastern Prussia, was distant from Dantzic only 210 English miles, from Berlin 120 miles, and crossed the Vistula diagonally towards Kalisch, at an equal distance from Dresden and Berlin. It then took a southern direction a short distance from the Oder, and pursuing its eastern direction, it followed the district of Cracow, and was distant from Vienna only 120 miles. Thence it followed the frontier of Galicia, and extended as far as the Pruth; whence it descended to the mouth of the Danube. At this last point, the distance to Constantinople by sea is but 180 miles.—*Herald.*

Toula, in southern Russia, may be called the Birmingham of the empire, for here were, (until their recent destruction,) the only manufactories of fire-arms, besides three foundries of artillery, and 600 forges, which furnished cutlery and hardware to all parts of Russia. The arms manufactured here are as good in appearance as those of England or France, but are not of equal durability. The environs of Toula consist of villages belonging to the crown, the inhabitants of which are entirely free from taxes, though living in a very fertile and well watered plain, covered with corn. But, the manufacturers are wretched serfs; and according to the mode in which they were made to work, no single piece was executed by them. One village supplied so many thousand barrels, another as many thousand screws, a third as many thousand blades, &c. which were finally deposited in the magazines of Toula.

Antiquity of Shoes.—Shoes are as old as Egypt: for, in an Egyptian pen-and-ink drawing in the museum at Turin, is represented a priest in sandals, which project in front and turn up at the points, exactly like the shoes of the Chinese.

An Omnibus is but a hearse, rendered more uncomfortable by the crowd of talkers.

Duncan, in his *Avis Salutaire*, is merry upon the use and influence of tea and hot

liquors: whilst he would not deprive voluptuous persons of their idol, he would prevent it from burning its adorers, as Moloch did. Methuselah, he observes, who lived near 1,000 years, was a water-drinker; but since the time of Noah, the first wine-drinker, the life of man has been shortened, and diseases have been augmented.

Westminster Abbey.—The custom of taking fees for seeing the monuments in Westminster Abbey, is of very ancient date. Shirley alludes to it in his pleasant comedy, called *The Bird in a Cage*, when Bonamico, a mountebank, says:

"I talk as glib,
Methinks, as he that farms the monuments."

In those days the price of admission was but one penny to see the whole. W. G. C.

Loans.—The following sums, amounting to 85,213,413*l.*, have been raised in England from 1815 to 1825, through loans to foreign governments:—France, in 1815 and 1816, 36,000,000*l.*; Spain, in 1820, 1821, 1822, and 1823, 7,320,000*l.*; Portugal, in 1823, 1,305,000*l.*; Austria, in 1823, 2,870,000*l.*; Naples, in 1821 and 1822, 4,114,036*l.*; Prussia, in 1818 and 1822, 6,540,000*l.*; Russia, in 1822, 2,250,000*l.*; Denmark, in 1825, 4,218,750*l.*; Brazil, in 1824 and 1825, 2,500,000*l.*; Buenos Ayres, in 1824, 850,000*l.*; Chili, in 1822, 700,000*l.*; Columbia, in 1822 and 1824, 5,843,750*l.*; Guadalajara, in 1825, 360,000*l.*; Guatimala, in 1825, 1,042,897*l.*; Mexico, in 1824 and 1825, 4,728,000*l.*; Peru, in 1824 and 1825, 1,491,480*l.*; Poyais, in 1822, 160,000*l.*; and Greece, in 1824 and 1825, 1,602,000*l.* W. G. C.

Marriage.—The matrimonial ceremony (says Dibdin,) like many others, has undergone some variation in process of time. In the first edition of the "Missals for the use of the famous and celebrated church of Hereford, 1502," it is stated that the husband, on taking his wife, as now, by the right hand, thus addressed her: "J. N. undersygne thee N. for my wedded wyfe, for beter, for worse, for richer, for poorer, yn seeknesse, and yn helthe, tyl dethe us departe, (not 'do part,' as we have erroneously rendered it, the ancient meaning of 'departe,' even in Wickliffe's time, being separate,) as holy church hath ordeyned, and thereto I plyghth thee my trowthe." The wife replies in the same form with an additional clause, "To be buxom to thee, tyl dethe us departe."

W. G. C.

Marriages in Columbia.—It is very common among the Mantuanos, (says a recent traveller,) for a young man to marry as soon as he quits college. His parents consult together about choosing him a companion for life, in which they take into consideration birth, rank, fortune, and family connexions.

All being settled with the parents of the lady, she is taken at the age of twelve years from the convent, where she had been placed at four, and married to a young man, probably, not more than sixteen, frequently, to one under that age. It is not uncommon to find a couple whose ages put together do not make thirty; I knew a handsome young lady of Mantuana, who at the age of eighteen had seven children living. Another had a daughter sixteen years old, that appeared to be the sister of her mother, who was not more than twenty-seven years of age.

W. G. C.

The French give the name *paratonnerre* to what we call conductors of lightning, the object of which is, of course, to avert a danger which might otherwise fall upon a particular object. The keeper of an hotel, in a considerable town in France, had rendered himself very conspicuous as a Buonapartist. On the restoration of Louis XVIII., the hotel-keeper began to cast about in his mind how he might avert the danger likely to occur from his known political sentiments, and he could devise no better method than to put up a bust of the restored monarch in every room. A traveller, struck with this exuberant loyalty, inquired why all these busts were set up; to which the host, with a significant look, replied, "Why, sir, they are *paratonnerres*."

Care of the Eyes.—Those who are conscious that their sight has been weakened by its severe and protracted exercise, or arising from any other cause, should carefully avoid all attention to minute objects, or such business or study as requires close application of the visual faculty, immediately on rising; and the less it is taxed for awhile after eating, or by candle-light, the better.—*Curtis on the Eye.*

BURNING OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THE following Numbers of the MIRROR contain Details of the above memorable Event, with Illustrations of the Antiquities of the Sites.

No. 687 contains an Engraving of the River Front of the House of Commons, and the Speaker's Residence; with Notices of the ancient Palace, and St. Stephen's Chapel.

No. 688—an Engraving of the west Front of the Houses of Parliament, with a Narrative of their Burning.

No. 690—Engravings of the Interior of the House of Commons, Antique Painting, Doorway, and Ruins of the same.

No. 691—Engravings of the Interior and Ruins of the House of Lords; an Exchequer Tally; with Notices of the Antiquities of St. Stephen's Chapel.

No. 692 contains Lines on the late Fire.

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The Mirror

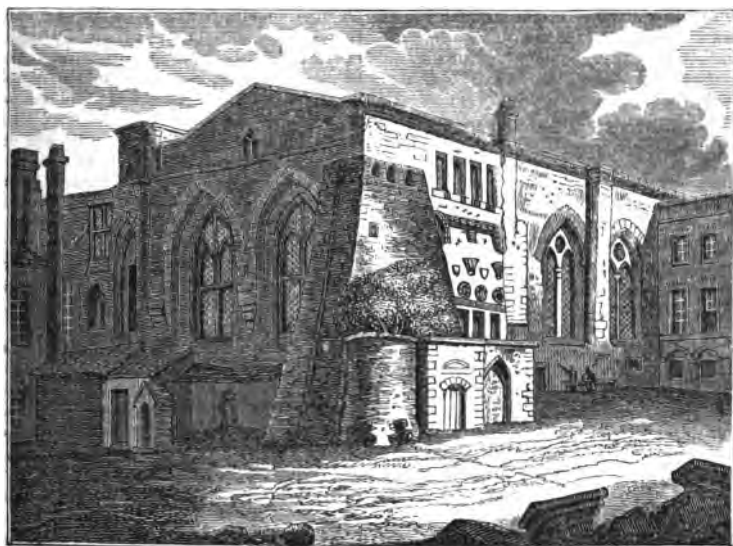
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 693.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1834.

[PRICE 2d



THE PAINTED CHAMBER, WESTMINSTER.

For accredited antiquity, the Painted Chamber was the most interesting of all the buildings wholly or in part destroyed in the recent "Great Fire" at Westminster. This Chamber is reputed to have been the bed-room of Edward the Confessor, and, consequently, one of the principal apartments of the ancient palace at Westminster; in which the Confessor is said to have died in the year 1066. This statement, if wholly correct, would establish the age of the edifice at nearly eight hundred years, and prove the Painted Chamber to have been the oldest structure—the last relic—of the palace. But, unfortunately for this identity, as we have already observed, (at page 274.) Stow states *all the palace* to have been consumed in the year 1299. Antiquarians are, however, disposed to consider the foundation of the Painted Chamber to be of the Confessor's age, and the superstructure to be of much later periods. Happy are we to learn that the walls are, for the most part, entire, and the ancient stone-floor, which was under the modern flooring, is perfect at the Thames end of the Chamber; which point, the reader will recollect in our outline of the Parliamentary premises, at page 290.

The Painted Chamber was a long, lofty
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room, lighted by pointed* windows. It derived its name from the *paintings* on its walls, originally executed by command of Henry III. These embellishments were in accordance with the pious character of the Sovereign. They represented the principal scenes at the siege of Antioch, a memorable event in Jewish history. There were likewise other subjects, and several Scriptural texts. Several of these decorations were discovered during the general repairs of 1801, when the walls, which had been previously hung with tapestry, were uncovered, and remains of the embellishments might be seen in the splays of the windows, and on the west side of the chamber.

The pains-taking Mr. Smith did not overlook these paintings and texts in his explorations. Of the latter, he illustratively remarks: "these inscriptions have, sometimes, one line written in black, and the next in red; in other instances; the first letter of each line is of a bright, blue green, or red. They are frequently surrounded by painted imitations of frames or scrolls, held up by boys, painted in riddle. It was the custom

* Erroneously described as *lancet* windows at page 274.

in earlier times to write them in French, with the first letter of the line considerably larger than the rest, and likewise of a bright colour, curiously ornamented. Several of these were discovered in 1801, on the ceiling of a closet on the south side of the Painted Chamber, now blocked up.*

We have little to add, with certainty, respecting the disposal of the Chamber. It appears that Parliaments were formerly opened in this room, before the Lords sat in the Court of Requests. Here too, was signed the death-warrant of Charles I., which document, although stated to have been missing after the late Fire, has not been out of safe custody.

Latterly, the Chamber was used for conferences of the Houses of Lords and Commons, or their committees; there having been a gallery of communication for the members of the House of Commons to come up without being crowded.

Within the last month, the Painted Chamber has been roofed with slating, and the interior is now fitting up for the reception of the Peers on the re-assembling of Parliament; so that the Painted Chamber, for a time, at least, will once more become the House of Lords.

The annexed view of the *exterior* of the Chamber represents the edifice thirty years since, or in the year 1804, before the erection of the adjoining Parliamentary Offices. The *interior* view, at page 377, shows the apartment before the removal of the tapestry from its walls.

As this brief outline may conclude our notices of the antiquities at Westminster, we may add, that there will shortly appear a more complete history and description of the Houses of Parliament than could be expected in any miscellaneous Periodical, or has yet been published. This desirable work is preparing for the press by Messrs. Britton and Brayley, who are well qualified for the task by their long and laborious acquaintance with architectural and topographical history in general, and with this especial locality. The work is to be illustrated by numerous engravings, to show the style and character of the Anglo-Norman, the Plantagenet, and Tudor architecture, remains of which are clustered upon this interesting spot. We have been favoured with a sight of a few of the drawings, made for the above purpose, and their picturesqueness is of high promise.

* Mr. Smith adds: "the custom of putting up sacred sentences is still continued in many churches, but they are generally written in letters of gold upon black grounds, within the panels of the fronts of the galleries."

THE DESTINATION OF MAN.

(From the German.)

WE observe through nature a combination, in which no one is able to labour for himself, without his labouring for all others; or for those to labour without equally labouring for him, since the lucky progress of one fellow member, is for all a lucky advance; a view that already, through the harmony that we in the most manifold sense perceive, benefits us inwardly, and our spirit mightily raises upwards. Interest increases, if one take a glance at himself, and consider that he is a fellow member of this great, intimate community. The sense of our dignity and our power arises, if we say to ourselves, which each one among us is able to say to himself:—my existence is not in vain and purposeless; I am a necessary member of the great chain, which has existed from the first development of man, and which will continue till the full consciousness of his existence shall have passed away into eternity. All that was at any time great, and noble, and wise among men, those former benefactors of the human race, whose names I read noted down in the history of the world, and yet the greater number are extant, whose merits are without their names,—all have laboured for me; I am come into their harvest; I tread again upon the earth which they inhabited, their footsteps spreading blessings. I can, as soon as I like, lay hold on the sublime task, which they had imposed on themselves, to make our common brotherhood always wiser and happier. I can continue building, where they were obliged to give up; I can bring nearer to its completion the lordly temple which they were obliged to leave unfinished. But I shall be obliged, like them, to give up. Durst any one say to himself, "Oh! it is the sublimest idea among all, if I that sublime task undertake, I shall never finish it; I can, therefore, be as certain of my destination, as of the undertaking; I can never cease to work, and, consequently, never cease to be. That which man calls death, cannot break off my work, for it shall be finished; consequently, to my existence is no time destined, and I am eternal. I have, equally with the undertaking of that great task, possessed myself of eternity. I boldly lift my head to the threatening mountain, rocky ridge, to the raging cataract, and to the floating thunder-clouds in an ocean of fire; and say I am eternal, and I defy your power. Break all down upon me, and thou earth, and thou heaven, mingle yourselves in the wild tumult; and all ye elements, foam, and rage, and in the wild combat crush to pieces the last atom of the body which I call mine. My will alone with its firm plan shall boldly and triumphantly hover over the fragments of the universe; for

I have seized upon my destination, which is more lasting than you : it is eternal, and I am eternal also." W. G. C.

Anecdote Gallery.

NAVAL ANECDOTES.

ADMIRAL COLLINGWOOD, who was a regular attendant at divine worship, once observed, that he did not comprehend the religion of an officer, who could pray all one day, and flog his men all the next. He felt a strong abhorrence towards the use of the lash; for which he substituted, with much success, such punishments as watering the grog, and employment on extra duty. Although no man held in more entire contempt, what is ordinarily styled popularity, he sought to amuse and occupy the attention of his men by every recreation that their situation could afford. When sick, he visited them daily, and supplied them with provisions from his own table; and on their becoming convalescent, he had them daily brought up to him for examination. The result of this conduct was, that the sailors considered and called him their father; and frequently, when he quitted a ship, many of them wept at his departure. The midshipmen he treated with parental care, examining them himself once a week, and declaring, that nothing would give him greater pain than that any young man under his command should be unable to pass.

The following account of a desperate attack on a flotilla in-shore, is given in the memoirs of Captain Sir W. Hoste:—"Conceive our joy at being roused in the morning with the cry of a convoy in sight. They were at anchor near a place called Giulia Nova, which we had reconnoitred the evening before, and off which we lay to the right, that we might miss nothing in the dark. As the ship was eight or ten miles to leeward, and it was not advisable to give them time to make preparations for their defence, all the boats were hoisted out, manned, and sailed to attack them, under the command of the first lieutenant, Mr. Hood. As soon as the boats got within the range of grape-shot, a tremendous fire opened upon them along the whole of the enemy's line, which continued without intermission till the boats were fairly lost sight of in the smoke. We were now convinced that the convoy was chiefly composed of gun-boats. We had no fear as to the result, but the odds were so great that our loss, from the showers of grape that we could see falling about the boats, we concluded must be immense. The firing ceased as soon as our men came to close quarters; the enemy quitted his vessels, and made off as fast as he could. The beach was covered with the fugitives running in all directions,

and the convoy remained in our possession. It consisted of seven large gun-boats, each mounting one eighteen-pounder in the bow, the smaller gun vessels with a four-pounder in the bow, four armed trabaculos, and ten other vessels. The gun-boats alone carried 269 men, to say nothing of the others, and of 100 soldiers drawn up for their assistance on the beach; our own boats, seven in number, with about 150 men. Upon a moderate calculation, the enemy were as three to one superior in weight of metal and number of men. This success was not obtained without loss; but, considering the nature of the contest, it was very trifling: three killed and six wounded. You may cut sailors to pieces, but you cannot conquer their spirit. One of them had his right arm shattered whilst in the act of boarding a gun-boat; instead of retreating, he took his cutlass with his left hand, and continued to press forward as long as he could stand, holding up the bleeding remnant as a signal for his comrades to avenge him. One of our midshipmen, of the name of Langton, commanded the first gig, which carried ten men besides himself; in this boat he boarded one of the largest of the enemy, who fired his bow-gun slap into the gig as she was coming up alongside; fortunately, the chief part of the charge went over him, but not without killing one and wounding three others. Notwithstanding this, the remaining six persevered and carried their opponent, their wounded companions cheering them up, though unable to follow them. The boat that Edward Hoste commanded was very conspicuous, as usual, and luckily suffered no loss. The killed and wounded of the enemy amounted to nearly ten times the number of our own: the beach was literally covered with the dying and the dead. The Commodore and the chief part of his officers, with above fifty men, were made prisoners. He told us that he had no notion that the boats would have persevered in their attack after discovering his force. He had concluded, and justly enough, that they were ignorant of his strength till he opened his fire, which he expected would have induced them to retreat: with this idea he paused after the first discharge, to see its effect; but instead of discovering any symptoms of fear, his ears were greeted with a loud and animated shout, which continued throughout the little squadron till they came to close quarters. He had reserved his last discharge till the boats were close on board him. Seven gun-boats and five merchant vessels came safe off; the remaining twelve were burnt."

Lord Cochrane, while engaged in the expedition against Pera, entered the outer ports of Callao with a part of his squadron, and proceeding at midnight with fourteen boats and 240 men, came near to the Esmeralda, a large forty-gun frigate, moored under the

guns, with a semicircle of fourteen gun-boats, and a boom made of spars chained together. Having passed the boom, Lord Cochrane, who was leading, rowed alongside the first gun-boat, and taking the officer by surprise, proposed to him, with a pistol in his hand, the alternative of "silence, or death." No reply was made; the boats pushed on unobserved, and his lordship, mounting the side of the *Esmeralda*, was the first to give the signal. The sentinel on the gangway fired, but was instantly cut down by the coxswain, and Lord Cochrane, though wounded in the thigh, stepped on the deck, and at the same time the frigate was boarded on the other side by some of his lordship's party. The enemy made a gallant stand in different parts of the ship, and Lord Cochrane, at the head of a party of marines, beat them from one of their positions. Before one o'clock the vessel was captured, and steered out of the harbour under the fire of the whole north face of the castle.

Captain Scott, in his *Recollections of a Naval Life*, relates the following instance of daring courage on the part of a private marine on board the *Blanche*, in the action in which that ship captured *La Guerrière*:—"A remarkably handsome young marine, whose enthusiastic ardour led him to mount the main rigging, that he might fire with more destructive effect on the enemy's deck, excited the admiration of his shipmates by his gallant bearing. He maintained his exposed station, keeping up a constant fire amid a shower of round and grape shot, slapping his seat of honour in derision of his enemies every time he discharged his musket, till an eighteen-pound shot carried away the fleshy part of both thighs and the lower part of the abdomen; the brave fellow was then assisted down by two blue jackets, exclaiming, as he reached the deck, that he had at least given them forty shots for their one. He survived this afflicting wound several days, and died with the same devoted feelings that had distinguished his conduct on the day of action: he was universally regretted on board."

When Admiral W. P. Williams was a midshipman serving on a foreign station, he and a brother midshipman had each a favourite dog; the other midshipman took some offence at our hero's dog, and threatened to throw it overboard. "If you do, yours shall follow," was the reply. Both dogs were instantly thrown over in quick succession. Enraged at the loss of his dog, the other midshipman came up to Williams and demanded satisfaction, challenging him to fight. "Be calm, sir," said Williams, coolly; "you have acted most brutally towards my dog, and I have retaliated on yours, as I promised I would do. You are entitled

to no satisfaction from me, but your unforgiving dog is. I, therefore, propose to save the life of your dog, if you will do so by mine." The proposal was acceded to. Young Williams instantly leaped overboard, swam to his opponent's dog, secured him, and reached the vessel, where he was hauled up in triumph. His comrade followed his example, and was equally successful. They were both punished by being sent to the mast-head. When far advanced in life, the Admiral declared that he always reflected on having saved the lives of those dogs with great satisfaction.

Captain Dawson, of the *Iphigenia* frigate, was a sailor of the old school, fond of single-stick, and manly sports of every description. Gladly would he reward with a bottle of rum any man on board who could prove himself a match for him at single-stick, and give him a broken head; but his rum was pretty safe in the locker. He was the sailor's delight. They loved him for his familiarity, respected him for his courage, and feared him for his unflinching and strict enforcement of discipline. He had, however, one weak point, he was a great beau; even in his dishabille, silk stockings and pumps were common with him; and the tars, when they were concealed from his view, would sometimes, in a merry mood, cry out, "I say, Jack, smoke the beau." He bore all with patience, though secretly mortified. At last, he fell in with a French frigate, his superior in weight of metal and number of men; the contest was short, but desperate; and in the heat of it, when the two ships fouled, he called his boarders, and bawling out with energy, "Now's the time to smoke the beau, my boys! now's the time to smoke the beau!" he led them on, carried the enemy, and was himself the first to tread her deck. W. G. C.

Spirit of Discovery.

NEW FACTS.

[WITHOUT pretension to anything like a connected Report of the Proceedings of the *British Association*, at Edinburgh, in September last, we shall proceed to the selection of such new facts there elicited, as belong to popular science, and may be interesting to the general reader; adopting as our texts, the Reports in Professor Jameson's *Journal*, and in seven numbers of the *Literary Gazette*.]

Aurora Borealis.

In illustration of the uses of the Association, Professor Sedgwick observed, that last year a discussion had arisen on the aurora borealis, which had been found to be connected with electrical phenomena, thus becoming a link in physical science. Soon after that, a beautiful arch across the heavens was seen simultaneously at various parts by,

he believed, most members of the Association; and, experiments having been made by Dr. Dalton of Manchester, as to the altitude of the arch, it was found to be about forty miles above the surface of the earth.

Heat Experiments.

The Association, at its last meeting, had recommended that experiments should be made on heated bodies long kept in fusion: in pursuance of which certain bodies were at present in the furnace, and would probably be uncovered for examination in the course of ten years.

Objects of the Association.

It ought specially to be observed, that the Reports differ entirely from the short systematic treatises on scientific subjects with which the press teems. They are not primarily intended for the general reader—they are not meant for the purpose of popularizing technical subjects; their main object is so to classify existing discoveries as to lead the individual who is prepared to grapple with its difficulties, to start with the most complete and accurate knowledge of what has already been done in any particular science, not intended itself to contain that knowledge, but merely to serve the purpose of a *catalogue raisonnée*, by means of a lucid analysis and arrangement, at the same time, (and here is the great necessity of securing the co-operation of persons distinguished in the several departments,) that the report should point out the most important questions which remain for solution, whether by direct experiment, or by mathematical demonstration.—*Professor Forbes's Address.*

Terrestrial Magnetism.

That electric agency is concerned in the disposition of metalliferous veins can scarcely be doubted; and the connexion between electricity and magnetism, now so fully established,—the connexion between metalliferous veins and lines of elevation, and between the latter and the isodynamical lines of terrestrial magnetic intensity, as suggested by Professor Necker of Geneva,—point out a bond of union between this subject and that of terrestrial magnetism, on which we have a report by Mr. Christie, where the very interesting, direct observations of Mr. Fox of Falmouth, on the electro-magnetic action of mineral veins, are particularly noticed. Mr. Christie's theory of the diurnal variation of the needle, which he is desirous should be submitted to the test of a laboratory experiment, is likewise intimately connected with the actual constitution of our globe. The whole subject of terrestrial magnetism, is one of the most interesting and progressive of the experimental sciences. The determination of the *direction* of the magnetic energy by means of two spherical co-ordinates, termed

the variation and the dip, and the measure of the *intensity* of that force, are the great objects of immediate research, as forming a basis of theory. The existence of four points on the earth's surface, to which the needle tends, has long been known; and the position of two of these, (in Northern Asia and America,) has recently been elucidated by the persevering efforts of Professor Hansteen and Commander Ross. The precise numerical determination of the elements just alluded to, acquires a deep and peculiar interest from the multiplied variations which they undergo. Not only are these elements subject to abrupt and capricious changes, which Baron Humboldt has termed *magnetic storms*; but gradual and progressive variations are undergone at different hours of the day, at different seasons of the year, and throughout longer periods, which may even perhaps bear a comparison with the sublime cycles of astronomy.

Government Aid.

Five hundred pounds have been advanced by the Lords of the Treasury towards the reduction of the Greenwich Observations, at the instance of the Association; and more recently the observations recommended by the Committee on Tides, have been undertaken by order of the Lords of the Admiralty, at above 500 stations on the coast of Britain.

Division of Labour.

A division of labour is as practicable in intellectual as in mechanical science. If one designing mind direct the whole, distinct labourers may be engaged, unknowing each other's tasks, yet happy in the consciousness of being more usefully and more honourably employed than in imperfectly attempting the execution of works which they might individually complete. The exquisite piece of mechanism which in the form of a watch, issues from the manufactories at Paris or Geneva, has its various elements of its wheels and pinions, its balance and fusee, collected from the detached cottages of the peasantry of the Jura.—*Professor Forbes's Address.*

Climate.

In a paper on excursions in the neighbourhood of Quito, and towards the summit of Cotopaxi, it was shown that regions enjoying an everlasting spring were not so fortunate as those whose climate was changeable.

Population of Manchester.

A curious paper was produced on the condition of a portion of the population of Manchester. Of thousands there were but few in a situation above squalid wretchedness. A fourth were Roman Catholics, a fourth Dissenters, and the remaining moiety Church of England,—always excepting seventeen families, who were returned as being of no religion at all.

From this document it also appeared that the number of families visited by three persons appointed by the Statistical Society, amounted to 4,102, or nearly 20,000 persons, occupying 3,110 houses, and 1,002 cellars and apartments, of which only 689 were well furnished, 1,551 were comfortably furnished, and the very large number of 2,551 were described as uncomfortable. It further appears that, out of the above number of 20,000 persons, 7,789 receive wages, and only 158 pay a rent exceeding four shillings a-week. The same paper stated that there were in the above district 8,121 children under the age of twelve years, of whom only 252 attended day-schools, while 4,680 attended Sunday-schools, and nearly half the children were without education. The number of parents who stated themselves to be able to read, amounted to 3,114.

Thames Tunnel.

At the Hopetoun, Mr. Brunel stated that Government had supplied a fund (£250,000/.) sufficient to complete the Thames Tunnel.

The Salmon.

Professor Agassiz delivered some very interesting observations upon the different species of the genus *Salmo* which frequent the various rivers and lakes of Europe.

With respect to their leaping, the Professor observes, the caudal (tail) fin is attached to a very fleshy root, and is moved by very powerful muscles. This elastic spring is to these fishes a most powerful lever; when wishing to leap to a great height, they strike the surface of the water with a kind of double stroke. By this means they overcome obstacles which appear insurmountable, and leap over nets which are intended to confine them. The most formidable waterfalls can scarcely arrest them. The several species of this genus are found in the northern and temperate regions of Europe, Asia, and America.

The swimming-bladder of the whole of this family is very large, and opens into the œsophagus near the bottom of the gullet. Though the Professor could not enter into the subject very fully, he was persuaded that this organ ought to be regarded as the lungs of fishes;—that the circulation of the blood in these animals has been inaccurately interpreted, when it is supposed that in their heart there may be traced a pulmonary course; also, when their branchiæ have been identified with the lungs of other animals; and, finally, when their great dorsal artery has been considered as analogous to the aorta of the mammalia.

It is a very singular fact, that those fishes which are the most widely distributed, and those which are most highly prized, are precisely those whose natural history is the most perplexed. The opinions, too, which are so widely extended concerning their geogra-

phical distribution, are not at all in unison with the real state of things. There scarcely exists a country to the which some peculiar species of salmon has not been assigned; and it may be added, that even in the *Regne Animal* of Cuvier, we find many nominal species, which are not even local varieties. The cupidity of the fishermen, the rivalry of epicures, and the fastidiousness of the palate of salmon eaters, have, without doubt, contributed to spread these opinions upon the narrow limit assigned to the haunts of the species of the salmon. There is especially a famous variety, in the annals of epicurism, over which the greatest possible obscurity has been cast,—it is *l'ombre chevalier*, the char, or alpine trout.

It results from the Professor's observations, that the different species of the salmon family, far from being confined within the narrow limits of some small bodies of fresh-water, are, on the contrary, very widely distributed. They also thrive in all climates, at least in all elevations above the surface of the ocean, whether in fresh water or in salt. Nevertheless, they prefer those situations where the water is limpid.

Sensibility of the Brain.

Mr. Broughton read the results of the experimental inquiry respecting the sensibilities of the nerves of the brain, which, at the last meeting of the Association, Dr. Marshall Hall and he had been requested to undertake. The most important new fact stated in this paper was, that the eighth pair of nerves, in several experiments on horses and asses, appeared quite insensible to ordinary irritations, and no muscular contraction was observed to succeed its irritation; but when the trunk of the horse was compressed with the forceps, or when it was cut through, and the lower portion of the upper segment compressed in that way, a struggle, an inspiration, a cough, and effort to swallow, were always observed.

New Heat Process.

Dr. Daubeny brought before the meeting the economical employment of coal-tar in connexion with water as fuel, according to the method lately suggested by Mr. Rutter.* A discussion then arose as to whether the water in this case acts chemically or mechanically, or both, in facilitating the combustion of the tar. Mr. Macintosh stated, that by repeated experiments he had found, that coal-tar gave no more heat when burned than an equal weight of *spint* coal, the kind preferred, where a long continued heat is required. Mr. Low also stated, that from long experience he could affirm, that the use of water along with coal-tar was productive of no benefit whatever, and that three gallons, or 33 lbs. of coal-tar, give an equal amount

* See Mirror, vol. xxii. p. 243.

of heating effect fully to 40 lbs. of coke, made from the Newcastle coal of the Hutton seam. From the discussion on this subject, which was protracted for some time, it appears to be established, 1. That tar may be used as fuel, but that it does not give much more heat than the same weight of the best coal. 2. That when mixed with water, it flows more easily through tubes, but does not appear to evolve more heat than when used alone.

Colour of the Chameleon.

A communication was made from Mr. Murray, of Hull, on the change of colour in the chameleon. After pointing out that there are other animals besides the chameleon, such as the *agama*, or Mexican chameleon, and the *polychlorus*, which display a change of colour, or variable intensity in the tint on their skin, and noticing some of the more striking circumstances in the natural history of the chameleon, (particularly the manner in which it casts its skin every six months,) the author proceeded to describe the circumstances on which he conceives the changes of colour in the skin of this animal to depend. These he conceives to be the electro-chemical action of the sunbeam on the blood, through the cutaneous surface, as modified by its more or less accelerated impulse, conjoined with the greater or less dilatation of the investing membrane. According to the author, the skin, when narrowly inspected, seems to be covered with small granulations of variable size, and ever-varying convexity, and which are capable of receiving, through the agency of a plexus of contractile and expansive fibrillæ, a variable quantity of blood. As confirming the opinion that the change of colour is intimately connected with the circulation of the blood, Mr. Murray refers to experiments which appear to him fully to prove, that the various shades of colour displayed in patches on the skin of the chameleon, exhibit corresponding changes of temperature, the thermometer indicating, according to his observation, a difference of 2° Fahr., viz. from 73° to 75° Fahr., when the ambient air was 72° Fahr.

This communication called forth some remarks from Mr. Dick on the tongue of the chameleon; and a notice from Dr. Allen Thomson, of some experiments made by him on the change of colour observable in the cuttle-fish.

Glass Chronometer Springs.

Mr. Dent exhibited a chronometer with a glass balance-spring, and presented an account of its rate kept at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, since the last meeting of the Association. He also showed a chronometer in motion, with a pure palladium balance-spring, a table of the variations of gold, steel, palladium, and glass, from 32° to 100° Fahr.; and another table showing

the quantities respectively due to direct expansion, and to loss by elasticity in steel and palladium.

Gigantic Reflecting Telescope.

Mr. Ramage read a proposal for constructing a reflecting telescope, of greater magnitude than has yet been attempted, and exhibited a model of the proposed instrument. Mr. Cooper stated, that a superior reflecting telescope had been constructed by Mr. Grobe, of Dublin, at one-fifth of the usual cost, and expressed his perfect confidence in the ultimate success of the invention.

Polyzonal Lens.

Mr. Alexander Gordon exhibited Muret's modification of Fresnel's polyzonal lens, which, (with a common Argand flame,) Mr. Gordon proposes as an economical light for ports and harbours; and to be adopted when a more intense flame is used for coast light-houses, in situations where the use of parabolic reflectors is not absolutely necessary.

Zoological Drawings.

Professor Jameson exhibited a splendid collection of coloured drawings of the vertebrate animals of Great Britain and Ireland, executed by Mr. William Macgillivray, Curator of the Museum of the College of Surgeons. The Professor remarked, that their peculiar excellence consisted in their combining, with great beauty of pictorial effect, very accurate representations of the shape of the head, and of the structure, form, and modes of combination, of feathers in birds, and scales and plates in fishes, amphibia, &c. The drawings exhibited form part of a great collection, intended for publication, under the title of "The Mammalia, Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes, of Great Britain and Ireland."

(To be continued.)

FERNANDO PO.

THE general appearance of Fernando Po is rocky and volcanic. On the north-eastern extremity, where the settlement is situated, one mountain, named Clarence Peak, rises 10,655 feet above the level of the sea: the easiest ascent is from the eastern side, being only interrupted by a few valleys of no great depth, while the western side exhibits a series of chasms and precipices, the sides of which from the sea appear almost perpendicular. The southern part of the island, although the least populous, is of mountain picturesqueness; being broken into several peaks, each supposed to be from one to three thousand feet in elevation, with streams and cataracts descending in all directions. From the hilly nature of the country admitting of no lodgment of water, it is believed that few marshes exist throughout the island, a circumstance which must contribute greatly to its salubrity.

The soil of the country about Clarence, is of a red argillaceous nature, generally forming a stratum of nine or ten feet in thickness, lying over one of sandstone, in which are imbedded fragments of lava.

The whole of the island is luxuriantly wooded, even within three or four hundred feet of its highest peaks; while some cleared spots, particularly in the north-east, afford evidence of its great fertility. There is an immense variety of timber, comprising some of the finest trees in the world. The Indian-rubber tree is indigenous, and a species of black pepper is produced here; and it is believed that cloves and nutmegs are to be met with. Yams are cultivated in abundance: they are, as we have said,* remarkably fine and large, and constitute the staple food of the natives. There are also many other edible plants, particularly the eddoe, the leaves of which, when young, form a good substitute for spinach, and are in general use when yams are out of season. A few plantains are found. Wild fruits, not generally known, are found here; but there do not appear to be any oranges, lemons, pine-apples, bananas, soursop, or sugar-canes, which are peculiar to such climates.

The island abounds with monkeys, which are eaten by the natives, and are of considerable size; some having been killed above fifty pounds weight. Several species have been noticed, particularly one with long, shaggy, jet-black hair; another with short, silver-grey hair; and a third, auburn, inclining to gold, with the hair of an intermediate length; so that the island may be said to have gold and silver monkeys. They are hunted with sticks and stones. If any one makes a present of a monkey, the receiver, after feasting on the carcass, thankfully returns the skin, well dried.

The only domestic animal on the island is a dog of a peculiar cur species, very diminutive, and of a red and white colour. This, it is believed, the natives eat, and they use the under jaw for a clapper to their rattles.

Antiquariana.

BOTTLES.

"The shepherd's homely curds,
His cold, thin drink out of his leather bottle,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates.

Shakspeare.

THE ancient Jewish bottles, (says Calmet,) were cags made of goats' or other wild beasts' skins, with the hair on the inside, well sewed and pitched together; an aperture in one of the animal's paws serving for the mouth of the vessel.

Bottles of this kind are mentioned in Scripture, and they were used for carrying water through the deserts of Arabia and

* See page 137.

other countries, where springs and streams were scarce.

According to Homer and Virgil, the Greeks and Romans were acquainted with goat-skin bottles.

According to Sir John Chardin, the country people of Persia, never go a journey without a small leathern bottle of water hanging by their side like a scrip. He also says that they have leathern bottles, and find them useful in keeping water fresh, especially if people, when they travel, take care to moisten them wherever they find water. The evaporation thus furnished serves also to keep the water cool. The disagreeable taste of the leather is taken off by causing it to imbibe rose water when it is new, and before it is applied to use.

Beckmann says: "no mention occurs before the 15th century of glass bottles; he conceives he discovers the origin of our bottles in the figure of the Syracusan wine flasks. Originally, bottles were stopped with a piece of wood, or metal tops screwed on them; then cork, which was little known in the year 1553; and its introduction into the shops of the apothecaries in Germany took place about the end of the 17th century. Before that period, they used stoppers of wax, which were more troublesome and more expensive.

The *Girba*, (says Bruce,) is an ox's skin squared, with the edges sewed together very artificially by a double seam, which does not let out the water, and much resembles that upon the best English cricket-balls. An opening is left at the top of the girba, in the same manner as the bung-hole of a cask. Around this the skin is gathered to the size of a large handful, which, when the girba is full of water, is tied round with whipcord. These girbas generally contain about sixty gallons each, and two of them are the load of a camel. They are besmeared on the outside with grease, as well to keep the water from oozing through, as to prevent its being evaporated by the action of the sun upon the girba, which, in fact, happened to Bruce twice, so as to put him in imminent danger of perishing with thirst.

Bottles are made of glass, stone, and leather. Arbuthnot tells us of one made of earthenware, filled with serpents, which was thrown into the enemy's ships, and put the crew in disorder.

P. T. W.

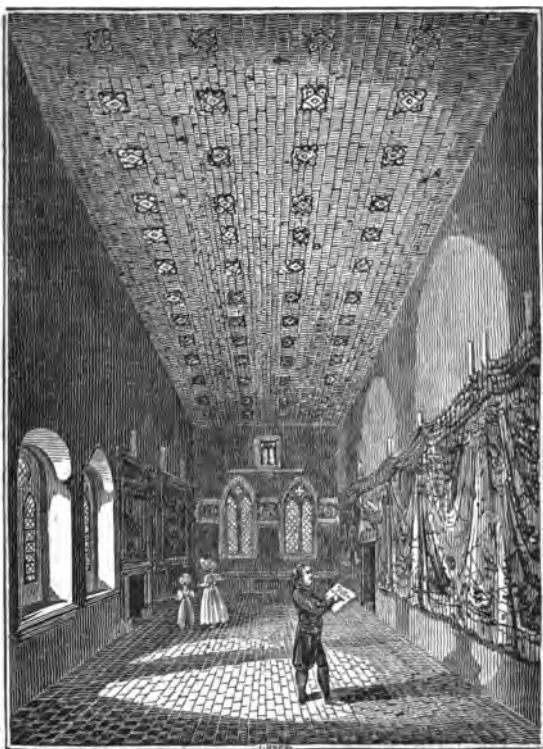
The Public Journals.

THE WATER-DRINKER IN THE PYRENEES.*

Ascent of the Pic du Midi.

BUT the country surrounding dreary Bagnères is charming. The land trends away into long valleys, covered with all kinds of fruits,

* See also pages 331—2, and 350—2.



INTERIOR OF THE PAINTED CHAMBER, (see page 370.)

trees, and herbage. Mountains of every shape and size meet the eye, perpetually giving some new aspect of light and colour as the sun moves round the clouds, to me always a fine constituent of the landscape, when in all their glory, from the neighbourhood of the hills, where, like the eagles, they make their especial nests: and the powerful sunshine, when the weather happens to be clear, dyes them in every hue of the rainbow. In the centre of the landscape, the *Pic du Midi*, the Peak of the South, the *Mont Blanc* of this region, shoots its long shaft into the skies. It is a noble object, and if the Pyrenees were in the habit of producing heroes, might make a capital Pompey's pillar, or the monument of a much greater man—a Nelson's. It is I don't know how many thousand feet high. Its capital at the present moment is a huge grey and gold cloud. Mind the *Pic* to-morrow.

Travelling resolutions are always to be taken with a large allowance. On the morrow, a party of English, roving the world for wonders, came into Bagneres. The party made a prodigious "effect," for they came in four large *calèches*, and the whole four

completely full. A pile of handboxes in front gave immediate indication that the fair sex made a principal part of the freight, and the conjecture was speedily and pleasantly realized by our handing from their carriages four of my countrywomen, to two of whom, to my great gratification, I had the advantage of being previously known.

I dined with the tourists, and the excursion to the *Pic* was talked over and settled. The male portion of the party were the father and the two brothers of the two ladies, with whom I had not the honour of a previous acquaintance, and the uncle of the two with whom I had, and who, besides, was an old shipmate of mine, during many a long cruise in the Mediterranean. Thus I was perfectly at home. An Italian artist whom they patronized, and were taking with them to England to finish some decorations in one of their family mansions, and who was an intelligent and clean personage, and an old French noble of the neighbourhood, known to them during the emigration, and who, on hearing of their arrival, had driven in to give them an invitation to his chateau among the hills, completed the number. Google

The party for the ascent of the Pic consisted of my friend Captain C——, the two brothers of the ladies, the Italian, and three stout gamekeepers or huntsmen, whom our French friend sent as guides, with an apology for his own declining to attend us, "as he had given up all hope of rising in the world." We laughed at the old gentleman's pleasantry, and set forward just as the sun was setting over the valley of the Adour, so memorable by Wellington's passage in the teeth of Soult's army. The object is to gain the highest ridge of the peak by dawn, and see the effect of sunrise on the immense surrounding landscape. We rode by the little hamlet of St. Mary's, and half a dozen others, with hard Basque names, until we reached Grip, or La Grippe, as one of our attendants called it, in compliment to the popular disease of the year. His wit amused himself and his companions, and the jest went round in the native tongue—a mixture of French and Spanish—of which one could catch but a word here and there. We were soon in the rising country, which forms the base of the mountain. It was altogether pasturage; sheep and sheepfolds were everywhere, and the noise of our approach roused a perpetual chorus of the huge shepherd-dogs which guard them from the wolves. Our road soon dwindled to a bridle-path, winding upwards along the course of the Adour, which was here a succession of falls. Even the bridle-path soon narrowed—we were forced to dismount, and, as all travellers had done before us, leave our horses at a little, rude *chalet* or shed, where a fellow clothed in sheepskin was waiting to receive them—this being the spot from which pedestrianism begins. At this height we all seriously felt the cold; and the sharp, short gusts of wind which swept through the ravines, not only reminded us that we had left the snug, sunny world below, but that the world into which we had climbed, was one where to keep our footing was a delicate matter. A few hundred yards upwards we had a proof of this delicacy. About half way up the side of the mountain, is one of those tarns or lakes which are so frequent in the Highlands of Scotland; a ledge of rock leads over the edge of this lake, and so fearfully over the edge, that a false step would inevitably plunge the climber into its waters,—an affair of death, for if the plump from such a height did not drown him at once, the icy chill of the lake would paralyze all exertion. At this ledge we arrived in Indian file, tired enough, with some occasional murmurs at the unexpected steepness of the ascent, and to confess the unheroic truth, on my part, a very strong sense of the superior wisdom of being quietly in my bed. It was midnight, the moon was already touching the horizon. She loomed broad as a city on fire, in the mist of the valley; but

we had no time to think of the picturesque. We must on. I had hitherto led the way; but here the Italian, probably thinking that he had a professional right to do the honours of the picturesque, hurried up to me, and finding that I was still inclined to lead, sprang along a projection of the hill, and then slipping down on the narrow ledge, made good his advance. One of the gamekeepers, not wishing to be outdone, followed his example. Some confusion followed. At this crisis, down plunged the moon, and a sharp and powerful blast coming down the hill-side at the same time, every one was forced to cling to the face of the rock. All was perfectly dark at the instant. The setting of the moon, and the storm above, turned the atmosphere into utter blackness. Suddenly there came a rushing of stones over the ledge, and a wild cry, followed by the fall of the stones into the lake. I, of course, concluded that either the Italian, or the huntsman, or both, had paid the forfeit of their haste, and that all was over with them. As giving assistance to either was out of the question, and as our own fate might be next, if we proceeded, I called a halt, and proposed that we should light torches, and having ascertained the state of our comrades, move on or return, as might be advisable. My proposal was approved of—a phosphorus box and a few bundles of thorns speedily made a blaze; and fagot in hand we proceeded in our search. It was fortunate for the Italian hero that we had adopted this measure. He had ventured about half way along the ledge, till just as he came to a corner scarcely a foot broad, a glimpse of the lake in the fearful depth below, given by the last light of the moon, turned his head. He was unable to stir another step, and the sudden darkness threw him into despair; all our party were hidden from him, and he acknowledged that his first impulse was to fling himself downward at once, and thus escape the hideous suspense of his position. For awhile he had even lost all sense of hearing, and our voices, and they were loud enough on the occasion, were entirely lost upon him. The blast luckily screwed him to the rock, and he clung by instinct. Our fagots, however, gave him new life, though in the dizziness of his first emotion, he thought that the sun was rising under his feet, or that he was a witness to the last conflagration. In short, for half an hour after we had extricated him from his awkward position, the man was all but lunatic; he raved, danced, screamed, tore his hair, and embraced every body. Our next inquiry was for the hunter. This we commenced with a general feeling of hopelessness, for the cry and the fall of stones were fearfully indicative of the unfortunate fellow's fate. Still the search must be made. More brambles

were kindled, more shouts given, and one of the gamekeepers fired a fowling-piece which he had brought with him to have a shot at the wolves or eagles, as the case might be. Not a sign nor a sound was returned, and we gave him over for lost. In this state of affairs, to proceed on an excursion of mere curiosity would be heartless, and the proposal to make the best of our way homewards with our bad news was unanimously seconded. Accordingly, we put ourselves in march, and had returned down a portion of the precipice, when we heard a new fall of stones, and a feeble cry from above. To come to the event at once, the hunter was seen, lying at his length on a shelf of rock, twenty or thirty feet above our heads, and unable either to ascend or descend. We roused a shepherd from one of the *chalets*, and by the help of some straw ropes made for the occasion, weighed the fellow out of his berth. He was half dead with fright. In his ambition to overpass us on the ledge, he had trodden on a loose stone; he found himself tottering, and by one of those desperate efforts which defy calculation, had actually sprung up against the perpendicular face of the rock, at least to twice his own height; there he clung by holding on to some weeds; the weeds at length gave way, bringing down with them the heap of rubbish, which had sounded to us as his knell in the bottom of the lake. By what means he now contrived to ascend, he had no recollection whatever, but he had finally ensconced himself on the projection where we discovered him, and where, "to the best of his belief, he had fallen *asleep*."

A general drizzle, to keep out the cold, which was now as keen as I had felt it in Newfoundland, was served round; we faced about again, and moved upward. Giving a lecture on discipline, and dividing our party into pairs, who were to assist each other, I took upon me the command, and triumphantly led the way over the formidable ledge. The wind was still our great obstacle; it came with the suddenness of a Mediterranean gale; and my only wonder now is, that some of us were not whisked away far over the valley, like gossamer. We now came into the region of snow, and found it lying thick in all the spots sheltered from the wind. Snow, in the middle of August, under the sky of the fiery South! I felt frozen to the midriff; and nothing but frequent halts, and that established resource of the mountain adventurer, the brandy flask, could have kept up our strength to reach the summit. We had lost so much time in the search at the ledge, and had found the ascent so much steeper than we expected, that we were now near losing the main object of our expedition—the view of the sunrise from the pinnacle. The darkness, which had been

intense, was evidently beginning to give way—dim streaks of light were glancing through the clouds, still hanging heavy on the east, and the rugged top of the Pic was slowly shaping itself above us. But the sight was not to be lost for want of energy. With one accord we made a sudden rush up the precipice, through a small cleft running along its side; the bareness of the rock itself was more favourable to the footing than the shivery and sliding soil lower down, and finally, by mutual help, holding on of hands, and dragging up with our mountain staffs, we one and all stood upon the top. It was not the spire that we had seen from the valley, but a narrow, rugged edge of rock, splintered by many a thunderstorm. The view was immeasurably grand, but unluckily, like the view from Mont Blanc, and all other great elevations, it was too vast for detail, and too high for exactness.

All below us for awhile was cloud, with the Pyrenees shooting upwards through it, like ranges of islands in some intermediate ocean. The small villages of the Basque country were little dots at our feet. The whole, vast, and diversified region round the base of the Pic was reduced to a plain, with a few lines of silver, the small mountain rivers, glistening through its extent. As the dawn advanced, and the vapours thinned away, the position of Thoulouse was pointed out; and, to save the credit of my perspicuity, I imagined that I saw it, in a confused mass which lay huddled on the extreme verge of the horizon. But the sun rose at last, and all the grandeurs and glories of a southern sunrise were fairly before us. In one point we had miscalculated. His rise, instead of clearing, confused the outlines of all the distant objects. I lost sight of my vision of Thoulouse in a moment. It was buried in a mass of gold. The Adour, and its brother and sister streams, were like spiders' webs, of all colours. But the true pomp of the morning was expanded on the Pyrenean range, and first and stateliest of the whole, the *Mont Perdu*, which, with its sides glittering in all the hues of rock and verdure, and with its summit lighting under the first rays of the sun, looked like a citadel of silver among the clouds. But though no description can equal the reality of such scenes, it must be confessed, that until balloons shall be made manageable, or man furnished with wings, the pleasantest part of those excursions is in the anticipation. By the time we reach the height, the spirit of curiosity is, in general, entirely walked, climbed, and frozen out of the adventurer. We were all tired to death, and as we sat on the brow of one of the most magnificent precipices of Europe, were thinking much less of its sublimities than of the comforts of our hotel, and of the possibility of enjoying a

sound sleep, *à l'abri* of all the storms, freezings, and ledges half an inch wide. We now began our descent, for the sun, after painting the skies with all possible prodigality of gem and lustre, had begun to gather the mists of the lower grounds into huge masses of vapour, which slowly ascended, bulging against the sides of the hills. Our old antagonist, the wind, too, gave now and then an ominous roar, sounding among the mountain clefts like thunder. A storm, at our present exposed position, would, probably, have hurried us "loose upon the vexed winds," and blown us half way "round the pendant globe." We hastened down with suitable expedition. The descent was sharp, yet was made without accident; and after about twenty hours of continued walking, from the time of our beginning the ascent, I was rejoiced to find myself treading on level ground again, and within the door of the hotel of Bareges.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

MY HOBBY,—RATHER.

(Concluded from page 363.)

THE sun set, and, according to my prediction, the wind changed suddenly to the north, and the whole surface of the lake, in a couple of hours, became of the lustre of polished steel. It was intensely cold.

The fire blazed in every room of the bride's paternal mansion, and I was there early to fulfil my office of master of ceremonies at the bridal. My heart was weighed down with a sad boding, but I shook off, at least, the appearance of it, and superintended the concoction of a huge bowl of punch, with a merriment which communicated itself in the shape of the most joyous hilarity to a troop of juvenile relations. The house resounded with their shouts of laughter.

In the midst of our noise in the small inner room entered Larry. I started back, for he looked more like a demon possessed than a Christian man. He had walked to the house alone in the moonlight, not daring to trust himself in company. I turned out the turbulent troop about me, and tried to dispel his gloom, for a face like his at that moment would have put to flight the rudest bridal party ever assembled on holy ground. He seized on the howl of strong spirits which I had mixed for a set of hardy farmers, and before I could tear it from his lips, had drunk a quantity which, in an ordinary mood, would have intoxicated him helplessly in an hour. He then sat down with his face buried in his hands, and in a few minutes rose, his eyes sparkling with excitement, and the whole character of his face utterly changed. I thought he had gone wild.

"Now, Phil," said he, "now for my bride!" And with an unbecoming levity, he threw open the door, and went half danc-

ing into the room, where the friends were already assembled to witness the ceremony.

I followed with fear and anxiety. He took his place by the side of the fair creature on whom he had placed his hopes of life; and, though sobered somewhat by the impressiveness of the scene, the wild sparkle still danced in his eyes, and I could see that every nerve in his frame was excited to the last pitch of tension. If he had fallen a gibbering maniac on the floor, I should not have been astonished.

The ceremony proceeded, and the first tone of his voice in the response startled even the bride. If it had rung from the depths of a cavern, it could not have been more sepulchral. I looked at him with a shudder. His lips were curled with an exulting expression, mixed with an indefinable fear; and all the blood in his face seemed settled about his eyes, which were so bloodshot and fiery, that I have ever since wondered he was not, at the first glance, suspected of insanity.

The stir in the room, as the clergyman closed his prayer, seemed to awake him from a trance. He looked around with a troubled face for a moment; and then, fixing his eyes on his bride, he suddenly clasped his arms about her, and, straining her violently to his bosom, broke into an hysterical passion of tears and laughter. Then, suddenly resuming his self-command, he apologized for the over-excitement of his feelings, and behaved with forced and gentle propriety till the guests departed.

There was an apprehensive gloom over the spirits of the small bridal party left in the lighted rooms; and, as they gathered round the fire, I approached, and endeavoured to take a gay farewell. Larry was sitting with his arm about his wife, and he wrung my hand in silence as I said "Good night," and dropped his head upon her shoulder. I made some futile attempt to rally him, but it jarred on the general feeling, and I left the house.

It was a glorious night. The clear, piercing air, had a vitreous brilliancy, which I have never seen in any other climate, the rays of the moonlight almost visibly splintering with the keenness of the frost. The moon herself was in the zenith, and there seemed nothing between her and the earth but palpable and glittering cold.

I hurried home: it was but eleven o'clock; and, heaping up the wood in the large fireplace, I took a volume of "Ivanhoe," which had just then appeared, and endeavoured to rid myself of my unpleasant thoughts. I read on till midnight; and then, in a pause of the story, I rose to look out upon the night, hoping, for poor Larry's sake, that the moon was buried in clouds. The house was near the edge of the lake; and as I looked down upon the glassy waste, spreading away from the land, I saw the dark figure of a

man kneeling directly in the path of the moon's rays. In another moment he rose to his feet, and the tall, slight form of my poor friend was distinctly visible, as, with long and powerful strokes, he sped away upon his skates along the shore.

To take my own Hollanders, put a collar of fur around my mouth, and hurry after him, was the work of but a minute. My straps were soon fastened; and, following in the marks of the sharp irons at the top of my speed, I gained sight of him in about half an hour, and, with great effort, neared him sufficiently to shout his name with a hope of being heard. "Larry! Larry!"

The lofty mountain-shore gave back the cry in repeated echoes; but he redoubled his strokes, and sped on faster than before. At my utmost speed I followed on; and when, at last, I could almost lay my hand on his shoulder, I summoned the strength to my breathless lungs, and shouted again—"Larry! Larry!"

He half looked back, and the full moon at that instant streamed full into his eyes. I have thought since that he could not have seen me for its dazzling brightness; but I saw every line of his features with the distinctness of daylight, and I shall never forget them. A line of white foam ran through his half-parted lips; his hair streamed wildly over his forehead, on which the perspiration glittered in large drops; and every lineament of his expressive face was stamped with unutterable and awful horror. He looked back no more; but, increasing his speed with an energy of which I did not think his slender frame capable, he began gradually to outstrip me. Trees, rocks, and hills, fled back like magic. My limbs began to grow numb; my fingers had lost all feeling, but a strong north-east wind was behind us, and the ice smoother than a mirror; and I struck out my feet mechanically, and still sped on.

For two hours we had kept along the shore. The branches of the trees were reflected in the polished ice, and the hills seemed hanging in the air, and floating past us with the velocity of storm-clouds. Far down the lake, however, there glimmered the just visible light of a fire; and I was thanking God that we were probably approaching some human succour, when, to my horror, the retreating figure before me suddenly darted off to the left, and made, swifter than before, toward the centre of the icy waste. Oh, God! what feelings were mine at that moment. Follow him far I dared not; for, the sight of land once lost, as it would be almost instantly with our tremendous speed, we perished, without a possibility of relief.

He was far beyond my voice, and to overtake him was the only hope. I summoned my last nerve for the effort, and, keeping him in my eye, struck across at a sharper angle,

with the advantage of the wind full in my back. I had taken note of the mountains, and knew that we were already forty miles from home; a distance it would be impossible to retrace against the wind; and the thought of freezing to death, even if I could overtake him, forced itself appallingly upon me.

Away I flew, despair giving a new force to my limbs, and soon gained on the poor lunatic, whose efforts seemed flagging and faint. I neared him. Another struggle! I could have dropped down where I was, and slept, if there were death in the first minute, so stiff and drowsy was every muscle in my frame. "Larry!" I shouted. "Larry!"

He started at the sound, and I could hear a smothered and breathless shriek, as, with supernatural strength, he straightened up his bending figure, and, leaning forward again, sped away from me like a phantom on the blast.

I could follow no longer. I stood stiff on my skates, still going on rapidly before the wind, and tried to look after him; but the frost had stiffened my eyes, and there was a mist before them, and they felt like glass. Nothing was visible around me but moonlight and ice, and wearily and slowly I began to retrace the slight path of semicircles toward the shore. It was painful work. The wind seemed to divide the very fibres of the skin upon my face. Violent exercise no longer warmed my body, and I felt the cold shoot sharply into my loins, and bind across my breast like a chain of ice; and, with the utmost strength of mind at my command, I could just resist the terrible inclination to lie down and sleep. I forgot poor Larry. Life—dear life! was now my only thought, so selfish are we in our extremity!

With difficulty I at last reached the shore, and then, unbuttoning my coat, and spreading it wide for a sail, I set my feet together, and went slowly down before the wind, till the fire which I had before noticed began to blaze cheerily in the distance. It seemed an eternity in my slow progress. Tree after tree threw the shadow of its naked branches across the way; hill after hill glided slowly backward; but my knees seemed frozen together, and my joints fixed in ice; and if my life had depended on striking out my feet, I should have died powerless. My jaws were locked, my shoulders drawn half down to my knees, and, in a few minutes more, I am well convinced, the blood would have thickened in my veins, and stood still, for ever.

I could see the tongues of the flames—I counted the burning faggots—a form passed between me and the fire—I struck, and fell prostrate on the snow; and I remember no more.

The sun was darting a slant beam through the trees when I awoke. The genial warmth of a large bed of embers played on my cheek,

a thick blanket enveloped me, and, beneath my head, was a soft cushion of withered leaves. On the opposite side of the fire lay four Indians wrapped in their blankets, and, with her head on her knees, and her hands clasped over her ankles, sat an Indian woman, who had apparently fallen asleep upon her watch. The stir I made aroused her; and, as she piled on fresh faggots, and kindled them to a bright blaze with a handful of leaves, drowsiness came over me again, and I wrapped the blanket about me more closely, and shut my eyes to sleep.

I awoke refreshed. It must have been ten o'clock by the sun. The Indians were about, occupied in various avocations, and the woman was broiling a slice of deer's flesh on the coals. She offered it to me as I rose; and having eaten part of it with a piece of a cake made of meal, I requested her to call in the men, and with offers of reward easily induced them to go with me in search of my lost friend.

We found him, as I had anticipated, frozen to death, far out on the lake. The Indians tracked him by the marks of his skate-irons, and from their appearance he had sunk quietly down, probably drowsy and exhausted, and had died, of course, without pain. His last act seemed to have been under the influence of his strange madness, for he lay on his face, turned from the quarter of the setting moon.

We carried him to his bride. Even the Indians were affected by her uncontrollable agony. I cannot describe that scene, familiar as I am with pictures of horror.

I made inquiries with respect to the position of his bridal chamber. There were no shutters, and the moon streamed broadly into it, and, after kissing his shrinking bride with the violence of a madman, he sprang out of the room with a terrific scream, and she saw him no more till he lay dead on his bridal-bed.—SLINGSBY.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Notes of a Reader.

THOMAS'S LEGENDS OF SPAIN.

Peter de Cabina.

THERE is in Catalonia, in the bishopric of Gerunda,* a very high mountain, by the natives called Cavagum. The approach to it is steep—inaccessible, indeed, as to much of the ascent; and on its summit is a lake of dark water, which is unfathomable.

There, according to report, is a Mansion of Dæmons built; palace-like, and with an entrance gate, which is closed. The mansion, itself, is invisible to the vulgar, as are the Dæmons themselves. Should any one throw

* *Gerona*, or as it was formerly called, *Gerunda*, is a considerable town on the east part of the province of Catalonia, twenty-one miles from the sea, and sixty north-east of Barcelona.—E.

a stone or other solid substance into the lake, a tempest instantly takes place, as if the Dæmons were offended. On one part of the mountain's top, snow and ice are perpetual, and there the presence of the sun is never felt. And now let the reader attend to what has lately happened in this spot:—

There lived in a village named Junchera, adjoining the Mount, a countryman, called Peter de Cabina. This man, one day, while employed on household matters, was annoyed by the continual crying of his little girl, and as people are too apt to do when angered, wished the devils might take her. This incautious exclamation was immediately taken advantage of, and the child was borne away on the instant by an invisible legion of fiends. Seven years after, as a native of the place was straying at the foot of the mountain, a man crossed his path, hastily and weeping. "Woe to me!" said he, "was ever wretch so unhappy as I?" Being asked what was the cause of his grief, he answered that he had been seven years in the Mount Convagum, under the power of the Dæmons, who used him daily as a beast of burden. In proof of the truth of his assertion, he added, that there was also in the mountain, a girl, the daughter of Peter de Cabina, from the village of Junchera, who was a slave to the Fiends like himself; that they had grown tired of the task of educating her, and would willingly restore her, if her father would come to the mountain and reclaim her.

Peter accordingly ascended the Mount, approached the lake, and conjured the Dæmons to restore him his child. Immediately, like a sudden blast of wind, his daughter appeared; she was tall in stature, but withered up and filthy, her eyes rolling wildly, her skin hanging loosely to her bones, and her whole aspect appalling; she had no vestige of articulate speech, and was utterly wanting in every characteristic of a human being. The father, astonished at the state of his child, and hardly knowing whether to continue to bring her up as his own, consulted the Bishop of Gerunda.

Thus we learn the danger of rashly commending a child to the devils, who are ever "lurking privily about, that they may ravish the poor when they have gotten him into their net."

Note.—The above story, which is taken from Gervase of Tilbury's well known *Otia Imperialis*, (Leibnitz, *Scr. Rerum Bruss.* T. 1. p. 982.) proves that in Spain, the fairies (for by the *Dæmones* of Master Gervase, our fairies are distinctly indicated,) exhibit the same propensities for kidnapping children and adults, as their kindred in all the other countries of Europe.

Tale of the Green Taper, a Legend of Seville.

Among the unfortunate families of Spanish Moriscoes, who were forced to quit Spain in

1610, there was one of a very rich farmer, who owned the house we speak of.* As the object of the government was to hurry the Moriscos out of the country without allowing them time to remove their property, many buried their money and jewels, in hopes of returning from Africa at a future period. Muley Hassam, according to our popular tradition, had contrived a vault under the large Zaguán, or close porch of his house. Distrusting his Christian neighbours, he had there accumulated great quantities of gold and pearls, which, upon his quitting the country, were laid under a spell by another Moriscoe, deeply versed in the secret arts.

The jealousy of the Spaniards, and the severe penalties enacted against such of the exiles as should return, precluded Muley Hassam from all opportunities of recovering his treasure. He died, intrusting the secret to an only daughter, who, having grown up at Seville, was perfectly acquainted with the spot under the charm.

Fatima married, and was soon left a widow, with a daughter, whom she taught Spanish, hoping to make her pass for a native of that country. Urged by the approach of poverty, which sharpened the desire to make use of the secret intrusted to her, Fatima with her daughter Zuleima, embarked on board a corsair, and were landed secretly in a cove near Huelva. Dressed in the costume of the peasantry, and having assumed Christian names, both mother and daughter made their way to Seville, on foot, or by any occasional conveyance which offered on the road. To avoid suspicion, they gave out that they were returning from the performance of a vow to a celebrated image of the Virgin, near Moguer. I will not tire you with details as to the means by which Fatima obtained a place for herself and daughter in the family then occupying her own paternal house. Fatima's constant endeavours to please her master and mistress succeeded to the utmost of her wishes; the beauty and innocence of Zuleima, then only fourteen, needed no studied efforts to obtain the affection of the whole family.

When Fatima thought that the time was come, she prepared her daughter for the important and awful task of recovering the concealed treasure, of which she had constantly talked to her since the child could understand her meaning. The winter came on; the family moved to the first floor as usual, and Fatima asked to be allowed one of the ground-floor rooms for herself and Zuleima.

About the middle of December, when the periodical rains threatened to make the Guadalquivir overflow its banks, and scarcely a

soul stirred out after sunset, Fatima, provided with a rope and a basket, anxiously awaited the hour of midnight to commence her incantation. Her daughter stood trembling by her side in the porch, to which they had groped their way in the dark. The large bell of the cathedral clock, whose sound, you are well aware, has a most startling effect in the dead silence of the night, tolled the hour; and the melancholy peal of supplication, (*Plegaria*,) followed for about two minutes.

All now was still, except the wind and rain. Fatima unlocking, with some difficulty, the cold hands of her daughter out of hers, struck a flint, and lighted a green taper, not more than an inch long, which she carefully sheltered from the wind in a pocket lantern. The light had scarcely glimmered on the ground, when the pavement yawned close by the feet of the two females. "Now, Zuleima, my child, the only care of my life," said Fatima, "were you strong enough to draw me out of the vault where our treasure lies, I would not entreat you to hasten down by these small perpendicular steps, which you here see. Fear not, my love, there is nothing below but the gold and jewels deposited by my father."

"Mother," answered the tremulous girl, "I will not break my promise I have made you, though I feel as if my breathing would stop the moment I entered that horrible vault. Dear mother, tie the rope round my waist—my hands want strength—you must support the whole weight of my body. Merciful Allah! my foot slips! Oh! mother, leave me not in the dark."

The vault was not much deeper than the girl's length; and upon her slipping from one of the projecting stones, the chink of coins, scattered by her feet, restored the failing courage of the mother. "There, take the basket, child; quick, fill it up with gold—feel for the jewels—I must not move the lantern. Well done, my love! Another basketfull and no more. I would not expose you, my only child, for . . . , yet the candle is long enough: fear not, it will burn five minutes . . . Heavens! the wick begins to float in the melted wax—out, out, Zuleima! . . . the rope, the rope! . . . the steps are on this side!"

A faint groan was heard, Zuleima had dropped in a swoon over the remaining gold. At this moment all was dark again; the distracted mother searched for the chasm, but it was closed. She beat the ground with her feet, and her agony became downright madness on hearing the hollow sound returned from below. She now struck the flints of the pavement till her hands were shapeless with wounds. Lying on the ground a short time, and having for a moment recovered the power of conscious suffering, she heard her daughter

* *Casa de Duende*,—the Goblin House.

repeat the words, "Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark."

The thick vault through which the words were heard, gave the voice a heart-freezing, thin, distant, yet silvery tone. Fatima lay one instant motionless on the flints; then raising herself upon her knees, dashed her head with supernatural strength against the stones. There she was found lifeless in the morning.

On a certain night in the month of December, the few, who, ignorant that the house is haunted, have incautiously been upon the spot at midnight, report that Fatima is seen between two black figures, who, in spite of her violent struggles to avoid the place where her daughter is buried alive, force her to sit over the vault, with a basket-full of gold at her feet. The efforts by which she now and then attempts to stop her ears, are supposed to indicate that for an hour she is compelled to hear the unfortunate Zuleima crying, "Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark."

Note.—The above interesting Legend of Seville was communicated to the *Forget-me-Not*, for 1833, by the Reverend Blanco White, who has kindly permitted it to be reprinted in these pages.

The Gatherer.

African Revenge.—Most barbarous, though perhaps admitting of some palliation, when it is considered how formidable an enemy to Africa their prisoner had been, was the treatment of Regulus by the Carthaginians: having cut off his eyelids, they exposed him in this deplorable condition to the direct rays of a tropical sun, by which he was very soon blinded.—*Curtis on the Eye.*

Apsley House.—The singular origin of the ground-rent of Apsley House, now going the round of the newspapers, was printed upwards of three years since, in vol. xvii. p. 192 of the *Mirror*.

Hindoo Furniture is described as exceedingly simple: their ordinary plates and dishes are formed from the leaf of the plantain-tree, or of the nymphaea lotus, that beautiful lily which abounds in every lake. These are neatly sewn together with some grassy fibre; but, however neatly fashioned, are never used a second time. Even in the houses of the Nairs, which are neater and better kept than ordinary, you find little beyond a few mats, earthen pots, grindstones, and utensils for cleaning the rice, with a swing for the amusement of the family. A few earthen pots, and two jars, the one for the water, the other for oil, comprise the whole stock of a villager. The cooking utensils are sometimes of brass or copper, as are likewise their drinking vessels, which are made with a spout, that they may pour out the water in a small stream, as in drinking it is thought indelicate

to touch the vessel with their lips. Even in the superb dwellings of the Rajpoot nobles, where the painted and gilded ceiling is supported by columns of serpentine, and the walls are lined with mirrors, marble, or china, no costly furniture, no hangings, no chairs, tables, beds, couches, or candelabra, are to be seen. The floors are covered with soft, rich carpets, over which, to preserve their glowing freshness, a white cloth is spread, and here the Rajpoot sits and sleeps. However, we find that on the coast of Malabar, a different fashion sometimes prevails. The hall, in the Zamorin's palace, into which Vasco da Gama and his companions were conducted on their first arrival, was set round with seats, rising one above another, like those of an amphitheatre; the floor was covered with a rich carpet; the walls were hung with silk tapestry interwoven with gold; and there were sofas for the prince and his guests. Neat little bedsteads of cane, manufactured by the hill tribes, are in use in many parts of India, as are likewise chairs and tables; but these are not common.—*The Hindoos*, vol. i.

The Lord Chancellor is the only one of the Judges of the land who is removable at the King's pleasure; and hence, being politically identified with his Majesty's advisers, there is a new Lord Chancellor with every change of the ministry. The mode of his creation consists of the simple delivery of the Great Seal of the kingdom into his custody.

Meeting after absence is one of—oh no!—it is life's most delicious feeling.

Opinion should guide in public affairs, not feeling. Opinion is grounded on circumstance, on observation, and on reflection. Feeling acts from impulse, which sees but half.

The habit of ridicule is the dry-rot of all that is high and generous in youth.

Consistency is a human word, but it certainly expresses nothing human.

Hope fulfilled is but a gentler word for disappointment.

One may be very well content to renounce a lover; but it is very disagreeable to have him taken away.—*L. E. L.*

With the next Number,
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of the

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With a fine Engraving from the *Landscape Annual*.
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The Mirror

OF

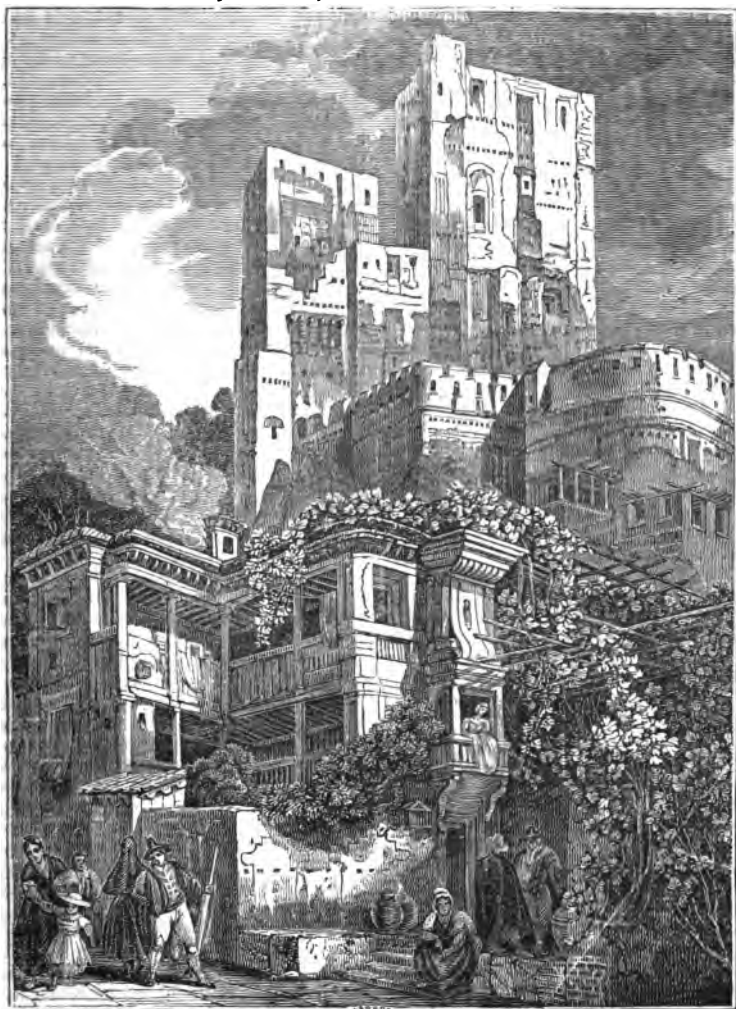
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[PRICE 2d.

Spirit of the Annuals for 1835.



THE VERMILION TOWERS OF THE ALHAMBRA.

(Copied, by permission, from the LANDSCAPE ANNUAL.)

The Landscape Annual.

THE present volume has the sub-title of "The Tourist in Spain, commencing with Grenada." In the letter-press, the Editor pursues "a somewhat bolder flight" than in previous volumes. "Spain—bold, ardent, melancholy Spain—the only land in Europe that the children of the East seem to have

cared to make their home; the nurse of romance, after it left its cradle in the Arab deserts;—the glowing mother of chivalry, the sovereign of an infant world, whose wondrous plains and forests, but for her, had been, perhaps, still unknown; Spain—a land in itself bearing features, expressive of all that can give interest to external nature, and possessing annals filled to overflowing with

memorials of the great, the erring, and the ill-fated, furnishes themes on which the mind, looking either for lessons or for excitement, may brood long and well. * * *

The Moors of Spain were a people marked by the strongest lineaments of human power and genius; their character, their glory, and their fall, were alike distinguished by the mysterious energy which raised the founder of their nation into a conqueror; carried their tribes, first from desert to desert, and then from kingdom to kingdom, impelling them, when satiated with conquest, into the strange regions of philosophy, and in their desolation, cast a glow of splendour, too deep, perhaps, ever to become evanescent." From this portion of the Preface, the reader may gather some idea of the Editor's design—to develop the character of the Moors and of Moorish history: this he has done by aid of a slight fiction, while "he has not left the reader without the information he might naturally look for from the simple narrative of the traveller or the historian." Yet, he has accomplished the latter in the notes rather than in the text of the work, although his narrative certainly invests the localities with many additional charms. Our business is with the descriptive notes accompanying the Illustrations—probably, the finest set of Engravings ever presented to the British public. The Plates are twenty-one in number, from elaborate drawings by David Roberts, Esq. They mostly represent portions of the magnificent palace of the Alhambra, and the mighty and minute architecture of its lone halls and crumbling walls. Yet, the external beauties of the country are not forgotten; but its luxuriant picturesqueness forms a few scenes of enchanting beauty. One of the plates which combines these artificial and natural attractions with splendid success, is accompanied by the following enthusiastic lines. The subject is the Generalife, the spring palace of the Moorish monarchs: "Luxuriously, most enchantingly adapted for the palace-gardens of royalty, it combined all that was exquisite in locality and choice; being delightfully cool and fragrant, situated a little east of the Alhambra, where the towers rise loftiest to the eye, on a pleasant hill, confronting that of the grand fortress. The prospect it commanded over the vale of the Darro and the surrounding scenery was picturesque in the extreme; the golden spires of mosque, and minaret, and tower, appearing through the deep, green woods and gardens, and reflected in the waters of the Vega rivers, like stars studding the dark, blue vault of night. Hence, too, were beheld the old, Moorish bridge and tower, on which were erected a noble line of galleries, forming a communication between the Alhambra and the Albaycin. Amidst mosques and steeples the crystal stream was seen winding its way,

into the heart of that beloved city. The hanging woods and gardens of the Generalife contrasted with the fine, verdant slopes crowned with the turrets of the Alhambra, the banks of the Sierra del Sol, and on the north, the Albaycin, with innumerable gardens and orchards, and subterranean dwellings,—altogether presented a wilderness of beauties, a scene of fairy objects to the eye, unequalled, perhaps, in any other spot. Lavish nature, fostered by the luxurious refinements, the captivations of ingenious art; the distribution of the entire edifice and surrounding gardens, tastefully adapted to the aspect of the ground, all threw a species of enchantment around the scene, such as is only felt on opening into the interior of the Alhambra." On the subject of the annexed Engraving, it is noted: "Of the Torres Vermejas, or Vermilion Towers, the most picturesque and striking among the conspicuous objects which arrest the eye of the tourist on entering the spacious Vega, no authentic account has survived as to date or origin. They rise boldly from the rocky height, rivaling the proudest of the Alhambra; and it is generally admitted that they are of greater antiquity than any by which they are surrounded. It is the popular belief that they were erected by the Romans; but some writers assert, with more show of probability, by some wandering colony of the Phœnicians. This, it has also been observed, in many instances, is the popular impression of the Spaniards themselves upon the spot; but, upon what authority, it would be idle to conjecture. They are, however, known as the regal home of successive races of warrior-chiefs, through the eventful history of the Phœnicians, Romans, Goths, Moors, and Christians. Their present inmates, although of a more peaceful and less honourable calling, are, perhaps, more usefully employed than their predecessors. The place is inhabited by a colony of potters, and the proud Vermilion Towers, instead of reflecting the steel cap and morion of the mail-clad warriors, are appropriated to baking the produce of their quiet labours in the sun, which is here almost sufficiently powerful to allow of dispensing with the heat of an oven for the same purpose."

As a general description of the Alhambra has already appeared in our pages, the above note will be a sufficient accompaniment to our Engraving. Among so much excellence as the other Engravings present, it is difficult to single out for especial praise; and in our choice of the *Vermilion Towers*, we have been guided more by its fitness for wood-engraving than for its elaborateness.

To conclude, we can, with confidence, recommend the present volume of the *Landscape Annual* to be decidedly superior in embellishments to either of the preceding years; which is high, but merited, praise.

The Book of Beauty,

Edited by the Countess of Blessington.

[Contains eighteen superb portrait plates, among which those of the Countess of Wilton, the Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower, the Hon. Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, the late Duchess of Gordon, Mrs. Knowlys, and Lady Georgiana Russell possess additional charms in their identity with a few of the loveliest of Britain's fair daughters. The literary contents are twenty-six tales and sketches in prose and verse. From the latter we quote the following beautiful lines:—]

THE SISTERS.—BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

MATILDA.

READ not so fast, dear sister; pause awhile,
For I would hear thy thoughts of her who left
Her home, her duty, and the friends she loved,
To follow one unworthy.

LOUISA.

She was meant
For good, and had she known a friend like thee,
To whisper a fond warning in her ear,
She ne'er had left her calm and happy home,
Where her bright presence shed a sunshine round.
I blame, yet pity too; when punishment
Treads on the heels of error, I forget
The crime in mourning for the coming woe.
Is it not so with thee?

MATILDA.

It is not so.
I pity, but—remember. She who leaves
An arrow in the loving mother's heart,
And dyes with the red blush of burning shame
The father's forehead and the brother's cheek,—

LOUISA.

Deserves not pity! Yet I weep for her;
For I behold her pining for her home,
Praying once more to rest her aching brow
On that maternal breast which pillow'd it
In happy childhood, ere one sinful thought
Had quicken'd its pulsations.

MATILDA.

Think'st thou not
Of those she left in sorrow, bowed with shame,
For her who loosened every natural tie?—
Remember, though she brought despair to all,
She thought not, cared not, till her lover grew
Indifferent, cold: 'twas then that fearfully
The recollection of her happier hours
Rushed on her dreams, and she awoke a wretch
Whose days and nights were steeped in bitterness?

LOUISA.

Yet she lived on?

MATILDA.

'Tis true she did not die—
Till many weary months had gloomed away;
For sorrow kills not quickly. Well,—she lived:
Yes, lived to know her mother's heart was broke;
To hear harsh curses from her father's tongue!
Then lay she down upon her bed—and died,
A lifeless care,—and prey!

LOUISA.

And where was he,
The lover, the destroyer? where was he?

MATILDA.

Fled! 'twas a summer love; the first wild cloud
(Sorrow or sickness) swept its bloom away.
He watched impatiently from day to day

2 C 2

The paleness dawning on her altered cheek;
And her remorse ev'n angered him. Her tips
Never reproached him, but the bursting tears
She could not quell, had tongues more loud than
words;

And when she greeted him no more with smiles,
He who had chased them—left her to her grief—
Thus, drinking up her cup of bitterness,
She lived, and loved, and—died!

LOUISA.

Alas, poor girl!
She sinned—and suffered—loved—and died, you say.
'Twas some atonement. I believe there dwells
Immortal mercy in the azure sky,
Too vast to let her suffer any more.
Now she is dead, and thus hath paid her debt,
God will forgive her, for she prayed to him
With a most contrite heart; methinks I see
Her soaring (once more stainless) to the stars,
An angel, not murmuring, but redeemed;
Welcomed by angels. Now once more she lies
Upon her mother's heart, and once more wears
The sunny look of spotless infancy.

[Our main prose quotation is]

THE CARRIER PIGEON. BY THE AUTHOR OF
"VIVIAN GREY."

I.

ALTHOUGH the deepest shades of twilight
had descended upon the broad bosom of the
valley, and the river might almost be recog-
nised only by its rushing sound, the walls and
battlements of the castle of Charolois, situate
on one of the loftiest heights, still blazed in
the reflected radiance of the setting sun, and
cast, as it were, a glance of triumph at the
opposing castle of Branchimont, that rose on
the western side of the valley, with its lofty
turrets and its massy keep, black and sharply
defined against the resplendent heaven.

Deadly was the hereditary feud between
the powerful lords of these high places—the
Counts of Charolois and the Barons of Bran-
chimont; but the hostility which had been
maintained for ages never perhaps raged
with more virulence than at this moment;
since the only male heir of the house of Cha-
rolois had been slain in a tournament by the
late Baron of Branchimont, and the distracted
father had avenged his irreparable loss in the
life-blood of the involuntary murderer of his
son.

Yet the pilgrim, who at this serene hour
might rest upon his staff and gaze on the sur-
rounding scene, would hardly deem that the
darkest passions of our nature had selected
this fair and silent spot for the theatre of
their havoc.

The sun set; the evening star, quivering
and bright, rose over the dark towers of
Branchimont; from the opposite bank a
musical bell summoned the devout vassals of
Charolois to a beautiful shrine, wherein was
deposited the heart of their late young lord,
and which his father had raised on a small
and richly wooded promontory, distant about
a mile from his stern hold.

At the first chime on this lovely eve came
forth a lovelier maiden from the postern of
Charolois—the Lady Imogenie, the only re-

maining child of the bereaved count, attended by her page, bearing her book of prayers. She took her way along the undulating heights until she reached the sanctuary. The altar was illumined; several groups were already kneeling, faces of fidelity well known to their adored lady; but as she entered, a palmer, with his broad hat drawn over his face, and closely muffled up in his cloak, dipped his hand at the same time with hers in the fount of holy water placed at the entrance of the shrine, and pressed the beautiful fingers of the Lady Imogene. A blush, unperceived by the kneeling votaries, rose to her cheek; but apparently such was her self-control, or such her deep respect for the hallowed spot, that she exhibited no other symptom of emotion, and, walking to the high altar, was soon buried in her devotions.

The mass was celebrated—the vassals rose and retired. According to her custom, the Lady Imogene yet remained, and knelt before the tomb of her brother. A low whisper, occasionally sounding, assured her that some one was at the confessional; and soon the palmer, who was now shrived, knelt at her side. “Lothair!” muttered the lady, apparently at her prayers, “beloved Lothair, thou art too bold!”

“Oh, Imogene! for thee what would I not venture!” was the hushed reply.

“For the sake of all our hopes, wild though they be, I counsel caution.”

“Fear naught. The priest, flattered by my confession, is fairly duped. Let me employ this golden moment to urge what I have before entreated. Your father, Imogene, can never be appeased. Fly, then, my beloved! oh, fly!”

“Oh, my Lothair! it never can be. Alas! whither can we fly?”

“Sweet love! I pray thee listen:—to Italy. At the court of my cousin, the Duke of Milan, we shall be safe and happy. What care I for Branchimont, and all its fortunes? And for that, my vassals are no traitors. If ever the bright hour arrive when we may return in joy, trust me, sweet love, my flag will still wave on my father’s walls.”

“Oh, Lothair! why did we meet? Why, meeting, did we not hate each other like our fated race? My heart is distracted. Can this misery be love? Yet I adore thee—”

“Lady!” said the page, advancing, “the priest approaches.”

The Lady Imogene rose, and crossed herself before the altar.

“To-morrow, at this hour,” whispered Lothair.

The Lady Imogene nodded assent, and, leaning on her page, quitted the shrine.

II.

“Dearest lady,” said the young page, as they returned to the castle, “my heart mis-

gives me. As we quitted the shrine, I observed Rufus, the huntsman, sink into the adjoining wood.”

“Hah! he is my father’s most devoted instrument: nor is there any bidding which he would hesitate to execute—a most ruthless knave!”

“And can see like a cat in the dark, too,” observed young Theodore.

“I never loved that man, even in my cradle,” said the Lady Imogene; “though he can fawn, too. Did he indeed avoid us?”

“Indeed I thought so, madam.”

* * * * *

III.

The apprehensions of the little Theodore proved to be too well founded. On the morning after the meeting of Lady Imogene with Lord Branchimont at the shrine of Charolois, she was summoned to the presence of her father; and, after having been loaded with every species of reproach and invective for her clandestine meeting with their hereditary foe, she was confined to a chamber in one of the loftiest towers of the castle, which she was never permitted to quit, except to walk in a long, gloomy gallery, with an old female servant remarkable for the acerbity of her mind and manners. Her page escaped punishment by flight; and her only resource and amusement was her mandolin.

The tower in which the Lady Imogene was imprisoned sprang out of a steep so precipitous that the position was considered impregnable. She was therefore permitted to open her lattice, which was not even barred. The landscape before her, which was picturesque and richly wooded, consisted of the inclosed chase of Charolois; but her jailers had taken due care that her chamber should not command a view of the castle of Branchimont. The valley and all its moving life were indeed entirely shut out from her. Often the day vanished without a human being appearing in sight. Very unhappy was the Lady Imogene, gazing on the silent woods, or pouring forth her passion over her lonely lute.

A miserable week had nearly elapsed. It was noon; the Lady Imogene was seated alone in her chamber, leaning her head upon her hand in thought, and dreaming of her Lothair, when a fluttering noise suddenly roused her, and, looking up, she beheld, to her astonishment, perched on the high back of a chair, a beautiful bird—a pigeon whiter than snow, with an azure beak, and eyes blazing with a thousand shifting tints. Not alarmed was the beautiful bird when the Lady Imogene gently approached it; but it looked up to her with eyes of intelligent tenderness, and flapped with some earnestness its pure and sparkling plume. The Lady Imogene smiled with marvelling pleasure

and for the first time since her captivity; and putting forth her hand, which was even whiter than the wing, she patted the bright neck of the glad stranger, and gently stroked its soft plumage.

"Heaven hath sent me a friend," exclaimed the beautiful Imogene; "Ah! what—what is this?"

"Didst thou call, Lady Imogene?" inquired the harsh voice of acid Martha, whom the exclamation of her mistress had summoned to the door.

"Nothing—nothing—I want nothing," quickly answered Imogene, as she seized the bird up with her hand, and, pressing it to her bosom, answered Martha over her shoulder. "Did she see thee, my treasure?" continued the agitated Imogene, "Oh! did she see thee, my joy? Methinks we were not discovered." So saying, and tripping along on the lightest step imaginable, the captive secured the door; then bringing forth the bird from its sweet shelter, she produced a letter, which she had suddenly detected to be fastened under its left wing, and which she had perceived, in an instant, to be written by Lord Branchimont.

Her sight was dizzy, her cheek pale, her breath seemed to have deserted her. She looked up to heaven, she looked down upon the letter, and then she covered it with a thousand kisses; then, making a vigorous effort to collect herself, she read its strange and sweet contents:—

"LOTHAIR TO IMOGENE.

"Soul of my existence! Mignon, in whom you may place implicit trust, has promised me to bear you this sign of my love. Oh, I love you, Imogene! I love you more even than this bird can the beautiful sky! Kiss the dove a thousand times, that I may steal the kisses again from his neck, and catch, even at this distance, your fragrant breath. My beloved, I am planning your freedom and our happiness. Each day Mignon shall come to tell you how we speed; each day shall he bring back some testimony of your fidelity to your own

"LOTHAIR."

It was read—it was read with gushing and fast-flowing tears—tears of wild joy. A thousand times, ay, a thousand times, Imogene embraced the faithful Mignon; nor could she indeed have ever again parted with him, had she not remembered that all this time her Lothair was anxiously awaiting the return of his messenger. So she tore a leaf from her tablets and inscribed her devotion; then, fastening it with care under the wing, she bore Mignon to the window, and, bestowing upon him a last embrace, permitted him to extend his beautiful wings and launch into the air.

Bright in the sun glanced the white bird as it darted into the deep blue sky. Imogene

watched it until the sparkling form changed into a dusky shade, and the dusky shade vanished into the blending distance.

IV.

It was now a principal object with the fair captive of Charolois, that her unsympathising attendant should enter her chamber as little as possible, and only at seasons when there was no chance of a visit from Mignon. Faithful was the beautiful bird in these daily visits of consolation; and, by his assistance, the correspondence with Lothair respecting her escape was actively maintained. A thousand plans were formed by the sanguine lovers—a thousand plans were canvassed, and then decided to be impracticable. One day, Martha was to be bribed; another, young Theodore was to re-enter the castle disguised as a girl, and become, by some contrivance, her attendant; but reflection ever proved that these were as wild as lovers' plans are wont to be; and another week stole away without any thing being settled. Yet this second week was not so desolate as the first. On the contrary, it was full of exciting hope; and each day to hear that Lothair still adored her, and each day to be enabled to breathe back to him her own adoration, solaced the hours of her captivity. But fate, that will often frown upon the fortunes of true love, decided that this sweet source of consolation should flow on no longer. Rufus, the huntsman, who was ever prowling about, and who at all times had a terribly quick eye for a bird, one day observed the carrier-pigeon sallying forth from the window of the tower. His practised sense instantly assured him that the bird was trained, and he resolved to watch its course.

"Hah, hah!" said Rufus, the huntsman, "is Branchimont thy dovecot? Methinks, my little rover, thou bearest news I long to read."

Another and another day passed, and again and again Rufus observed the visits of Mignon; so, taking his cross-bow one fair morning, ere the dew had left the flowers, he wandered forth in the direction of Branchimont. True to his mission, Mignon soon appears, skimming along the sky. Beautiful, beautiful bird! Fond, faithful messenger of love! Who can doubt that thou well comprehendest the kindly purpose of thy consoling visits! Thou bringest joy to the unhappy, and hope to the despairing! She shall kiss thee, bright Mignon! Yes! an embrace from lips sweeter than the scented dawn in which thou revelest, shall repay thee for all thy fidelity! And already the Lady Imogene is at her post, gazing upon the unclouded sky, and straining her beautiful eyes, as it were to anticipate the slight and gladsome form, whose first presence ever makes her heart tremble with a host of wild and conflicting emotions.

Ah! through the air an arrow from a bow that never erred—an arrow swifter than thy swiftest flight, Mignon, whizzes with fell intent. The snake that darts upon its unconscious prey less fleet and fatal! It touches thy form—it transfixes thy beautiful breast! Was there no good spirit, then, to save thee, thou hope of the hopeless! Alas, alas! the blood gushes from thy breast, and from thy azure beak! Thy transcendent eye grows dim—all is over! The carrier pigeon falls to the earth!

V.

A day without hearing from Lothair was madness; and, indeed, when hour after heavy hour rolled away without the appearance of Mignon, and the Lady Imogene found herself gazing upon the vanishing twilight, she became nearly frantic with disappointment and terror. While light remained, an indefinite hope maintained her; but when it was indeed night, and nothing but the outline of the surrounding hills was perceptible, she could no longer restrain herself; and, bursting into hysteric tears, she threw herself upon the floor of her chamber. Were they discovered? Had Lothair forgotten her? Wearied with fruitless efforts, had he left her to her miserable, her solitary, fate? There was a slight sound—something seemed to have dropped. She looked up. At her side she beheld a letter, which, wrapped round a stone, had been thrown in at the window. She started up in an ecstasy of joy. She cured herself for doubting, for an instant the fidelity of her lover! She tore open the letter; but so great was her emotion, that some minutes elapsed before she could decipher its contents. At length she learned that, on the ensuing eve, Lothair and Theodore, disguised as huntsmen of Charolois, would contrive to meet in safety beneath her window, and for the rest she must dare to descend. It was a bold, a very perilous plan. It was the project of desperation. But there are moments in life when desperation becomes success. Now was the spirit of the Lady Imogene one that would easily quail. Here was a true woman's heart; and she could venture every thing for love. She examined the steep; she cast a rapid glance at the means of making the descent: her shawls, her clothes, the hangings of her bed—here were resources—here was hope!

Full of these thoughts, some time elapsed, before she was struck at the unusual mode in which the communication reached her. Where was Mignon? But the handwriting was the handwriting of Lothair. That she could not mistake. She might, however, have observed, that the characters were faint—that the paper had the appearance of being stained or washed; but this she did not observe. She was sanguine—she was confident in the wisdom of Lothair. She knelt before an image

of the Virgin, and poured forth her supplications for the success of their enterprise. And then, exhausted by all the agitation of the day, the Lady Imogene sank into a deep repose.

VI.

Morn came at length, but brought no Mignon! "He has his reasons," answered the Lady Imogene: "Lothair is never wrong. And soon, right soon, I hope, we shall need no messenger." Oh, what a long, long day was this, the last of her captivity! Will the night never come—that night she had once so much dreaded? Sun, wilt thou never set? There is no longer gladness in thy beams. The shadows, indeed, grow longer, and yet thine orb is as high in heaven as if it were an everlasting noon! The unceasing cry of the birds, once so consoling, now only made her restless. She listened, and she listened, until at length the rosy sky called forth their last trilling chant, and the stars of evening summoned them to roost.

It was twilight: pacing her chamber, and praying to the Virgin, the hours at length stole away. The chimes of the sanctuary told her that it wanted but a quarter of an hour to midnight. Already she had formed a rope of shawls: now she fastened it to the lattice with all her force. The bell struck twelve, and the Lady Imogene delivered herself to her fate. Slowly and fearfully she descended, legs suspended in the air until her feet at length touched a ledge of rock. Cautiously feeling her footing, she now rested, and looked around her. She had descended about twenty feet. The moon shone bright on the rest of the descent, which was more rugged. It seemed not impracticable—she clambered down.

"Hist! hist!" said a familiar voice, "all is right, lady—but why did you not answer us?"

"Ah! Theodore, where is my Lothair?"

"Lord Branchimont is shaded by the trees—give me thy hand, sweet lady. Courage! all is right; but indeed you should have answered us."

Imogene de Charolois is in the arms of Lothair de Branchimont.

"We have no time for embraces," said Theodore; "the horses are ready. The Virgin be praised, all is right. I would not go through such an eight-and-forty hours again to be dubbed a knight on the spot. Hark ye, Mignon?"

"Mignon, indeed! he has not visited me these two days."

"But my letter," said Lothair—"you received it?"

"It was thrown in at my window," said the Lady Imogene.

"My heart misgives me," said little Theodore. "Away! there is no time to lose. Hist! I hear footsteps. This way, dear

friends. Hist! a shout! Fly! fly! Lord Branchimont, we are betrayed!"

And indeed from all quarters simultaneous sounds now rose, and torches seemed suddenly to wave in all quarters. Imogene clung to the neck of Lothair. "We will die together!" she exclaimed, as she hid her face in his breast.

Lord Branchimont placed himself against a tree, and drew his mighty sword.

"Seize him!" shouted a voice, instantly recognised by Imogene; "seize the robber!" shouted her father.

"At your peril!" answered Lothair to his surrounding foes.

They stood at bay—an awful group! The father and his murdering minions, alike fearful of encountering Branchimont and slaying their chieftain's daughter: the red and streaming torches blending with the silver moonlight that fell full upon the fixed countenance of their entrapped victim and the distracted form of his devoted mistress.

There was a dead, still pause. It was broken by the denouncing tone of the father, "Cowards! do you fear a single arm? Strike him dead! spare not the traitress!"

But still the vassals would not move; deep as was their feudal devotion, they loved the Lady Imogene, and dared to disobey.

"Let me, then, teach you your duty!" exclaimed the exasperated father. He advanced, but a wild shriek arrested his extended sword; and as thus they stood, all alike prepared for combat, yet all motionless, an arrow glanced over the shoulder of the Count and pierced Lord Branchimont to the heart. His sword fell from his grasp, and he died without a groan.

Yes! the same bow that had for ever arrested the airy course of Mignon, had now, as fatally and as suddenly, terminated the career of the master of the carrier pigeon. Vile Rufus, the huntsman, the murderous aim was thine!

VII.

The bell of the shrine of Charolois is again standing; but how different its tone from the musical and inspiring chime that summoned the weary vassals to their grateful vespers! The bell of the shrine of Charolois is again sounding. Alas! it tolls a gloomy knell. Oh! valley of sweet waters, still are thy skies as pure as when she wandered by thy banks and mused over her beloved! Still sets thy glowing sun; and quivering and bright, like the ascending soul of a hero, still Hesperus rises from thy dying glory! But she, the maiden fairer than the fairest eve—no more shall her light step trip among the fragrance of its flowers; no more shall her lighter voice emulate the music of thy melodious birds. Oh, yes! she is dead!—the beautiful Imogene is dead! Three days of misery heralded

her decease. But comfort is there in all things; for the good priest who had often administered consolation to his unhappy mistress over her brother's tomb, and who knelt by the side of her dying couch, assuaged many a sorrowful vassal, and many a sympathizing pilgrim who loved to listen to the mournful tale, that her death was indeed a beatitude; for he did not doubt, from the distracted expressions that occasionally caught his ear, that the Holy Spirit, in that material form he most loves to honour, to wit, the semblance of a pure white dove, often soled by his presence the last hours of Imogene de Charolois.

[How characteristic is the following of the first lyric poet of the time.]

THE BOAT OF LIFE.—BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Let's take this world as some wide scene,
Through which in frail but buoyant boat,
With skies now rude, and now serene,
Together thou and I must float;
Beholding oft, on either shore,
Bright spots where we should love to stay;
But Time plies swift his flying oar,
And on we speed—away, away!
Should chilling winds and rain come on,
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower;
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
And smiling wait a sunnier hour.
And if that sunnier hour should shine,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
And, happy while 'tis thine and mine,
Complain not when it fades away.
Thus reach we both, at last, that fall
Down which Life's currents all must go—
The dark, the brilliant, destined all
To sink into the void below:
Nor ev'n that hour shall want its charms,
If side by side still fond we keep,
And calmly, in each other's arms
Together link'd, go down the steep.

[Here is a clever sketch, worthy of its "imaginative" author:—]

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.—BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ. Steele and Addison.

Addison.—Dick! I am come to remonstrate with you on those unlucky habits which have been so detrimental to your health and fortune.

Steele.—Many thanks, Mr. Addison; but really my fortune is not much improved by your arresting me for the hundred pounds; nor is my health, if spirits are an indication of it, on seeing my furniture sold by auction to raise the money.

Addison.—Pooh, pooh, Dick! what furniture had you about the house?

Steele.—At least I had the arm-chair, of which you never before had dispossessed me longer than the evening; and happy should I have been to enjoy your company, in it again and again, if you had left it me.

Addison.—We will contrive to hire an-

other. I do assure you, my dear Dick, I have really felt for you.

Steele.—I only wish, my kind friend, you had not put out your feelers quite so far, nor exactly in this direction; and that my poor wife had received an hour's notice; she might have carried a few trinkets to some neighbour. She wanted her salts; and the bailiff thanked her for the bottle that contained them, telling her the gold head of it was worth pretty nearly half-a-guinea.

Addison.—Lady Steele then wanted her smelling-bottle! Dear me! the weather, I apprehend, is about to change. Have you any symptoms of your old gout?

Steele.—My health has long been on the decline, you know.

Addison.—Too well I know it, my dear friend, and I hinted it as delicately as I could. Nothing on earth besides this consideration should have induced me to pursue a measure in appearance so unfriendly. You must grow more temperate—you really must.

Steele.—Mr. Addison, you did not speak so gravely and so firmly when we used to meet at Will's. You always drank as much as I did, and often invited and pressed me to continue, when I was weary, sleepy, and sick.

Addison.—You thought so, because you were drunk. Indeed, at my own house I have sometimes asked you to take another glass, in compliance with the rules of society and hospitality.

Steele.—Once, it is true, you did it at your house; the only time I ever had an invitation to dine in it. The Countess was never fond of the wit that smells of wine: her husband could once endure it.

Addison.—We could talk more freely, you know, at the tavern. There we have dined together some hundred times.

Steele.—Most days, for many years.

Addison.—Ah, Dick! Since we first met there, several of our friends are gone off the stage.

Steele.—And some are still acting.

Addison.—Forbear, my dear friend, to joke and smile at infirmities or vices. Many have departed from us, in consequence, I apprehend, of indulging in the bottle! When passions are excited, when reason is disturbed, when reputation is sullied, when fortune is squandered, and when health is lost by it, a retreat is sounded in vain. Some cannot hear it, others will not profit by it.

Steele.—I must do you the justice to declare, that I never saw any other effect of hard drinking upon you, than to make you more circumspect and silent?

Addison.—If ever I urged you, in the warmth of my heart, to transgress the bounds of sobriety, I entreat you, as a Christian, to forgive me.

Steele.—Most willingly, most cordially.

Addison.—I feel confident that you will think of me, speak of me, and write of me, as you have ever done, without a diminution of esteem. We are feeble creatures; we want one another's aid and assistance;—a want ordained by Providence, to show us at once our insufficiency and our strength. We must not abandon our friends from slight motives, nor let our passions be our interpreters in their own cause. Consistency is not more requisite to the sound Christian, than to the accomplished politician.

Steele.—I am inconsistent in my resolutions of improvement,—no man ever was more so; but my attachments have a nerve in them neither to be deadened by ill-treatment, nor loosened by indulgence. A man grievously wounded, knows by the acuteness of his pain that a spirit of vitality is yet in him. I know that I retain my friendship for you by what you have made me suffer.

Addison.—Entirely for your own good, I do protest, if you could see it.

Steele.—Alas! all our sufferings are so: the only mischief is, that we have no organs for perceiving it.

Addison.—You reason well, my worthy sir; and relying on your kindness in my favour (for every man has his enemies, and those mostly who serve their friends best,) I say, Dick, on those considerations, since you never broke your word with me, and since I am certain you would be sorry it were known, that only fourscore pounds' worth could be found in the house, I renounce, for the present, the twenty yet wanting. Do not beat about for an answer; say not one word: farewell.

Steele.—Ah! could not that cold heart, often and long as I reposed on it, bring me to my senses! I have, indeed, been drunken; but it is hard to awaken in such heaviness as this of mine is. I shared his poverty with him; I never aimed to share his prosperity. Well, well; I cannot break old habits. I love my glass—I love Addison. Each will partake in killing me. Why cannot I see him again in the arm-chair, his right hand upon his heart, under the fawn-coloured waistcoat; his brow erect and clear as his conscience; his wig even and composed as his temper, with measurely curls and anti-theoretical topknots, like his style; the calmest poet, the most quiet patriot; dear Addison! drunk, deliberate, moral, sentimental; foaming over with truth and virtue, with tenderness and friendship, and only the worse in one ruffle for the wine.

The Keepsake

[Is a grievous failure: its rich crimson covering will not conceal the poverty of its literary exchequer, which serves but indifferently as a vehicle for a well-engraved set of plates,

But, the "reading," as folks call it, is dull, insufferably dull, and the book is only within a step of being as much a guinea bore as any physician, whose attendance you feel not to require. There are, however, a few bright exceptions to the blank sheets of dulness; but these are by their length and texture least adapted for quotation. There is some point and humour in "The Ghost Story," in which an Irish major visiting some friends, *mal apropos*, is put into a "haunted" bedroom, of which he relates a startling ghost-story. His friends test its truth by sleeping in the room on three successive nights; they hear similar noises to those heard by the Hibernian, and just before the latter leaves his friends, he thus relates the advice given to him by the ghost.]

It was sound asleep I was, when I heard a voice saying "O'Reilly! O'Reilly! is it awake ye are?" "Throth," and says I, "its staring awake I am; and a beautiful creature ye are, (thinking a taste of flattery would do no harm any how)." "O'Reilly," says she, its I that am come with a gift for ye." "Are ye," says I, sittin' boult upright in mee bed, "then tell me yere name, ye darlin, for sorrow a thing, since my residence in this country, have I had given me, barrin thumps and advice." "It's just the latter," said the white cratur to me, "I'm come to give, and de'il a thing else. Imagination's my name; it's in Ireland I chiefly reside, and my advice to you is, whenever you get popped into a room, uncomfortable, like this same, invint a ghost-story; and, my conscience on it, it's fools enough ye'll be after finding, ready to occupy it, whilst you sleep asily in their beds the while, without any disturbat at all, at all, O'Reilly, dear."

[The narrator accounts for the clattering noise, which his friends actually heard, as follows:]

A black cat with a walnut shell to each foot of her, and a thrife o' wax (just the laest bit in the world) makes the devil's own hubbub when let into a room, without mentioning to it the why or the wherefore, and like a Christian in the same predicament, makes it run to the door with the speed of light.

[The following lines, by the Countess of Blessington, are—from the life.]

A FRIEND.

Who borrows all your ready cash,
And with it cuts a mighty dash,
Proving the lender weak and rash?—
Your friend!

Who finds out every secret fault,
Misjudges every word and thought,
And makes you pass for worse than naught?
Your friend!

Who wins your money at deep play,
Then tells you that the world doth say,
"Twere wise from clubs you kept away?"—
Your friend!

Who sells you for the longest price,
Horses, a dealer in a trice
Would find unsound, and full of vice?
Your friend!

Who eats your dinners, then looks shrewd;
Wishes you had a cook like Ude,
For then much oft'ner would intrude—
Your friend!

Who tells you that you've shocking wine,
And owns, that though he sports not fine,
Crockford's the only place to dine?—
Your friend!

Who wheedles you with words most fond
To sign for him a heavy bond,
"Or else, by Jove, must quick abscond,"
Your friend!

Who makes you all the interest pay,
With principal, some future day,
And laughs at what you then may say?—
Your friend!

Who makes deep love unto your wife,
Knowing you prize her more than life,
And breeds between you hate and strife?
Your friend!

Who, when you've got into a brawl,
Insists that out your man you call,
Then gets you shot, which ends it all?
Your friend!

The Comic Almanac

[Is a mixture of matter-of-fact and drollery—the left page serving as an almanac, and the right being well stored with quips and quiddities, as a monthly magazine of fun. Added to these are twelve characteristic illustrations of the months—a hieroglyphic caricature, (in very objectionable taste,) and a set of medalion illustrations of the months on the wrapper; sketched and etched by George Cruikshank. The cuts on the wrapper, illustrating the Signs of the Zodiac, are very droll. Thus, Aries is represented by an artilleryman ramming a cannon; Taurus, an old John Bull reading the John Bull, with a bull-dog by his chair; Gemini, the Siamese twins; Cancer, a feet-bather, bit by a crab; Leo—the Pope; Virgo, a grisette feeding a parrot; Libra, a fish-woman weighing eels; Scorpio, a xizen of a wife and a hen-pecked husband; Sagittarius, a bulky archer-lady; Capricornus, a Welshman, leek cap-a-pie, upon a goat; Aquarius, a Thames waterman; and Pisces, a pair of jolly toppers, "drinking like fishes." The Seasons too are impersonated by a Spring radish-girl; Summer, a stout lady fanning herself beneath a tree; Autumn, a cockney sportsman; and Winter, an apple-roasting old woman. Among the months, December, a Christmas party, is exuberant with the fun and humour of the best Cruikshank. Of the prose fun here is a specimen.]

Proceedings of Learned Societies.

At the Philosophical Institution, held at the Pig and Tinder Box, in Liquorpond-street, a letter was read by Sawney Suck-Egg, Esq., on the possibility of extending the realms of space, and adding to the duration of eternity. In the same essay, he also satisfactorily proved, that two and *too* do not

make four; that **BLACK** is very often white; and that a **Chancery** suit has shown to many a man, that what has a beginning does not necessarily always have an end.

A new mode of raising the wind was also communicated to this society by **Jeremy Diddler, Esq.**; a very useful invention for broken-down gamblers, ruined spendthrifts, insolvent tradesmen, and 'Change Alley waddlers.

Geological Society of Hog's Norton.—The fossil remains of an antediluvian pawnbroker have been dug up, within a mile of this place. This is not regarded as a very remarkable circumstance, as many recent instances have been known of the hearts of several persons of this class being in a petrified state while alive.

A successful method of converting stones into bread has been transmitted to the New Poor Law Commissioners, and a three-and-sixpenny medal presented to the ingenious discoverer thereof.

Zoological Society at Hookem Snivey.—A new animal has been transmitted from **No-Man's-Land**, which has been named the **Flat-Catcher**. It bears some resemblance to the human species, as it walks on two legs, and has the gift of speech. It seems quite in its element when among *pigeons*, and preys ravenously on the *gulls* that hover about watering places, getting hold of them by a kind of fascination, which throws its unconscious victims entirely off their guard, when it never fails to make them bleed profusely; after which, it suffers them to depart.

A laborious investigator has discovered, that there are exactly nine millions, one hundred and sixty-four thousand, five hundred and thirty-three hairs on a tom-cat's tail, which he defies all the zoologists in Europe to disprove. He also maintains, that a bull sees with its horns, and a rat with its tail, although he admits the possibility of their doing so without them.

It was stated at the last meeting of this institution, that one of its members had observed a tremendous water-spout from one of the plugs in **Thames-street**; and sensible shocks of an earthquake had been felt at **Puddle-dock**.

Society of Antiquaries.—Among the antiquities presented at the last meeting, was one of **Cleopatra's corns**, and the celebrated **Needle** with which she darned her hose; also, a gas-pipe, found at **Herculaneum**, and the fragment of a steam-carriage, dug out of the ruins of **Palmyra**.

Entomological Society in Groun-street.—A very animated conversation took place on the natural history of the flea, involving many curious conjectures, such as, whether it had ever been known to have attained the size of the elephant; whether it was of the same species with the hog-in-armour and the rhin-

oceros, or was to be classed among the *Jumpers*; how high and how often it leaped; whether it always looked before it leaped; and whether it leaped highest in **Leap Year**; the further discussion of all which queries was deferred till the said **Leap Year**.

The Horticultural Society of Seven Diats has been presented, by the **Society of Antiquaries**, with the identical pumpkin converted by the fairy into **Cinderella's chariot**.

The Forget-me-Not.

(Concluded from page 320.)

[WANT of room compelled us to break off somewhat abruptly in the very interesting visit to the Protestant Burial-ground at Rome. Of Shelley, the writer continues:]

This unfortunate man of genius was bitterly sensible before he died of the mischievous tendency of some of the opinions he had maintained, which drew upon him so much indignation, reproach, and contumely; for he confessed with tears that he well knew he had been always in the wrong. He had desired in his will to be interred in this burial-ground, near the grave of his child, "a spot so beautiful," he used to say, "that it might make one in love with death." The sea had ever been to him a delight; but he seems from the following lines to have anticipated that it might prove his grave:

To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud, with dark and deepening mass,
Roll o'er the blacken'd waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder matters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pious o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend
With all his winds and lightnings track's his prey;
The torn deep yawns, the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged jaws.

And in those beautiful verses to **Time**, beginning "Unfathomable sea," there is a strength of feeling quite awful, when we think of the manner in which Shelley ended his brief life. He passed much of his time in his boat on the gulfs of **La Spezia** and **Lerici**, or in the rocky caves on their shores; and in one of those caves he composed by moonlight his last production, "**The Triumph of Life**." He perished in his 30th year, from the upsetting of his boat in a storm. It was some days after the loss of the vessel before his body was found, or that of his friend, **Mr. Williams**, who perished with him; and then they were not in a state to be removed for interment, the one to **England**, the other to **Rome**; according to the known wishes of the deceased. The corpses were directed to be burnt; and **Lord Byron**, who was both executor and friend, was present.

The duty must have been an awful and a trying one to those on whom it fell, according to the account of **Leigh Hunt**, who was one of the party. It was in **July, 1822**, the heat intense; and the spot chosen was a wild place upon the beautiful coast between **La**

Spezia and Leghorn. It was a large tract of wood; stunted and twisted into fantastic shapes by the sea-breeze, behind which rose the Appennines. Aromatic spices and various promoters of fire were laid upon the wood on which the bodies were burned; and the extraordinary beauty of the flame arising from the funeral pile was noticed afar off. Its wild and awful light struggled with the wind—at last wasted—faded—and all was over!

Not far from Shelley's tomb is an upright, square monument of white marble, without any inscription as yet, but executed by Westmacott with great taste and feeling. On one side is a basso-relievo, representing a female figure rising from the waves, and ascending with folded arms to that heaven and eternity to which an angel is pointing. On the reverse of the monument are emblems of eternity, and the figure of a Genius holding a lighted torch. This monument is to the memory of the beautiful Miss Bathurst; who was drowned in the Tiber.

Near the left wall is a monument to Lord Bessington, and a tombstone to the infant child of Mr. William Lambton.

Go thou, white in thy soul, and fill a throne
Of innocence and purity in heaven!

Near this end of the burial-ground are many tombs of Prussians, of Germans, and of Swiss, several of whom were artists. Among the English is that of Harris, the architect. There, too, is buried Bertoldi, the Prussian diplomatist, the wit, and the epicure, whose bon-mots used to animate a whole society.

Near his grave is a flat tombstone, round which the grass grows, and the inscription on which is barely legible. With difficulty you can make out the name of Sir William Drummond, who died at Rome some years ago, at the age of fifty-nine—God rest his soul!

At some distance, is an upright monument of the purest white marble, a piece of sculpture of great simplicity and taste. It is the tomb of Miss Little. The urn which surmounts it is beautifully chiselled, and upon it, in basso-relievo, is the name of Georgia. There is something both in the monument itself and in the inscription that is very interesting.

In the upper part of the line of tombs is a large stone monument, erected to one much lamented:

Sacred to the memory of Lady Charlotte Albina Stopford.

Wife of James Thomas, Viscount Stopford.
Who departed this life on the 29th day of February, 1823.

In the 29th year of her age.

But God hath delivered my soul from the
place of Hell; for he shall rescue me.

PS. XLIX.

This verse from the Psalms inscribed on her monument, Lady Stopford was continually repeating during her last illness.

Not far off is a tombstone to the memory of Charles Dudley Ryder, the son of the Bishop of Lichfield, a midshipman on board Captain Robert Spencer's ship, the *Naïad*, who was drowned with five of the crew at the mouth of the Tiber, 28th of May, 1825.

I passed many hours of a beautiful summer day looking at the tombs, and then sat down upon part of the ancient, ruined wall close to Shelley's tombstone. What a scene for reflection—past, present, and to come!

Twilight came on; and while I sat musing on a tombstone, a distant chant was heard in the direction of S. Paolo *fuori della mura*. It was a dirge for the dead, and a funeral procession passed near enough for me to see the light of the torches flashing through the branches of the trees. The chant was low-toned, solemn, slow, feebly sung by the old monks. A moment passed, and the sounds died away. I rose, and followed the procession.

The Annull.

[THE interest of every paper in this excellent volume is well sustained, and, as in former years, the incidents of every chapter lie in the under-currents of the affections and the fondest endearments of life. Among the poetry are some fascinating lines by L. E. L., and the Dying Boy to the Shoe-blossom, by the author of the Corn-law Rhymes; the latter having all the painful touches of a rustic tragedy. The Mother's Hope, by Laman Blanchard; a Hymn to the Redeemer, by the Ettrick Shepherd; the Spirit's Land, by the author of Selwyn; Come and Gone, by the author of the Corn-law Rhymes; and the Words of Trees and Flowers, by John Banim, are all imbued with elevated thoughts, and the good seed of religious and moral duties. Indeed, rarely have we seen so many pearls of great price in one of these "annual" casquets. How noble a reproof of the restless spirit of the age is conveyed in these twelve lines:—]

IGNORANCE IS BLISS.—BY HARRY CORNWALL.

Rains fall; suns shine; winds flee;
Brooks run; yet few know how.
Do not thou too deeply search
Why lo'v'st me now!

Perhaps by some command
Sent earthward from above,
Thy heart was doomed to lean on mine—
Mine to enjoy thy love.

Why ask, when joy doth smile,
From what bright heaven it fell?
Men mar the beauty of their dreams.
By tracing their source too well.

[The prose gem is a paper of fifty pages, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, entitled *Ronald Herbert, the Selfish Man*, who, in the midst of a career of cruelty, flies to Italy, where he attempts murder, then repents, and marries the daughter of a Swiss cure; he returns to his

gland, and has by her a family. Here is the last chapter of his headlong misery.]

One morning, I was accosted during my ride by a gentleman, who, amongst other matters, inquired if it were true that Miss Herbert was engaged to young Lawrence? I started with astonishment. Could it be possible that my daughter had really met this person? Could it be true, that despite the warnings she had heard her brothers receive, she had listened to his addresses?

"They will be the handsomest couple in London, depend upon it," added my friend.

How many wounds are opened by the prattle of fools! that newsmonger did not mean to insult me, and yet, had he plunged a thousand daggers in my heart, he could not have wounded me more deeply. I returned home, resolved to question my daughter, and deprecating myself for leaving my house so continually as to admit the possibility of her forming an unapproved attachment. Despite all my self-esteem, I felt that I had grossly neglected the children God had given me, and more particularly my eldest girl; her cold and lofty spirit had never bent before me; and though I was proud—exceedingly proud of her beauty, and of the admiration it excited, still I disliked, because I could not manage her. Usually, she was with her mother, who, feeble from the effects of bodily weakness, and trembling beneath injustice, leaned upon her child for that support which she ought to have derived from another.

One day, my mother, old and infirm, having passed the limits—the three-score years and ten—of life, was seated in the breakfast-room with flaxen ringlets sporting over her wrinkled brow, and a false colour rendering the ravages of age more visible upon her cheek. There she sat, like a painted sepulchre; and from her I learned two pieces of information, delivered in the same tone of voice, and in the same breath—namely, that my wife was much worse, and that she herself was fatigued by looking over some French flowers that were, beyond every thing she had seen, beautiful. I did not wait to inspect the flowers, but proceeded directly to the room of my wife.

Miranda was kneeling by the bed-side, her face, flushed and anxious, her eyes upturned to her mother, whose thin, transparent fingers were grasped within the round, fair palms of her daughter's hands: they had both been weeping; the tears lingered in the furrows which care, not time, had worn upon Adela's face, while those of her child beamed like dew upon the rose. I entered with a quiet step, and they heard me not; upon the coverlet lay a note and a miniature. The miniature I knew at once—it was a likeness of young Lawrence; the note directed to my wife was open: I snatched them both. Miranda made

a violent effort to wrest them from me, but in vain; with an affected calmness I sat down to read. Adela I did not look on, but fixed my eye for a moment upon my daughter; she folded her arms over her bosom and stood—perhaps I do her injustice, but I thought more with an air of defiance than submission. I had never before seen her so unlike her mother. My eyes did not grow dizzy, nor did my head swim while I read that letter; it stated that although he had availed himself of his ascendancy over my daughter, and prevailed upon her to consent to a *private* marriage, which had been solemnized some days past, he humbly and earnestly entreated the forgiveness of her parents; bidding her consider that my conduct had driven my daughter to seek another protector. There was much more—professions of affection, devotion, high ambitious hopes of future distinction, and many allusions to meetings which I could hardly call stolen, because sanctioned by my wife. Twice did I read over that fatal letter, and at first Miranda stood, as I have said, by the bed-side of her mother, stern and erect; but, as I continued silent, I saw it was more than she could bear, her lip quivered, she grew pale, and alid her hand into her mother's, as if the pressure of those poor fingers could recall her strength. Still I spoke not; but tore their hands asunder; and, lifting Miranda from the bed to which she clung, heedless of my wife's entreaties—even after this lapse of years, they knell upon my senses—I forced her from the chamber; I did more, I dragged her down the stairs, and, commanding the porter to open the door, I thrust her into the street. I did this at the high hour of noon, when the sun was shining above me, and all nature was in the glory of summer, and when the roads and malls were crowded by our acquaintances;—and I flung the door to with a violence which made the grey-headed servant regard me as a maniac.

I returned to my wife's chamber; I heeded neither her weakness, nor the tears which rained from her sunken eyes. I upbraided her with deception; I called her by a name too vile to repeat; I assured her that I would post her and her daughter in the public streets. I had never been what is called a coldly selfish man; all I said and did was violent; and now I was worse than mad. She fixed upon me her eyes, that looked both cold and glassy; so glassy and so cold, that as my wrath abated, and I became more under the dominion of reason, I turned away from the stillness, the solidity of their gaze. Presently she called, "Herbert, Herbert!" in a voice low but perfectly distinct—I could not avoid moving to the bed. Merciful heaven! is it possible that the agony of that moment can atone for what had past?—I saw she was dying; I felt it—in my heart I

felt it; her livid lips settling into marble stiffness over her pearly teeth, the huge death drops stiffening on her brow, her hands clenched. I tried to bend towards her, but was paralyzed.

Again she spoke; "Herbert, Herbert! say that I am not what you called me—one word—" I could not speak; she tried to clasp her hands, "In pity say you know you did me wrong; and my poor child—my children!—what, not a word! Kiss me, I am dying!" Then, suddenly she raised herself, clenched her hands with the last strength of life, and exclaimed, "But I forgive you, Herbert; and may God forgive you!" Her head sank down upon her pillow—she was dead.

The room soon filled; Miranda, too, was there; and she, my own child, cursed me. She need not have done so. My boys, too, they spoke loudly of their mother's virtues and her wrongs; one little urchin clasped its mother's hand, and when I would have taken it within mine, said, while the tears trickled down its innocent cheeks, "leave it me, it is dead now, papa, and can do nothing for you." I could descant for hours upon my sufferings, when I knew my wife was dead. Yet I followed the slowly-pacing funeral, and one of my sycophants (for I was still master of ten thousand a year) threw his coat upon the damp earth, that I might stand thereon, and not feel the chills which came from the vault of death. When all was, indeed, over—when I returned to my home and walked through its silent apartments—when each chamber, each nook, reminded me of some act of her excessive tenderness, and my overweening selfishness—the book-shelves bending under the weight of my favourite books—the conservatories filled with the fruits and flowers in which I delighted, the music-stands weighed down with the sonatas and the songs which she—would never sing for me again. I opened her writing-table, there were the withered leaves of many mountain-flowers, with little scraps of writing signifying when and where they were gathered in her own Swiss home. There was a miniature of her father, and one of myself, which I had given her during the first months of our marriage; inclosed with it was a small myrtle branch—a present, too, from me. A slip of paper enfolded this memento, and on it was written "Changed, but still dear." I found she had kept a journal; the events of many days were noted therein; and upon the last page was written, "*a mirror of my thoughts.*" I read; and though some of my severities were mentioned, they were palliated, and I was prayed for!

I read on; there were recorded many fears for her daughter's happiness, lest she should become, after her death, a victim to my selfishness; "not possessing," as she truly said,

"the strength of gentleness that was necessary to sustain it."

Miranda had quitted my house immediately after her mother's death; and I resolved to consider the best means to regain the affections of my elder children, and compel the younger ones to love me in deed and in truth. I resembled a man who first having sown a crop of tares in a fertile meadow, throws in a few grains of wheat, and expects them to increase, and overcome the evil plants.

My name had gone abroad; and Fame, once flown, can never be recaptured. The very measures which I wisely and calmly recommended my sons to follow, they were sure to avoid; satisfied by past experience, that their father had some covert motive of his own in tendering advice—something in view to bring about his own objects. My eldest son possessed a strange mixture of philosophic thought and trifling speculation; he was, at the same time, thoughtful and gay; and alternately laughed at himself and all the world. At me he laughed not, however; and with us the adage was perfectly true, that neither does a rich man love his heir, nor the heir his father. He studied Kant, and trifled with Rousseau. My own moral conduct, as the world calls it, had been correct, and though I had been an unjust and cruel husband, I had never been an unfaithful one; he was a libertine, and was entrapped into marriage by a woman of loose character. I lived to see him sink into a green grave, and heard his last words, "Father, if, at an early age, you had commanded my respect, you might have guided me with a willow wand!" My second!—but what avails it to recapitulate? they all hated—all thwarted me; and when I would have changed—when I would have been different—I was thrown back upon myself by the very practice of that selfishness in others which my own example had inculcated. How completely is a father at the mercy of his offspring, when they are grown up and have the ear, and interests, and opinions of the world in their favour! Men forget that those whom they have known and loved in early life, are continually dropping around them, while with their children spring up a new race, who know not their elders, nor are known of them. Never was man so cursed in his children; my second daughter—she was most like her mother—she bore with me; but God took her to himself in her fifteenth year. She died with her head upon my arm, sighing, "Who will love you, papa, when I am gone?" Who, indeed! Oh, that my experience might enter into the hearts of men, and teach them to lay up treasures for themselves by benefiting others; so that the holy incense of prayers and blessings might mount to the Almighty's throne. I envy the man whose ears drink in the grateful looks and words of the poor and needy. I have

never been a miser; that is, I cared not for the accursed coin which bears the kingly stamp; often the sole chronicle to after ages that such a royal Nothing *existed*. And yet, during years three score and ten, I could number on my fingers the blessings I have had; they have neither been many, nor of rare quality. Three of my sons have been open profligates, and I have discharged their debts to avoid the shame of public disgrace; still I did it so grudgingly, that the creditor saw I paid it not from honest principle. Yet I have gold, ample for the wants and luxuries of a hundred such as I—but what of that? No one cares for me; and I am served with a service in which the heart has no share; I know that those who must have my property after my death think that the old man lives too long, and grudge me the use of my own wealth—some of which I came unjustly by. I strove to remedy that also, and sent to young Lawrence the sum which his father would have received with my sister had they been united: the proud boy sent it back.

Miranda is rich and happy, but stern and cold; she holds no sympathy with me, and remembers with fidelity the harshness, but not the tenderness I showed her: thus it is that men's faults overturn, while their virtues scarce weigh in the balance. She will not suffer me to see her children. In former times they used to visit me occasionally; but she thinks I kept one reading so long that it became consumptive, and that, while walking round the flower-garden, I leaned so heavily on the shoulder of another that it grew awry. It is impossible for a man at my time of life to think of those little matters. After all, I can have no loss, for children are very troublesome, and I think very selfish—a vice which I hate; as well I may.

I fear that I myself grow childish, for trifles weigh upon and overcome me frequently.

The house feels very lonely; and the laughter, the senseless laughter, which I sometimes hear from the servants' hall grows strangely offensive. I will forbid it. Why should they laugh, while I, who give them bread, am miserable?

Is it possible, then, that the sole companion of Ronald Herbert is his *moor* son?—one, whose existence he would fain hide from the whole world? And yet that poor, harmless, mumbling boy is truly the only living creature who feels towards him an atom of affection.

Poor lad! he loved his dog too dearly; but I think loving a brute makes us more brutal. I sent the dog away, and the boy wept for days.

It is very, very lonely here, in the home

where my sires and grandsires have lived for centuries. The spiders weave their eternal webs without the painted glass, while the blue flies buzz within, and look upon each other undisturbed; calculating, for aught that I can tell, upon the nature of the glass which separates them. A giant might stride the courtyard through, yet his foot would not be heard upon the long, soft grass which overgrows the tessellated pavement. Why should it be removed? Why should I lay out money to benefit those who will not bid "God save" when I do pass? Yet the birds and bees seem happy! And there's a goat beneath the window that skips and bleats from morn till night in the very abundance of a joyful spirit; but then *her kids are with her, and they are not fools*.

I have seen a funeral—it was a dim and misty November morning—and this funeral passed through a crowded and populous village; and it was, what is called in the world's heartless phrase, a *grand funeral*. There was a splendid hearse; and the noble black horses might have drawn the dismal car of darkest night, so proudly did they pace beneath their trappings. And there were many, called *mourning*, coaches; but they were filled with some disputing earnestly about the probable division of the dead man's goods, while others talked of fêtes and mourning in the same breath; and the pageant, as I have said, passed through the crowded village, and the people thought it a very fine sight; but I noted that there were neither sighs nor tears, so I said, "That must be the funeral of a stranger."

"Oh, no!" was the reply: "He was our landlord—a rich and a mighty gentleman; but *who never did any body any good*."

I passed to the house where the great man had quitted a useless life. Everything was in confusion; but what chiefly attracted my attention was a young man, shouting, in extravagant joy, over a dog which seemed as wild as himself, and which he called by every endearing epithet. I learned that he rejoiced because his old father was dead, who prevented his having his dog constantly with him; and there was joy throughout the household. I read the last page of my own life; for even then the hand of Death was upon me.

And I must die, and leave behind me this noble house, and these rich lands. Already I see my habitation in the churchyard of my own estate: it is taller, wider, and more richly decorated than those around it; but the rude nettles, and coarse thistles that surround it are higher than the tomb.

[We have only space to point attention to Dr. Walsh's communication—*Recollections of Russia*; another matter-of-fact paper, the *White Mole of Australia*, by Mr. G. Bennett;

an occasional contributor to our own pages; and the Absent Member, a pleasant, lively relief, by Miss Mitford. Lastly, is a story of Portugal, by Miss Pardoe, viz.:—]

THE FRANCISCAN.

Many years ago—it were idle to say how many—a youth of sixteen took the vows in the chapel of St. Francis. He was a welcome accession to the brotherhood; for, although not nobly born, he brought with him a weighty dower, the produce of the many successful ventures of his deceased father. His person was tall and graceful, somewhat too haughty for his birth and calling, and strangely betraying his nature. His voice was the most musical of the choir, and his eye as keen as that of the mountain eagle. Such as I have described him did he live for several years among the brotherhood of St. Francis, pitying some and despising others, feeling and looking as though he held himself to be superior to all. Perhaps there is no assumption before which the common herd of mankind prostrate themselves more blindly than this: some few murmured, but their murmurs were too studiously subdued to reach the ear of the young monk, and he came and went at length unquestioned; and when they saw him busily engaged far into the night, with a spirit untired by the fasts or penance of the day, poring over huge volumes which, to them, were as mysterious as the stars, even the murmurs ceased, for they felt that he was not as one of themselves. Had the prior a missive to forward to the general of the order, it was he who penned it with a ready skill, at which the good old sacristan, who had hitherto acted as secretary to the brotherhood, crossed himself in wonder, and with a precision and beauty which he could never sufficiently admire. Needed there a messenger of trust to a distant community, it was ever the strong-limbed and clear-witted brother Henriques who was selected for the duty.

Years wore on thus: the studious Henriques had succeeded in possessing himself of the small tower, beneath which was excavated the prison-vault of the monastery; and there the faint light of the lamp by which he pursued his solitary studies, might be seen glimmering far into the night.

It chanced on a sweet midnight that a special messenger arrived at the monastery on a mission to the prior, and that his errand required instant attention. The half-awakened and anxious superior instantly despatched a yawning lay-brother to summon father Henriques to a conference. The obedient brother obeyed the command reluctantly, for whispers had begun to grow among the community that strange sounds might be heard to issue from the dungeon-vault in the darkness by any who had courage to listen to them; and

one of the monks even asserted, that he had seen a slight figure clad in a loose robe of white flit past him, and disappear beneath the shadow of the building. The monastic records were searched for an elucidation of the mystery: and a fearful tale connected with the tower served at once to give credit to the asserted appearance of the apparition, and to increase tenfold the terror of the brotherhood. In their good-natured superstition the monks warned Henriques to abandon the tower, on which it was palpable that a curse rested which had now begun to work, and which even his piety, although it had become a proverb in the neighbourhood, had failed to counteract. The listener crossed himself, and whispered a few mysterious tales of the like description which he had gathered from ancient volumes, and to which the monks lent a greedy ear. He spoke hurriedly and hoarsely, like one whose fears choked his voice; but had his auditors noted the expression of his lip, they might have read there a scorn which belied his words. Great was the wonder of the trembling group, when, despite all these dark legends, Henriques resolutely declared his determination of remaining in the occupancy of the tower, of searching into its hidden mysteries, and exorcising the spirit of darkness which now dwelt in its recesses. Time wore on: a gloom had gathered on the brow of the monk, and there was a fearful meaning in the silence which he obstinately maintained on the subject of the midnight visitations. "The time is not yet come," was his universal reply to all the questionings of the brotherhood; and while he grew every day more stern and taciturn, the secret remained unrevealed.

Such was the state of things when, with quivering lips and trembling heart, the lay-brother went forth at midnight to obey the bidding of the prior. The moon, as it has already been remarked, was shining brightly in the heavens when he sallied forth into the cloister which communicated with the vaulted tower; but ere he had traversed the paved court a cloud passed over the sky, and the night-wind moaned drearily among the recesses of the building. "*Sancta Maria, ora pro me!*" murmured the old monk, as he glided along; "*Sancta Maria, ora pro me!*"

Little was the pious man comforted, however, by his hasty prayer, when, on reaching the foot of the tower, he was conscious of a low, wild laugh which wandered past him on the night-wind. Hurriedly he withdrew his hand from the iron-studded door, and his hair bristled upon his head as he became certain that his senses had not deceived him, but that he really heard the voice of the mysterious father Henriques in converse with a spirit. He could not distinguish a syllable; but at times the supernatural accents died away in a heart-broken moan, and at times

swelled into music. But necessity admits of no volition; and brother John remembered the command of the prior, as, with quailing heart, he beat upon the door. There was an instant silence, and in a few seconds it was opened by the stern and silent inmate of the tower.

"How now!" asked father Henriques, as, by the light of the lamp which he held in his hand, he discovered the pale lay-brother. "Speak!"

The trembling monk endeavoured to obey, but the words fell disjointedly from his lips.

"What means this?" asked Henriques, sternly. "You look like one who has seen an evil spirit."

"And you, father!" was the rejoinder. "Did I not hear you, as I drew near, battling with an imp of darkness? You smile!—why, I could have sworn that I heard voices."

"Go in peace," said his companion, haughtily; "your lips have touched the wine-cup once too often, or your dreams have been evil. What seek you?"

The inferior told his errand.

"Tis a strange hour," said the other, "but I am ready. Return you to the prior; I will but seek my cloak, and follow on the instant."

It was some months after this incident that the whole brotherhood were aroused at the same hour by wild shrieks and fearful moans, as of one in the last agony—a suffering being battling for the life which was fast ebbing away—a creature warring against the fiat of the Creator. Each raised himself upon his narrow pallet to listen, each at once traced the inexplicable sounds to the vaulted tower. Ere long they had all left their beds. The sufferer could be no other than the pious father Henriques, dying beneath the devilish tortures of the fiend whom he had failed to dislodge from his chosen dwelling. To the timid there is safety in a crowd, and accordingly the monks, who singly would have shrunk from so unholy a contact, ventured forth in a body, with the prior at their head, to succour their suffering brother.

When they reached the tower all was silent; they beat upon the door, but there was no reply; and, gathering courage from curiosity, they at length lifted the latch and entered; still there was no sound, and they ascended the stone stair slowly and cautiously. When they stood before the entrance of the monk's cell they paused for an instant, and then suddenly and hastily pushed back the door. One glance sufficed to explain all. On the low couch of Henriques lay the newly-made corpse of a female—so young, and so lovely, that in her form death seemed beautiful. Her long, dark hair was untressed, and fell about her like a garment, on which her white arms gleamed out with dazzling whiteness. The

monk knelt beside her, pale and ghastly; his deep voice breaking forth at intervals as he groaned out, "My wife, my wife! the dream of my existence, the solace of my solitude! couldst thou, indeed, not survive the knowledge of the sacrilege which thou hadst unwittingly committed? Better that thou shouldst have abandoned me when my treachery was first apparent—forgotten me—any, any thing but died!—my wife, my wife!" He did not even look upon the intruders as they entered, but continued gazing with dilated eyes and parted lips upon the corpse. A murmur ran through the brotherhood; the prior approached the wretched culprit with words of vengeance and violence, but he spoke in vain. The punishment of the widowed husband was inflicted by a higher hand; the wretched Henriques was a maniac; they buried her whom he had loved swiftly and silently in the dark recesses of the dungeon-vault, and he stood by and laughed as the earth was heaped upon the body. He was mad for years—a howling, furious maniac—whom neither the scourge nor the chain had power to intimidate; but at length light broke upon his brain, and all the past was but as an evil and a dreary dream. He yet remembered how, on one of his secret missions for the furtherance of some conventual speculation, a young bright vision had crossed his path, and that, regardless alike of his vows and of his duty, he had won that creature of beauty to his bosom, ere she knew that he was already wedded to the cloister. Memories were with him also of long years of concealment and self-condemnation, patiently and sweetly borne for her sake. Nor had he forgotten how all had at length terminated. He could trace in his hours of solitude the mental outline of a bed of death, unhallowed, unpitied, unsanctified by the holy offices of the church; he could trace,—but what avails it to dwell upon the monk's maddening memories?

Ten years of penance, and vigil, and abstinence, followed upon his malady, and then he was again received, a repentant sinner, into the bosom of the church. Life had but one joy left to him; it was to steal away from the world, and sit in bitter rumination beside the gloomy sepulchre of her whom he had loved and lost.

[The plates are from pictures by Wilkie, Collins, Eastlake, Moins, Leslie, and Inskipp; and are engraved by Messrs. Findens, Rolle, Sangster, in their best styles.]

No. 689 of the MIRROR contains the FIRST PORTION of the

Spirit of the Annals for 1835;

With a fine large Engraving.

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OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 695.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.]

HOUSE OF LORDS.



THE ROYAL ENTRANCE.

THE erection of this enriched staircase was the most magnificent of all the improvements of our time in the late Houses of Parliament, at Westminster. Happily, it escaped destruction in the recent Fire; and, hereafter, it may lead to a "House" of corresponding splendour—to which distinction the temporary fittings now in progress for the approaching Session have but a very mean claim.

The Royal Entrance, and "Scala Regia," originated with his late Majesty, whose taste in architecture led him to object to the old entrance to the House of Lords, which was insignificant, and ill befitted Royalty. The improvement was committed to Mr., now Sir John, Soane, who states, that in February, 1822, he was directed to prepare a design for the improvement of his Majesty's entrance

into the House of Lords. A design was accordingly made, in which the Gothic arcade in front of the House of Lords was continued by a curvilinear line to the old entrance leading into the Prince's chamber, used as a robing-room.* In the centre of this curvilinear line, a movable awning, projecting into Old Palace Yard, was to be placed, when required, for the protection of his Majesty. The carriage-entrance, (as shown to the right of the view of the Parliament Houses in No. 688 of the *Mirror*), was an alteration made during the progress of the works.

* In this chamber, was a curious old tapestry, representing the birth of Queen Elizabeth; Anne Boleyn in her bed, an attendant on one side, and a nurse with the child on the other. The story was a little broken into by a loss of a piece of the tapestry, cut to make the doorway.

"The design having been approved by his Majesty, the works commenced, and were carried on with so much zeal and attention, that, on the 30th of January, 1823, the carriage-entrance and the *scala regia* were finished to the door leading to the Prince's chamber. During the progress of this work, designs were made to complete the entrance from the *scala regia* into the House of Lords, which, having been approved by his Majesty, the foundations of the buildings were laid on the 30th of October, 1823; and, by continuing the works night and day, the whole were completely finished on the 1st of February, 1824."

This Entrance is in the Grecian style; and its elaborate elegance may be appreciated by reference to the Engraving rather than by verbal description. In the central compartment are handsome scagliola Ionic columns, and, above, an enriched dome: the sofite-work, mouldings, friezes, cornices, medallions, and other decorations, present altogether exquisite specimens of plaster.

The pageant of the King opening Parliament may be thus sketched. On arriving at the new carriage-entrance, the procession was formed: his Majesty alighted, passed along the corridor leading to the *scala regia*, through the ante-room, Royal Gallery, and Painted Chamber, into the Robing-room, and thence into the House of Lords. For the better and more suitable accommodation of the King on these grand occasions, the floor of the Painted Chamber was raised, and the doorway from the Royal Gallery into this apartment was enlarged and decorated.

It may here be observed, that a passage occurs in Sir John Soane's publication, which is noticeable as "more last words" respecting the late Fire. The quotation is as follows:—"In the year 1800, the Court of Requests was made into a House of Lords, and the old buildings, of a slight character, several stories in height, surrounding that substantial structure, were converted into accommodations for the officers of the House of Lords, and in the necessary communications. The exterior of those old buildings, forming the front of the House of Lords, as well as the interior, is constructed chiefly with timber, covered with plaster. In such an extensive assemblage of combustible materials, should a fire happen, what would become of the Painted Chamber, the House of

COMMONS, AND WESTMINSTER HALL? Where would the progress of the fire be arrested? The want of security from fire, the narrow, gloomy, and unhealthy passages, and the insufficiency of the accommodations in this building, are important objects which call loudly for revision and speedy amendment." This call, urged so strongly in this remarkable passage by Sir John Soane, passed, of course, without the slightest notice; and now, at last, his emphatic question has received its emphatic answer!

ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE following official statement, has been published by Mr. Parry, Secretary to the Directors of the Festival, held in Westminster Abbey, 1834.

Number of Persons present at the

First Rehearsal	-	-	-	1,400
Second do.	-	-	-	2,500
Third do.	-	-	-	2,800
Fourth do.	-	-	-	2,700
First Performance	-	-	-	2,409
Second do.	-	-	-	2,581
Third do.	-	-	-	2,577
Fourth do.	-	-	-	2,669—

besides their Majesties and suite; also the dignitaries of the church, the directors, and gentlemen of the public press.

Total Amount of the Receipts.

His Majesty's Donation	-	-	-	525	0	0
Four Rehearsals	-	-	-	4,972	5	0
Four Performances	-	-	-	16,516	13	0
				£22,013	18	0

Expenses.

Fitting up the Abbey	-	-	-	5,704	6	1
Principal Vocalists—Semi and Full Chorus	-	-	-	3,786	4	6
Instrumental Performers	-	-	-	2,217	13	6
Printing Books, Tickets, Bills, Advertisements, Doorkeepers' Gratuities, &c. &c. after deducting £486 for Books sold	-	-	-	613	13	2
Erecting the Organ, Printing, Copying and hiring Music, Porters, &c.	-	-	-	611	17	6
				£12,933	14	9

Leaving a surplus of more than 9,000*l.* which was equally divided among the Royal Society of Musicians, the New Musical and Choral Funds, and the Royal Academy of Music:

"Thus Music, heav'nly maid, alike bestows
Joy to our gladness, comfort to our woes."

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

(Concluded from page 346.)

8. ZOOLOGICAL WHY AND BECAUSE.

THIS is, on the whole, a very useful little book. We are sorry, however, to observe here and there passages extracted from works without that acknowledgment being made, which common justice ought to suggest. The plan pursued in this work of beginning all the questions with the word "Why," and all

* Designs for Public and Private Buildings, by Sir John Soane, February, 1828.—In one of the drawing-rooms of the Soanean Museum, (described in No. 598 of the *Mirror*.) may be seen drawings of the above Improvement. In other parts of this richly-stored depository, may also be seen not a few relics rendered peculiarly interesting by the late Fire. In the Monk's Parlour are many Gothic fragments from St. Stephen's Chapel and the Painted Chamber; and a Court adjoining this romantic cabinet is fitted up with arches and other fragments from the ancient Palace at Westminster.

the answer with the word "Because," often renders the sentences very strange and ludicrous. Thus, in one place is this question—"Why do birds fly?" and the answer is "Because they have the largest bones of all animals, in proportion to their weight; and their bones are more hollow than, &c." A man who was asked why he put tobacco into his mouth, facetiously replied "Because I chews (choose)." The true reason why birds fly, is because they choose.

9. MENAGERIES, VOL. II.

This volume is entirely devoted to the history of the elephant, as seen in both its wild and its tame state. Its antediluvian and modern history, its structure, its extraordinary sagacity, and its important uses to man, are herein fully considered.

Have animals retained their primitive habits? p. 30.—"Instinct," says the author, "undergoes no change from experience; and therefore birds and insects now build as they built in the time of Aristotle." Why our author should mention the time of Aristotle in particular, we know not. But whatever may be his motive for this, we think we can convince the author and others who assert that the natural habits of animals have not changed since the period above specified, or even since the days of creation, that they are mistaken. When we find swallows and other birds building in houses, and some larvæ feeding on cloth, and others upon paper, exclusively, such facts are of themselves sufficient to prove that some change has taken place; for in the early age of the world there were no houses for birds to build in, no cloth, paper, or indeed any manufactures for animals to feed on; consequently, in that time their habits must, necessarily, have been different from what they are at present. At a future period we hope to publish a paper containing an abundance of striking facts disproving the notion of the immutability of the natural economy.

10. JARDINE'S EDITION OF WHITE'S NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE.

This edition of White's celebrated work has very, very little to recommend it. Sir William Jardine has been too sparing of notes, and too negligent in the formation of his index, which is far from complete—the slow-worm, carp, shrew-mouse, snake, and many other things being omitted. On the accuracy and appropriateness of the few editorial notes we have little to say. But where notes are wanting we will supply them.

Canary, p. 42.—Gilbert White asks whether canaries might not "be naturalized to this climate, provided their eggs were put, in the spring, into the nests of some of their congeners, as goldfinches, greenfinches, &c." It is stated by Captain Brown that "various experiments have been tried to naturalize

canary-birds in Britain, but they have all proved abortive."

Alpine Swift, p. 107—223.—White twice notices the Alpine or Gibraltar swift (*Hirundo melba*, or *Cypselus Alpinus*), and it may be added that in the *Field Naturalist* (vol. i. p. 72) there is an article, by the Reverend Mr. Fulcher, stating that a specimen of this species was shot, in Norfolk, in September, 1831, which is probably the first instance of its being discovered in this country, to which it is, perhaps, a regular visiter, though one but little noticed. Mr. Rennie says, "It has been long suspected that stragglers occasionally reached this country, and Dr. Latham was told that such had been observed; but he adds that the evidence was too slight to be trusted as actually proving the fact." (*Field Nat.* vol. i. p. 40.) Gould, in the second part of his *Birds of Europe*, says—"Mr. Selby has, in the *Transactions of the Northumberland Natural History Society*, noticed the occurrence of *Cypselus Alpinus* in Britain, and an individual has been killed on the estate, and is now in the possession, of E. Halford, Esq., Kingsgate, near Margate." In the *Magazine of Natural History*, (vol. vii. p. 347), Mr. Blyth states that he saw the Alpine swift flying over the Wandle, near Garratt, in Surrey, on the fifth of last May.

Yellow Wagtail, p. 121.—"Mr. White seems only to have known," says Sir William; "two species of wagtail, the pied and grey." How can this be said, when in his list of stationary soft-billed, or insectivorous, birds, we find that White records *three* species of wagtail, viz. the white, (*Motacilla alba*), the yellow, (*Motacilla flava*), and the grey, (*Motacilla cinerea*). The yellow species is the one that the editor asserts was unknown to the Selborne sage.

Bee-bird, p. 171. It should be observed, to prevent mistake, in every edition of the present work that White's bee-bird is not our common flycatcher (*Muscicapa grisola*), which in some districts is so called, but is the bee-eater, (*Merops apiaster*), which is but seldom met with in this country.

Nightingale, p. 173.—"Nightingales," says White, "not only never reach Northumberland and Scotland, but also, as I have been always told, Devonshire and Cornwall." Sir J. Sinclair is stated to have attempted the introduction of this bird into the groves of Scotland, by substituting its eggs in the place of those in the nest of the robin, who hatched and reared them; but, in September, the usual period for migration, the young ones took their departure and never returned. (*Vide Mag. Nat. Hist.* vol. i. p. 376.)

Fern Owl.—There is an expression used by White which has been thought rather strange, and has led to some slight observation. Speaking of a fern owl, which he

watched while it was flying, he says he distinctly saw it "put out its short leg while on the wing, and by a bend of the head deliver *somewhat* into his mouth (p. 116)." It will appear evident that he used the word *somewhat* in the same sense as the word *something*; for, at page 274, he says, "there is *somewhat* in most genera, at least, that at first sight discriminates them."

Sounds uttered by Fish, p. 277.—White asserts that "the fish kind is quite mute." We have instances sufficient to show that this assertion is not correct. A correspondent to the *Magazine of Natural History* states that some tench he caught, croaked like a frog for full half an hour; and Captain Brown says the gurnard grunts or croaks when taken off the hook. When just drawn from the water, the herring is reported to squeak like a mouse; and the Scieria stridens to utter a small shriek. The tunny and the groundling when handled are said to hiss loudly. Wordsworth, in his poem on the death of Mr. Gough, a gentleman who, in crossing one of the passes of Helvellyn, lost his footing, fell to a great depth and was thus killed, says in allusion to the spot:

"There sometimes doth the leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer."

Mole Cricket, p. 295.—"Anatomists," says White, "who have examined the intestines of these insects, astonish me with their accounts; for they say, that from the structure and position of their stomachs, or maws, there seems to be good reason to suppose that this and the two other species, [field cricket and house cricket,] ruminate, or chew the cud, like many quadrupeds!" The erroneous notion of crickets chewing the cud arose merely from the insects being seen to move their jaws occasionally when not eating.

Camden Town.

J. F.

Manners and Customs.

INDIAN LAW-SUIT.

[THE following are the forms of procedure in a civil cause, step by step, in the state of Nepal, in Northern India. We quote them from a very interesting paper on the Law and Police of Nepal, by Brian Houghton Hodgson, Esq. in No. 2 of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, just published.]

If a person comes into court, and states that another person owes him a certain sum of money, which he refuses to pay, the *bichári* of the court immediately asks him for the particulars of the debt, which he accordingly furnishes. The *bichári* then commands the *jamadár* of the court to send one of his *sipáhs* to fetch the debtor; the creditor accompanies the *sipáhi* to point out the debtor, and pays him two *annas* per diem, until he has arrested the latter, and brought him

into court. When he is there produced, the *di'ha* and *bicháris* interrogate the parties face to face. The debtor is asked if he acknowledges the debt alleged against him, and will immediately discharge it. The debtor may answer by acknowledging the debt, and stating his willingness to pay it as soon as he can collect the means, which he hopes to do in a few days. In this case, the *bichári* will desire the creditor to wait a few days. The creditor may reply that he cannot wait, having immediate need of the money; and if so, one of the *chaprásis* of the court is attached to the debtor, with directions to see to the producing of the money in court, by any means. The debtor must then produce money or goods, or whatever property he has, and bring it into court. The *di'ha* and *bicháris* then, calling to their assistance three or four merchants, proceed to appraise the goods produced in satisfaction of the debt, and immediately discharge it; nor can the creditor object to their appraisal of the debtor's goods and chattels. In matters thus arranged; that is, where the defendant admits the cause of action to be valid, five per cent of the property litigated is taken from the one party, and ten per cent from the other, and no more. If the defendant, when produced in court in the manner above described, denies, instead of confessing, the debt, then the plaintiff's proofs are called for; and if he has only a simple note of hand unattested, or an attested acknowledgment the witnesses to which are dead, then the *di'ha* and *bicháris* interrogate the plaintiff thus: "This paper is of no use as evidence; how do you propose to establish your claim?" The plaintiff may answer, "I lent the money to the father of the defendant; the note produced is in his hand-writing, and my claim is a just claim." Hereupon the plaintiff is required to pledge himself formally to prosecute his claim in the court in which he is, and in no other. The words enjoining the plaintiff thus to gage himself are, "*Béri Phá-pó*:" and the mode is, by the plaintiff's taking a rupee in his hand, which he closes, and strikes the ground, exclaiming, at the same time, "My claim is just, and I gage myself to prove it so." The defendant is then commanded to take up the gage of the plaintiff, or to pledge himself in a similar manner to attend the court duly to the conclusion of the trial, which he does by formally denying the authenticity of the document produced against him, as well as the validity of the debt; and upon this denial, he likewise strikes the earth with his hand closed on a rupee. The rupee of the plaintiff and that of the defendant, which are called *béri*, are now deposited in court. The next step is for the court to take the fee called *karpan*, or five rupees, from each party. The amount of both *béri* and *karpan* is the per-

quits of the various officers of the court, and does not go to the government. The giving of *karpan* by the parties implies their desire to refer the dispute to the decision of the ordeal; and, accordingly as soon as the *karpan* is paid down, the *di'ha* acquaints the government that the parties in a certain cause wish to undergo the ordeal. The necessary order is thereupon issued from the Durbár; but when it has reached the court, the *di'ha* and *bicháris* first of all exhort the parties to come to an understanding and effect a settlement of their dispute by some other means; if, however, they will not consent, the trial is directed to proceed. The ordeal is called *nyáya*, and the form of it is as follows: The names of the respective parties are inscribed on two pieces of paper, which are rolled up into balls, and then have *pája** offered to them. From each party a fine or fee† of one rupee is taken; the balls are then affixed to staffs of reed, and two *annas*‡ more are taken from each party. The reeds are then intrusted to two of the *havildárs* of the court to take to the Queen's Tank; and with the *havildárs*, a *bichári* of the court, a *Bráhma*n and the parties, proceed thither, as also two men of the *Chámákhálak* (or *Chamádra*) caste.§ On arriving at the tank, the *bichári* again exhorts the parties to avoid the ordeal by adopting some other mode of settling the business, the merits of which are only known to themselves. If they continue to insist on the ordeal, the two *havildárs*, each holding one of the reeds, go, one to the east and the other to the west side of the tank, entering the water about knee deep. The *Bráhma*n, the parties, and the *Chámákhálaks*, all at this moment enter the water a little way; and the *Bráhma*n performs *pája* to Varuna in the name of the parties, and repeats a sacred text, the meaning of which is, that mankind know not what passes in the minds of each other, but that all inward thoughts and past acts are known to the gods *Súrya*, *Chandra*, *Varuna*, and *Yáma*;|| and that they will do justice between the parties in this cause. When the *pája* is over, the *Brahman* gives the *tilak* to the two *Chámákhálaks*, and says to them, "Let the champion of truth win, and let the false one's champion lose!" This being said, the *Bráhma*n and the parties come out of the water, and the *Chámákhálak* separate, one going to each place where a reed is erected. They then enter the deep water, and at a signal given, both immerse themselves in the water at the same instant. Whichever of them first rises

from the water, the reed nearest to him is instantly destroyed; together with the scroll attached to it. The other reed is carried back to the court, where the ball of paper is opened, and the name read. If the scroll bear the plaintiff's name, he wins the cause; if it be that of the defendant, the latter is victorious. The fine called *jí'houri* is then paid by the winner, and that called *harouri* by the loser; besides which, five rupees are demanded from the winner in return for a turban which he gets,¶ and the same sum, under the name of *sabhárádd'ha*, (or purification of the court,) from the loser. The above four demands on the parties, viz. *jí'houri*, *harouri*, *pagri*, and *sabhárádd'ha*, are government taxes; and, exclusive of these, eight *annas* must be paid to the *mahánnias* of the court, eight *annas* more to the *kotmál*, eight more to the *kumhándíkiyas*, and, lastly, eight more to the *khardár* or registrar. In this manner, multitudes of causes are decided by *nyáya*, (ordeal,) when the parties cannot be brought to agree upon the subject-matter of dispute, and have neither documentary nor verbal evidence to adduce.

In a future page we learn that among *Newárs* and *Parbattias*, the creditor may attach duns to the debtor, to follow and dun him wherever he goes. The creditor may also stop the debtor wherever he finds him; take him home, confine, beat, and abuse him; so that he does him no serious injury in health or limbs. It is also stated, that the creditor may seize upon the debtor, confine him in his own house, place him under the spout that discharges the filthy wash of the house, and such like; but he has no further power over him.

¶ Hence this fee or tax is called *pagri*, turban.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ADDISON'S LOVE OF NATURE.*

Two Letters, written by Mr. Addison, in the year 1708, to the Earl of Warwick, (afterwards his Son-in-law,) when that Nobleman was very young.

MY DEAR LORD,—I have employed the whole neighbourhood in looking after birds' nests, and not altogether without success. My man found one last night, but it proved a hen's, with fifteen eggs in it, covered with an old broody duck, which may satisfy your lordship's curiosity a little, though I am afraid the eggs will be of little use to us. This morning I have news brought me of a nest that has abundance of little eggs, streaked with red and blue veins, that, by the description they give me, must make a very beautiful figure on a string. My neighbours are very much divided in their opinions upon

* From the *Entomological Magazine*.

* *Pája*, worship—adoration.—Ed.

† Called *gola*.

‡ This fee is called *markouli*.

§ A very low tribe.

|| *Súrya*, the sun; *Chandra*, the moon; *Varuna*, the regent of the ocean; *Yáma*, the deity presiding over the infernal regions.

them; some say they are a skylark's; others will have them to be a canary-bird's; but I am much mistaken in the colour and turn of the eggs if they are not full of tom-tits. If your lordship does not make haste, I am afraid they will be birds before you see them; for, if the account they give of them be true, they can't have above two days more to reckon.

Since I am so near your lordship, methinks, after having passed the day among more severe studies, you may often take a trip hither, and relax yourself with these little curiosities of nature. I assure you no less a man than Cicero commends the two great friends of his age, Scipio and Lælius, for entertaining themselves at their country-house, which stood on the sea-shore, with picking up cockle-shells, and looking after birds' nests. For which reason I shall conclude this learned letter with a saying of the same author, in his treatise of Friendship: "*Abiint autem tristitia, et in omni re severitas: habent illa quidem gravitatem; sed amicitia debet esse lenior et remissior, et ad omnem suavitatem facilitatemque morum proclivior.*" If your lordship understands the elegance and sweetness of these words, you may assure yourself you are no ordinary Latinist; but if they have force enough to bring you to Sandy-End, I shall be very well pleased.—I am, my dear lord, your lordship's most affectionate and obedient,—J. ADDISON.

May 30, 1708.

MY DEAREST LORD,—I can't forbear being troublesome to your lordship whilst I am in your neighbourhood. The business of this is to invite you to a concert of music, which I have found out in a neighbouring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening, and consists of a blackbird, a thrush, a robin-redbreast, and a bullfinch. There is a lark that, by way of overture, sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing, and afterwards, falling down leisurely, drops to the ground, or as soon as she has ended her song. The whole is concluded by a nightingale, that has a much better voice than Mrs. Tofts, and something of the Italian manner in her divisions. If your lordship will honour me with your company, I will promise to entertain you with much better music, and more agreeable scenes, than you ever met with at the Opera; and will conclude with a charming description of a nightingale out of our friend Virgil:—

Qualis populeæ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ,
Amictos queritur fœtus, quos duris arator
Observans nido implumes detrahit, at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens, miserabile carmen
Integrat, et inæstis latè loca questubus implet.
So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments aloud:
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence
By stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence:

But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.

Your lordship's most obedient,

May 27, 1708.

J. ADDISON.

Notes of a Reader.

FIRE AND WATER.—A YARN.

(From Jacob Faithful.)

"Come, spin us a good yarn, father; we've nothing to do, and Jacob will like to hear you."

"Well, then, so I will," answered he; "what shall it be about?"

"Fire and water, of course," replied Tom.

"Well, then, I'll tell you something about both, since you wish it; how I came into his Majesty's service through fire, and how the officer who pressed me went out of it through water. I was still 'prentice, and wasted about three months to serve my time, when, of course, I should no longer be protected from serving the king, when the ship I was in sailed up the Baltic with a cargo of bullocks. We had at least two hundred on board, tied up on platforms on every deck, with their heads close to the sides, and all their sterns looking in board. They were fat enough when they were shipped, but soon dwindled away: the weather was very bad, and the poor creatures rolled against each other and slipped about in a way that it pitted you to see them. However, they were stowed so thick, that they held one another up, which proved of service to them in the heavy gales which tossed the ship about like a pea in a rattle. We had joined a large convoy, and were entering the Sound, when, as usual, it fell calm, and out came the Danish gun-boats to attack us. The men-of-war who had the charge of the convoy behaved nobly; but still they were becalmed, and many of us were a long way astern. Our ship was pretty well up, but she was too far in shore; and the Danes made a dash at us with the hope of making a capture. The men-of-war seeing what the enemy were about, sent boats to beat them off; but it was too late to prevent them boarding, which they did. Not wishing to peep through the bars of the gaol at Copenhagen, we left the ship in our boats on one side, just as the Danes bearded on the other, and pulled towards the men-of-war's armed boats coming to our assistance. The men-of-war's boats pulled right for the ship to retake her, which they did certainly, but not before the enemy had set fire to the vessel, and had then pulled off towards another. Seeing this, the men-of-war's boats again gave chase to the Danes, leaving us to extinguish the flames, which were now bursting out fore and aft, and climbing like fiery serpents up to the main catarpings. We soon found that it was impossible: we remained as long as the heat

and smoke would permit us, and then we were obliged to be off; but I shall never forget the roaring and moaning of the poor animals who were then roasting alive. It was a cruel thing of the Danes to fire a vessel full of these poor creatures. Some had broken loose, and were darting up and down the decks goring others, and tumbling down the hatchways: others remained trembling, or trying to snuff up a mouthful of fresh air amongst the smoke; but the struggling and bellowing, as the fire caught the vessel fore and aft, and was grilling two hundred poor creatures at once, was at last shocking, and might have been heard for a mile. We did all we could. I cut the throats of a dozen, but they kicked and struggled so much, falling down upon, and treading you under their feet; and once one laid upon me, and I expected to be burnt with them, for it was not until I was helped that I got clear of the poor animal. So we stayed as long as we could, and then left them to their fate; and the smell of burnt meat, as we shoved off, was as horrible as the cries and wailings of the poor beasts themselves. The men-of-war's boats returned, having chased away the Danes, and very kindly offered us all a ship, as we had lost our own, so that you see that by fire I was forced into his Majesty's service. Now, the boat which took us belonged to one of the frigates who had charge of the convoy, and the lieutenant who commanded the boat was a swearing, tearing sort of a chap, who lived as if his life was to last for ever. After I was taken on board, the captain asked me if I would enter, and I thought that I might as well serve the king handsomely, so I volunteered. It's always the best thing to do, when you're taken, and can't help yourself, for you are more trusted than a pressed man who is obstinate. I liked the service from the first—the captain was not a particular man; according to some people's idea of the service, she wasn't in quite man-of-war fashion, but she was a happy ship, and the men would have followed and fought for the captain to the last drop of their blood. That's the sort of ship for me. I've seen cleaner decks, but I never saw merrier hearts. The only one of the officers disliked by the men was the lieutenant who pressed me: he had a foul mouth, and no discretion; and as for swearing, it was really terrible to hear the words, which came out of his mouth. I don't mind an oath rapped out in the heat of the moment, but he invented his oaths when he was cool, and let them out in his rage. We were returning home, after having seen the convoy safe, when we met with a gale of wind in our teeth, one of the very worst I ever fell in with. It had been blowing hard from the S.W., and then shifted to the N.W., and made a cross sea, which was tremendous. Now, the frigate was a very old vessel; and although

they had often had her into dock and repaired her below, they had taken no notice of her upper works, which were as rotten as a medlar. I think it was about three bells in the middle watch, when the wind was howling through the rigging, for we had no canvass on her 'cept a staysail and trysail, when the staysail-sheet went, and she broached-to afore they could prevent her. The lieutenant I spoke of had the watch, and his voice was heard through the roaring of the wind, swearing at the men to haul down the staysail, that we might bend on the sheet, and set it right again; when, she having, as I said, broached-to, a wave—ay, a wave as high as the maintop almost—took the frigate right on her broadside, and the bulwarks of the quarter-deck being, as I said, quite rotten, cut them off clean level with the main-chains, sweeping them, and guns, and men, all overboard together. The mizen-mast went, but the main-mast held on, and I was under its lee at the time, and was saved by clinging on like a nigger, while for a minute I was under the water, which carried almost all away with it to leeward. As soon as the water passed over me, I looked up and around me—it was quite awful; the quarter-deck was cut off as with a knife—not a soul left there, that I could see; no man at the wheel—mizen-masts gone—sky-lights washed away—waves making a clear breach, and no defence; boats washed away from the quarters—all silent on deck, but plenty of noise below and on the main-deck, for the ship was nearly full of water, and all below were hurrying up in their shirts, thinking that we were going down. At last the captain crawled up, and clung by the stanchions, followed by the first lieutenant and the officers, and by degrees all was quiet, the ship was cleared, and the hands were turned up to muster, under the half-deck. There were forty-seven men who did not answer to their names—they had been summoned to answer for their lives, poor fellows! and there was also the swearing lieutenant not to be found. Well, at last we got the hands on deck, and put her before the wind, scudding under bare poles. As we went aft to the taffrail, the bulwark of which still remained, with about six feet of the quarter-deck bulwark on each side, we observed something clinging to the stern ladder, dipping every now and then into the sea, as it rose under her counter, and assisted the wind in driving her before the gale. We soon made it out to be a man, and I went down, slipped a bowling knot over the poor fellow, and with some difficulty we were both hauled up again. It proved to be the lieutenant, who had been washed under the counter, and clung to the stern ladder, and had thus miraculously been preserved. It was a long while before he came to, and he never did any duty the whole week we were out,

till we got into Yarmouth Roads; indeed, he hardly ever spoke a word to any one, but seemed to be always in serious thought. When we arrived, he gave his commission to the captain, and went on shore; went to school again, they say, and *bore up for a parson*, and for all I know, he'll preach somewhere next Sunday. So you see, *water* drove him out of the service, and *fire* forced me in. There's a yarn for you, Jacob."

"I like it very much," replied I.

PATENT BREAD.

It is well known that, in the old established way of baking, the steam which arises during the process is allowed to escape as of no value; but accident discovered, a few years ago, that this vapour, if condensed, exhibited traces of alcohol, and the collection of it immediately became an object of cupidity and speculation; and this, together with some saving of fuel during the process of baking, suggested the patent and the formation of the Company upon a great scale. One of its recommendations was, that bread so made, though kept for any length of time, does not become sour; and this, we understand, is the fact; but how and at what expense is this incorruptibility procured? Sour bread is unquestionably bad; but is not bread which, if kept too long, is liable to *become* sour, the very article we want? In the new method, the distillation, (for such it is in reality,) is pushed as far as it can go: the whole product of the fermentation is obtained and collected, so that the residue or loaf, may be regarded as a *caput mortuum*, incapable of undergoing further change; but is it not rather unluckily deprived, at the same time, of its saccharine principle—in short, of all nutritive property? For our own parts, we adhere to the old, orthodox "bread with the gin in it."—*Quarterly Review*.

FREE TRADE TO CHINA.

Its evil consequences have already begun to show themselves. The most respectable of the Hong merchants have retired from business, and the rest are either unable or unwilling to advance a shilling to enable the poor cultivators of tea to prepare the usual supply, though 40,000 tons of shipping were expected at Canton: but we shall, notwithstanding, have *some* tea, and it is as well that our readers should know what *sort* of tea it will be. Our information is from an eye-witness of unquestionable authority, recently arrived in England from China. On the opposite side of the river to, and at a short distance from, Canton, is a manufactory for converting the very worst kind of coarse black tea into green; it is well known in Canton by the name of *Wo-ping*, and was always rejected by the agents of the East

India Company. The plan is to stir it about on iron plates moderately heated, mixing it up with a composition of turmeric, indigo, and *white lead*, by which process it acquires that blooming blue of plums and that crispy appearance which are supposed to indicate the fine green teas. Our informant says, there can be no mistake respecting the *white lead*, as the Chinese superintendent called it by its common name, *yen-fun*. At the same time it is right to state, that pulverized gypsum, (known by the name of *shet-kao*), is understood by the gentlemen of the late factory to be employed to subdue a too intense blue colour given by the indigo. There were already prepared, when this visit took place, 50,000 chests of this precious article; just enough for three cargoes of the very largest ships of the East India Company. The crafty proprietors told our friend and the other visitors that this tea was not for the English but the American market; but we shall, no doubt, have our full share of it: nay, some particulars lately published in the newspapers render it highly probable that the importation of the well-doctored *Wo-ping* has already commenced.—*Quarterly Review*.

FRENCH CHARACTER.

[The following observations by the *Water-drinker in the Pyrenees*, are full of point, and true to the letter.]

From my desultory route, I saw a vast deal of the interior, which, to the diligence traveller, is a sealed book. The post-chaise traveller, of course, as seldom opens his eyes as he can, and when he arrives at the end of his stage for the day, thanks Heaven, like the yawner in the Castle of Indolence, that "one day more is done." The truth is, that nothing can be more proverbially tiresome, than a Continental high-road. The infinite length to which it stretches in a straight line, and its utter absence of all stirring objects, living or dead, tire the eye; the *stops* in the journey consisting only of the *façades* of villages, that would dishonour a group of wigwams by the comparison; no groves, no gardens, no farm-houses, no showy equipages fitting along from one fine mansion to another—no fine mansions, no village steeples peeping up from their "embosoming oaks," no noble cathedrals rising up from the bosom of the towns, like a mighty mother with her children clustering in circles round her;—in short, no England. But this belongs only to the high-road, by a certain degree of malice always leading through the most desolate part of the country. But by giving the bridle a shake to the right or the left, pretty spots are sometimes lighted on, which reconcile us to the landscape. Here and there a willowed stream, gliding through a plantation of all kinds of esculents, or by a cottage overgrown with shrubs and flowers,

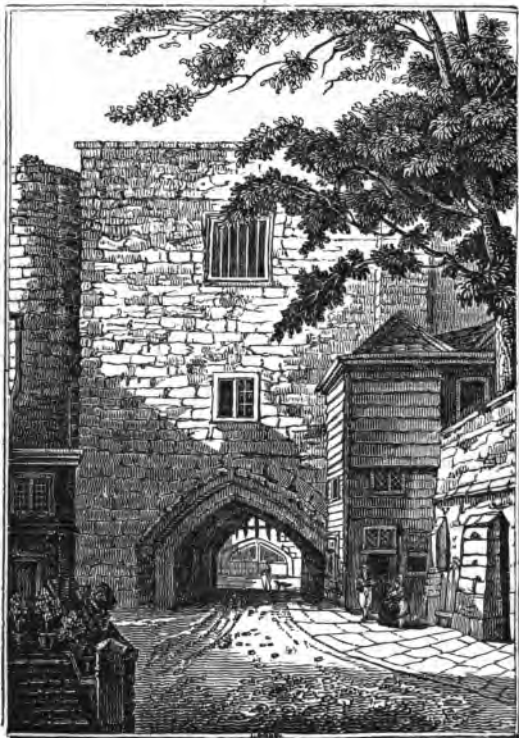
or a little, wild village, of which nature has taken it on herself to be the sole decorator, and has succeeded accordingly, to the shame of the whole *Ferme ornée* family, of all intrusions on taste the most preposterous. Here, too, the principal part of her population, which so unaccountably escapes the eye in the neighbourhood of the *Grande Chaussée*, is to be found; troops of girls glean- ing, or grape-gathering, or carrying home the sheaves on their backs, in all their frightful varieties of head-gear, yet all laughing, chattering, making their *salams* to the stranger, and noisy "as a wilderness of monkeys." The labourers, in the field and out of the field, in the shop and in the market, I uniformly found were the women, and they were the laughers too. The French male peasant was at all times an indolent fellow at work, though brisk enough at play. He has now turned politician, and has thus added to his sullenness of nature, the sullenness of faction. Nothing can be a greater contrast than that between the sexes. The most trivial attempt at a jest, a civility, or a *douceur*, was invariably received with good humour by

the fair. But conversation with the clown was a delicate matter. Waterloo has not yet passed out of his memory, though nothing else may have come into it; and the old identity of stranger and enemy has unluckily revived in the breast of the tillers of the soil. This, however, will pass away, like all other things. The happy generation who have retired to take up the trade of farming in the provinces, with their swords most unwillingly beaten into ploughshares, will mingle with the dust in time. The sourness of the unlucky campaigners of the Napoleonites, will be sweetened by the affluence which is rapidly covering the thirsty plains of France.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

Antiquariana.

TOWER OF LONDON.

THE massive portal beneath the tower is the main entrance into the inner ward of this noble fortress, including all the principal edifices. By reference to the plan of the Tower, this portion will be seen adjoining the Record Office eastward, and precisely opposite the Traitors' Tower, the Gate of



(The Bloody Tower.)

which communicates with the river Thames, and will be found engraved at page 365, vol. xvi. of the *Mirror*.

The Bloody Tower forms a noble example of the strength and solidity which characterized the fortified gateways of past ages. In the Survey of Henry VIII.'s reign, this building, from its contiguity to the Garden, attached to "the Lieutenant's Lodgings," (now incorporated with the parade,) was designated the Garden Tower;" but, in the "Exact Draught" of the year 1597, it is called the "Bloody Tower;" though from what circumstances has never been explained. In a curious description of the Tower, in an old tract of the reign of James I., we read that the above "turret, our elders termed the *Bloody Tower*, for the bloodshed, as they say, of those infant princes of Edward IV., whom Richard III., of cursed memory, (I shudder to mention it,) savagely killed, two together at one time."

Messrs. Britton and Brayley, however, assert that "not the least credit is due to the legend which represents this Tower as the scene of the murder of Edward V. and the Duke of York; nor yet to the tale of the bones of those ill-fated youths having been found in Charles II.'s reign, beneath the little staircase that leads to the gloomy chambers of the superstructure. That bones were found is true; yet the discovery was not made here, but at the depth of several feet below the stairs leading to the chapel in the White Tower.† The propriety of assigning those remains to the young princes, was, in the highest degree, questionable."

The bold and substantial character of the gateway of this Tower, which is about 34 feet in depth, and 15 feet wide, will be appreciated from the above print. The portcullis and massive gates at the south end still remain, and are evidently of great age; but those which were on the northern side have been removed. In the vaulting, great strength is apparent: the spreading tracery of the groins form two divisions, of which the central portions spring from corbels of lions' heads. This is the only rectangular Tower belonging to the inner ward: in the upper part is a space for working the portcullis.

From the Bloody Tower, the ballium or ward wall is continued westward to the Bell Tower.

* The pamphlet is one of the rarities of the Bodleian Library, and was reprinted by Mr. Nichols in the *Progresses of King James the First*.

† Kennett's *Complete History of England*, vol. i. p. 551.

‡ The particulars of this murder, which is one of the most controverted events in our history, will be found discussed with considerable point in the *Memoirs of the Tower*, by Messrs. Britton and Brayley, chap. i. pp. 40—50

CROSBY HALL.

MR. WILLEMETT's splendid present of stained glass has been lately placed in the oriel window of Crosby Hall, and forms an appropriate memorial of the ancient possessors of the mansion. The upper tier of lights contains the arms of the adjoining Priory of St. Helen, those of Sir John Crosby, by whom the Hall was erected in the reign of Edward IV., and those of the Grocers' Company, who have been liberal contributors to the restoration. The two centre lights of the oriel contain the white rose and the falcon, the badges of Edward IV., to whom Sir John Crosby was a faithful adherent. Above these are the arms of Richard III. and his Queen. Next to the royal arms are those of Sir Thomas More, who held the lease of Crosby Hall, under the Prioress of St. Helen's, and was chiefly resident there for some years prior to 1523, when he removed to Chelsea. The arms of Lord Darcy, Sir John Spencer, and William Bond, complete the series of ancient proprietors.

It is expected that the Committee, appointed to superintend the repairs, will be enabled to complete the other windows in a corresponding style. The Chairman, W. T. Copeland, Esq. M.P. has taken the lead in a second subscription by the very liberal contribution of 100*l.*—*From a Correspondent.*

The Public Journals.

BREAD MADE FROM WOOD.

MUCH skilful manipulation and delicacy of experiment were required to establish the nutritive property of the woody fibre—in short, that a tolerably good quatern loaf can be made out of a deal board—has been proved by the recent labours of a German Professor, and may be verified by any one who will take the trouble to repeat them:—

"The following, (says Dr. Prout,) was the method he employed for this purpose. In the first place, everything that was soluble in water was removed by frequent maceration and boiling; the wood was then reduced to a minute state of division, that is to say, not merely into fine fibres, but actual powder; and after being repeatedly subjected to the heat of an oven, was ground in the usual manner of corn. Wood thus prepared, according to the author, acquires the smell and taste of corn-flour. It is, however, never quite white, but always of a yellowish colour. It also agrees with corn-flour in this respect, that it does not ferment without the addition of leaven, and, in this case, sour leaven of corn-flour is found to answer best. With this it makes a perfectly uniform and spongy bread; and when it is thoroughly baked, and has much crust, it has a much better taste of bread than what in times of scarcity

is prepared from the bran and husks of corn. Wood-flour, also, boiled in water, forms a thick, tough, trembling jelly, like that of wheat-starch, and which is very nutritious."—*Philosophical Transactions*, 1827, part ii. p. 318.

To make wood-flour in perfection, according to Professor Autenreith, the wood, after being thoroughly stripped of its bark, is to be sawed transversely into disks of about an inch in diameter. The saw-dust is to be preserved, and the disks are to be beaten to fibres in a pounding-mill. The fibres and saw-dust, mixed together, are next to be deprived of everything harsh and bitter, which is soluble in water, by boiling them, where fuel is abundant, or by subjecting them for a longer time to the action of cold water, which is easily done by inclosing them in a strong sack, which they only half fill, and beating the sack with a stick, or treading it with the feet in a rivulet. The whole is then to be completely dried, either in the sun or by fire, and repeatedly ground in a flour-mill. The ground wood is next baked into small, flat cakes, with water rendered slightly mucilaginous by the addition of some decoction of linseed, mallow stalks and leaves, lime-tree bark, or any other such substance. Professor Autenreith prefers marsh-mallow roots, of which one ounce renders eighteen quarts of water sufficiently mucilaginous, and these serve to form four pounds and a half of wood-flour into cakes. These cakes are baked until they are brown on the surface. After this they are broken to pieces, and again ground, until the flour pass through a fine bolting-cloth; and upon the fineness of the flour does its fitness to make bread depend. The flour of a *hard wood*, such as beech, requires the process of baking and grinding so readily as wheat-flour; but the Professor found fifteen pounds of birch-wood flour, with three pounds of sour wheat-leaven, and two pounds of wheat-flour, mixed up with eight measures of new milk, yielded thirty-six pounds of *very good bread*. The learned Professor tried the nutritious properties of wood-flour, in the first instance, upon a young dog; afterwards he fed two pigs upon it; and then, taking courage from the success of the experiment, he attacked it himself. His family party, he says, ate it in the form of gruels or soup, dumplings and pancakes, all made with as little of any other ingredient as possible; and found them palatable and quite wholesome. Are we then, instead of looking upon a human being stretched upon a bare plank as the picture of extreme want and wretchedness, to regard him as reposing in the lap of abundance, and consider, henceforth, the common phrase, "bed and board" as compounded of synonymous terms?

The Laplanders of Trysild, and the mountainous part of Oesterliden, are said by Von Buch, in his Travels through Norway and Lapland, in 1806-7-8, to make a bread, called by them Barke Bröd, in the following manner:—"When the young and vigorous fir trees are felled, to the great injury of the woods, the tree is stripped of its bark for its whole length; the outer part is carefully peeled from the bark; the deeper interior covering is then shaved off, and nothing remains but the innermost rind, which is extremely soft and white. It is then hung up several days in the air to dry, and afterwards baked in an oven; it is next beaten on wooden blocks; and then pounded as finely as possible in wooden vessels. But all this is not enough: the mass is yet to be carried to the mill, and ground into coarse meal like barley or oats. This meal is mixed up with threshed oat-ears, or with a few moss-seeds; and a bread of about an inch thickness is formed of this composition."

In another place, the same traveller, talking of the Enare Laplanders, says:—"In summer, they scarcely eat any thing but fish from the fresh-water lakes, and drink with great eagerness the water in which the fish has been boiled. In winter, they must put up with dried fish, and with soups of water, fir bark, and rein-deer tallow. They peel off, in summer, the innermost bark of the fir, divide it in long strips, and hang them in their dwellings to dry for winter stores. When used, these strips of bark are minced in small pieces along with the rein-deer tallow, and boiled together for several hours with water, till they form a thick broth."

It is not improbable, says Dr. Prout, when speaking of this method, that, during the above processes, the lignin combines with water, and forms an artificial starch; what the change may be we will not venture to decide. As for the spongy bread made by the Tubingen Professor, we should like very much to taste it; but with respect to the poor Laplander's coarse and husky variety of *the staff of life*, it can be, we greatly fear, little better than the newly-invented patent bread of our own metropolis.—*Quarterly Review*.

AN ORPHAN'S SONG.

I'm a sma' Orphan Lass, for my Parents are dead,
Baith father and mother, yet naething I need;
For there's Ane up aboon that doth clead me and feed,

And at nicht a saft pillow puts under my head.

At nicht I lie doon, as sun'e it is dark,
In the mornin' I rise up alang wi' the Lark;
Dey's saft slidin' hours I'm owre happy to mark,
For a sang's in my heart, and my heart's in my warck.

Sometimes in the house by mysel' left to stay—
Sometimes by mysel' hardfu' kye on the brae—

Yet I never am lanely the laneliest day,
 But gay as a Linty or Lammie at play.
 Far back's I remember a' folk hae been kind,
 And my ain wee sweet warld's gaen aye to my mind;
 Oh! gin I were na happy, mine een would be bilid,
 For pleasures like floures, without seekin' I find.
 I'm sae happy, I fear that my days will be few!
 And grow sad at the thoct, as I look on the dew;
 As I look, bonny floures, at the gloamin' on you!
 But I sune gather heart—for my Bible is true.
 As the Sabbath comes roun', and a' things are at rest—
 Sure on Sabbath the wund aye blows saft frae the west—
 My heart wi' sic sinkings nae mair is oppress—
 In the Pew for the Poor, then the Orphan is blest!
 O' a spirit that's contrite an offering I bring,
 Not despised by Heaven's own merciful King;
 And as without psalm-book his praises I sing,
 Within the safe shadow I sit o' his wing.
 On the ground for the floure—on the floure for the bee—
 For the unherried nest in the heart o' the tree,
 Thou carest, O Lord! and if cared for by Thee,
 Ilka day in the week will be Sabbath to me.

Blackwood's Magazine.

TRAVELLERS' TRICKS.

My Grandfather's Trick.

My grandfather was an old sailor, an incorrigible yarn-spinner of course. One summer day, just after dinner, I was trotting by his side in the garden, where, after taking a few turns, we sat down in the shade of an apple-tree. "Come, grandfather," said I, "tell me a story."—"A story, hey?" said the old gentleman, filling his pipe very slowly, and then lighting it with a sun-glass; "a story? very well." Puff—puff—"Yes, a story; I must have a story."—"Aha! a story! very well." Puff—puff—"Very well, grandfather; come, begin."—"Begin! aha! very well." Puff—puff. "Every story must begin, to be sure."—"Certainly; and now for the beginning; come, begin."—"Well, once there were two men—but you have heard the story before, I suppose."—"How do I know that till you begin it?"—"Oh, oh!" Puff—puff. "Very true. Once there were two men went out a bat-hunting—"—"A bat-hunting! what a strange thing!"—"Oho! then you have heard the story?"—"No, no—never."—"Very well. These two men went out a bat-hunting, and one of them got over a stone wall—no, 'twas a fence, I think—fence? let me see."—"No matter, grandfather; let it go fence or stone wall, whichever you please."—"Yes, yes, a fence; very well; one of them got over a fence, and the other he stayed behind.—But you have certainly heard the story?"—"No, never a word of it; never."—"Really?"—"Really, certainly, positively, never."—"That's strange; well, never mind, where was I? Oh, I'll begin again. Once there were two men went out a bat-hunting, and one of them got over a fence, and the other stayed behind.—But I know now by your laughing that you have heard the story."—"Why, grandfather, I tell

you no, as I told you before; won't you believe me?"—"Oh, then, if you really have not heard it, I must tell it you. Once there were two men, &c., &c."—In this manner the tale went on and stopped, began again, stopped again, made a new beginning and a new stop, like the story of the "King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles," till at length, vexed with this tantalizing trick, I could endure it no longer, but starting up in a violent passion, "The dogs take it all!" I exclaimed. "Grandfather, you have no story to tell."—"Ha-ha-ha!" said the old rogue, bursting into a loud laugh; "that is a certain proof you have heard it before."

A Frenchman's Trick.

Monsieur Duphot was a French refugee who had fled to America in the beginning of the revolution, and settled himself in Boston. His judgment of the Yankees was expressed without reserve—"Ils sont bons enfans, mais ils ne savent pas jouer le violon." But Monsieur Duphot had a waggish neighbour, who, if he could not play the fiddle could play a trick, as the Frenchman found to his annoyance. One day, Mr. B——, the joker aforesaid, met him in the market, where the Frenchman was cheapening a quarter of mutton.—"Ah, Monsieur," said he, "you and I are on the same errand. You dine on mutton to-day?"—"Yes, sair; de muttons is more sheap as de bif, voyez vous."—"True; and if you and I buy a bit together, it will be cheaper still. What do you say?"—"Ver well, allons; let us see—how much you want?"—"Oh, about a quarter."—"Bien, bien, and so do I. Den me buy half a mutton ensemble, and den me make him two halves *chacun* a piece."—"Exactly," replied B——. So straightway making a purchase of a side of mutton, he cut it in two, and taking the hind-quarter for himself, offered the Frenchman the other. "*Attendez!*" said the Frenchman; "it is de hind quarter I want."—"Really! now it happens to be the very part I want too!" said the other, pretending surprise. The Frenchman grinned, and shrugged his shoulders. "Come," said B——, "let us toss a cent, and he that wins shall put his hand upon one piece, and say, 'Who shall have this?' while the other turns his back, and answers I or you."—"Ver well."—"Here it goes then; head, I win—tail, you lose." The former proposition was uttered, as the coin flew into the air. "Ay," said the Frenchman to it, and "No," to the latter, for he had been tricked that way before. Mr. B—— was caught in his own trap, for it was not a head. "However, 'tis an equal chance yet," thought he.—"*Tenez donc!*" said the Frenchman; and slyly whipping out his penknife, he chopped off the tail from the one portion of the mutton, and clapping it upon the other, cried out, as

if in his usual blundering way, "Who shall have dis wid de tail on?"—"I!" replied the other, jumping round in great glee, at the supposed *etourderie* of his companion.—"Den you take him, de fore quarter." Mr. B—— scratched his head, without saying a word, for a moment or two, till the explosion of laughter which accompanied the trick had in some degree subsided. Then, with an exceedingly foolish look, he marched away, carrying his fore quarter of mutton with the tail on, which winds this tale off.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

New Books.

TYLNEY HALL. BY THOMAS HOOD.

[A NOVEL, by the author of the *Comic Annual*, has long been upon the publisher's stocks; considerable anxiety has, therefore, been manifested for its appearance. And, here it is, enlivened with sketches and bits of character, mostly in a fine vein of humour, and now and then darkened with an incident of suffering. These are drawn with a high relish for the ludicrous, a keen perception of the ridiculous, and an excellent spice of the acceptable quality of entertainment. We care not to say whether the *story* comes up to the standard of a *novel*; and, it is certainly not a narrative that would be interesting in condensation. We shall, therefore, be content to detach a few of the introductory outlines of the characters, which are as amusing as any pages of Mr. Hood's five *Comic Annals*.]

"Unlucky Joe."

Joseph Spiller, the unfortunate postilion thus referred to, was a living example of that cross-grained fate, which attends upon certain devoted individuals through life. Born under an evil star, probably a falling one, he had been oftener thrown from the saddle, or pitched from the bar, than any postboy of his standing, or rather sitting. He was literally a marked man in a stricter sense than the term generally implies, for the bridge of his nose was broken, he had lost one eye, with the whole of his front teeth, and had a limp in his left leg—personal deadends levied against him from mishaps purely accidental. He had been a careful driver, and a sober, but sometimes the commissioners of roads left stumbling blocks in his path, sometimes he was the victim of inexperienced or inebriated charioteers who drove against him; and above all he had the luck of being associated with more stumblers, kickers, shyers, and other four-legged vices, than any boy of his school. He had had as many horses killed under him as Prince Eugene, and more runaways than the driver of the last stage to Gretna-green. Rendered superstitious at last, by such a succession of mishaps, poor Joe had become something of a fatalist; he

gave up inspecting the harness, or looking at the linchpins, and was never particularly ready to pull up his horse's head in case of a stumble. "It was all one," he said, "as to how a horse was held in hand if he was rid by a hunfortunate fellow that was borney on a Friday." Want of care thus coalescing with want of luck, an increased number of casualties obtained for Joe the unenviable name of "unlucky."

A Fox-hunting Baronet.

In the list of hunting appointments, as given in the County Chronicle, the meeting of the H—— Hounds for Saturday, the 20th of November, was advertised to take place at Windmill Grange, a fixture which brought the pack into the vicinity of Harway's public house. The morning was beautiful for hunting, that is to say, what some people would have called rather muggy, with very little wind from the south, and a cloudy sky. Owing to this auspicious weather the field was more numerous than usual; and the sportsmen welcomed with peculiar pleasure the first appearance for the season of their old friend and leader Sir Mark Tyrel, of Tylney Hall, the master of the hunt. During the last two months a martyr to the gout, though he would rather have been one of Fox's Martyrs, he had never mounted a horse. The woeful case of Witherington in Chevy Chase was light compared with the Baronet's, who had thus four legs taken from under him, for, in reality, he was a modern Centaur. He did not, however, make as manful a flight as the bold Esquire in the ballad—like the ancient knights, he felt quite helpless when unhorsed, and, after a feeble struggle, surrendered himself quietly into the hands of Dr. Bellamy, the family physician. The Doctor, a formalist of the old school, was, like Ollapod, a great advocate for spring physic, and having vainly tried for some years past to persuade Sir Mark to go through a course of May medicine, seized with avidity on an opportunity for making him swallow the whole arrears in November. Accordingly he drenched his patient so vigorously, that the latter began sometimes to doubt whether he had not better have called in the professional assistance of Master Burton, a practitioner whose prescriptions were administered by help of a pitchfork and a cow's horn. It is impossible to say how far he might have been eventually reduced, if he had not washed down every lowering draught with a large bumper of Madeira, in furtherance of which, his housekeeper, who was no friend to Sangrado, caused his gruel to become caudle, and his broth to be as like soup as possible:—the best way, she said, to keep the gout from flying to his stomach, was by filling it with something else. By a similar freedom his barley-water was rendered into Burton ale.

and his composing draught into a bishop. At last, on a Saturday morning, when the doctor called with a design of allowing a little air and gentle exercise in a garden chair, he was informed that his patient had suffered a relapse into health, and had gone off suddenly on Bedlamite, to meet the hounds at Windmill Grange.

The Country Doctor.

At first sight you were in doubt whether to set him down as a doctor or a pedagogue, for his dress presented one very characteristic appendage of the latter; namely, a square-cut black coat, which never was, never would be, and probably never had been, in the fashion. A profusion of cambric frill, huge silver shoe-buckles, a snuff-box of the same metal, and a gold-headed cane, belonged rather to the costume of a physician of the period. He wore a very precise wig of a very decided brown, regularly crisped at the top like a bunch of endive, and in front following the exact curves of the arches of two bushy eyebrows. He had dark eyes, a prominent nose, and a wide mouth, the corners of which, in smiling, were drawn downward towards his double chin. A florid colour on his face hinted a plethoric habit, while a portly body and a very short, thick neck bespoke an apoplectic tendency. Warned by these indications, prudence had made him a strict water-drinker, and abstemious in his diet—a mode of treatment which he applied to all his patients, short or tall, stout or thin, with whom, whatever their disease, he invariably began by reducing them, as an arithmetician would say, to their lowest terms. This mode of treatment raised him so much in the estimation of the parochial authorities, that, with their usual, economical tenderness towards the poor-rates, except when vestry dinners were concerned, they unanimously conferred on him the appointment of parish-doctor, under a well-grounded conviction that, in his dietetic prescriptions, he would never over-pamper the pauper bodies confided to his care. His deportment was characterized by a profusion of ceremonious bows, and set complimentary phrases, borrowed, probably, from some antiquated code of manners that he had studied in his youth, and which he delivered with such pomp of emphasis and set solemnity of face, that the dignified title of Dr. Bellamy invariably degenerated, behind his back, into the more popular alias of Old Formality.

Dreaming.

Contrary to the received opinion, that sleep, as a mirror, reflects back merely the predominant images of the waking mind—it more frequently happens that the imagination, released from the control of the external senses, flies with a truant spirit, to scenes and deeds as remote as possible from

those of its daily bondage. The night-cap is its cap of liberty. On this principle the felon in the condemned cell—during that awful season, when, contrary to the calendar of time, the shortest night and the longest are within a few hours of each other—instead of erecting visionary scaffolds, haunted by a horrible phantasmagoria of the demons of crime and remorse, instead of withering under fiend-like impersonations of shame, terror, scorn, and human vengeance, he wanders through woods dear to boyhood, or angles placidly in some well-remembered stream; with thoughts as pure and calm as its lucid waters. Even thus, in lieu of dallying “with graves, and worms, and epitaphs,” the discursive fancy of the sleeping invalid mounted with him like the pilgrim’s vision from “the Valley of the Shadow of Death,” to the Delectable Mountains of health, youth, and vigour. He was again a gallant soldier, bounding over the field of glory on a war-horse, gifted with an elasticity and power, exalted, by the soaring phantasy, to a pitch somewhat supernatural. Anon, “a change came o’er the spirit of his dream:” he was disgraced for some undefined crime, and fallen under the extreme sentence of a court-martial. The troops were drawn up, the sentence was read, the firing party took their station, the command was given, the volley roared, and the victim awoke—the rattle of the musketry, by a marvellous phenomenon in dreaming, coinciding exactly with the thundering double knock of the physician.

The Doctor’s Bay.

Doctors’ boys, like chimney-sweeps, universally run very small, and Old Formality’s urchin really looked as stunted as if his board as well as his wages had been derived from his master’s shop. Perched at a door in charge of the old-fashioned, covered chaise, he looked actually like a periwinkle shrivelled in its shell. He had two, little, dark, bulging-looking eyes, set squinting in a long, pale, old face, in the middle of which stood a nose originally a pug, but made seemingly still pugger by its habitual turn-up at the nauseous freight that he commonly carried. His mouth had an appropriate screw-up of its own, as if hinting that he considered his place was to take out medicine, and not to take it in; while a chin of disproportionate length rested on a couple of linen dog-ears, which he called a collar. As for his livery, it was of a very decided blue, turned up with quite as decided a red, matching exactly the very colours of the two glass globes which by night glared over the doctor’s door—for, as yet, the chemists had not compounded those delicate tints, which, in our days, emulate the fashionable Parisian hues of *can de Nil*, *terre d’Egypte*, and *flammes d’enfer*. Small as the imp was, however, his prede-

cessor must have been smaller; for his clothes did not fit—his sleeves hung as distant from his sides as if he held an imaginary quatern-loaf under each arm, and his knee-breeches buttoned above his knee, his gaiters were an inch too short, and his shoes were as much too long, but were kept on by a liberal allowance of supplementary *top* thrust into each extremity. Nothing else was big enough for him save his hat, which he kept from extinguishing his eyes by wearing his pocket-handkerchief and two sheets of brown paper in the crown, as well as letting it rest on the collar of his coat behind, a collision which had given a truly clerical turn to the back of the brim. Gloves he had none, though, as far as appearance went, he scarcely needed them, his hands looking always too red or too blue to be taken for the natural skin.

Death of a Favourite Hunter.

The Baronet, at about his sixtieth visit to the front window, perceived the huntsman returning, like a discomfited captain of horse, with the remnant of his company at his heels. As they came at a footpace up the avenue, both horses and men hanging their heads, indicating the bodily and mental distress under which they laboured, Sir Mark, with a qualm as if the gout had at last reached his heart, abruptly turned his back on the doleful cavalcade, but unfortunately was confronted with a large painting of Bedlamite which hung on the opposite wall. "Ay," he ejaculated, apostrophizing the picture, "I was offered a cool two hundred for ye this very morning; but it isn't the guineas I care for," he added, with a quivering voice, for the anticipated catastrophe not only unhorsed but unmanned him. His next glance fell on an object no less painful, a noble silver cup and cover, the produce of a hunter's stakes, won by the same Bedlamite, but who was perhaps never to clear a hurdle again. Nor were these fears unfounded—Dick soon entered, stroking down his forelock with one hand, while the other brushed hastily across his eyes.

"It's a bad day's sport, your honour, if we had killed twenty foxes and never a vixen among 'em. It was Bedlamite and nothing else we see'd galloping across the Flats. I'll warrant he heard the bounds when he bolted off, and so coming to the gravel-pits, your honour, for he never refused anythin' that looked like a leap, he went slap at 'em, clearing seven good yards on end if he sprunged an inch, and lighting after all on his feet. I never see such a sight in life since the crazy nursemaid that flinged herself out o' the garret window. He was struck up all of a heap like, with his legs jammed into his body. You'd have thought his whirl bones and stifles was a coming out at his lines."

"There's amen, then," sighed the Baronet, "to the best hunter in England, whether as a goer or a fencer—I'd rather have put down five hundred guineas—but it's too late now, the breath's gone—poor fellow, I shall never see his like—d'ye mind Dick the pual he gave me at the ex-fence with the ditch on t'other side,—but he'll never put out my collar-bone again."

"And please your honour," answered Dick, "exceptin' a bit of a snivel for my own father, I never knew what crying was till this blessed day. If he had died in the field after a hard run, it would have been a different matter, but to break his neck down a gravel-pit and without a livin' soul on his back, is pitiful to think on. But I see Master Ringwood is beginnin' to wince, and so I'll say no more—but he'll be missed in the grooming to-morrow;" so saying, the huntsman gave what he would have called a cross between a nod and a bow, and if in opposition to a horse-laugh, there be such a thing as a horse-sigh, with that very kind of respiration he quitted the apartment. In the mean time, Sir Mark had commenced pacing up and down the room, his custom when he was much excited, and was muttering to himself in broken sentences—

"Ay, ay, a black day sure enough—first poor Herbert, and then the grey horse—the best brother—and the best hunter that ever topped a fence. But misfortune, as they say, always shoots right and left with a double barrel. Here's Bedlamite on one hand with a broken neck, and yonder's my own brother laid out for burying—seven good yards into a gravel-pit; as for that Joe, lucky or unlucky, when I meet him, I'll ride over him—with his whirl bones and stifles coming out of his loins—God's will be done, but it's hard to bear—two deaths in one day—two deaths in one day."

In the meantime the carcass of Bedlamite, as a morsel too noble for crows or hounds, was carefully brought home, in order to undergo a formal interment, which it subsequently received under a mound in the Park; and Mr. Richard Tablet was commissioned to erect a monument on the site. As the worthy master mason had no architectural invention of his own, he literally copied his obelisk, cherubim and all, from a certain one in the village churchyard, to the memory of Mrs. Eleanor Cobb. Some persons wondered that he did not even copy the *Resurgam* of the original, instead of *Requiescat in Pace*; but as the village sculptor always pronounced *pace* as one syllable, it seemed to him the aptest inscription in the world for a dead horse.

The Gatherer.

Short Sight.—Dean Cowper, of Durham, who was very economical of his wine, desecrating one day on the extraordinary performance of a man who was blind, he remarked, that the poor fellow could see no more than "that bottle." "I do not wonder at it at all, Sir," replied a minor canon at table, "for we have seen no more than that bottle all the afternoon." J. A.

Contentment and Resignation.—It is recorded of Fenelon, that when his library was on fire, "God be praised," said he, "that it is not the habitation of some poor man."—How peculiarly placid must the mind of Dr. Watts have been, when, in the prospect of death, he said, "I bless God I can lie down with comfort at night, unsolicitous whether I awake in this world or another." J. B.

Good Breeding.—Lord Carteret, while Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, went one day, unattended, to Dr. Delany's, to whom he was much attached, and told him that he had come to dine with him. The Doctor thanked his Excellency for the honour he conferred on him, and invited him to walk in the garden, which his lordship did with great good humour. After they had been there a few minutes, the servant came to inform them that dinner was on the table. The Doctor had generally something suited to the season for himself and his mother, to whom he behaved with true filial tenderness and respect. The old lady did the honours of the table, and the host never made any apology for the entertainment, but said to his lordship,—

To stomachs cloyed with costly fare,
Simplicity alone is rare.

This conduct was highly agreeable to Lord Carteret, who, though a courtier, hated ceremony when he sought pleasure. His Excellency, after the cloth was taken away, and the bottle introduced, told the Doctor that he always believed him to be a well-bred man, but never had so clear a demonstration of it as he had this day seen. "Others," said his lordship, "on whom I have made the same experiment, have met me in as much confusion as if I came to arrest them for high treason; nay, they would not give me a moment of their conversation, which, (and not their dinner,) I sought, but hurried from me; and then, if I had any appetite, deprived me of it by their fulsome apologies for defects, and unnecessary profusion." J. A.

Goldsmith, though his figure had no positive deformity, was, when young, not of the most perfect description, being remarkably short and squat; yet he was lively, active, and particularly fond of dancing. One evening, a large company being assembled at his uncle's, he was asked to dance, when he

complied, and was accompanied on the violin by a schoolfellow. The latter indulged himself in some sarcastic sallies on Goldsmith's person, of which the future poet took no notice at the time; but, when the dance was finished, he composed and handed the following couplet to his fiddling friend, who never afterwards ventured to repeat his illiberal reflections:—

A scraping herald did proclaim this saying,
See *Asop* dancing, and his monkey playing.

J. A.

Poetry is like brown bread; those who make it at home, never approve of what they meet with elsewhere.

Bristol is as bad as London, without being as good.

I used to wonder why people should be so fond of the company of their physician, till I recollected that he is the only person with whom one dares talk continually of oneself, without interruption, contradiction, or censure.—*Mrs. H. More.*

The most extraordinary of Indian fishes is that small species which appears after the rainy season in places previously dry. It is caught by the natives on the island of Bombay, on the tenth day after the first rains, and is a common dish at their tables. Naturalists have suggested many modes of accounting for this phenomenon; some imagine the spawn may have been brought inland by the water-fowl; others that it is caught up by the whirlwinds, which rage with tremendous force at the commencement of the rainy season, and afterwards showered down upon the land in the torrents which then escape from the clouds; others that these fishes were originally frogs, but transformed by some wondrous process of nature as the chrysalis is transformed into the butterfly. The mango-fish, of a brilliant orange colour, like a ripe mango, swims up the Ganges as far as Calcutta, in the month of June, spawns, and returns to the sea in six weeks. The mullet, as it swims against the stream with its head above water, is shot like a bird.*

* Hamilton's Description, vol. i. p. 28.

Erratum.—In the Description of Exeter Hall, at page 355, the "union-jack," instead of the royal standard, is stated to have been placed upside down.

THE SECOND SUPPLEMENT OF THE

Spirit of the Annuals, 1835:

With a fine Engraving from the *Landscape Annual*; and Tales, Sketches, and Extracts, in prose and verse, from the *Book of Beauty*; the *Amulet*; the *Forget-me-Not*; the *Keepsake*; and the *Comic Almanac*, No. 689 contains the First "Annuals" Supplement.

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COLOSSAL INDIAN IDOLS.

THREE stupendous objects of superstitious worship are situated in a valley of the Hindoo Koosh, or Snowy Mountains, a western tail of the vast Himalaya, and the northern bulwark of that interesting and little explored country in Central Asia, which is known as Afghanistan, (or the country of the Afghans,) and under the appellation of the kingdom of Cabool.*

These idols are among the most singular objects recorded by Lieutenant Burnes, in his very recent Travels through the above country.† They are the naturo-artificial curiosities of the village of Bameean, which the

Traveller reached after surmounting the "everlasting snows" of the Hindoo Koosh. Lieutenant Burnes's Engraving of the idols, whence the above cut is copied, is worth a hundred descriptions; but, as ours is not merely a pictorial work, and the subject may be altogether new to the reader, we shall condense the Lieutenant's descriptive details, with a notice of his previous day's journey.

Early in the morning of the 22nd of May, Lieutenant Burnes and his party commenced the ascent of the pass of Hajeeguk, which was about 1,000 feet above them, and 12,400 feet from the sea. The frozen snow bore their horses, and they reached the summit before the sun's influence had softened it. The thermometer fell 4° below the freezing point; the cold was very oppressive, though the travellers were clad in skins with the fur inside, and Lieutenant Burnes often blessed the good Nawab of Cabool, who had forced a pelisse of otter-skin upon him. The passage was not achieved without adventure, for there was no road to guide the travellers through the snow; and the surveyor, along with his horse, went rolling down a declivity,

* We have styled these Idols "Indian," as Cabool was formerly comprehended under the general appellation of India; and long ranked as a province belonging to the Mogul emperors; but this was in consequence of these warlike rulers having conquered India, and transferred thither the seat of their empire. The district, it is obvious, bears a much closer relation to Persia and Tartary.

† Travels into Bokhara; being the Account of a Journey from India to Cabool, Tartary, and Persia; also Narrative of a Journey on the Indus, from the Sea to Lahore, &c. in the years 1831, 32, and 33. By Lieutenant Alexander Burnes, F. R. S. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1834.

one after the other, for about thirty yards. This exhibition in front served to guide the rear to a better path; but it was impossible to resist laughing at the Jack and Jill expedition of the poor surveyor and his horse; he, a round figure wrapped up in fur, and far outstripping his long-shanked animal, which made deeper indentations in the snow. The party were about to commence the ascent of the pass of Kaloo, which is still 1,000 feet higher than that of Hageejuk; but their progress was again arrested by snow: they doubled it by passing round its shoulder, and took a side path through a valley watered by a tributary of the Oxus, which led them to Bameean.

The scenery of this valley is very grand. Frightful precipices hung over the adventurous travellers; and many a fragment beneath informed them of their instability. For about a mile it was impossible to proceed on horseback, and they advanced on foot with a gulf beneath them. The dell presented a beautiful section of the mountains to the eye of the geologist; and, though a by-path, appeared to have been fortified in former years, as innumerable ruins testified. Some of these were pointed out as remnants of the post-houses of the Mogul emperors; but by far the greater number were assigned to the age of Zohak, an ancient king of Persia. One castle, in particular, at the northern termination of the valley, and commanding the gorge, had been constructed with great labour on the summit of a precipice, and was ingeniously supplied with water. It would be useless to record all the fables of the people regarding these buildings.

Bameean, (says Lieutenant Burnes,) is celebrated for its colossal idols, and innumerable excavations, which are to be seen in all parts of the valley, for about eight miles, and still form the residence of the greater part of the population. They are called "Soomuch" by the people. A detached hill in the middle of the valley is quite *honeycombed* by them, and brings to our recollection the Troglydites of Alexander's historians: it is said to have been the work of a king named Julal. The hills at Bameean are formed of indurated clay and pebbles, which render their excavation comparatively easy. The caves are dug on both sides of the valley, but the greater number lie on the northern face, where are the idols: altogether they form an immense city. Labourers are frequently hired to dig in them; and their trouble is rewarded by rings, relics, coins, &c. They generally bear Cufic inscriptions, and are of a later date than the age of Mohammed. These excavations, or houses, have no pretensions to architectural ornament, being only square holes in the hill, and in no respect comparable with the excavated temples of India.

But some of the caves are finished in the shape of a dome, and have a carved frieze below the point from which the cupola springs. The inhabitants tell many remarkable tales of the caves of Bameean; one in particular, that a mother had lost her child among them, and recovered it after a lapse of twelve years. This story need not be believed; but it will convey an idea of the extent of these subterranean works. There are excavations on all sides of the idols; and below the larger one, half a regiment might find quarters.

There are no relics of Asiatic antiquity which have roused the curiosity of the learned more than the gigantic idols of Bameean. They consist of two figures, a male and female; the one named Silsal, the other Shahmama. The figures are cut in *alto rilievo* on the face of the hill, and represent two colossal images. The male is the larger of the two, and about 120 feet high. It occupies a front of 70 feet; and the niche in which it is excavated extends about that depth into the hill. This idol is mutilated, both legs having been fractured by cannon, and the countenance above the mouth destroyed. The lips are very large; the ears long and pendent; and there appears to have been a tiara on the head. The figure is covered by a mantle, which hangs over it in all parts, and has been formed of a kind of plaster; the image having been studded with wooden pins in various places to assist in fixing it. The figure is itself without symmetry; nor is there much elegance in the drapery. The hands, which held out the mantle, have been both broken. The female figure is more perfect than the male, and has been dressed in the same manner. It is cut in the same hill, at a distance of 200 yards, and is about half the size. It was not discoverable whether the smaller idol was a brother or sister of the colossus, but from the information of the natives.

The subjoined Engraving will convey a better idea of these idols than a more elaborate description. The square and arched apertures, which appear in the print, represent the entrances to the different caves; and through these is a road which leads to the summit of both the images. In the lower caves, the caravans to and from Cabool generally halt; and the upper ones are used as granaries by the community.

But, a more remarkable curiosity in the idols of Bameean remains to be noticed. The niches of both have been once plastered, and ornamented with paintings of human figures, which have disappeared from all parts but that immediately over the heads of the idols. Here the colours are vivid, and the paintings are as distinct as in the Egyptian tombs. There is little variety in the design of these figures; which represent the

bust of a woman with a knob of hair on the head, and a plaid thrown half over the chest; the whole surrounded by a halo, and the head again by another halo. In one part could be traced a group of three female figures following each other. The execution of the work was indifferent, and not superior to the pictures which the Chinese paint in imitation of an European artist.

The traditions of the people respecting the idols of Bameean are vague and unsatisfactory. It is stated that they were excavated about the Christian era, by a tribe of Kaffirs, (infidels,) to represent a king named Silsal, and his wife, who ruled in a distant country, and was worshipped for his greatness. The Hindoos assert that the idols were excavated by the Pandoors, and that they are mentioned in the great epic poem of the Mahaburat. Certain it is, that the Hindoos, on passing these idols at the present day, hold up their hands in adoration: they do not make offerings, and the custom may have fallen into disuse since the rise of Islam. Conjecture also attributes these images to the Boodhists; and the long ears of the great figure render the surmise probable. Lieutenant Burnes did not trace in them any resemblance to the colossal figures in the caves of Salsette, near Bombay; but the shape of the head is not unlike that of the great tri-faced idol of Elephanta. In the paintings over the idols, the Lieutenant observed a close resemblance to the images of the Jain temples in Western India, on Mount Abou, Girnar and Politana in Kattywar: the figures are apparently female; they are very rude, though the colours in which they are sketched are bright and beautiful.

Lastly, Lieutenant Burnes observes:—

"There is nothing in the images of Bameean to evince any great advancement in the arts, or what the most common people might not have easily executed. They cannot, certainly, be referred to the Greek invasion; nor are they mentioned by any of the historians of Alexander's expedition. I find, in the history of Timourlane, that both the idols and excavations of Bameean are described by Sherif o deen, his historian. The idols are there stated to be so high that none of the archers could strike the head. They are called Lat and Munat; two celebrated idols which are mentioned in the Koran: the writer also alludes to the road which led up to their summit from the interior of the hill. There are no inscriptions at Bameean to guide us in their history; and the whole of the later traditions are so mixed up with Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed, who, we well know, never came into this part of Asia, that they are most unsatisfactory. It is by no means improbable that we owe the idols of Bameean to the caprice of some person of rank, who resided in this cave-digging neigh-

bourhood, and sought for an immortality in the colossal images which we have now described.

"Bameean is subject to Cabool: it would appear to be a place of high antiquity; and is, perhaps, the city which Alexander founded at the base of Paropamisus, before entering Bactria. The country, indeed, from Cabool to Balkh, is yet styled 'Bakhtur Zumeen,' or Bakhtur country. The name of Bameean is said to be derived from its elevation,—*"bam"* signifying balcony, and the affix *"eean"* country. It may be so called from the caves rising one over another in the rock."

LINES ON THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

"See the leaves around us falling."—*Bishop Horne.*
His leafy robe pale Autumn now resigns,
Chill'd by rude winds which chide his ling'ring stay;
While marching on from bleak, tempestuous climes,
Fierce Winter next resumes his despot sway.
Strip'd of its verdure now's the landscape bare,
Its charms all perish'd, we no more behold;
Wither'd and wan lie strewn on Earth's cold bier,
Her rich dress'd flowers and fruitage ting'd with gold.
Emblem of thee, proud Man! the seasons' doom!
Though Youth's fresh honours now surround the gay;
When Age destroying shall like Winter come,
And round thy temples hang her whitest grey.
EWERT.

EARLS AND DUKES OF GLOUCESTER.

HENRY the First created his natural son, Robert, Earl of Gloucester: he fought for his sister against King Stephen, at the siege of Lincoln Castle, where he took Stephen prisoner; but Stephen's brother, bishop of Winchester, took Robert prisoner, and exchanged him for the King. This nobleman died about 1150. The title afterwards came into the Clare family; Richard de Clare being Earl of Gloucester in the reign of King John. His son, Gilbert, succeeding, espoused the cause of the Earl of Leicester against Henry the Third; but, at the battle of Lewes, Leicester refused to allow him to ransom a royal prisoner, which so offended the Earl, that he went over to Prince Edward's side. He married the Princess Jane of Acre, daughter of Edward the First. After his death, his widow married Sir Ralph de Monthermer, who was created Earl of Gloucester. His son succeeding, accompanied Edward the Second in his unfortunate expedition to Scotland, and was slain at the battle of Bannockburn. His sister was married to Hugh de Spenser, the unprincipled favourite of Edward the Second; and he was made Earl of Gloucester. The barons soon becoming jealous of Spenser, he was beheaded.

Edward the Third made his sixth son, Thomas of Woodstock, the first Duke of Gloucester; but this ambitious prince so

offended his nephew, Richard the Second, by opposing the interests of his favourites, that he caused him to be carried prisoner to Calais, where, shortly after, it was said he died of apoplexy; though it was ultimately proved that he was basely murdered by his nephew's orders. Richard gave the title next to Lord Spenser, one of his minions. Upon the accession of Henry the Fourth, he created his third son, Duke of Gloucester, whom Shakspeare calls "the good Duke Humphrey;" but, the Queen Margaret of Anjou, being jealous of his popularity, caused him to be murdered. The next duke was the tyrant Richard the Third. After his death at Bosworth Field, the title remained dormant till the reign of Charles the First, who created his fourth son, Henry, Duke of Gloucester; this prince died in his twentieth year. In 1689, Queen Anne's son, William, was invested with the title, but died in the following year.

In 1743, a son of Frederic, Prince of Wales, was created Duke of Gloucester, and was succeeded by his son, the late Duke, who was born in 1776, January 15th; died December 1st, 1834.

A. F.

The Sketch-Book.

THE MYSTERIOUS PAINTING.

[THIS amusing trifle is translated from the Chinese into French, by M. Stanislaus Julien; and again translated, as follows, in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*.]

Under the Ming dynasty, in the early part of the fifteenth century, there lived an old governor named Ni, who, at the advanced age of eighty, being struck with the beauty of Mei-chi, one of his farmers' daughters, took her to wife. This extraordinary proceeding gave great offence to his son Chen-ki, a sordid miser, who feared that the young spouse might inherit a large portion of the old man's property. His fears were greatly increased when a son was born to Ni, and Chen-ki loudly declared that he would never acknowledge the child as his brother. Chen-chu was the name given by the fond governor to the child of his old age: he had scarcely attained the age of five years, when Ni was attacked by a fever, the symptoms of which were declared mortal. Chen-ki presented himself to his father, and received from him a will in which, contrary to his expectations, he found himself named sole heir to the entire property. Mei-chi protested against an arrangement which left both herself and her little boy at the mercy of an avaricious enemy; but the governor told her that otherwise their lives would not be safe, and gave her a painting which she was to keep until her son attained the age of manhood, and then send for explanation to some very intelligent magistrate.

On the death of Ni, Chen-ki drove Mei-chi and her boy from the palace, but permitted them to reside in a ruined summer-house at the bottom of the garden. Here they struggled with poverty until Chen-chu had attained his fourteenth year.

Arrived at this age, the poor boy began to reflect on his condition; and with the usual imprudence of youth, ventured to remonstrate with the elder brother in very angry terms. Chen-ki drove him from his presence with stripes; and to avoid any future remonstrance, sent him and his mother to a distant farm, too barren to cause any reluctance in his miserly bosom for parting with it. Chen-chu remonstrated with his mother for tamely going into hopeless exile; and she, overcome by his importunities, revealed the secret of the mysterious painting. The boy asked to see it; his mother produced it, and when opened it proved to be a portrait of Ni. Chen-chu prostrated himself before the representation of his father, and then proceeded to examine the picture more attentively.

He beholds a person of importance seated, clothed in a dress of rich silk, with hair white as snow, the traits of whose countenance had such truth of expression that it was impossible almost to avoid believing that a living man, and not a picture, was before him. One hand held a young child pressed closely to the bosom; the other, turned downwards, seemed to point at the ground.

The picture afforded ample scope for conjecture, both to the mother and son; but they felt that guessing was but an idle waste of time, and Chen-chu resolved to search out an intelligent magistrate, as his father had directed. The very next day, when on his road to a neighbouring village, he heard of a case of the detection of two murderers by circumstantial evidence, which showed wondrous skill in the magistrate that conducted the investigation. To him he went, accompanied by his mother, related all the circumstances, and placed the portrait in his hands.

For several days the magistrate spent hours in examining the painting without being able to penetrate the mystery; accident at length proved his friend.

One evening the magistrate went on his terrace again to examine the painting, and, whilst contemplating it, ordered tea to be brought. Whilst turning to take the cup from his servant, his foot tripped, and he spilled a portion of the tea over the picture. Laying down the cup, he took the picture in both hands, and went to hang it from the balustrade, that it might be dried by the heat of the sun. Suddenly a ray of light illuminated the picture, and showed him, between two leaves of paper, several perpendicular lines which resembled writing. The magistrate was struck, he at once unrolled the paper and found that the governor had con-

cealed under his picture an important communication.

The paper, in effect, renewed the former bequest to Chen-ki, but reserved to Chen-chu a little cottage to the left of his father's palace. It stated, however, that under the floor of this cottage a sum of money was concealed equivalent to the estates possessed by Chen-ki; and it directed, that from this sum one thousand pieces of gold should be paid to the ingenious magistrate who might penetrate the mystery of the picture.

The magistrate issued an order for a trial of the question respecting the inheritance of the late governor Ni in Chen-ki's palace, and commanded Mei-chi and her son to attend. They came alone, while Chen-ki was supported by a crowd of friends and relations. When the judge entered, instead of taking the seat prepared for him, he made a profound salutation as if it had been already occupied, affecting to see in it the ghost of governor Ni.

All the company, observing his gestures and movements, which seemed to announce that he conversed with an invisible being, dared not stir a step. They remained ranged in two lines, and regarded him with an air of stupefaction.

Suddenly the judge, crossing his arms on his breast, made a low bow: "your wife," said he, (addressing the supposed spirit of the governor,) "has placed in my hands a complaint respecting the disposal of your inheritance. Are the assertions she makes true?"

Having spoken, he assumed the air of a person listening with profound and respectful attention; then, shaking his head and looking surprised, he said, "What! is it possible that your eldest son can have displayed such perversity?" He appeared to listen for a moment. "Where do you wish that your second son should find the means of existence?"

After a pause of some moments, "What resources can the wretched house of which you speak afford?"—a pause;—"I obey, I obey;"—a pause. "I shall take every means of securing your second son his inheritance; be assured I shall pay every attention to your wishes."

He then made several salutations, and assumed the look of a man declining a favour. "It is impossible for me to accept so rich a gift;"—a pause. "Well, since you insist upon it I must comply."

Pretending that the spirit now beckoned him away, he called on the rest of the company to follow, and convinced them of the reality of the vision by accurately describing from the picture the features of governor Ni. He then led them to the little cottage which he declared Ni had designed to be the *apartment* of his younger son. As the cottage was in ruins, and had been long used only

as a lumber store, Chen-ki glad to get off so well, cheerfully assigned it to his brother. No sooner was the deed of gift complete, than the judge revealed the secret of the hidden treasure, which he assigned to Chen-chu. He did not forget, at the same time, to take the thousand pieces of gold assigned to himself: thus, as the Chinese author says, fulfilling the proverb, "when the crab and the gull fall out, the fisherman profits by the quarrel."

The Naturalist.

DELIGHTS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE sight of a new flower to a common mind imparts no new idea—calls forth no train of meditation. But to the botanist it is far otherwise. He considers the circumstances that influence the habitat of the plant, and its distribution on the earth; he examines its history and its qualities; and a weed, in the eye of the common observer, will be to him a gem of the first water. Linnaeus fell on his knees with admiration, when, on visiting England, he first contemplated a gorse-bush; and when we consider the phenomena exhibited in the natural distribution of plants, he was equally justified as we should be at expressing pleasure at the sight of the most splendid exotic production. If the enthusiasm of the botanist is sometimes smiled at, it is only because such emotions seem too refined for the gross feelings of the busy mass of mankind; but it is necessary that such feelings should be occasionally referred to; they are intimately connected with devotion, and should be cherished by the moralist. We cannot help admiring the simplicity and pure love of botanical knowledge displayed by young Pyppon, a poor Swedish boy, met with by Dr. E. D. Clarke, at Torneo, the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia. This young man was a poor widow's son, who had placed him as an apprentice with the apothecary of the place. Self-taught he had become familiar with the botany of the district, and brought the learned traveller various rare plants, appearing without either shoes or stockings. When Dr. Clarke resumed his journey, he asked Pyppon what he could send him from England, when the young botanist replied—"If you should remember me when you arrive in your own country, send me the *Drosera longifolia*; for I am told it is a common plant in England." The imagination cherishes these bright images it has delighted in, to the close of life; for, in botanical pursuits, there is nothing but what can impart purity and serenity even to the death-bed; and the ministers of religion have themselves often resorted to floral illustration. * * * * *

How affecting is the anecdote of the old publican, who, living in a romantic neighbourhood, and familiar with rare plants and

the visits of botanists, when, on his death-bed, enlivened for a moment by the warm gleams of a spring sun, called to his niece, and said—"Mary, it is a fine morning; go and see if the *Scilla verna* is in flower." Lestiboudois, an horticulturist and botanist of Lille, who lived to the age of ninety, gave lectures in the very last year of his life, and when he had but a few hours to live, he ordered snowdrops, violets, and crocuses to be brought to his bed, and having passed a happy life in the study of the vegetable wonders of the Deity, as he recalled with gratitude the favours he had received while gazing upon the flowers he loved; so, in looking forward with tranquillity to his dissolution, he believed no brighter or more consolatory emotions could calm his soul than would be derived from the sight of flowers.

* * * * *

Man seeks his truest happiness in directing his attention to the works of God. The objects of ambition a breath may destroy; but the pleasures of the naturalist are ever pure and bright as the source from which they emanate, and incapable of decay. His are unalloyed pleasures, where no care intrudes, which no revolution can endanger, and no reverse of fortune destroy:—

"The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs his calm repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose."

The turmoil of the world may lose its power to please, and the aerial castles formed by ardent hope may vanish away; but the beauties of vegetation, and the varied face of nature, will still impart a perennial charm, of which none can deprive us.—[From a clever Lecture, delivered before the Natural History Society of Worcester, by Edwin Lees.]

CURIOUS FISH.

THE following account of a curious fish is given in *Wilderspin's Early Discipline*:—"A friend and myself were bathing one morning, as we had done before, and determined to swim out and rest on a certain rock. He generally took the lead, and while following, I was suddenly struck as by an electric shock. I then discovered that I had swum on a gelatinous substance, about three feet in diameter, which proved to be a fish surrounded with atings. In a moment it covered or enwrapped me, so that every part of my body was stung; and I could only disengage myself by tearing the animal from me piecemeal, at the peril of my hands, which were just as if I had poured vitriol upon them. With great difficulty I swam back towards the shore; but when I reached the machine, I had not strength to dress, and was afterwards led home between

two persons. A medical friend ordered an application of oil and vinegar. Intense agony, which I can compare to nothing but the being stung by thousands of wasps, continued for eight hours, and had it not terminated then, I must have sunk beneath the torture. As soon as the pain from the surface of the body was mitigated, I felt an internal soreness, was unable to eat for two days, and inflammation of the thorax continued for a fortnight."* W. G. C.

THE TEAK.

AMONG the forest or timber-trees of India, (says a recent writer,) the first place in utility, and far from the last in majestic beauty, must be given to the teak, (*Tectona grandis*.) The teak is not universally diffused over the country; but in the places where it is found, it is generally so abundant as to give a character to the forest. Its chief localities are the Western Ghats, the Rajahmundry Hills in the Godavery, in the back country of the Circars, in the east side of the Bay of Bengal, in the vicinity of Chittagong. The places on the west coast, where this valuable timber is most abundant, are the coasts of Canara and Malabar; in the former of which it is most accessible, but the trees are of larger dimensions in the latter. As has been too often the case with natural forests, however, it appears that more attention has been paid to the cutting down of the existing teak, than to the insuring a fresh supply when that shall be exhausted. More than three thousand trees are cut down annually in the district of Canara, and no mention is made that any are planted. Those who look only to the present time never bear in mind the fact, that when the more valuable forest-trees of any country, or even those that have not been planted by the hand of man, are cut down straight forward, the same species very seldom springs up as a succession. Furze and brambles now luxuriate in some places of England, where once were lofty oaks; and where there would have been oaks still, if the trees had been thinned, and not extirpated. Heath and moss are in the same manner occupying the place of the pine forests that have been cut down on the Scottish mountains; and in Australia, which, in situation and climate more nearly resembles India, a comparatively useless acacia is said to occupy the place from which cedula and casuarina have been removed. The teak of the Malabar coast is reckoned better than that of the banks of Godavery, and both are said to be more compact than that from the east side of the bay. But, from whatever place it may come, the teak is a most valuable timber for all purposes that require strength.

* We have been told of such accidents being common to bathers off Calais.—*Ed. M.*

and especially for ship-building; for that purpose it is at least thus far superior to oak, that, while the tannin in the one tends to corrode iron bolts, there is a principle in the other by which they are preserved.—W. G. C.

THE ETA TREE

Is the grand succedaneum of, and is almost adored by, the Warows of South America, (as the cocoa-nut is by the Maldiva fishermen in the Indian Ocean.) The fruit tastes like cheese, and is eaten with the pith, manufactured into a kind of cake of the consistency of sago. The young leaf is woven into hammocks, ropes, and baskets. The old leaf thatches the house. The trunk, split up, incloses it, and makes the floor. The pith of the large arm of the leaf, split longitudinally, makes a sail for the corial or canoe; and, by raising the fibres of the arm, and placing a bridge under, they make a rude kind of viol, to the music of which they dance.—*Montgomery Martin.*

Spirit of Biscobery.

MORTALITY IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES OF EUROPE.

THERE annually dies 1 inhabitant in 28 in the Roman state and the ancient Venetian provinces; 1 in 30 in Italy in general, Greece, and Turkey; 1 in 39 in the Netherlands, France, and Prussia; 1 in 40 in Switzerland, the Austrian empire, Portugal, and Spain; 1 in 44 in European Russia and Poland; 1 in 45 in Germany, Denmark, and Sweden; 1 in 48 in Norway; 1 in 53 in Iceland; 1 in 58 in England; 1 in 59 in Scotland and Ireland.

These numbers present the following results:—

The smallest chances of life, and its shortest duration, are not, as one might believe, among the effects of the rigorous climate of Norway, or the marshy soil of Ireland; it is in the beautiful climate of Italy that life is reduced to its minimum extent. On the contrary, it is among the icy rocks of Iceland; in the midst of the eternal mists of Scotland, where man attains his greatest age.

Two great causes predominate over all others, determining the ratio of mortality to the population; or, in other words, regulating the number of the chances of human life; these are the influence of climate and civilization.

The smallest mortality in Europe occurs in maritime countries which are in the vicinity of the polar circle. Countries where the heat is moderate, are not, as might be supposed, among those which possess the advantage of a small mortality; to obtain it, they must acquire the benefits of a high state of social order.

The southern countries, the mild climate of which seems to be so favourable to the human race, are, on the contrary, regions where life is exposed to the greatest dangers. In the smiling plains of Italy, the chances of dying are one-half greater than those of cold and misty Scotland; and under the beautifully serene skies of Greece, the certainty of life is one-half less than among the glaciers of Iceland.

The ameliorations consequent on progressive civilization may be appreciated in a convincing manner, by inquiring what has been their influence on mortality during the last century, in the three European countries where their progress has been most obvious. If we collect England, Germany, and France, in one group, we find that the average term of mortality which, in that great and populous region, was formerly 1 in 30 people annually, is not, at present, more than 1 in 38. This difference reduces the number of deaths throughout these countries from 1,900,000 to less than 1,200,000 persons; and 700,000 lives, or 1 in 83, owe their preservation to the social ameliorations effected in the three countries of western Europe, whose efforts to obtain this object have been attended with the greatest success.

The life of man is thus not only embellished in its course by the advancement of civilization, but is even extended by it, and rendered less doubtful. The effects of the amelioration of the social condition, are to restrain and diminish, in proportion to the population, the annual number of births, and, in a still greater degree, that of deaths; on the contrary, a great number of births, equalled or even exceeded by that of deaths, is a characteristic sign of a state of barbarism. In the former case, as men in a mass reach the plenitude of their physical and social development, the population is strong, intelligent, and manly; whilst it remains in perpetual infancy where generations are swept off without being able to profit by the past, to bring social economy to perfection.—*Jameson's Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.*

MRS. SIDDONS.

(To the Editor.)

I SEND you a sketch of the Tithe Barn, now standing in the fields at the extremity of Holy Lane, in the parish of Bromsgrove, Worcestershire; in which the celebrated Mrs. Siddons, when Miss Kemble, and a member of her father's company of comedians, formerly performed. I am informed by a gentleman, a native and resident of Bromsgrove, that he witnessed her appearance in the above barn, about the year 1765 or 6, in a play entitled "Charles the First," in which she represented the character of a young princess; and my informant also witnessed



(Barn at Bromsgrove.)

there her performance of *Ariel*, in "The Tempest," and her singing between the acts of the play.

From the circumstance of its being well known by many of the inhabitants of the town of Bromsgrove, that the barn was formerly made use of by the Kemble family for the above-named purpose, I am induced to send you this sketch. The barn is now in so dilapidated a condition, that the proprietor will shortly take it down.

JOHN F. W. BOWDEN.

[We thank our Correspondent for this humble, yet interesting, memorial of genius, as well as for his congratulations and good wishes. The date, supplied by his informant, of Miss Kemble's performance in this barn, must be that of one of her earliest appearances, if not her first appearance, on the stage. We regret that Mr. Campbell, in his *Life of Mrs. Siddons*, lately published, does not enable us to settle the point, but rather adds to our doubt by a kind of information which is characteristic of his work, and which is little better than no information at all. Such as it is, we quote all that the poetical biographer supplies:]

I am unable to state the exact date of Mrs. Siddons's first appearance on the stage, but it must have been very early; for the company was offended at her appearance of childhood, and was for some time shaken with uproar. The timid *debutante* was about to retire, when her mother, with characteristic decision, led her to the front of the stage, and made her repeat the fable of the "Boys and the Frogs," which not only appeased the audience, but produced thunders of applause. At thirteen, she was the heroine in several English operas, and sang very tolerably. In the *History of Worcester*, there is found the copy of a play-bill, dated Feb. 12, 1767, in which Mr. Roger Kemble announces his company of comedians, as playing at the

King's Head, in that city; with a concert of music. The play was "Charles the First," by an actor named Havard, indifferently written, and from its subject ill calculated for the universal sympathy of a British audience. The characters were thus cast: *James, Duke of Richmond*, by Mr. Siddons, who was now an actor in Kemble's company; *James, Duke of York*, by Master John Kemble, who was then about twelve years old. *The Young Princess*, by Miss Kemble, then approaching to fourteen; *Lady Fairfax*, by Mrs. Kemble. Singing between the acts, by Mr. Fowler and Miss Kemble. In the April following, Master John Kemble is announced as *Philedel*, in "King Arthur," and Miss Kemble as *Ariel*, in "The Tempest."

The Public Journals.

THE DEAD AND THE LIVING.

[Our lively friend *Gilbert Gurney*, of the *New Monthly Magazine*, relates the following anecdote of his father-in-law, Mr. Wells, who, under the patronage of a bishop, his wife's relative, gives up the Law for the Church, takes orders, graduates at Cambridge, is furnished with a title, and ordained; from which point the narrative runs, with little abridgment, as follows:]

Having completed my metamorphosis, and become a deacon and a curate, I commenced doing duty. I confess I was a good deal alarmed at the sound of my own voice in reading; but when I came to preach, the recollection that there was no counsel on the other side to reply, put me somewhat at my ease—my good patron having lent me a sermon for the occasion, which turned out very effective, as I was told, although the omission of several pages in the middle of it, which I had unfortunately left at home by accident, rendered it not quite so connected as it might have been if I had had it all:

the mishap, however, had the effect of shortening it, which, perhaps, contributed to please the parishioners, some of whom, as it were, "slept, or seemed to sleep," not much admiring the practice of parsons who treat their texts as Dido did the hide, and lengthen them out until they encompass a very Byrsa of time.

With all decent speed, my patron ordained me priest, and never shall I forget the kind manner in which he addressed me upon the evening after my admission to that rank. "Mr. Wells," said he, "you are now placed—it now becomes your own affair to push yourself. I have given you my pledge that the first piece of preferment which falls in my gift shall be yours; but mark me—I have observed in your character something like carelessness of your own interests,—a dilatoriness,—a procrastination; recollect, that much of your success will depend upon your own activity. Very often vacancies occur in livings of which I do not hear for several days; other people are on the alert; and even before I have been made aware that I had the power to bestow the preferment, I have received applications from high quarters, which must be attended to, unless I have actually given away the benefice; therefore, be vigilant,—keep your eyes about you, and the moment you hear of a living dropping, start off directly to me; for I do assure you, seeing how much attached you and my niece are to each other, I am most anxious to put you in a situation to marry, although I entirely agree with her mother in the prudent postponement of your union until you have a home of your own, and are, in fact, established."

I need not add that I not only promised punctual obedience to his Lordship's instructions, but that I rigidly practised the course he recommended. I made a constant round of visits of inquiry after the health of all the most ancient incumbents in the diocese, and found to my infinite dissatisfaction, that they were all uncommonly well; and this salubrious state of things continued for some months, during which period I was placed in the extremely unpleasant position of what is called "waiting for dead men's shoes." At last my suspense ended: one day in January—sharp frost—"an eager and a nipping air"—I was on horseback, crossing Glanberry Hill—I heard the toll of a church bell, when casting my eye—as a fisherman would his bait, without the hope of a bite—into the valley below, there I saw—what—what do you think?

A funeral, wending its way out of Glanberry Parsonage towards the church door; the effect of the black procession upon the white snow was most remarkable. Glanberry was worth 800*l.* a-year, and in the Bishop's gift. In an instant, all his Lordship's alle-

gations against my activity and watchfulness flashed upon my mind—three weeks had elapsed since I had visited that neighbourhood, and then, "The rector was quite well." Still I did not know how to excuse myself to my patron for my palpable remissness, nor calculate the mischief the delay might have occasioned.

In order to ascertain the precise date of the event upon which so much depended, I pulled up at the corner of the deep-rutted lane which leads down to Glanberry village, and which looked, at the moment, like the top of a twelfth-cake considerably mangled about the sugar, and hailed one of the clods of the village.

"I say," cried I, "how long is it since Mr. Simpkinson died?"

"Last Monday, sir," said the man.

"He wasn't ill long?" asked I.

"Only three days, sir," said the man.

"That's just it, sir—we are here to-day, and gone to-morrow."

"Thank you, my friend," said I, resolving at all events, for once, however much I admired and admitted the pith of his remark upon the uncertainty of life, to reverse the principle in my own case. I muttered it to myself, "I shall be gone to-day, and *here* to-morrow," and putting spurs to my nag, hurried home to my intended mother-in-law's; and, without further delay, took a post-chaise to the first inn on the high road, and thence per Comet transported myself to London, where my right reverend patron had established himself, in order to attend his Parliamentary duties.

I need not detain you with an account of the kind reception I met with. The Bishop took me cordially by the hand, expressed not only his great delight at the vacancy, and the opportunity it afforded him of securing my happiness with Sarah—approving, too, in strong terms, of my activity and vigilance in having got the start of any other applicant. He pressed my hand again at parting, and wrote an extremely warm note, of which I was the bearer, to Mrs. Grimsthorpe, introducing me formally as the rector of Glanberry.

I mounted my horse and rode off to Glanberry, resolving to take no servant with me, nor give any indication of the object of my visit. Instead of mounting the hill, I kept along the lower left-hand road, and when I approached the boundaries of my parish, I pulled up into a walk, fearful lest the "very stones should prate of my whereabouts;" and having as quietly and unostentatiously as possible reached the second-rate inn, I delivered my nag to the ostler, and, telling him I should not be long gone, set forward upon what, however advantageous to me the results, I could not but feel to be a delicate and dis-

agreeable conversation with the late incumbent's family.

I approached the rectory; but, I must confess, strong as I was in the zeal of my new calling, I saw in my way thither many moving sights,—girls of tender years, evidently without control, and boys still yet their juniors, using language which, however venial I might have thought it when I occupied other stations, convinced me that the strictest attention had not been paid to the morals of the population. "This," said I to myself, "I will soon set to rights; and Sarah is so good and so devoted to works of charity and beneficence, that she will be a fitting help-mate in my labours." Many other things I saw, scarce worth enumerating now, which cried aloud for correction; and drawing good from evil, I felt rather gratified than otherwise, that something was left me to do, in order to raise myself in the estimation of the well-disposed portion of the inhabitants of Glanberry.

When I reached the rectory, I rang the bell—it sounded mournfully. How often had the late incumbent rang that bell, which, for nearly a quarter of a century, had announced to his watchful wife and children his return to his peaceful fireside. "How transient," thought I, "is everything of this world—the house in which he delighted—the grounds which he improved—the trees he planted—are now mine; and that study, through the windows of which the cheerful fire was wont to gleam at this time of the year, beside which he sat, and before which his favourite spaniel lay and slumbered—that, too, devolves on me—all his care—all his partiality were vain—and yet—so will it be with me, who am now so anxiously about to take possession of it."

A servant, in the deepest mourning, opened the gate. I asked, in a tone, and with an expression of countenance unassumed and natural while such thoughts were in my mind, "If his mistress were at home?" The man answered, "Yes;" and as I followed him round the gravel sweep to the door of the house, I could scarcely refrain from a tear, that the hour was come when the quiet of an amiable family must be disturbed, and they cast upon the world, to seek another habitation and a home.

The man ushered me into the drawing-room, where I found the amiable daughters of the late incumbent—their mother was yet absent; this, somehow, I did not regret, and I even felt a hope that she might not present herself: inasmuch as what I had to communicate might be told to the younger ladies with less painful effect, than it would be likely to produce upon their surviving parent. Upon hearing my name announced, the eldest of the group arose, and motioned me to take a seat; "I said that the object of my visit

was to say a few words to Mrs. Simpkinson, whom I had understood to be at home, but"

"Mamma is at home," said Miss Simpkinson, "and will be here in a few minutes—pray be seated."

I sat down, and cast my eyes round the drawing-room, which looked extremely comfortable, and commanded an exceedingly pretty view of the grounds, which were very tastefully disposed in the valley; while the side of the hill whence I had viewed the funeral, well-studded with tall firs, afforded an evergreen background to the clumps and clusters of laurels, laurustinas, and other immutable plants which graced the lawn.

"I assure you," said I, "that it is with no small degree of pain I pay Glanberry this visit; I am quite aware that, from long habit, it must have become a favourite residence with you all, and nothing is more disagreeable than displacing a family, to whose taste a house is so much indebted for improvement and comfort."

"It will, indeed," said Miss Simpkinson, "be a dreadful sacrifice when we are forced to give it up; my two sisters were born here, and I came hither when I was but two years old."

"When," said I, tenderly, "when does your amiable mother think of leaving this?"

"We propose," said the young lady, "going to London in about ten days."

"I trust," said I, "that your mother will not think of hurrying away on my account,—let her suit her own convenience, and take her own time. I need not explain further the nature of my visit—the more lightly such details are touched upon, the better for all our sakes; if I get in by Lady-day I shall be quite satisfied, because I see, by the state of this room, it must be new papered."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Simpkinson, "it is rather faded."

"And I think," said I, seeing how philosophically the orphans bore the subject, "I shall knock down this end of the room, and throw out a bay-window; by doing which, and cutting through the wall, and making a pair of double folding-doors into the dining-room, we shall get a vista from one end of the house to the other."

"Papa once thought of doing that," said the second daughter.

"Poor dear man," said I, "those reflections are now of no use—I mean, besides these alterations, to add a conservatory to the suite, which I think will have a good effect; will you allow me just to measure a little?" Saying which, I rose from my chair, and paced across the room.

"Pray, sir," said Miss Simpkinson, after whispering with her sister, "might I ask, did papa ever communicate to you his intentions?"

"No," said I, "we never were personally

acquainted; but of course none of these alterations will be begun till you have finally quitted the premises."

"Finally!" said Miss Simpkinson, "we are only going to London for six weeks."

"Why," said I, blending a little of the dictatorial with the pathetic and sympathetic, "after you once leave the house, I think I must be compelled to take possession; because it will be a great object to me to be here early in the spring."

"Pray, sir," said the young lady, "may I inquire what you propose doing here?"

"Living here altogether," said I; "I shall have no other house for the next year or two."

"In what capacity?" said Miss Simpkinson.

"As rector of Glanberry," said I. I feared I had not made myself sufficiently understood; but I was delicate in explaining. "The Bishop has presented me to the living, and with all proper consideration for your feelings and convenience, and those of your excellent parent, I think the period I have fixed is as distant as I can well name."

"Dear me!" said Miss Simpkinson, "how very strange!—would not you like to see papa?"

"Oh dear no," said I, not for the world."

"Ah!" said the young lady, "here he comes to explain for himself."

I turned round, and beheld to my infinite amazement, a most respectable, rubicund divine and a lady, moving along a nice, smooth gravel walk, looking as plump as partridges, as loving as doves, and much better than I could possibly have expected.

Our meeting was of a very curious nature; I was considerably embarrassed; I did not personally know my fat friend, but his eldest daughter, opening the glass-door which led to the garden, admitted the two personages, to whom she presented me, as her pa' and ma'.

"Sir," said my clerical friend, unshovelling his head, "I am glad to see you."

"You are very kind, sir," said I, "I have only just called to take a look over the premises."

"Yes, papa," said Miss Simpkinson, who seemed rather angry, and sufficiently versed in church matters to see that there must be some mistake, "the gentleman says the Bishop has presented him to this living."

"Indeed," said papa, "as how, sir, I—"

"Why, sir, briefly thus," said I, "upon the death of our lamented friend, the late incumbent, I applied for the preferment, and obtained it."

"Upon the death of the late incumbent, sir!" said my friend, "why you could scarcely have been born when the late incumbent died—it is more than four-and-twenty years since."

"Dear me, sir," said I, "then I must be

either mad or dreaming; I made the application to the Bishop only the day before yesterday, and the day before that I became acquainted with the demise of the late rector."

At this announcement everybody stared, and the lady of the house, with a prudence worthy of the highest praise, stuck the poker into the fire.

"Demise, sir!" said Simpkinson, "why! do I look like a dead man? Here I am alive and well—I cannot say merry—for the dress in which you see my family will sufficiently announce that we have experienced a sad and heavy loss."

"What, sir!" exclaimed I, not knowing exactly how to fashion my words, "wasn't you buried last Tuesday?"

"Not I," replied the incumbent, for such he proved to be; "my poor brother George, who had been staying here for some time, died last week, and was interred in our church on the day you mention, but for me—"

"Well," exclaimed Miss Simpkinson, who seemed delighted with the result, "I thought there must be some mistake."

"Upon my word," said I, "I can only throw myself upon your kindness and indulgence to forgive me; the mistake certainly was mine; the similarity of the name and the profession, I believe"—here I received a nod of assent—"caused the *contretemps*, and I have only to apologize for what must appear a most impertinent intrusion upon you at this moment. I hope, sir," continued I, proffering my hand to the worthy rector, "you will pardon me, and that our very curious introduction to each other may lead to a future acquaintance; you may rest assured that I should be the last man in the world to rejoice in your death."

"Ha! said the third daughter, who before had said nothing, and seemed now determined to fire off an old joke, "it is pa's living you would rejoice in."

I affected not to understand the quibble of the pert thing, who, I could see, was the pet of the family, and fancied herself a beauty; and having bowed low to all the party, tripped over the carpet, stumbled down the steps, and left the house in search of my horse, whose stall in possession was worth infinitely more than my rectory in *prospectu*.

THE LION.

(From the *Noctes of Blackwood's Magazine*.)

Shepherd.—Modern naturals assert the lion's a coard.

North.—Modern naturals are idiots.

Shepherd.—I'm glad to hear ye say sae, sir, for I would be ashamed o' my country had she chosen to emblazon her banner wi' an animal that was a coard.

Tickler.—

"And in the vault of heaven serenely fair,
The Lion's fiery mane floats through the ambient air."

North.—

"Victorious Judah's Lion-banner rose."

Tickler.—

"Lord of the Lion-heart and eagle-eye."

Shepherd.—Ye need nae accumulate authorities, for a true Tory, though he gries up the doctrine o' the divine richt o' human kings, haulds firm to the auncient faith, that by the fiat o' Him who created the dust o' the desert, courage, the regal virtue, has its residence in the lordly heart o' the King o' Beasts.

North.—Gray, in his famous ode, speaks of the "lion port" of Queen Elizabeth—for the poet thought of her addressing her heroes on the heart-rousing alarm of the Armada, and the image was characteristic of the glorious bearing of the virgin Queen—for she was indeed a Lioness, worthy to rule over that race, of whom another poet has said,

"Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see, the lords of human kind pass by."

Shepherd.—Yon's nae the roar o' a cooard, sirs, when he puts his dreadful mooth to the grun', and for miles roun' spreads sic a thundrous earthquake, that troops o' deers and antelopes are sent boundin' up frae the groanin' sands, and fear drives the whole desert aflight, frae the majestic auld male elephant, risin' up in his seraglio like a tower amang turrets, and trumpetin' in terror that the lion is on his walk, up to the insignificant ape, incapacitated by a shiverin' fit frae chatterin', and clingin' in desperation, not only wi' his paws but his tail, to the very tapmost twig o' a tree.

BEAUTY OF NATURE.

(From the *Noctes of Blackwood's Magazine*.)

North.—I have heard it said, my dear James, that shepherds, and herdsmen, and woodsmen, and peasants in general, have little or no feeling of the beauty of Nature. Is that true?

Shepherd.—It canna weel be true, sir, seein' that it's a lee. They hae een and ears in their heads, and a' the rest o' the seven senses—and is't denied that they hae hearts and sowles? Only grant that they're no a' born blin' and deaf—and that there's a correspondency atween the outward and the inward worlds—and then believe if you can, that the sang o' a bird, and the scent o' a flower, or the smell o't, if it have no scent, is no felt to be delightfu' by the simplest, ay, rudest heart, especially after a shower, and at the coming out o' the rainbow.

North.—Help yourself, my dear James.

Shepherd.—They dinna flee into raptures at rocks, like town-folks, for that's a' folly or affectation; nor weary ye wi' nonsense about sunrise and sunset, and clouds and thunder, and mist stealin' up the hills, and sic like clishmaclavers—but they notice a' the changes on nature's face, and are spiritually

touched—believe me, sir—by the sweeter and the mair solemn—the milder or the mair magnificent—for they never forget that nature is the wark o' an Almighty hand—and there is nae poetry like that o' religion.

North.—Go on, James.

Shepherd.—Is there nae description o' the beauty o' nature in the Bible? All the Christian world mair dearly loves the lily o' the field, for sake of a few divine words. None but poor men now read the New Testament. By none—I mean too few—they who do chiefly live in rural places—and how can they be insensible to the spirit breathing around them from the bosom of the happy earth?

North.—Go on, my dear James.

Shepherd.—Wha wrott a' our auld sangs? Wha wrott a' the best o' our ain day? In them is there nae love o' nature? Wha sing them? Wha get them by heart that canna sing? Lads and lasses o' laigh degree—but what signifies talkin'—only think on that ae line,

"The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede awa!"

North.—You need say no more, James.

Shepherd.—Simple folk, sir, never think o' expatiatin' on the beauties o' natur. A few touches suffice for them; and the more homely and familiar and common, the dearer to their hearts. The images they think of are never far fetched, but seem to be lying about their very feet. But it is affection or passion that gives them unwonted beauty in their eyes; and that beauty is often immortalized by Genius that knows not it is Genius—believing itself to be but Love—in one happy word.

North.—James, what is Beauty?

Shepherd.—The feeling o' Pure Perfection—as in a drap o' dew, a diamond, or a tear. There the feeling is simple; but it is complex as you gaze on a sweet-briar arrayed by morn in millions of dew-drops—or on a woman's head, dark as night, adorned wi' diamonds as wi' stars—or on a woman's cheek, where the smile canna conceal the tear that has just fallen, in love or pity, frae her misty een, but the moment afore bright-blue as the heavenliest spot o' a' the vernal skies.

New Books.

WANDERINGS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By George Bennett, Esq. F. L. S.

[THIS work, in two handsome volumes, is the result of a series of excursions into the interior of the colony of New South Wales, and visits to Batavia, Pedir Coast, Singapore, and China; at periods best calculated for observations in natural history. They are, therefore, "the Journal of a Naturalist" in those countries, and, as might be anticipated, present an almost exhaustless variety of new and

interesting facts, a few of which, principally relating to Australia, may be acceptable to our readers.]

Light of the Sea.

Occasionally our attention was excited during the voyage, by the remarkable luminosity assumed by the ocean in every direction, like rolling masses of liquid fire, as the waves broke and exhibited an appearance inconceivably grand and beautiful. The phosphoric light, given out by the ocean, exists to a more extensive and brilliant degree in tropical regions, although in high latitudes it is occasionally visible, more especially during the warm months of the year. The cause of it has excited much speculation among naturalists; and although many of the marine molluscous and crustaceous animals, such as *sulpa*, *pyrosoma*, *cancer*, several *medusæ* have been found to occasion it, yet no doubt *debris*, from dead animal matter, with which sea water is usually loaded, is also often one of the exciting causes.

As the ship sails with a strong breeze through a luminous sea on a dark night, the effect produced is then seen to the greatest advantage. The wake of the vessel is one broad sheet of phosphoric matter, so brilliant as to cast a dull, pale light over the after-part of the ship; the foaming surges, as they gracefully curl on each side of the vessel's prow, are similar to rolling masses of liquid phosphorus; whilst in the distance, even to the horizon, it seems an ocean of fire, and the distant waves breaking, give out a light of an inconceivable beauty and brilliancy: in the combination, the effect produces sensations of wonder and awe, and causes a reflection to arise on the reason of its appearance, as to which as yet no correct judgment has been formed, the whole being overwhelmed with mere hypothesis.

Sometimes the luminosity is very visible without any disturbance of the water, its surface remaining smooth, unruffled even by a passing zephyr; whilst on other occasions no light is emitted unless the water is agitated by the winds, or by the passage of some heavy body through it. Perhaps the beauty of this luminous effect is seen to the greatest advantage when the ship, lying in a bay or harbour in tropical climates, the water around has the resemblance of a sea of milk. An opportunity was afforded me when at Cavité, near Manila, in 1830, of witnessing for the first time this beautiful scene: as far as the eye could reach over the extensive bay of Manila, the surface of the tranquil water was one sheet of this dull, pale phosphorescence; and brilliant flashes were emitted instantly on any heavy body being cast into the water, or when fish sprang from it or swam about; the ship seemed, on looking over its side, to be anchored in a sea of liquid

phosphorus, whilst in the distance the resemblance was that of an ocean of milk.

The night to which I allude, when this magnificent appearance presented itself to my observation, was exceedingly dark, which, by the contrast, gave an increased sublimity to the scene; the canopy of the heavens was dark and gloomy; not even the glimmering of a star was to be seen; while the sea of liquid fire cast a deadly pale light over every part of the vessel, her masts, yards, and hull; the fish meanwhile sporting about in numbers, varying the scene by the brilliant flashes they occasioned. It would have formed, I thought at the time, a sublime and beautiful subject for an artist, like Martin, to execute with his judgment and pencil, that is, if any artist could give the true effect of such a scene, on which I must express some doubts.

It must not be for a moment conceived that the light described as brilliant, and like to a sea of "liquid fire," is of the same character as the flashes produced by the volcano, or by lightning, or meteors. No: it is the light of phosphorus, as the matter truly is, pale, dull, approaching to a white or very pale yellow, casting a melancholy light on objects around, only emitting flashes by collision. To read by it is possible, but not agreeable; and, on an attempt being made, it is almost always found that the eyes will not endure the peculiar light for any length of time, as headaches and sickness are often occasioned by it. I have frequently observed at Singapore, that, although the tranquil water exhibits no particular luminosity, yet when disturbed by the passage of a boat, it gives out phosphoric matter, leaving a brilliant line in the boat's wake, and the blades of the oars when raised from the water seem to be dripping with liquid phosphorus.

Even between the tropics, the phosphoric light is increased or diminished in its degree of brilliancy, in a very slight difference of latitude; on one day it would be seen to a most magnificent extent, on the next it would be perhaps merely a few luminous flashes. It might proceed from the shoals of marine animals, that caused the brilliancy to be less extensively distributed over one part of the ocean than another. That I am correct in asserting that some of the animals which occasion the phosphoric light, emitted by the ocean, do travel in shoals, and are distributed in some latitudes only in a very limited range, I insert two facts which occurred during this voyage.

Convicts at Sydney.

The opinion which appears generally to prevail, that prisoners of the crown are placed in the colony in a better situation than free men, there is too much reason for regarding as correct. They are well fed and clothed, take good care to be never overworked, and

have an hospital, with the best attendance, when sick. An assigned servant or convict may be correctly defined as an individual who is well fed and clothed—insolent and indolent—and takes care that the little work he has to perform is badly done. When sick, which often proceeds from lying idle too long in the sun, he walks to the hospital; and, from the exertion, together with the thoughts of “bleeding, blistering, and physic,” he soon recovers, and returns to his master, to again undergo the fatigue of doing little or nothing. One of these characters applied for his ticket of leave, but soon returned, wishing again to be employed by his former master, if only for his food; at the same time observing, that he was better off before, in bondage, than he was now, partially free—so his fellow servants persuaded him to send the ticket back, and say, “*it was all a mistake.*”

The following anecdote may serve to illustrate the *misery* an iron gang occasions to spirit drinkers. A convict was once weighed by his comrades, and the weight at that time marked with chalk upon the barn door. A short time after this took place, he was sentenced for an offence to an iron gang for six weeks. After the term of his punishment had expired, and he returned to his master, he was observed to be in a stouter and more robust condition than before; his comrades again weighed him, to see what he had gained in flesh, if not in any moral benefit, by his punishment; when it was ascertained he had gained twenty pounds. As this man had, when on the farm, been continually toping, and as, when with the iron gang, he had no opportunity of continuing his potations, that circumstance may have occasioned his increased good health and condition. This may be a hint, therefore, to send all the sick whose illness may arise principally from habitual drunkenness, instead of an hospital, to an iron gang for a short period.

The London pickpockets are considered to make the best shepherds in the colony, as it suits their naturally idle habits; the industrious labourer cannot endure the very wearisome and lazy employment of looking after sheep; the petty larcener soon gets attached to his woolly charges, and the sheep, no doubt, by a natural instinct, to him; and thus the animals are tended with some degree of care; but the regular workman, detesting the occupation, (unless incapacitated from a more active employment, by age or accident,) seldom takes any interest in the valuable property entrusted to his care; the former are, therefore, to be preferred. The shepherds, when tending their flocks in the pasturage, wile away their leisure time by manufacturing coarse but durable straw hats.

There is, no doubt, much truth in the remark I have heard in the colony, that some of the lower orders contrive to get government

servants assigned to them, ostensibly for the purpose of cultivating the soil, but in reality to assist in plundering. This may also be inferred from the very limited means they can otherwise have for procuring a livelihood. As a veil to such practices, and to lull any suspicion that might be created, they dig, and plant a few potatoes and other vegetables, in a small spot of ground, laid out near their bark residences, as a garden; and the crown prisoners are procured ostensibly to assist in cultivating this “bit of earth;” and thus the vegetable garden affords a cloak to many crimes.

An Australian Couple.

Among the native inhabitants of the Yas district was a pair of originals; the man was called Daraga, and his lady the “beautiful Kitty of Yas.” Neither of them had pretensions to beauty. The lady had ornamented her delicate form (for all the ladies are fond of adornments) with two opossum tails, pendent in a graceful manner from her greasy locks; pieces of tobacco-pipe, mingled with coloured beads, adorned her neck; an old, dirty, opossum-skin cloak was thrown over the shoulders; a bundle of indescribable rags around the waist; and a netbul, or culy, hanging behind, (filled with a collection of “small deer,” and other eatables, that would baffle all attempts at description,) completed the toilette of this angelic creature. Of her features I shall only say, they were not such as painters represent those of Venus: her mouth, for instance, had a striking resemblance to the gaping entrance of a Wombat’s burrow. The husband also had decorated the locks of his cranium with opossum tails, with the addition of grease and red ochre; a tuft of beard ornamented his chin; and the colour of his hide was barely discernible, from the layers of mud and charcoal covering it: he wore “a spritsail yard” through his “apology for a nose;” the opossum-skin cloak covered his shoulders; and the “cumseel,” or belt of opossum-skin, girded the loins: the pipe was his constant companion, as the love of tobacco among those who have intercourse with Europeans, is unbounded, and no more acceptable present can be made them.

At meal times it was curious to observe the conduct of this interesting couple and the kangaroo dogs: it was evident that no good feeling subsisted betwixt the parties: the dogs regarded the former with an expression of anger, and the opposite party looked both sulkily and anxiously at the canine species; the dogs appeared instinctively to fear that the human creatures would devour every morsel of the food, and that they should be minus their share; whilst the latter seemed to know, either by instinct or practical experience, that large dogs bite tolerably hard when hungry.

The Gatherer.

The Privy Council have made their report to the King relative to the origin of the fire which burnt down the two Houses of Parliament. They recapitulate at length the evidence of the witnesses, and state their unanimous opinion that the burning of the Exchequer tallies was the original cause of the fire. The report itself is a prolix and tiresome document, and afforded a fair subject for the following rather clever parody, which has been going the round of the daily papers, and is really worth preserving.

Brief Summary of a late interesting Report.

This is the house that Josh burnt.

These are the sticks that heated the bricks, that set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Mr. Milne, who advised a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, that set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Mr. Phipps, who allowed the chips, to be burnt in the flues, but never told the news, to Mr. Milne, who suggested a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Mr. Weobly, who heard but feebly, what was said by Phipps, who allowed the chips, to be burnt in the flues, and never told the news, to Mr. Milne, who suggested a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, that set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Josh Cross, who continued to toss, in too many sticks, and was full of his sauce, though cautioned by Weobly, who'd heard very feebly, what was said by Phipps, when he suffered the chips, to be burnt in the flues, yet never told the news, to Mr. Milne, who preferred a kiln, for burning the sticks, which heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Mistress Wright, who was all in a fright, and sent to Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, though cautioned by Weobly, who heard so feebly, the words of Phipps, who suffered the chips, to be burnt in the flues, and never told the news, to Mr. Milne, who had ordered a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Dick Reynolds, who saw that night, the flues and the furnaces blazing bright, stuff'd full of sticks to three-fourths of their height, when sent by Mrs. Wright, who was all in a fright, to scold Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, though rebuked by Weobly, who heard so feebly, the orders of Phipps, who allowed the chips, to be burned in the flues, and never told the news, to Commissioner Milne, who advised a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated

the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is John Snell, who found out by the smell, and the smoke and the heat, that came through to his feet, when he sat himself down in the Black Rod's seat, that Dick Reynolds was right, when he said that night, that the flues and the stoves were blazing too bright, when despatched by Dame Wright, in her hurry and fright, to scold Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, though warned by Weobly, who heard very feebly, what was said by Phipps, who permitted the chips, to be burnt in the flues, and never told the news, to Mr. Milne, who had talked of a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Mr. Cooper, of Drury-lane, who went down to Dudley and back again, and heard a man say, the very same day, that the house was a-blazing, a fact more amazing, that of John Snell, who knew very well, by the smoke and the smell, and the very great heat, that came through to his feet, when he sat himself down in the Black Rod's seat, that Reynolds was right, when he said that night, that the stoves and the flues were burning too bright, stuff'd full of sticks to three-fourths of their height, when Mistress Wright sent him off in a fright, to blow up Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, for not minding Weobly, who heard so feebly, the directions of Phipps, respecting the chips, being burnt in the flues, without telling the news, to Commissioner Milne, who ordered a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is John Riddle, who only cried "Fiddle!" when asked if Cooper,* of Drury-lane, had been down to Dudley and back again, and had heard a man say, at the Bush that day, that the house was a-blazing, a thing more amazing, than the fact of John Snell, finding out by the smell, and the smoke and the heat, coming through to his feet, when he sat with his boots on in Black Rod's seat, that Dick Reynolds was right, when he said that night, that the fire in the stoves was a great deal too bright, stuff'd up with sticks to three-fourths of their height, when sent in her fright, by poor Mistress Wright, to admonish Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, though rebuked by Weobly, who heard so feebly, the words of Phipps, who allowed the chips, to be burnt in the flues, but never told the news, to Mr. Milne, who had said that a kiln, was the place for the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Whitbread, the waiter, who added

* N.B. No compassion of our friend, honest *Jaques* of Drury-lane Theatre.

his *negatur*, to that of John Riddle, who only cried "Fiddle!" when they told him that Cooper, of Drury-lane, had been down to Dudley and back again, and had heard that day some travellers say, that the house was a-blazing, a thing most amazing, to even John Snell, who had found by the smell, and the smoke and the heat, that was scorching his feet, as he sat in his boots in the Black Rod's seat, that Dick Reynolds was right, when he said that night, that the fires in the stoves were alarmingly bright, stuff'd up with sticks to three-fourths of their height, when Mistress Wright, being really in a fright, sent off to Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, to Surveyor Weobly, who'd heard so feebly, the orders of Phipps, who permitted the chips, to be burnt in the flues, without carrying the news, to Commissioner Milne, who had told him a kiln, was the place for the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is the Peer, who in town being resident, signed the report for the absent Lord President, and said that the history, was cleared of its mystery, by Whitbread, the waiter, adding his *negatur*, to that of John Riddle, who laugh'd and said "Fiddle!" when told Mr. Cooper, of Drury-lane, had been down to Dudley and back again, and had heard the same day, a bag-man say, that the house was a-blazing, a thing quite amazing, even to John Snell, who knew very well, by the smoke and the heat, that was broiling his feet, through his great thick boots in the Black Rod's seat, that Dick Reynolds was right, that the fires were too bright, heaped up to such an unconscionable height, in spite of the fright they gave poor Mistress Wright, when she sent to Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, both to her and to Weobly, who'd heard so feebly, the directions of Phipps, when he told him the chips, might be burnt in the flues, yet never sent the news, as he ought to Milne, who'd have burn'd in a kiln, these confounded old sticks, and not heated the bricks, nor set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

Nothing, in the eyes of the coloured and black population of the West Indies, seems so degrading to a white man as the being compelled to travel on foot.

Time and place are as nothing to a wise man. My mind my kingdom is—and there I am monarch of all I survey.—*Christopher North*.

Prophecy.—A prophet should never sit with his mouth open, for more than five minutes at a time, on the eve of an intended prediction; for, "when great events are on the gale," one of them may fly into the aperture, to the discredit of the craft.

God bless the people o' Britain! Wi' a' their fawtes, and they are great and mony—shaw me sic anither people on the face o' the yearth.—*The Ettrick Shepherd*.

Mrs. Hannah More says, in her quaint way, "There are only two bad things in this world—sin and bile."

Pope is the eternal embellisher of common sense, common life, and just thinking: every line is a maxim or a portrait.—*Mrs. H. More*.

Among the astrological predictions, for the ensuing year, is the following:—

On looking at the moon, through my 500-horse power telescope, which magnifieth the planets ninety-seven millions of times larger than life, I discern, that the march of intellect hath already travelled to that luminary; for I do distinctly perceive divers juveniles of eighty years old and upwards, sitting on stools, with horn-books in their hands. The Man in the Moon is also very busy, striving to metamorphose his sticks into brooms, to sweep away the cobwebs of ignorance therewith. Moreover, I do observe about half a million miles of cast-iron rail-road, in the direction of the earth, by which I do optue an inclination towards this planet.—*Comic Almanac*.—A few other specimens of which will be found in the *Supplementary Spirit of the Annuals for 1835*, published with our last Number.

At a late meeting of the Academy of Medicine in Paris, M. Velpeau exhibited a man who possesses the very singular power of making himself two inches taller, or shorter, at will. Standing erect, he can elongate the spine, and contract it again, by moving the sacrum, which plays like a wedge between the bones of the pelvis. He is at present forty years of age, and had a carriage pass over his body when a child, to the injury received at which time the power of executing this curious manœuvre may be attributed.—*Medical Gazette*.

Antidote to Satire.—At the time when Frederic the Great was issuing some very oppressive edicts in support of his coffee monopoly, a humorous print represented him as sitting on the ground with a coffee mill between his hands and grinding away with much perseverance. As the king was riding through the streets of Berlin, he perceived a crowd assembled round the place where one of these prints was exhibited; he immediately rode up, and desired the tradesman to "hang it lower, that the people might not break their necks with staring at it." He was recognised, and saluted immediately with the loudest applause.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

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PENANCES.



HENRIETTA MARIA, QUEEN OF CHARLES I., DOING PENANCE AT TYBURN.

(From a scarce Print.)

In times, which were really "the dark ages" of religion, her priests often enjoined pilgrimages or journeys as penances for some real or pretended crime; and, in other cases, pilgrimages were spontaneously undertaken from some strong emotion in the breast of the pilgrim. Besides these probationary stratagems, culprits were frequently ordered by their confessors, other kinds of mortification, such as to avoid carrying arms; never to stay two nights in one place; neither to cut their hair, pare their nails, &c. Long fastings were ordered frequently; but as the wealthy, (says Spelman,) might abstain by proxy, a seven years' fast might be performed in three days, if the principal could prevail upon eight hundred and forty persons each to take his share. This concise plan of atonement was forbidden solemnly at the Council of Cloveshoos, in the year 747; but the decree was disregarded.

In pilgrimages of the above kind, it is contended by Mr. Fosbroke, that an essential condition was, that the pilgrim should walk barefoot; and there are instances to the last of persons of the highest rank adopting this

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painful mode of travelling. Among the most celebrated and recent instances recorded to have taken place in England are the pilgrimages of the beautiful Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles the First, from St. James's to Tyburn.

It will be recollected that "by the marriage articles of Charles the First and Henrietta Maria, the latter was permitted to have a very large establishment of Catholic priests; from which it has been inferred that the marriage was assented to on the part of the Papal Hierarchy, with the secret intention of rendering it the stepping-stone to the re-establishment of the Catholic religion in this country. The glaring imprudence, however, not to say impudence, with which the Queen's household endeavoured to effect their purpose, and the very indecent kind of subjugation in which they enthralled their royal mistress, occasioned their absolute dismissal from the kingdom by Charles himself, within little more than a twelvemonth after their arrival here.*"

Henrietta Maria is described in letters of

* Brayley's *Londiniana*, vol. v. p. 286.

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her time as a beautiful woman, in stature reaching to the King's shoulders; she was "nimble and quiet, black-eyed, brown-haired, and in a word, a brave lady." That so lovely a creature should have been enthralled by her priesthood is matter of great regret. Very soon after her arrival in England, the Queen being at dinner, and being carved pheasant and venison by His Majesty, (who had dined before,) she ate heartily of both, notwithstanding her Confessor, (who all this while stood by her,) had forewarned her that it was the eve of St. John the Baptist, and was to be fasted, and that she should take heed how she gave ill example, or a scandal, on her first arrival. This was, probably, the first direct interference with his consort which the King witnessed, and it appears to have made an impression on his mind by no means favourable to the Catholic priests.

In a letter, dated June 25th, it is said, "Last Sunday the Queene and hers, (the King inhibiting English ladies to attend her Majestic,) were at high masse, it being then St. Peter's day, at Denmark (or Somerset) House."—"She hath twenty-nine priests; fourteen of them Theatines, and fifteen seculars; besides a bishop, a young man under thirty years old." An inclosure of the same date contains the following passage:—"These priests have been very importunate to have the Chapel finished at St. James, but they find the King very slow in doing that. His answer one told me was, 'That if the Queene's closet, where they now say masse, were not large enough, let them have it in the Great Chamber; and if the Great Chamber were not wide enough, they might use the Garden; and if the Garden would not serve their turne, then was the Park the fittest place.'" So seeing themselves slighted, they grow weary of England, and wish themselves at home again. Besides, unto the King's devotion they cannot adde, nor with all their stratagems can bring him in the least love with their fopperies."

Henrietta's clergy were the most superstitious, turbulent, and Jesuitical priests that could be found in all France. A letter of the period describes them as very "fitt to make firebrands of sedition in a forren state; so that his Matie. so long as he gave them entertainment, did but nourishe so many vipers in his bosome." Among their "insolencies towards the Queene," it is recorded that her Majesty was once sentenced by her Confessor to make a pilgrimage to Tyburn, and there to do homage to the sainthood of some recently executed Catholics. "No longer agon then upon St. James, his day last, those hypocritical dogges made the pore Queene to walke afoot, (some adde barefoot,) from her house at St. James's, to the galloves at Tyborne, thereby to honour the saint of the day, in visiting that holy place,

where so many martyrs (forsooth!) had shed their blood in defence of the Catholique cause. Had they not also made her to dable in the dirt in a fowl morning, fro' Somerset House to St. James's, her Luciferian Confessor riding along by her in his Coach! Yea, they made her to go barefoot, to spin, to eat her meat out of tryne (treen or wooden) dishes, to wait at table, and serve her servants, with many other ridiculous and absurd penances. It is hoped, after they are gone, the Queene will, by degrees, finde the sweetness of liberty in being exempt from those beggarly rudiments of Popish penance."

It appears that the French were first turned out of St. James's and sent to Somerset House: a letter stating that they were immediately ordered "to depart thence, (St. James's,) to Somerset House," although "the Women howled and lamented as if they had been going to execution, but all in vaine, for the Yeomen of the Guard, by that Lord's (Conway) appointment, thrust them and all their country folkes out of the Queen's lodgings, and locked the doores after them." It is said, also, the Queen, when she understood the designe, grewe very impatient, and brake the glass windows with her fiste; but since, I hear, her rage is appeased, and the King and shee, since they went together to Non-suche, have been very jocund together."

In the same letter as that which describes the above penance, an amusing account is given of pecculations committed by "these French freebooters," on the Queen's "apparel and linen," when they left her little more than one gown to her back. About a month afterwards, the King, probably from some fresh machination of the discarded trais, thus issued his commands to the Duke of Buckingham.

"STEEVIE.—I have received your letter by Dic Greame, this is my Answer. I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the Towne. If you can, by fair means, (but stike not longe in disputing,) otherways force them away, drying them away lyke so marie wyld beastes untill ye have shipped them, and so the Devill go with them. Lett me heare no answer but of the performance of my command. So I rest,

Your faithful constant,
loving friend,
CHARLES R."

Oaking, the 7th of
August, 1636.

This command was almost immediately executed; though the "crew" would not go without an order from the King. This news was sent post to the King, and on the following morning, his Majesty dispatched to London the Captain of the Guard, with a competent number of yeomen, messengers, heralds, and trumpeters, first to proclaim his Majesty's pleasure at Somerset House gate; which, if it were not speedily obeyed, the yeomen of the guard were to put it in exe-

• Ellis's Original Letters, First Series, vol. iii. pp. 241—2, from the Harl. MSS. 383.

cution, by turning all the French out of Somerset House by head and shoulders, and shutting the gate after them: "which news, so soon as the French heard, their courage came down, and they yielded to be gone the next tide."

The original of the Engraving representing this strange scene, on the opposite page, is a German print of considerable rarity.

It would, however, be improper to omit notice of the "gallows" at Tyburn,—*"Tyburn tree,"* as it is called in the *Beggars' Opera* vocabulary. It was stationary, of triangular plan, and likewise called the three-footed stool. Its site was subsequently occupied by the turnpike-house, at the end of Oxford-street, and beginning of Bayswater-road.

A view of the Tyburn gallows will be found in Hogarth's *Execution of the Idle Apprentice*. The place of execution was afterwards at a short distance on the Edgeware-road, across which was erected on the morning of execution, a gallows, consisting of two uprights and a cross-beam. On the west side of the road were two galleries for spectators. The key of one of them was kept by a squabby woman of the name of Douglas, commonly called *"Mammy Douglas,"* the Tyburn pew-opener.

SONG.

We've met, when heav'nly morn was bright,
When twilight's shadows fell;
When festal halls were bathed in light,
And dreamt not, of—*Farewell!*

We've met, when Nature smil'd, when we
In Eden seem'd to dwell;
Now, earth is wintry, fraught with drea,
Wild, dark, for, oh!—*Farewell!*

We've met, by calm and clear burn-side,
In flow'ry wood and dell,
Ne'er deeming that hearts bound and tried
By years, must feel—*Farewell!*

We've met; and each, for each, shall live,
Though forc'd apart to dwell;
What to IMMORTAL LOVE may give
The death-stroke? not *Farewell!*

M. L. B.

LINES ON VIEWING THE ROYAL TOMB HOUSE, AT WINDSOR.

"Man is but dust."

THERE sleep dead kings! in deathly sleep they rest
Who rested not on earth and yet were blest
Or hated, when they rul'd, by many men
Who drew the sword or us'd the subtle pen
In warlike faction, thro' their busy day,
And yet have gone! to perish—to decay!

There sleep dead kings! There rots "the royal hand!"

And lips there moulder which could once command
A people's blessing or a nation's curse!
So sleep dead kings! but sleeps the peasant worse?
Back to Earth's bosom myriads long have fled,
And earth itself is teeming with the dead!

The silent moonbeam steals along the wall
Like Time's chronometer—the shadows fall
In varied angles from the buttress deep
Of that high fane where British monarchs sleep;
And in the solemn stillness of the night
When darkness deepens in the flood of light

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And like a veil hangs o'er the Gothic wall
Trailing itself on earth, 'tis like a pall—
A solemn pall, as if in mockery spread
To mark the Tomb House of the Royal dead!

But yet the rose upon the cotter's grave
And by some loved one planted there, to save
The memory of a friend, will tell more true
Of silent grief, when pearly tears the dew
Upon the morning bud—as tears when shed
Glisten on cheeks that sorrow for the dead!

SELIN.

Manners and Customs.

THE JAPANESE.

(Abridged from an amusing Paper in the Quarterly Review, just published.)

A SYSTEM of espionage extends itself throughout the empire of Japan, which embraces not only every public functionary, including the emperor himself, but every component part of society, down to the divisions of five families, into which—somewhat after the fashion introduced into England by our own great Saxon legislator—the population is everywhere divided. The Dayrie, or Spiritual Emperor, resides a perpetual prisoner in his palace in the city of Miako, except on the rare occasion of a visit to the temple of Taiwoinjo. He is allowed, we are glad to learn, the solace—shall we call it?—of a wife and twelve concubines, and such diversion as music, poetry, and study can afford. His pipe is smoked but once, and the dishes from which he has eaten are broken, like the tea-cup which Dr. Johnson threw into the fire; but these articles are economically provided of the simplest manufacture; and it is reported that no great substantial expense is permitted for the support of this shadow of sovereignty. When he dies, the event is sedulously concealed till his successor is fully installed in office, and the cry is raised of "Live the Dayrie!" without even the preliminary half of the old French formula, "the Dayrie is dead." The court is formed of a long hierarchy of spiritual officials. Among these are the kwanbakk, who represent the Dayrie's person, and executes his functions. From this office the koeboe is excluded. To the third spiritual office in rank, or sadaysin, he—the temporal sovereign—is sometimes admitted, as was the case with the reigning koeboe in 1822, on the occasion of his having completed fifty years of sovereignty. It ranks him with the gods; and no layman, from the time of Tayko Sama, had been before so honoured.

This lay emperor is, like the dayrie, shut up in the palace of Jeddo, in itself a city equal in size to Amsterdam. On the supposition that the affairs of his subjects are beneath his notice and dignity, he is surrounded by a circle of guards and ceremonies, which effectually prevent him from employing his royal leisure in any such ignominious pursuit. All other places of residence must

appear mean and unworthy in comparison with the royal palace, and he is, therefore, never allowed to leave it.

In Japan, not only is the head of every family answerable for his children, his servants, and the stranger within his gates, but the city being divided into collections of five families, every member of such division is responsible for the conduct of the others; and in consequence, that which, according to European ideas, would be the height of indiscretion, becomes here the duty of every man; for every extraordinary occurrence which falls out in a household is reported by four curious witnesses to the members of the civil administration. House arrest is usually the penalty of the irregularities thus reported, and a severe one. The doors and windows of the offender's house are closed, generally for a hundred days, his employments are suspended, salary, if any, stopped, and the friend and the barber alike forbidden entrance. Every household is held bound to produce a man capable of bearing arms; a division of five constitutes a company; twenty-five such companies are arrayed under an officer, and constitute a brigade of six or seven thousand men; and thus the force of the city, apart from the regular military, or police, can be presently mustered. Guard-houses are established in every street, in which a guard is on duty every night, and on occasions of festivity or other cause of popular concourse, by day; each street has a rail or barrier at its issues, and can consequently be cut off from communication with the rest of the city at a moment's notice.

The manufacture of the sabre is also brought to a degree of excellence which Damascus itself in its best days could hardly surpass, and which Birmingham may despair to equal. This may be judged of from specimens in the museum of the Hague. If the Turk boast of being able to cut off the head of a camel with his two-handed engine, it is said that the Japanese professors can divide a fellow-creature through the middle at a blow. A favourite weapon is preserved as an heir-loom for ages, and a good one on sale frequently reaches the price of a thousand florins, or little less than a hundred pounds. This weapon is regarded with a kind of superstitious reverence. It is the constant companion of every individual of the classes entitled to wear it, even from his fifth year, when the Japanese youth is solemnly invested with it. When laid aside at meals, or on other domestic occasions, it is always deposited close to the person of the owner; and he is careful neither to stumble against nor step over it. Fencing, the manège, and archery, are a part of the education of the upper classes, and in the latter they excel. With respect to "other appliances of

war," they are said to have acquired little knowledge or use of artillery, previous to the general pacification of the empire; and little advance can have been since made in the art of the gunner, the engineer, or the tactician. Their fortified defences are hence far superior to any means of attack, which, in the event of renewed civil war, could be brought against them. The specimens of their arms which the Dutch have found means to export have been so obtained in evasion of a strict prohibitory law. The museum at the Hague contains a very fine suit of mail, with a vizor or mask of steel, the exact resemblance of the face of a Punchinello, and adorned with mustachios of bristles. We have seen another such in a museum at St. Petersburg. The barrels of their fire-arms are of equal excellence and beauty, but they are all match-locks; their powder is very indifferent.

Among the better features of the Japanese character, that of filial piety appears to be conspicuous. The domestic virtues of the women are also highly extolled. In virtue of one of those laws established by the stronger party, while the man is allowed concubines *ad libitum*, adultery in the female is punished with death; but it is not for chastity alone, thus terribly enforced, that the Japanese wives are praised, but also for their patience and ability as managers in households, which the pride of the husbands, rejecting all means of livelihood but the employment to which they have succeeded by birth, frequently reduces to extreme difficulty. For the rest, the station of the female in Japan is that which is allotted to her in Europe. She presides at the feast, and adorns the social meeting. The samsie or guitar is even more invariably a part of female education than the piano in England; its touch is the signal for laying aside ceremony and constraint—and tea, sakki,* and good fellowship, become the order of the evening.

If we assume the perfection of the arts of tillage and manufacture as a test of civilization, Japan may, at least, compete with any oriental nation. Mr. Meylan,† places it higher than any. He extols their field cultivation, but they appear to neglect their great opportunities for horticulture, as far as the kitchen and the dessert are concerned. As florists they are conspicuous; and the beauty of the productions of the soil in this department is known to every possessor of a greenhouse and proprietor of a camelia. The singular art of producing miniature samples of the larger products of vegetation, unknown, we believe, in Europe, is practised by them to an extraordinary degree. Mr. Meylan speaks as an eye-witness of a box offered for

* A spirit distilled from rice, the principal or only intoxicating beverage of Japan.

† Author of a Dutch work on Japan.

sale to the Dutch governor, three inches long by one wide, in which were flourishing a fir-tree, a bamboo, and a plum-tree, the latter in blossom. The price demanded was twelve hundred florins. Sharing with the Indian the religious prejudice against the slaughter of the cattle tribes, and, indeed, against the use of butcher's meat in general, pasturage and all its products they totally neglect; but the buffalo is used for tasks of burden, and when it dies a natural death, its horns and hide are applied to the purposes usual among other nations. They have an aversion to fat or grease, which strongly distinguishes their cookery from that of the Chinese, and, we may add, the Tartar family in Europe. Poultry are much cultivated; pheasants and various sorts of game afford the squires of Japan ample occupation in their pursuit. The staple of their animal food, however, is afforded by their seas and rivers; and every product of both, says Mr. Meylan, from the whale to the cockle, is turned to account, down even to the whalebone itself, which is scraped and powdered into a ragout. This dish, as well as the raw dolphin, eaten with soy, sakki, and mustard, although Mr. Fischer speaks favourably of it, we can spare without envy to the Japanese, and the gentlemen of the factory. The stork, a bird which somehow has contrived to ingratiate itself with a large portion of the human race, for its domestic habits and services, and general social character, is respected here as in Holland and Calcutta.

Of the lacquered ware, which bears with us the name of the country that produces it, we need only say that the specimens which reach Europe are rarely such as would be considered of anything but very inferior quality in Japan. The royal collection at the Hague bears witness equally to the dexterity of their artisans in many various departments. We remember observing that the common chests, which had been used to pack the articles for conveyance to Europe, and made of camphor wood, were equal in the finish of their execution to the finer cabinet work of the Gillows and Morelles of London.

Theatrical entertainments are much followed, and they are far superior to those of the Chinese in respect to scenery and decorations. Their plays admit a Shakspearian mixture of the tragic and comic in the same piece, and an equally licentious—as the old French school would say—violation of the unities. Their leaders of the orchestra, if they deserve the name, are usually blind. They belong to a certain union or fraternity of blind persons, who bear the name of Fekis. The founder of this society, tradition says, was a Prince Senmimar, who wept away his sight for the loss of a mistress. There is, however, another equally romantic version. Their theatres are much frequented; but the

player's profession lies under that disrepute to which the irregularities of conduct incident to his mode of life have more or less condemned it in most countries, and from which the talents and virtues of many of its members have been insufficient among us fully to rescue it. The Japanese ladies take an advantage of the opportunities for display afforded by a side-box, which we suggest to the milliners of London and their fair customers, as worthy of introduction during the Opera season. The ladies who frequent the theatre, make a point of changing their dresses two or three times during the representation, in order to display the richness of their wardrobe; and are always attended by servants who carry the necessary articles of dress for the purpose. Printed programmes of the piece under representation are always in circulation, and we doubt not that a Japanese playgoer, descending from his *norimon* at the box-entrance, for they have three tiers, is saluted with an invitation to buy a book of the play, which Mr. Mathews, if he could once hear it, would imitate with his usual ludicrous fidelity.

They are altogether a gay and social people, and their somewhat cumbrous modes of politeness, and their addiction to compliment appear but to promote good fellowship. Witness this description. "In the great world the young ladies find delight at their social meetings in every description of fine work, the fabrication of pretty boxes, artificial flowers, birds and other animals, pocket-books, purses, plaiting thread for the head-dress, all for the favourite use of giving as presents. Such employments are in use to wile away the long winter evenings. In the spring, on the other hand, they participate with eagerness in all kinds of outdoor and rural amusements. Of these, the choicest are afforded by the pleasure-boats, which, adorned with the utmost cost and beauty, cover their lakes and rivers. In the enjoyment of society and music, they glide in these vessels from noon till late in the night, realizing the rapturous strain of the author of *Lalla Rookh* :—

Oh best of delights as it everywhere is,
To be near the loved one, what a rapture is his,
Who by moonlight and music thus idly may glide
O'er the lake of Cashmeer with that one by his side!

Mr. Moore will be pleased to find that his music has charms even for the Batavian exiles of Decima. "This is an enjoyment which can only be shared under the advantages of such a climate and scenery: viz. the climate of Nice and the scenery of Lugano. Their lakes and rivers are, after sunset, one blaze of illumination, as it were, with the brightly coloured paper lanterns displayed in their vessels. They play, meanwhile, that game with the fingers, which has been perpetuated from classic times in Italy. A

floating figure is also placed in a vase of water; as the water is stirred by the motion of the boat, the figure moves. The guests sing to the guitar the strain, 'Anatoya, modamada,' 'He floats, he is not still,' till at last the puppet rests opposite some one of the party whom it sentences to drain the sakki bowl, as the pleasing forfeit of the game. All this stands out in cheerful contrast to the dull debaucheries of the men, and the childish diversions of the women, among other oriental nations. The female sex, at least, have greatly the advantage over the scandal of the Turkish bath; and the man has, equally with the Turk, the resource of his pipe, in the intervals of those better enjoyments which the admission of the female sex into society afford him, and which are prohibited to the Mussulman."

Astronomy, or at least the inspection of the heavenly bodies and their movements, is, as usual with nations residing under a clear atmosphere, much pursued. They are familiar with our chronometers, telescopes, and other instruments of observation, and measure their mountains with the barometer. In medicine, their proficiency is small, and their prejudices forbid the study of anatomy. We have, however, condescended to borrow from them the use of the moxa, and, as we believe, the practice of acu-puncturation. Education, such as it is, is extended in public schools to all classes, and in no country in the world, perhaps, is the art of writing so universally diffused. It is strange that a nation which possesses over the Chinese the inestimable advantage of an alphabet, should waste time in the study of the language of those neighbours, considering it as the learned one. They are great collectors of articles of rarity, both natural and artificial, and their dilettanti rival our own in their pursuits of coins and pictures. The governor of the province of Tamba possesses a fine collection of European coins, and in Jeddo, is a collection of old European engravings, which has been preserved one hundred and fifty years in the family of the proprietor. Their museums contain many specimens of factitious monsters, mermen, serpents with the feet of birds attached, &c. One of the said monsters, made up of a salmon and a monkey, was not long since exhibited as "a merman" in Piccadilly. Their taste in jewellery extends only to the metals, and their precious stones are rarely polished, or applied to the purpose of ornament or exchange.

The Public Journals.

THE NOVICE. A SICILIAN FACT.

SOME time since there resided in a Sicilian city a prince, left early master of himself and a large fortune. Opposite his mansion lived a professor of the healing art, called Don

Ambrosio, who, the reader will please to observe, in order to keep his curious neighbour from prying into his secrets, kept in his windows vases, some filled with flowers, others with sweet herbs, such as parsley, thyme, marjoram, and the like. The doctor was an elderly man, verging close on sixty-five, and exceedingly avaricious. It happened that one morning, the prince rising earlier than usual, caught a glimpse of one of the loveliest faces he ever beheld, peeping out behind the flowers. Naturally of an amorous disposition, he felt himself at once deeply in love, and could not rest until he discovered who this beautiful creature was, for he knew Don Ambrosio had neither wife nor daughter. He inquired of his domestics and the neighbours, but none of them were in a condition to gratify his curiosity. As the doctor never admitted any one into the house except an old hag, who served him as housekeeper, and was so crusty and ill-tempered, that he was as likely to get information from one of the doctor's anatomies. But the prince having read at school how Danæa was tempted by a golden shower, shrewdly conjectured that a similar fall might allure an older woman. Watching his opportunity, one day, when she left the house, he introduced himself to her acquaintance, by softly slipping a few zechins into her withered hand, when, instead of a dry, surly, old creature, as she had been depicted, he found her one of the most complaisant and communicative of her sex. He learnt from her that the young lady was a ward, lately left by a deceased relative to her master's charge, that she was entitled to a good round sum when she came of age, which she believed had more charms for the doctor than her person, lovely as she was, for he proposed marrying her himself, and was ever pestered her with his solicitations, which it will be readily conjectured were not altogether to her taste. He led her a sad life, for, fearful of younger rivals, he kept her a close prisoner, never allowing her to pass the threshold, not even to mass on holidays. To the prince's pressing entreaties for an interview, the old lady said that the doctor never stirred out, and had even given up visiting his patients; that the only opportunity he would have of seeing his charmer nearer, would occur on Christmas eve, which was fortunately close at hand, when Don Ambrosio had, as a great indulgence, promised to take her to church, that she might see the ceremonies usual on the occasion; but, not to discover the secret of his having a ward, or give cause for suspicion, the jealous doctor intended to disguise her as a capuchin. The prince then dismissed his informant with another present, and an impassioned message to her beautiful mistress, who sometimes found an opportunity of eluding her guardian's vigilance, and showing herself at the windows, giving the

prince to understand by signs, that she was not insensible to his passion. If her beauty had at first kindled a spark in his breast, it now fanned it into a devouring flame. The expected evening at length arrived. The prince carefully watched the doctor's door, until, sure enough, he saw him leave the house in company with a monk. Losing not a moment in following, he entered the church close behind them; then, pretending to fall in with them by accident. "Ha! Don Ambrosio, are you here? and who is this young friar in your company?"

"Only a capuchin novice, a relation, whom the prior has permitted to pass the evening with me," replied the disciple of Esculapius, stifling his vexation at the unwelcome rencontre; and as he spoke he drew the hood closer over the face of his companion, wishing his excellency a good evening, and trying to shuffle off into the middle of the crowd. But the prince was not so easily taken leave of, he kept his post at the side of the young novice, condescendingly explaining to him all that was novel or extraordinary in the scene, not without slipping in a tender word at intervals, when the doctor was looking another way, intending to snatch a favourable opportunity of bolting with his fair companion; but the other was always on the alert, changing from right to left as the agonised doctor shifted the novice, on various pretexts, from one arm to the other. At the conclusion of the ceremony he made another desperate effort to get off, but his neighbour, always prepared, declared he had received so much pleasure in the doctor's company, that he was resolved to take him and his young charge to supper with him. The alarmed doctor was in no hurry to accept the suspicious honour, saying that it did not become a person in his situation to sit at table with a prince.

"Pshaw!" said his companion, "this is nothing but prejudice; we are all of the same flesh and blood, all sprung from the same fore-father, cousins in the thirtieth or fortieth degree at farthest, and much nearer, if all family secrets were brought to light. However, if you will not sup with me, I swear I will with you. Here," said he to one of his domestics, whom he recognised in the crowd, "order my supper to be carried over to the house of Don Ambrosio; we'll make a night of it."

The doctor not knowing to what length so wild a young man might carry his frolic, of two evils, chose what he esteemed the least, and agreed to accompany the prince home, on the express proviso that they should not be detained more than an hour.

"As for that," said his noble host, "I, perhaps, shall not keep you half so long." Soon after they arrived, supper was announced, and the prince, the doctor, and the novice, took their seats. It being the vigil of Christmas, the meal was, of course, entirely meagre,

consisting chiefly of fish. No sooner were the covers removed, than the prince, casting his eye from one dish to the other, getting into a fury, which increased at every article until he reached the bottom of the table, when no longer able to restrain himself, he started up in an ecstasy of rage. "What!" he roared in a voice of thunder, "all without parsley! that villain of a cook shall pay for his neglect." So saying, he ran about like a madman, heedless of the entreaties of Don Ambrosio, until at length, spying his sword in a corner, he seized it, and rushing down stairs, swore he would send his careless cook to his mortal account without more ado. A tremendous uproar was heard below which made poor Ambrosio tremble for the life of the unlucky offender. Just then a dozen servants hurried into the room. "Don Ambrosio! Don Ambrosio! are you not ashamed to let the prince cut all our throats for a little parsley, when you have so much growing in your window? for heaven's sake run over and fetch some, or we shall all be murdered." With these words they laid hold of him, one pulling, another pushing, until they got him fairly down stairs, shouting all the way for the novice to follow. "What!" they said, "are you afraid of our eating him before you return with the parsley?" Finding there was no remedy, the doctor made the best of his way to his own house, tore up the parsley by the roots, and was back in less than a minute. But short as was his stay, there was quite time enough, it appeared, for the prince and all his household to have retired to rest, for the huge doors of the palace were fast locked and barred against his ingress. In vain, Doctor Ambrosio knocked and knocked, shouting and crying to the servants to open for the love of all the saints, bawling till he was hoarse, that he had brought the parsley; the ponderous portals remained firm on their inexorable hinges. Still Don Ambrosio, almost beside himself with rage and jealousy, continued his cries and his knockings. A full hour passed in this manner. At length the porter, a surly old fellow, was heard behind the door, asking who dared to disturb his master at that unseasonable hour.

"It is I, Don Ambrosio; open, as you hope to be saved; I have brought the parsley."

"The parsley!" cried the other, in a tone of wonder.

"If you don't want the parsley," gasped out the supplicating son of Galen, "at least let me have my novice."

"Your novice!" repeated the porter, in a tone of still greater surprise; "this must be a stratagem of thieves to effect an entrance in order to plunder the palace. Holloa! there, bring me my blunderbuss."

At this instant one of the windows opened, and the shower which was wont in more classic days to follow the thunder of Xantippe,

now irrigated the less patient and philosophical head of Don Ambrosio. Long did the desperate doctor besiege the princely residence with exclamations, curses, and thundering raps at the door, in defiance of missiles wet and dry. It was a plain case; the neighbours all saw that poor Don Ambrosio had lost his senses.

Finding how matters stood, the doctor at length thought that his best plan would be to proceed to the capitano di giustizia. Late as it was, his importunity procured him admission. Hearing the strange tale of Don Ambrosio, who, still bent on preserving his secret, never hinted that it was no capuchin, but his ward who was thus unlawfully detained, the magistrate, who is always a nobleman, resolved himself to accompany the doctor to the prince's mansion, conceiving it one of his customary frolics. The capitano having narrated the complaint of Don Ambrosio, begged the other would finish the affair, by giving the capuchin back to the poor man, that he might return him to his convent.

"A capuchin!" said the prince, in feigned surprise, "in my house! Don Ambrosio has lost his wits. The whole neighbourhood can testify to the disturbance he has this evening made at my door. You are at liberty to search the house from roof to cellar, and if you find monk or friar, capuchin or carmelite, young or old, you may take him and welcome; but if all this should turn out to be merely the effect of Don Ambrosio's disordered brain, it will only be charity to him, and satisfaction to me, to lodge him in the madhouse, for fear he should give into greater excesses. Come, gentlemen, begin your examination."

Just then a lady, superbly attired, and beautiful as a houri, passed through the apartment. No sooner did she catch the eye of the doctor, than pointing to her, "There, there!" he exclaimed, "that is the capuchin."

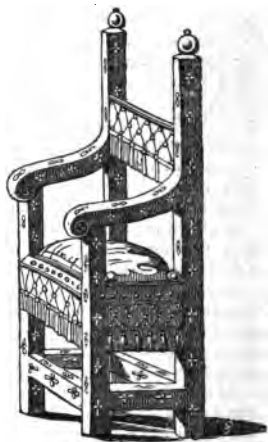
"Poor man!" said the capitano di giustizia, crossing himself, "mistake a lady for a capuchin! he's quite gone, and must be looked after." Don Ambrosio was accordingly, without more ado, hurried off to the hospital, where his vehement assertions and protestations being taken for the ravings of a deranged intellect, his professional brethren kindly consigned him to the strait waistcoat, and soon in reality cupped, bled, shaved, and blistered him out of his senses, which perhaps he would never have recovered, had not his fair ward, become the wife of the enamoured prince, considerably interfered in his behalf, and procured his release.—*Metropolitan.*

Denmark contains 1,223,307 individuals; of which 119,292 reside in the capital, Copenhagen. The total population of Denmark has augmented since 1801, to the extent of 208,833 individuals, or 32 to 33 per cent.—*Herald.*

Antiquariana.

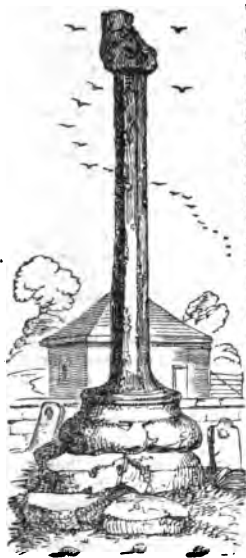
CHAIRS.

MONTFAUCON has engraved various chairs, which are proved to be accurate by those taken from coins in Morant's *Colchester*; and they do not essentially differ from the modern. Pliny says that the Roman matrons used to sit in sloping chairs made of a kind of willow; one of which is the ancestor of the beehive-chair of straw, so common in the West of England, of which Donne speaks: "sits down and snorts, caged in his basket chair." Whitaker has engraved British chairs from coins, and the cricket, or cylindrical block of wood. Among the Anglo-Saxons, we hear of chairs of state of admirable workmanship and ornament; richly cushioned with damasked and brocaded stuff, and the cushions themselves in beautiful patterns, as indeed are several of the seats. In these, too, and the succeeding ages, we find chairs of ivory, silver, cedar, and different metals, curiously wrought; but there were also ruder kinds. These particulars are from the Rev. Mr. Foesbroke's valuable *Cyclopædia*. It may be added that few if any articles of domestic furniture have undergone so few changes of construction as chairs: the straight, high back was common to the present century, and to fit the framework to the sitting figure has been the work of many ages. Of this straight-backed chair, the annexed Cut is an enriched specimen: besides the ornamented woodwork, we see the splat, or cross bar, covered with a kind of tapestry hanging, with fringe and tassels; which decorations are continued from the well-stuffed cushion. Altogether it presents a handsome specimen of the upholstery of the sixteenth century.



Chair of Mary, Queen of Scots.—From Montfaucon.

ANCIENT CROSS.



THE Cut shows the crumbling shaft of a cross erected centuries since, in a village churchyard in Oxfordshire; and around it are many less picturesque memorials. The figure of the shaft is, however, sufficiently perfect to denote how superior was the art displayed in the masonry of this cross to the upright or flat tombstones now common in churchyards.

The reader knows our sympathy with olden monuments of the dead, and of tributary memorials to departed worth; of which the vignette presents a fragment.

The Naturalist.

VEGETABLE INSECT TRAPS.

MR. LEONARD KNAPP has devoted a few pages of his very interesting *Journal of a Naturalist* to the consideration of this curious provision in the economy of nature. He leads his reader to the subject by observing that the walls in many parts of his neighbourhood are decorated with most of the varieties of the great snapdragon, the white, the pink, and the common; and that beautiful deviation with a white tube and crimson termination is slowly wandering from the garden, and mixing with its congeners.

It has not, perhaps, been generally observed, that the flowers of this plant, "bulldogs," as the boys call them, are perfect insect traps; multitudes of small creatures seek an entrance into the corolla through the closed lips, which, upon a slight pressure, yield a passage, attracted by the sweet liquor that is found at the base of the germen; but when so admitted, there is no return, the lips are closed, and all advance to them is impeded by a dense thicket of woolly matter, which invests the mouth of the lower jaw:—

"Smooth lies the road to Pluto's gloomy shade;
But 'tis a long, unconquerable pain,
To climb to these æthereal realms again."

But this snapdragon is more merciful than

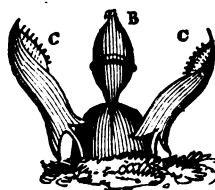
most of our insect traps. The creature receives no injury when in confinement; but, having consumed the nectareous liquor, and finding no egress, breaks from its dungeon by gnawing a hole at the base of the tube, and returns to liberty and light.

It is a perplexing matter, to reconcile our feelings to the rigour, and our reason to the necessity, of some plants being made the instruments of destruction to the insect world.



(Flower of the Dogbane.)

can be more cruelly destructive of animal life, viz. the dogbane, which is generally conducive to the death of every fly that settles upon it. Allured by the honey on the nectary of the expanded blossom, the instant the trunk is protruded to feed on it, the filaments close, and catching the fly by the extremity of its



(Ready for capture.)

proboscis, detain the poor prisoner writhing in protracted struggles till released by death, a death apparently occasioned by exhaustion alone; the filaments then relax, and the body falls to the ground. The plant will, at times, be dusky from the numbers of imprisoned wretches. This elastic action of the filaments may be conducive to the fertilizing of the seed



(The Fly caught.)

by scattering the pollen from the anthers, as is the case with the berberry; but we are not sensible that the destruction of the creatures which excite the action is in any way essential to the wants or perfection of the plant, and our ignorance favours the idea of a wanton cruelty in the herb; but how little of the causes and motives of action of created things do we know!

The three subjoined cuts will explain this vegetable mechanism: *a*, a flower of the dogbane enlarged; *b*, the pointal with seed at its base; *c*, two expanded anthers ready for capture; *d*, the anthers closed over the pointal, and the prey captured.

New Books.

WANDERINGS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

(Continued from page 430.)

[We resume our quotations from this very entertaining and miscellaneous work, in the hope of blending novelty with amusement.]

The Tea-tree.

The *McAleuca*, or tea-tree, was very abundant in some parts of the forests, attaining the elevation of thirty-five to forty feet, and a diameter of nearly two feet: the bark is nearly as smooth as velvet, and, like most of the Australian trees, is deciduous: the wood is stated to be very durable, and, the leaves being formerly used as a substitute for tea, it still retains the name of "Tea-tree" among the colonists.

Australian Superstitions.

The aborigines have many superstitious ceremonies connected with their practice of the healing art, as we find among all primitive nations; those persons who take upon themselves the occupation to attend upon the sick or wounded, unite the offices of priest, soothsayer, and physician. The few medicines administered by them are from the vegetable kingdom; they also make use of a crystal for the cure of diseases, not by administering it to the sick person, but the physician employs its aid, to act upon the superstitious mind of his patient; it is the common quartz crystal, and is called by the natives, in the vicinity of Sydney, *Krardgee Kibba*, or Doctor Stone.* This name, borrowed from the Europeans, is sometimes employed by the *Yas* natives, but that by which it is characterized by them and likewise by the natives of the *Murrumbidgee* and *Tumat* countries, is "*Merrudagalle*." The aborigines say they manufacture it, but would not mention the ingredients of which it is composed; this was a secret!! The women are never permitted to look upon it, and the priests impose upon their minds a belief, that, should their curiosity prompt them so far, they would instantly die.

These crystals are valued by them according to their size, and it is not easy to procure a large one from them. They are not only regarded as a charm by which wounds and diseases of the human frame can be cured, but they advance another step, by declaring, that when thrown at a person (accompanied, I suppose, by certain incantations) it will

* "*Krardgee*," signifying a person who attends on the sick; and "*kibba*," a stone.

have the power of causing his death. This power, said by them to be possessed by the stone, having been mentioned one day by a native to a European settler, the latter ridiculed it, and desired the black to put it to the test by throwing it at him. This, however, was refused, "he being good man;" alluding to the European, "he no want kill him;" and, after using every endeavour to induce blackes to make the trial, he shuffled out of the dilemma, by acknowledging "that it would have no effect upon the white fellers."

The following account of the manner in which the crystal is used by the physician, may be considered interesting. In the *Tumat* country, a native black, named *Golong*, was suffering from a spear wound, received a short time previous in a skirmish with a hostile tribe; it was in the evening, (for the stones are only used after dark, as at that time their efficacy is considered greater,) when a native of his tribe, named *Baramumbup*, employed the crystal for the purpose of healing the wound in the following manner:

The patient was laid at a distance of twenty or thirty yards from the encampment, after which the physician commenced the examination of the wound, which he sucked; then, without spitting, he retired to a distance of ten or fifteen yards from the invalid, muttered, or appeared to mutter, some prayer or invocation, for about a minute; on concluding, he placed the crystal in his mouth, sucked it, and then, removing the stone, spat upon the ground, and trampled upon the discharged saliva, pressing it with his feet firmly into the earth. This ceremony was repeated several times on this and subsequent evenings, until the patient's recovery, which, of course, was considered to have been effected by the wonderful curative properties resident in the crystal. On making inquiry, why the physician is so careful in trampling the saliva discharged from his mouth into the ground, no satisfactory reason could be obtained, a vague answer only being returned to the query; but it is not improbable that they consider, by this operation, they finally destroy the power of the evil spirit, extracted by the operation, through the virtues of the stone; some such reason for this proceeding may be inferred from an observation made to any European, who may be present at this part of the ceremony, that "He no come up again."

A somewhat analogous custom exists among the aboriginal tribes of Brazil, called "*Guachos*," as related by *Spix* and *Martius* in their Brazilian Travels. (English Trans. 8vo. vol. ii. p. 77.) "Their *Payés*, or physicians, (called in their language, *Vunageneto*), are conjurers and exorcists of the evil principle, which they call *Nanigogigo*. Their cures of the sick are very simple, and consist principally in fumigating, or in sucking, the

part affected; on which the payé spits into a pit, as if he would give back the evil principle, which he has sucked out, to the earth, and bury it."

The Feathered Jackass.

Among the feathered animals which abound at Narrangullen, is the *Dacelo gigantea*, Temm., better known to the colonists and strangers by the appellation of "Laughing or Feathered Jackass." Its peculiar gurgling laugh, commencing from a low, and gradually rising, to a high and loud tone, is often heard by the traveller in all parts of the colony, sending forth its deafening noises whilst remaining perched upon the lofty branch of a tree watching for prey; it is respected by gardeners for destroying grubs, &c. The natives at Yas call the bird "Gogera," or "Gogobera," probably from its peculiar note, which has some resemblance to the sound of the word. It is said that one seldom laughs without being accompanied by a second, forming a very harmonious duet.

This bird, from its devouring mice and venomous reptiles, deserves protection; (hawks also destroy snakes in this colony.) A gentleman told me that he was perfectly aware of the bird destroying snakes, as he had often seen them carry the reptiles to a tree, and break their heads to pieces with their sharp, strong beaks; he also said he had known them destroy chickens soon after they were hatched, and carry away eggs, breaking the shell with their sharp beaks, to get at their contents. One of these birds, seen upon the branch of a tree near a river, looking so stupid, and nodding as if asleep, was shot, and it was then found that this peculiar manner proceeded from having swallowed a small snake, which had got into the stomach, throat, and bill, but had not yet accommodated itself in the former cavity.

It is not uncommon to see these birds fly up with a long snake pending from their beak, the bird holding the reptile by the neck, just behind the head; but as the snake hangs down without motion, and appears dead, it is probable that the bird destroys them upon the ground before it conveys them into the tree. From these circumstances, although they may now and then "make away" with an egg, or recently hatched chicken, by mistake for other food, yet there ought to be a prohibition against their being injured, as the vermin destroyed by them amply repay such trifling losses. This is the first bird heard in the morning, and the last (among the day-birds) at night; it rises with the dawn, when the woods re-echo with its gurgling laugh; at sunset they are again heard, and as that glorious orb sinks in the west-

ward, a last "good night" is given in its peculiar tones to all within hearing.

Flock of Parrots.

It was related to me, that formerly such multitudes of parrots would beset a field of grain, as to oblige a settler to employ a number of men expressly to drive them away; and even then it was done with difficulty. This is now rare: which circumstance is not attributed to any depopulation of the "Polly" tribe, but from cultivation having become more extended; the parrot population being now divided in flocks about the different fields, when formerly they made their formidable attacks upon one or two only, and then in such numbers, that, left undisturbed for only a few hours, it would suffice to destroy the hopes of the settler, at all events for that season. It was computed that thirty or forty thousand of these birds were about the field at one time; and from what I saw, I do not consider the numbers were exaggerated. It is not only ripe grain that suffers from them, but, when it commences to vegetate, they assemble in immense flocks, to root up and devour it. The Loris are said to migrate from the Yas country in the summer, returning in the winter season: whether for food or from what cause I could not ascertain.

The Lyre Pheasant.†

The "Native, or Wood-pheasant," or "Lyre bird" of the colonists, the "*Menura superba*" of naturalists, and the "Béleck, béleck," and "Balangara" of the aboriginal tribes, is abundant about the mountain ranges, in all parts of the colony; the tail of the male bird is very elegant, but the remainder of the plumage in the male, and the whole of that of the female, is destitute of beauty. The tail of the male bears a striking resemblance, in its graceful form, to the harmonious lyre of the Greeks, from which circumstance it has received the name of the "Lyre bird" of Australia. The tail-feathers, detached entire from the bird, are sought for by collectors for their beauty, and are sold in the shops of the zoological collectors at Sydney, in pairs, formerly at a cheap rate, as the birds then abounded in the mountain ranges of the Illawarra district; but now that the bird, from its frequent destruction, has become rare, these tails have attained a price of from twenty to thirty shillings the pair. About the ranges, however, of the Tumat country, where they have been seldom destroyed, they are seen more frequently; at this season of the year, (December,) it has its young; indeed this is the season that the young of all the wild animals are produced in the colony, and can consequently be procured with facility.

The Lyre pheasant is a bird of heavy flight, but swift of foot. On catching a

* This occasioned a lady at home to declare, that of all the wonderful productions of Australia, she thought nothing could equal the "feathered donkey."

† Figured in the *Mirror*, vol. xxiii. p. 281.

glimpse of the sportsman, it runs with rapidity; aided by the wings in getting over logs of wood, rocks, or any obstruction to its progress, it seldom flies into trees, except to roost, and then rises only from branch to branch: they build in old hollow trunks of trees, which are lying upon the ground, or in the holes of rocks; the nest is formed merely of dried grass, or dried leaves, scraped together; the female lays from twelve to sixteen eggs of a white colour, with a few scattered light blue spots; the young are difficult to catch, as they run with rapidity, concealing themselves among the rocks and bushes.

The Lyre pheasant on descending from high trees, on which it perches, has been seen to fly some distance; it is more often observed during the early hours of the morning, and in the evenings, than during the heat of the day. Like all the galinaceous tribe, it scratches about the ground and roots of trees, to pick up seeds, insects, &c. The aborigines decorate their greasy locks, in addition to the emu feathers, with the splendid tail-feathers of this bird when they can procure them.

Christmas Day.

Christmas Day is regarded as a festival by the blacks who live near the habitations of the white men, it being customary at this period for the settlers to distribute among them provisions and spirits, with which they contrive to render themselves *perfectly happy*. Several tribes had formed their encampment on and about the Plains, for the occasion: their huts had been speedily erected, by collecting the branches of trees, and laying over them sheets of bark, so placed as to form a shelter to windward; the fire being made in front. Some appeared in "native costume," with an extra daub of red ochre, and the bolombine round the head; others wore tufts of the yellow crest of the white cockatoo, pending from their beards; but there were some who approximated to civilized society in dress, being arrayed in shirt, trousers, and handkerchief;—and when thus cleanly "rigged out" in European finery, their personal appearance was not unprepossessing,—not that I mean to say they will bear away the palm for personal beauty.

Some of the "black fellers" had merely a jacket, others only a shirt: the garments, however, were merely put on for the occasion, to be soon after laid aside, as they find clothing materially obstruct them when engaged in hunting or other expeditions. The putting on the European garments serves merely to gratify their vanity, making them look "like white feller," as they express it. Having observed, to one who petitioned me for a pair of "inexpressibles," to look "like white feller," that his father did not wear breeches; he replied, "My fadder no see white feller

trousers—if make a light (see) make get; but no white feller sit down this place when my fadder here."

The "ladies" are conspicuous principally for their head gear; glowing in grease and red ochre, the ringlets of these "dark angels" were decorated with opossum tails, the extremities of other animals, and the incisor teeth of the kangaroo; some had the cambun, (bolombine of the Tumat country,) or fillet, daubed with pipeclay, bound round the forehead: this ornament is sometimes made from the stringy bark tree, as well as from the tendons of the kangaroo's tail: lateral lines of pipe-clay ornamented the upper part of their faces, breast, and arms. Both men and women have raised cicatrices over the breast, arms, and back; but the forms of these personal decorations are various. They regarded, with a degree of awe, a keyed bugle, with which a gentleman amused himself at this place: they called it the *coblong* (large) whistle; and were more pleased with the slow airs played upon it, than those of a lively and quick movement.

On the evening of Christmas Day we adjourned to the veranda: the scene was beautiful; the heavy clouds, which had previously obscured the heavens, had passed away; the sun, about to set, cast a red glow over the beautiful scenery of fields of golden grain; numerous herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep scattered over different parts of the extensive plains; the elegant, drooping, young manna trees, and the sombre foliage of the *Banksia*, or honeysuckle; the picturesque wooded hills, with declivities covered with verdure to the plains beneath, and the farthest view terminated by distant mountains, formed a splendid prospect.

My attention was recalled from the enjoyment of this tranquil scene, by the noisy revelry of the blacks, whose approaches towards civilization were manifested by their getting intoxicated. The camp was now one scene of tumult and confusion: the huts, of a weak and temporary construction, were thrown down; the men, inebriated with "bull," were chasing the women and children with sticks, who scampered away to escape the punishment awarded to their mockery: numerous curses, in English, proceeded from the lips of the inebriated blacks, being terms more expressive than any their limited language could afford. As the men swore, the women screamed and talked incessantly.

One of them came to me the following morning, and said, "You ought give black feller milliken, (milk,) bullock, and sheep, for white feller come up here, drive away opossum and kangaroo, and poor black feller get noting to patta, (eat,) merry, merry, get hungry,"—a very true tale, thought I.

Spirit of the Annuals.

THE JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT,

Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall,

Is, as heretofore, a very delightful and instructive little volume, with 10 embellishments of sufficient merit for any adult annual. The little purchasers, or rather, receivers, may again meet in its pages such clever contributors to their entertainment and improvement as the ingenious editor, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Carmichael, Mrs. Holland, Miss Pardoe, Mary Howitt, the Rev. R. Walsh, Rev. C. Williams, and F. G. Elliott. Dr. Walsh's paper is a neat dialogue upon Choke-damp and Fire-damp; Mrs. Carmichael's contribution is *A Visit to the Botanical Garden of St. Vincent*, with facts new to juvenile readers. Both those are extractable papers for the "larger growth;" but we pass on to a few selections from a lively sketch by Miss Leslie, of Philadelphia, which has been transplanted hither from an American work.

Country Lodgings in America.

It has often been a subject of surprise to me, that so many, even of those highly-gifted people who are fortunate enough to possess both sorts of sense (common and uncommon), show, nevertheless, on some occasions, a strange disinclination to be guided by the self-evident truth, that in all cases where the evil preponderates over the good, it is better to reject the whole than to endure a large portion of certain evil for the sake of a little sprinkling of probable good. I can think of nothing, just now, that will more aptly illustrate my position than the practice, so prevalent in the summer months, of quitting a commodious and comfortable home, in this most beautiful and convenient of cities, for the purpose of what is called boarding out of town; and wilfully encountering an assemblage of almost all "the ills that flesh is heir to," in the vain hope of finding superior coolness in those establishments that go under the denomination of country lodgings, and are sometimes to be met with in insulated locations, but generally in the unpaved and dusty streets of the villages and hamlets that are scattered about the vicinity of Philadelphia.

These places are adopted as substitutes for the springs or the sea-shore; and it is also not unusual for persons who have already accomplished the fashionable tour, to think it expedient to board out of town for the remainder of the summer, or till they are frightened home by the autumnal epidemics.

The last time I was induced to make a trial of the delights of country lodgings, I had been told of a very genteel lady (the widow of an Englishman, said to have been highly connected in his own county), who

had taken a charming house at a short distance from the city, with the intention of accommodating boarders for the summer; and I finally allowed myself to be prevailed on to become an inmate of her establishment, as I had just returned from the north, and found the weather still very warm.

Two of my friends, a lady and gentleman, accompanied me when I went to engage my apartment. The ride was a very short one, and we soon arrived at a white frame house, with green window-shutters, and also a green gate, which opened into a little front garden with one gravel walk, two grass-plats, and four Lombardy poplar trees, which, though excluded in the city, still keep their ground in out-of-town places.

There was no knocker, but after hammering and shaking the door for nearly five minutes, it was at last opened by a bare-footed bound-girl, who hid herself behind it as if ashamed to be seen. She wore a ragged light calico frock, through the slits of which appeared at intervals a black stuff petticoat; the body was only kept together with pins, and partly concealed by a dirty cape of coarse white muslin; one lock of her long yellow hair was stuck up by the wreck of a horn comb, and the remaining tresses hung about her shoulders. When we inquired if Mrs. Netherby was at home, the girl scratched her head, and stared as if stupified by the question; and on its being repeated, she replied that "she would go and look," and then left us standing at the door. A black servant would have opened the parlour, ushered us in, and, with smiles and courtesies, requested us to be seated. However, we took the liberty of entering without invitation, and the room being perfectly dark, we also used the freedom of opening the shutters.

The floor was covered with a mat which fitted no where, and showed evidence of long service. Whatever air might have been introduced through the fire-place, was effectually excluded by a thick chimney-board, covered with a square of wall-paper, representing King George IV. visiting his camelopard. I afterwards found that Mrs. Netherby was very proud of her husband's English origin. The mantel-piece was higher than our heads, and therefore the mirror that adorned it was too elevated to be of any use. This lofty shelf was also decorated with two paste-board baskets, edged with gilt paper, and painted with bunches of calico-looking flowers; two fire-screens ditto, and two card-racks in the shape of harps, with loose and crooked strings of gold thread. In the centre of the room stood an old-fashioned round tea-table, the feet black with age, and the top covered with one of those coarse unbleached cloths of figured linen, that always look like dirty white. The curiosities of the centre-table consisted of a tumbler of marigolds; a

dead souvenir, which had been a living one in 1826; a scrap work-box, stuck all over with figures of men, women, and children, which had been most wickedly cut out of engravings, and deprived of their back-grounds for this purpose; an album, with wishy-washy drawings and sickening verses; a china writing-apparatus, destitute alike of ink, sand, and wafers; and a card of the British consul, which I afterwards learned had once been left by him for Mr. Netherby.

The walls were ornamented with enormous heads, drawn in black crayon, and hung up in narrow gilt frames, with bows of faded gauze riband. One head was inscribed Innocence, and had a crooked mouth; a second was Beneficence, with a crooked nose; a third was Contemplation, with a prodigious swelling on one of her cheeks; and the fourth was Veneration, turning up two eyes of unequal size. The flesh of one of these heads looked like china, and another like satin; the third had the effect of velvet, and the fourth resembled plush.

All these things savoured of much unfounded pretension; but we did not then know that they were chiefly the work of Mrs. Netherby herself, who, as we learned in the sequel, had been blessed with a boarding-school education, and was, according to her own opinion, a person of great taste and high polish.

It was a long time before the lady made her appearance, as we had arrived in the midst of the siesta, in which it was the custom of every member of the establishment (servants included) to indulge themselves during the greatest part of the afternoon, with the exception of the bound-girl, who was left up to "mind the house." Mrs. Netherby was a tall, thin, sharp-faced woman, with an immense cap, that stood out all round, and encircled her head like a halo, and was embellished with an enormous quantity of yellowish gauze riband, that seemed to incorporate with her huge yellow curls—fair hair being much affected by ladies who have survived all other fairness. She received us with abundance of smiles and a profusion of flat compliments, uttered in a voice of affected softness; and on making known my business, I was conducted up stairs to see a room, which, she said, would suit me exactly.

It was small, but looked tolerably well; and though I was not much prepossessed in favour of either the house or the lady, I was unwilling that my friends should think me too fastidious, and it was soon arranged that I should take possession the following day.

Next afternoon I arrived at my new quarters; and tea being ready soon after, I was introduced to the other boarders as they came down from their respective apartments. The table was set in a place dignified with the title of "the dining-room," but which was,

in reality, a sort of ante-kitchen, and located between the acknowledged kitchen and the parlour. It still retained vestiges of a dresser, part of which was entire, in the shape of the broad lower shelf and the under closets. This was painted red, and Mrs. Netherby called it the side-board. The room was narrow, the ceiling was low, the sunbeams had shone full upon the windows the whole afternoon, and the heat was extreme. A black man waited on the tea-table, with his coat out at elbows, and a marvellous dirty apron, not thinking it worth his while to wear good clothes in the country. And while he was tolerably attentive to every one else, he made a point of disregarding or disobeying every order given to him by Mrs. Netherby, knowing that, for so trifling a cause as disrespect to herself, she would not dare to dismiss him at the risk of getting no one in his place,—it being always understood, that servants confer a great favour on their employers when they condescend to go with them into the country. Behind Mrs. Netherby's chair stood the long-haired bound-girl (called Anna by her mistress, and Nance by Bingham, the black waiter), waving a green poplar branch by way of fly-brush, and awkwardly flirting it in every one's face.

The aspect of the tea-table was not inviting. Every thing was in the smallest possible quantity that decency would allow. There was a plate of rye-bread, and a plate of wheat, and a basket of crackers; another plate with half a dozen paltry cakes, that looked as if they had been bought under the old Court House; some morsels of dried beef on two little tea-cup plates, and a small glass dish of that preparation of curds which, in vulgar language, is called smear-case, but whose *nom de guerre* is cottage-cheese—at least, that was the appellation given it by our hostess. The tea was so weak that it was difficult to discover whether it was black or green; but finding it undrinkable, I requested a glass of milk; and when Bingham brought me one, Mrs. Netherby said, with a smile, "See what it is to live in the country!"

The company consisted of a lady with three very bad children; another with a very insipid daughter, about eighteen or twenty, who, like her mother, seemed utterly incapable of conversation; and a fat Mrs. Fownsey, who talked an infinite deal of nothing, and soon took occasion to let me know that she had a very handsome house in the city. The gentlemen belonging to these ladies never came out till after tea, and returned to town early in the morning.

Towards sunset, I proposed taking a walk with the young lady, but she declined on account of the dew; and we returned to the parlour, where there was no light during the whole evening, as Mrs. Netherby declared that she thought nothing was more pleasant than to sit in a dark room in the summer.

And when we caught a momentary glimpse from the candles that were carried past the door as the people went up and down stairs, we had the pleasure of finding that innumerable cock-roaches were running over the floor, and probably over our feet—these detestable insects having also a fancy for darkness.

[Next is an amusing picture of American education.]

The gentlemen talked altogether of trade and bank business. Some neighbours came in, and nearly fell over us in the dark. Finding the parlour (which had but one door) most insupportably warm, I took my seat in the entry—a narrow passage, which Mrs. Netherby called the hall. Thither I was followed by Mrs. Pownsey, a lady of the Malaprop school, who had been talking to me all the evening of her daughters, Mary Margaret and Sarah Susan, they being now on a visit to an aunt in Connecticut. These young ladies had been educated, as their mother informed me, entirely by herself, on a plan of her own, and, as she assured me, with complete success; for Sarah Susan, the youngest, though only ten years old, was already regarded as quite a phinnoimy (phenomenon), and as to Mary Margaret, she was an absolute prodigal.

"I teach them every thing myself," said she, "except their French, and music, and drawing, in all which they take lessons from the first masters. And Mr. Bullhead, an English gentleman, comes twice a week to attend to their reading, and writing, and arithmetic, and the grammar of geography. They never have a moment to themselves, but are kept busy from morning till night. You know that idleness is the root of all evil."

"It is certainly the root of *much* evil," I replied; "but you know the old adage, which will apply equally well to both sexes, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'"

"Oh! they often play," resumed Mrs. Pownsey. "In the evening, after they have learned their lessons, they have games of history, and botany, and mathematics, and all such instructive diversions. I allow them no other plays. Their minds are certainly well stored with all the arts and sciences."

"But, Mrs. Pownsey," said I, "do you never permit your daughters to read for amusement?"

"Never," replied this wisest of mothers; "amusement is the high road to vice. Indeed, with all their numerous studies, they have little or no time for reading any thing; and when they have, I watch well that they shall read only books of instruction, such as Mr. Bullhead chooses for them. They are now at Rowland's Ancient History, and they have already got through seven volumes. Their Aunt Watson (who, between ourselves, is rather a weak-minded woman) is shocked

at the children reading that book, and says it is filled with crimes and horrors. But so is all the ancient history that ever I heard of; and of course it is proper that little girls should know these things. They will get a great deal more benefit from Rowland than from reading Miss Edgeworth's story-books, that sister Watson is always recommending."

"Have they ever read the history of their own country?" said I.

"I suppose you mean the History of America," replied Mrs. Pownsey. "Oh! that is of no consequence at all; and Mr. Bullhead says it is never read in England."

[Some of this may be rather Trollop-ish, but the reader must recollect it is by an American authoress, and of native fidelity. Here are two pretty poetical breathings of natural history for young minds.]

TO THE BRAMBLE.—BY THE AUTHOR OF CORN-LAW RHYMES.

TRY fruit full well the school-boy knows,
Wild brambles of the brake!
So put thou forth thy small white rose—
I love it for his sake.

Though woodbines flaunt, and roses blow,
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers.

For dull the eye, the heart is dull
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are.

How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy budded stem!
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them.

While silent showers are falling slow,
And whispering through the bush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Amid the general hush!

The violet near the moss'd grey stone
Hath laid her weary head;
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn-flower is dead;

But thou, wild bramble, back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh, green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.

Again thou bidst me a boy,
More fain than bird or bee
To gad, in freedom and in joy,
O'er bank and brake with thee.

THE NAUTILUS.—BY MARY HOWITT.

LIKE an ocean-breeze afloat,
In a little pearly boat—
Pearl within and round about,
And a silken streamer out,
Over the sea, over the sea,
Merrily, merrily, saileth he!

Not for battle, not for pelf,
But to pleasure his own self,
Sails he on for many a league,
Nor knoweth hunger nor fatigue;
Past many a rock, past many a shore,
Nor shifts a sail nor lifts an oar:
Oh! the joy of sailing thus—
Like a brave old Nautilus!

Much he knows the northern whaler,
More the Great Pacific sailor;
And Phœnicians, old and grey,
In old times knew more than they;

But, oh! daring voyager small,
More thou knowest than they all!
Thou didst laugh at sun and breeze
On the new-created seas:
Thou wast with the dragon broods
In the old sea solitudes,
Sailing in the new-made light
With the carled-up Ammonite!
Thou survived the awful shock
That turned the ocean-bed to rock,*
And changed its myriad living swarms
To the marble's veined forms—
Fossil-scrolls that tell of change.

Thou wast there!—thy little boat
Airy voyager, kept afloat
O'er the waters wild and dismal,
O'er the yawning gulfs abysmal;
Amid wreck and overturning—
Rock-imbedding, heaving, burning!
Mid the tumult and the stir,
Thou, most ancient mariner,
In that pearly boat of thine,
Sat'st upon the troubled brine!

Then thou saw the settling ocean
Calming from its dark commotion;
And, less mighty than the first,
Forth a new creation burst!—

Saw each crested billow rise
With ten thousand forms of life;
Saw the budding sea weed grow
In the tranquil deeps below,
And within the ocean-mines
Hourly-branching corallines.

Thou didst know the sea, ere man
His first voyage had began—
All the world hadst sailed about
Ere America was found out—
Ere Ulysses and his men
Came to Ithaca again;
Thou wast sailing o'er the sea,
Brave old voyager, merrily,
While within the forest grew
The tree that was the first canoe.
Daring circumnavigator,
Would thou wert thine own narrator!

[With knowledge so sweetened, we do not hesitate to pronounce the *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not* a hundred times more to the purposes of amusement and instruction than all Mrs. Pownsey's "games of history, and botany, and mathematics, and all such instructive diversions."]

* The little *Nautilus* is found imbedded with the fossil remains of those sea-crocodiles and dragon-like creatures which have ceased to exist.

The Gatherer.

An Elegant Compliment.—A youth of about twelve years of age, presented a young lady with the drawing of an owl for her scrap book. His father observed, that it was a sly way of taking a portrait, and asked him whether he did not intend drawing her sister as a vulture, raven, or cormorant? "No, no!" replied the young gallant, bowing to Miss, "when I take your picture, it shall be as a bird of paradise." H. B.

Remarkable Oak.—Most persons who have wandered on a summer's day amongst the green glades and leafy avenues of Greenwich Park, have probably observed a massy and aged oak in the garden attached to the

Keeper's house; few, however, are aware of its real magnitude. The trunk is hollow, and there is sufficient room within it for a table, round which twelve persons may sit. At three feet from the ground it measures thirty-one feet in girth. The circumference of the interior is twenty-two feet. The doorway was originally a cleft, which is now five feet five inches high, and upwards of two feet broad. The present height of the trunk, is about forty feet, and its age is unknown. The old tree has been more than once honoured with the presence of royalty, and is now used as a place of temporary confinement for juvenile depredations in the chestnut season.—*Greenwich Guardian*, No. 1.

Affection believes not in death, until it be present in the house.—*L. E. L.*

A Falconer.—A little girl reading in English history that the imposter, Lambert Simnel, having first been made a scullion in Henry VII.'s kitchen, "was afterwards advanced to the dignity of falconer," inquired of a sister a little older than herself, what was a falconer. "Why, you ninny!" answered the sagacious child, who had caught the word "kitchen" a little while before, "what should he be, but a person who takes care of the forks!"

A few days since, in the sale of Mr. Heber's library, was J. Crouch's "Muses' Tears for the death of Henry, Duke of Gloucester," 1660.

Mathematical Demonstration.—The late eccentric mathematician, Professor Vince, of King's College, Cambridge, being once engaged in a conversation with a gentleman who advocated duelling, is said to have thrown his adversary completely *hors de combat*, by the following acute and characteristic reply to his question: "But what could you do, sir, if a man told you to your very face 'You lie?' 'What cud I do? why, I wudn't knock him down, but I'd tell him to pruv it. Pruv it, sir, pruv it, I'd say. If he cudn't, he'd be the liar, and there I shud have him; bu', if he did pruv that I'd lied, I must e'en pocket the affront; and there I expect the matter wud end." J. M. R.

Hoisting an Ensign.—A young officer had embarked for a foreign station on board a man-of-war, with a detachment of his regiment. The captain of the vessel happening, in his hearing, to order, for the purpose of making a signal, "An ensign to be hoisted at the mizen-peak," the simple youth exclaimed: "Well! I'm not first ensign for duty—that's one comfort!" J. R.

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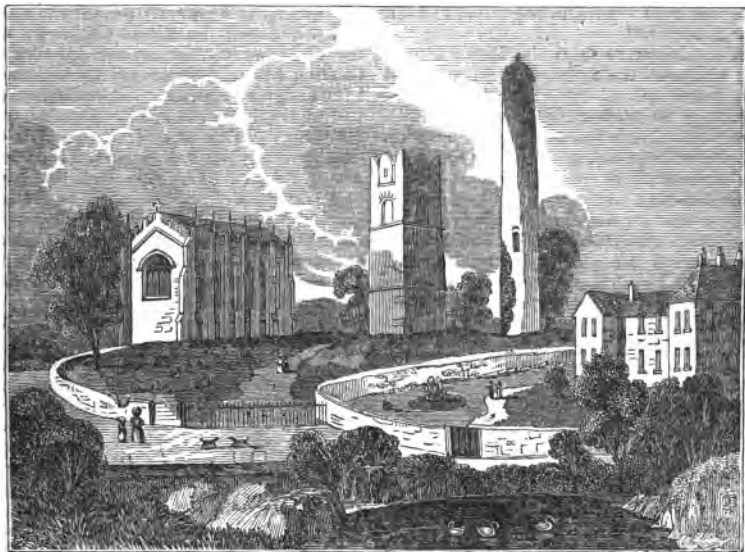
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SWORDS, NEAR DUBLIN.



ROUND TOWER AND CHURCH.

(From a Sketch, by a Correspondent.)

SWORDS, a small town, distant northward from Dublin about seven miles, consists chiefly of one street. It was formerly a place of much greater importance than at present: it still derives a considerable degree of interest from the vestiges of its past splendour, although these receive little aid, or illustration, from the page of history. We learn, however, from the *Monasticon*, that a sumptuous monastery was founded here in the year 512, by the celebrated Irish saint, Columb, who gave it "a missal written by himself, blessed the well here, and placed St. Finan Lobhair, or the Leper, over the abbey." The records chiefly relate the disasters of this foundation and the contiguous town. In the year 1012, Swords was reduced to ashes by the Danes. It was rebuilt, but burnt again, and plundered, together with the Abbey, in 1035 or 1037, by Connor O'Melaghlin, Prince of Meath. Its last destructive visitation took place A. D. 1166.

Little more is recorded of Swords until the seventeenth century. Here it was that the first Irish army of the Pale assembled, on November 9, 1641, preparatory to the

commencement of a long series of fatal hostilities. On January 10, following, Sir Charles Coote attacked, and drove this body of troops from its intrenchments, with very inconsiderable loss of men on his side, the only officer killed being Sir Lorenzo Carey, second son of Lord Falkland.

Among the antiquities of Swords, are the ruins of a castellated palace of the Archbishop of Dublin; and a few traces of a nunnery founded at an unknown date. The only ecclesiastical remains, strictly speaking, are a fine and lofty round tower, coeval with the foundation of the original monastery, and the abbey belfry, a square building of the fourteenth or fifteenth century. These antiquities, with a modern church, form the remarkable group of architectural objects represented in the above Engraving, from a sketch made by a tourist of last summer.

First, in interest, is the Round Tower, which is in fine preservation, having been repaired but a few years since. Its height is stated at 73 feet: at the top is a semicircular capping, surmounted by a small cross, which pious emblem is said to have been erected at

a date long subsequent to other parts of the structure. Near the summit are four round-headed apertures, placed at the cardinal points. There are also four other openings to the five floors. "Its present entrance, which is level with the ground, is of modern construction, as well as the roof and upper story: what appears to have been the original doorway, is 20 feet from the ground, and but four feet high."^{*}

A short distance from the Round Tower, is a portion of the former church, now used as a bell-tower.

Next is the modern Church, built in the year 1819, after a design, suggested by Mr. French, of Heywood, in the Queen's County; the architect being a Mr. Farrell. It is a stone building, in the pointed style. The interior has no division, and is neat, but destitute of architectural embellishment. At the west end is a gallery, designed for the reception of an organ; and the east window is filled with modern painted glass. The edifice has, however, little architectural merit; but is "such as might have been expected from minds so wanting in taste and feeling as those which permitted the removal of the beautiful ruins of the ancient abbey to erect it on their site."[†]

LEARNING OF THE MONKS.

It has been too much the practice, (arising from the leaven which three hundred years have not been able to disperse,) to disavow any feelings of obligation or gratitude to the inhabitants of the cloister. They have been stigmatized indeed as "slothful, lost to the commonwealth, intemperate, stupid, and without the least tincture of useful learning."[‡] That individual instances of moral degradation may have frequently occurred among them, no man in his senses can possibly deny; yet we must remember that the impartial view of the monkish character has been obscured by the myrmidons of the cruel and remorseless tyrant who dissolved their establishments in this country; and that the worse, because more hypocritical, era of puritanical cant, had too powerful an influence over the minds of its deluded votaries to permit them to allow one jot of praise to the unfortunate monk. For my own part, I have never paced the ruined aisles of an abbey, or walked amid the columns of a yet existing conventual building, without feeling deeply impressed with a sense of lively gratitude for the means adopted for the preservation of learning and the fine arts during what are usually denominated "the darker ages."

* From the Dublin Penny Journal; the distinguishing merit of which is the illustration of the antiquities of Ireland, in a pleasing and popular manner. † Ibid.

‡ Gilpin's Observations on the Western Parts of England, pp. 132-3.

What do we not owe Ingulphus and the Venerable Bede? Shall Robert of Gloucester and Peter de Langtoft be held unworthy of our respect? or even Capgrave, that sworn propagator of monastic fiction, deemed wholly incredible? Are we to imagine the Norman knight dashing to the tourney with an inkhorn hanging in the rest as well as his lance? If we are not so to do, to whom shall we ascribe the Saxon Chronicles and many other works which were destroyed when the fine libraries of the abbeys were scattered and annihilated? What shall we say too, of the Williams, monks respectively of Newbury and Malmesbury, of Roger Hoveden, and the Benedictine friar, Matthew of Westminster? Shall that most extraordinary genius, Matthew Paris, who professed painting, poetry, mathematics, architecture, eloquence, theology, and history, and acquired reputation in each; or Wili-kind, the German friar, who wrote the history of the Western Emperors, be condemned, as having uselessly employed their time? No, to the labours of the cloister we owe much; perhaps, every thing connected with literature and the fine arts. Mark the storied pane, rich in colour, and blazing in its glory: we derive it from Benedict, a monk. Gaze with admiration on the Cathedrals of Winchester, York, and Salisbury; and however you may differ in religious creed, pay a just tribute to the memory of such master-minds as those of William of Wykham, John de Thoresby, and Robert Poore. Let us then be just: however reprehensible the monastic system may be, to it we are indebted as the nurse and preserver of learning and science. I know no better way of proving this fact, than by requesting thee, friendly reader, to take from thy book-shelf Hume or Rapin; the greater, indeed the entire, portion of whose early histories are derived from, and solely rest on, the *useless* learning of the calumniated monk. C. S.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

(To the Editor.)

IN the Cathedrals which abound on the Continent, mutilated by many revolutions, and with Chapters reduced to merely nominal dignities, the eye of the visiter is never presented with such a spectacle of desolation as that offered to him at present in our St. Paul's Cathedral. On entering, it would require but little stretch of the imagination to suppose oneself in some immense structure of ancient Italy, but lately rescued from darkness, and exposed to the light of day. The walls and pillars abounding with classical decoration, are so defaced with damp, the paintings in the dome so discoloured and damaged by want of ventilation, and the statues of our heroes and statesmen so hide-

usually begrimed with dust, that they appear as though they had remained during the lapse of centuries untouched by the hand of man.

It creates considerable regret to observe such an apathy in those who control the management of so important a building as our metropolitan church. The Chapters of Cathedrals throughout the kingdom have, for some years past, directed much of their attention towards the embellishment of the Churches over which they preside: then, why should the most magnificent temple in the empire be left to decay? And, but a trifling expenditure might obviate this destruction. The use of incense in Catholic Cathedrals contributes much to the exclusion of that fatal enemy to works of art—damp; and, though we do not employ this perfume in our ceremonies, surely some economical means might be provided for airing the building.*

Foreigners visiting this Church bring away accounts most afflicting to the ear of an Englishman:—while they enthusiastically admire the building, they censure the persons who suffer it to remain in so neglected a condition.

GEORGE.

* About five years since, measures were said to be in progress for restoring the paintings on the interior of the dome.—See *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 800.

Manners and Customs.

CHRISTMAS.

THE following account of a custom on Christmas eve, at Ratzenburg, in Germany, is given by Mr. Coleridge: "For three or four months before Christmas the girls are all busy, and the boys save up their pocket money to buy presents to present to their parents and to each other, on Christmas eve. What the present is to be, is cautiously kept secret; and the girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it—such as working when they are out on visits, and the others are not with them—getting up in the morning before daylight, &c. Then, on the evening before Christmas day, one of the parlours is lighted up by the children, into which the parents must not go; a great yew bough is fastened on the table at a little distance from the wall, a multitude of little tapers are fixed on the bough, but not so as to burn it till they are nearly consumed, and coloured paper, &c. hangs and flutters from the twigs. Under this bough the children lay out in great order the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift; they then bring out the remainder, one by one, from their pockets, and present them with kisses and embraces. Where I witnessed this scene, there were eight or nine children,

and the eldest daughter and mother wept aloud for joy and tenderness; and the tears ran down the face of the father, and he clasped all his children so tight to his breast, he seemed as if he did it to stifle the sob that was rising within it. I was very much affected. The shadow of the bough and its appendages on the wall, and arching over on the ceiling, made a pretty picture; and then the raptures of the very little ones, when at last the twigs and their needles began to take fire and snap—O it was a delight to them! On Christmas day, the parents lay out on the table in the great parlour, the presents for the children; a scene of more sober joy succeeds; as on this day, after an old custom, the mother says privately to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which they have observed most praiseworthy, and that which has been the most faulty, in their conduct. Formerly, and still in all the smaller towns and villages throughout North Germany, these presents were sent by all the parents to some one fellow, who, in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flaxen wig, personates 'Knecht Rupert,' that is, the servant Rupert. On Christmas night, he goes round to every house, and says, that Jesus Christ, his master, sent him thither. The parents and elder children receive him with great pomp and reverence, while the little ones are most terribly frightened. He then inquires for the children, and according to the character which he hears from the parents, he gives them the intended presents, as if they came out of Heaven from Jesus Christ. Or, if they should have been bad children, he gives the parents a rod, and in the name of his master, recommends them to use it frequently. About seven or eight years old, the children are let into the secret, and it is curious how faithfully they keep it."*

Christmas carols are still sung in Ireland. In Scotland, where no church feasts have been kept since the days of John Knox, the custom is unknown. In Wales it is still preserved to greater extent, perhaps, than in England. At a former period, the Welsh had carols adapted to most of the ecclesiastical festivals, and the four seasons of the year, but at this time they are limited to that of Christmas. After the turn of midnight, on Christmas eve, service is performed in the churches by the singing of carols to the harp. While the Christmas holidays continue, they are sung in like manner in the houses, and there are carols especially adapted to be sung at the doors of the houses by visitors before they enter.

The following account of a Highland Christmas, is given by Mr. Grant, in his *Popular Superstitions of the Highlands*:—"As soon as the brightening glow of the

* See also *Mirror*, vol. xvii. p. 144.

western sky warns the anxious housemaid of the approach of Christmas day, she rises full of anxiety at the prospect of her morning labours. The meal, which was steeped in the *sowans-bowie* a fortnight ago, to make the *prechdachdan sour*, or *sour scones*, is the first object of her attention. The gridiron is put on the fire, and the *sour scones* are soon followed by hard cakes, soft cakes, buttered cakes, branched bannocks, and pannich perm. The baking being once over, the *sowans* pot succeeds the gridiron, full of new *sowans*, which are to be given to the family, agreeably to custom, this day in their beds. The *sowans* are boiled into the consistence of molasses, when the *lagan-le-urich*, or yeast-bread, to distinguish it from boiled *sowans*, is ready. It is then poured into as many bickers as there are individuals to partake of it, and presently served to the whole, old and young. It would suit well the pen of a Burns, or the pencil of a Hogarth, to paint the scene which follows. The ambrosial food is despatched in aspiring draughts by the family, who soon give evident proofs of the enlivening effects of the *lagan-le-urich*. As soon as each despatches his bicker, he jumps out of bed—the elder branches to examine the ominous signs of the day, and the younger to enter on its amusements. Flocking to the swing, a favourite amusement on this occasion, the youngest of the family get the first *shoulder*, and the next oldest to him in regular succession. In order to add the more to the spirit of the exercise, it is a common practice with the person in the swing, and the person appointed to swing him, to enter into a very warm and humorous altercation. As the swung person approaches the swinger, he exclaims, ‘*Ei mi tu chal*,’ ‘I’ll eat your kail.’ To this the swinger replies, with a violent shove, ‘*Cha ni u mu chal*,’ ‘You shan’t eat my kail.’ These threats and repulses are sometimes carried to such a height, as to break down or capsize the threatener, which generally puts an end to the quarrel. As the day advances, those minor amusements are terminated at the report of the gun, or the rattle of the ball-clubs—the gun inviting the marksman to the *Kiavamuchd*, or prize-shooting, and the latter to *Luchd-vouil*, or the ball combatants—both the principal sports of the day. Tired at length of the active amusements of the field, they exchange them for the substantial entertainments of the table. Groaning under the *sonsy-haggis*, and many other savoury dainties, unseen for twelve months before, the relish communicated to the company, by the appearance of the festive board, is more easily conceived than described. The dinner once despatched, the glowing bowl succeeds, and the sparkling glass flies to and fro like a weaver’s shuttle. As it continues its rounds, the spirits of the company become the more jovial and happy.

Animated by its cheering influence, even old decrepitude no longer feels his habitual pains—the fire of youth is in his eye, as he details to the company the exploits which distinguished him in the days of *auld lang syne*; while the young, with hearts inflamed with love and glory, long to mingle in the more lively scenes of mirth, to display their prowess and agility. Leaving the patriarchs to finish those professions of friendship for each, in which they are so devotedly engaged, the younger part of the company will shape their course to the ball-room, or the card-table, as their individual inclinations suggest; and the remainder of the evening is spent with the greatest pleasure of which human nature is susceptible.” W. G. C.

SLAVERY IN SURINAM.

A LADY of rank had occasion one day to be rowed by her unfortunate slaves to a place somewhat distant from her home. In the fore part of the boat sat a female slave, with her infant in her arms, which, through indisposition or crossness, she was unable to appease. The lady, though at the greatest possible distance from the infant, affected to be so annoyed with its cries, that she directed the mother to bring the child to her, adding that she would try to quiet it. The unsuspecting mother, accordingly, gave her the child, and retired to the fore part of the boat. The lady no sooner took possession of the babe than she dipped its head and body in the water, holding it by one leg, while the men rowed her along without daring to expostulate. In this state she held her murderous hand overboard, until she found that the child was dead, when, with much indifference, she let the body go on the stream. The frantic mother, who had witnessed this act of deliberate murder, without daring to complain, could restrain her feelings no longer: she gave a horrid shriek, and plunged into the water to die with her babe. From the accomplishment of this purpose, however, she was deterred by the boatmen, who, directed by the lady, exerted themselves and saved her life. For this attempt, on coming ashore, the poor mother was sentenced to receive two hundred lashes, and actually underwent the punishment. Of the lady’s conduct no notice was taken. None but the negroes were witnesses of the transaction, and, by law, they were disqualified to give evidence. D. P.

Anecdote Gallery.

MILITARY ANECDOTES.

THE camp of the Duke of Marlborough resembled a quiet and well-governed city: swearing was seldom heard among the officers; a drunkard was an object of scorn;

and his troops, many of whom were the refuse and dregs of the nation, became, at the close of one or two campaigns, civil, sensible, and cleanly. A sincere observer of religious duties himself, the Duke enforced their observance throughout his camp; divine service was regularly performed; prayers were offered up before a battle; and thanksgiving followed close upon victory. His humanity extended even to his enemies; and he felt delighted whenever he could mitigate the miseries of war by an act of mercy or benevolence. A French officer, on the point of marriage, having been taken prisoner and sent to England, the Duke obtained leave for him to return to his own country and bride elect. Exceedingly affable and easy of access, his soldiers looked up to him with confidence and affection. His memory was enshrined in their hearts, and the veteran who had served under him, cherished an attachment to all who bore his name or belonged to his family. A Chelsea pensioner, at an election for Windsor, in 1737, was threatened with the loss of his pension, if he did not vote for Lord Vere. His answer was, "I will venture starving, rather than it shall be said that I voted against the Duke of Marlborough's grandson, after having followed his grandfather so many hundred leagues."

During the siege of Seringapatam, Colonel Wellesley having advanced at the head of his regiment, the 33rd, into the Sultaunpettah-tope, was instantly attacked, in the darkness of the night, on every side, by a tremendous fire of musketry and rockets; when the men gave way, were dispersed, and retreated in disorder, several were killed, and twelve grenadiers were taken prisoners. The report of this disaster ran through the camp like wildfire, and the mortification and distress of Colonel Wellesley himself, are described as having been excessive. On the following morning, General Harris ordered a detachment to be formed, consisting of the 94th regiment, two battalions of Sepoys, and five guns, under the command of Colonel Wellesley, to make a second attack upon the tope. As the 94th regiment formed part of General Baird's brigade, he accompanied it to the parade, where he found General Harris. On the arrival of the 94th all was in readiness for the march, but Colonel Wellesley did not make his appearance to take the command. The troops having waited more than an hour under arms for their leader, General Harris became impatient, and ordered General Baird himself to take the command of them. He instantly mounted his horse and called his aide-de-camp; but a moment afterwards a generous feeling towards Colonel Wellesley induced him to pause, and, returning to General Harris, he said, "Don't you think, sir, it will be but fair to give Wellesley an opportunity of retrieving the misfortune of last

night?" General Harris listened to the kind and considerate proposal, and shortly afterwards Colonel Wellesley appeared, took the command of the party, and, at its head, succeeded in getting possession of the tope.

During the Peninsular war, Sir Arthur Wellesley, intending to attack the French in the morning, went to the quarters of Cuesta to arrange the details of the attack; but the old man had gone to bed, and not to be disturbed. At three in the morning the British columns were under arms, but Cuesta was not to be spoken with till seven o'clock, and then refused to join in the attack, offering, among other reasons, his objection to fight upon a Sunday. Cuesta, however, was prevailed upon to agree to an attack for the following morning, and having proposed to the English general to make a *reconnaissance* of the French position, the old gentleman arrived in a cumbrous coach and six at the appointed place, to the surprise of Sir Arthur, and the amusement of his active staff.

At the charge made by the whole of the French cavalry at El Bodon, on the square formed by the 5th and 77th regiments, a French officer had his horse shot under him, and both fell together. The officer, though not much hurt, lay on the ground as if dead. A German hussar rode up to the spot, and made a cut at the officer lying on the ground; on which he immediately sprang up, and with his sword at the guard, set the German at defiance. Another of the King's German hussars then galloped up, and desired the French officer to surrender, which he refused to do. The appearance of the officer in this position was truly heroic. He stood without his cap; his head was bare, and some marks of blood were on his face. From the fine attitude he presented, and being a tall, athletic man, he strongly impressed the beholders with the belief that he would defend himself against both the hussars. At this time, Ensign Canch, of the 5th, ran out of the square, and was proceeding rapidly to the place, in the hope of inducing the officer to surrender himself a prisoner; but the hussars finding they were baffled, and could not subdue this brave man with the sword, had recourse to the pistol, with which they killed him, to the great regret of the British regiments that were looking on. This affair took place about half way between the square already mentioned and the French cavalry, who were still hovering about, after being repulsed by the 5th and 77th regiments.

During the contest at Waterloo, the 52nd regiment having broken the Imperial Guard, and penetrated the French line, the infantry, before they threw down their arms, made an effort either at defence or escape; the artillery dashed at the opposite bank, but some of the horses of each gun were in an instant brought

down. A subaltern of the battery threw his sword on the ground, in token of surrender; but the commander, standing in the centre of his guns, waved his above his head in defiance. A soldier sprang from the British ranks, parried his thrust, closed with him, threw him on the ground, and, keeping him down with his foot, reversed his musket with both hands to bayonet him; when that repugnance to the shedding of blood which so often rises in the hearts of British soldiers, even under circumstances of personal danger and prudential necessity, burst forth in a groan of disgust from his surrounding comrades: it came, however, in this case too late; the fatal thrust was sped, and the Legion of Honour lost another member.

During the services of the 46th regiment in America, General Washington was initiated into masonry in their lodge. When war broke out between the States and the mother country, he became divided from the brothers of his adoption, in feeling—in communion of soul, he was their brother still. The masonic chest of the 46th, by the chance of war, fell into the hands of the Americans; they reported the circumstance to General Washington, who directed that a guard of honour, under the command of a distinguished officer, should take charge of the chest, with many articles of value belonging to the 46th, and return them to the regiment. The surprise, the feeling of both officers and men may be imagined, when they perceived the flag of truce that announced this elegant compliment from their noble opponent. The guard of honour, with their flutes playing a sacred march—the chest containing the constitution and implements of the craft borne aloft equally by Englishmen and Americans, who, lately engaged in the strife of war,—now marched through the enfiladed ranks of the gallant regiment that, with presented arms and colours, hailed this glorious act by cheers. When in Dominica, in 1805, the 46th was attacked by a French force, which it gallantly repelled; but in the action had the misfortune again to lose the masonic chest, which the enemy succeeded in securing on board their fleet, without knowing its contents. Three years afterward the French Government, at the earnest request of the officers who had commanded the expedition, returned the chest with several complimentary presents.

W. G. C.

Spirit of Discovery.

VOYAGE UP THE MASSAROONY.

(Concluded from page 259.)

WE are just enabled to conclude Mr. Hilhouse's entertaining Excursion with the present volume of our Miscellany. Adventitious subjects and circumstances have hitherto

prevented our completing this interesting Narrative so early as is customary with us in the division of articles. The reader, by referring to page 259, will perceive that we left Mr. Hilhouse and his party at Teboco, the thirty-fourth and last fall; being the extreme southern point of their whole excursion.

From their last camp, our voyagers had, at intervals, a glimpse of a table-mountain, due south, with a conical peak, at the north extremity, extremely like a volcano: it was equal in height to Arthur's Table, and they christened it Raleigh's Peak. They next proceeded to the settlement of Aramayka, where the cliffs of Marybyacrew became visible; about 1,000 feet high, with perpendicular northern faces. A remarkable detached peaked rock, on the west, is called the Caribisce; and the legend says, it is a man of that nation turned into stone, for attempting to scale the cliffs.

At Aramayka, the party hooked a noble lowly fish, of nearly two hundred pounds weight. The river is here a mile wide, and about 250 miles from its confluence.

At the point of Teboco, the granite begins to be found in strata, at an angle of about five degrees above the horizon; its apex being nearly northward. It forms the base of all the cliffs, from 600 to 1,000 feet high, when quarta becomes the general superstructure to about 1,500 feet higher.

From a little above Aramayka, the chain of Merumeh is seen, bounding the horizon, and stretching northward; and near its southern extremity, in a clear day, a white curved line is seen, extending from the summit to the base of the chain; which is the Merumeh creek, forcing its way from the table-land above to the valley of the Massaroony below. From this point it is fully 50 miles distant; and, as it cannot be less than 1,200 feet high, Mr. Hilhouse had, at first, some difficulty in believing the Indians' assurances that it was truly a cataract, though a powerful glass gave it evidently the appearance of water.

Mr. Hilhouse was disappointed in procuring a guide up the creek; the few inhabitants who were there on his last excursion having since deserted it. Indeed, it is one of the greatest inconveniences of travelling in the Accaway country, that a populous village is totally deserted within a year, and the inhabitants a thousand miles off. To compensate for this, however, houses spring up as suddenly in the unhabited solitudes; so that your guide, if he has recently been the route, can generally find provision stations.

In the next three and a half days' journey the views of the adjacent cliffs and mountains were beautiful; and a day's journey further it was necessary to lay in a week's bread. The river here is not more than 400 or 500 yards broad, and is full of sand, but

with very few rocks. The hefa, or musk-duck is frequently seen; and the population of the Indians increases considerably.

On the 10th of October, having been twenty-six days' journey from the port, the party bivouacked at the mouth of the Corobung creek; and were soon well supplied with fish and game. Next morning they started up the creek, which averages 100 yards in breadth; and after taking four of a herd of wild hogs, they reached the settlement of Pero, on the west bank, that evening. A day and a half from this brought them to the fall of Macrebah, where navigation ceases.

The scenery of this creek is described as totally dissimilar to those generally known as romantic and beautiful; and Mr. Hilhouse experienced an oppression of the senses from which he was glad to escape. The water of the creek, though perfectly transparent, is a deep chocolate colour; and the sands are reflected in it, of a bright claret, or purple. The creek winds considerably; and at every turn, a large and bold spit of white sand projects, in almost painful contrast with the surrounding water. There is uniformly no middle ground for the landscape; but, from the dark and still creek, with its uniform fringe of trees, starts up, as if by magic, a perpendicular cliff of 1,000 or 1,500 feet; which you know is distant, but which you feel as if in your most dangerous proximity; and, as you see all around you detached masses, you expect momentarily to find one of them blocking up the creek before you, or cutting off your retreat. Every two or three hours you come to an immense block of granite, to pass which you have a channel barely wide enough for your craft; then the channel widens to 150 yards, and you are in a claret-coloured lake, so shallow that you can scarcely swim. At the very last you enter a capacious basin, as black as ink, surrounded by a bold, extensive sand, as white as chalk; and you hear a fall of water before you, but perceive no current, though there is a foam like yeast on the surface, which remains the whole day without any visible alteration. At last, you perceive in the distance a broken white line, struggling through a cluster of granite rocks; and this is the fall of Macrebah. In the basin below was an appearance exactly similar to a snow-storm; whenever a gust of wind came down the fall, it raised before it the froth or foam in flakes, like snow. Mr. Hilhouse here saw several specimens of the cock of the rock, called by the Indians Cowanaaru, both skinned and alive; and he ascertained its habits to be entirely frugivorous.

The party pitched their tents upon the sand, on the east side of the basin; and, in the morning, they measured the fall by placing Indians on the different ledges, with

the feet of one on a level with the head of another. In this way, they were nearly half an hour in scrambling to the top; and twenty Indians, or about one hundred feet, was the real height of what from below appeared to be no more than four or five feet.

In the middle of the fall of Macrebah, Mr. Hilhouse found a small spring of transparent and slightly effervescent water, without the least ferruginous tinge. This spring appeared to issue from the upper quartz formation, and proved that the extraordinary purple tinge of the waters is from the decomposition of the granite, the iron of which, in combination with the solution of astringent vegetable matter, gives the peculiar dark appearance of all these creeks.

Our voyagers next proceeded up the Seroon creek, which is a little below Macrebah, and having landed on the south bank, began to scramble up the hill for the upper fall. The greater part of the path was, for the first hour's journey, at an angle of 45°, with abrupt descents, and ladders of roots. Mr. Hilhouse's companion was exhausted, and gave up in an hour; but Mr. H. reached the top in about two hours. He found there the remains of an Indian shed, and could distinctly hear the fall: so he sent back to his companion, who joined him next morning to breakfast, after which, ten minutes' walk led them to the fall of Coomarow, pictured in the annexed Engraving.

They were now on table-land, being evidently the extreme height of the granitic horizontal formation. The creek itself was one hundred yards broad, but was so completely choked, from as far as the eye could reach, to the edge of the fall, with grass, that there appeared scarcely any water in it. This grass was, in appearance, like horse-tails, the roots being fixed to the bottom of the creek, the stem as thick as an arm, and dividing at top into a multiplicity of long threads, which completely covered the surface of the water. Through this green sieve, however, two feet of water percolated, and discharged itself into one uninterrupted sheet, one hundred yards broad, and, at least, double in perpendicular descent. By holding on the grass, the voyagers waded across the fall to the eastern side, where they had the best view of its distinguishing features, totally different from any thing they had before seen. From the side of the fall, the shoot seemed to have an inclination out of the perpendicular inwards, and finishing in a perpetual rainbow and mist, so as to obscure the bottom. At some distance below this, the creek appeared like a narrow, white thread, running between the rocks, which were of an Indian red colour. And such was the distance of the descent, that the voyagers could not, when at the top, hear the noise of the fall striking the bottom, though they



(Coomarow Fall.)

allow only 3 or 400 feet for the descent; and they give the fall at least double the descent of the breadth, or 600 feet.

From the bottom to the top of the fall, the temperature had decreased fifteen degrees, (85° to 70° ;) and the climate was, consequently, delightful. Here the party were compelled by want of time to relinquish their intended advance to the next fall of Asceaquaw, and to return to Macrebah.

They saw Coomarow when the creek was at its lowest, but the grass and watermark on the trees and on the banks were fully eight feet above the then level. In the rainy season, therefore, it must be inaccessible, as the whole of the table-land on which the voyagers stood, must be then flooded. In this state, the fall would be nearly 150 yards broad, and the body of the water discharged ten feet deep. According to the Indians, such a smoke then ascends from the bottom of the fall as obscures all the surrounding landscape; and the terrific roar can be heard at Pero, a day's journey distant.

At a bold turn, where the creek opens into a broad bay, the voyagers found the whole creek population of Indians, with forty or fifty craft, busy beating hai-arry, and they pulled into the middle of the party just at the moment the fish began to feel its effects. It was a most enlivening sight—men, women, and children, with bows and arrows, knives and landing nets, chasing in all directions the intoxicated fish, which nearly covered the surface of the water. Mr. Hilhouse

was soon left with one hand in the canoe, the rest taking the light massepahs of the Indians, and each pursuing his own share of the sport. Though Mr. Hilhouse's craft was rather unwieldy, he got, with a small landing net, 154 fish; of about four pounds average; and there were, at least, thirty other craft loaded to the brim. As soon as the fishing was over, the voyagers pulled as fast as possible to Pero, and began barbacotting their fish before they spoiled. Upwards of 2,000, of four pounds average weight, were taken: for two days and nights it was nothing but fire and smoke, curing the fish, of which they laid in as much as they could possibly consume for a fortnight; and this done, they bade adieu to their Coorobung friends, and proceeded on their return to the Massaroony.

On their passage down the creek, they were annoyed with the quantities of bread and yams brought from the different settlements for sale; but they took all, and thus, with a month's provision, they resolved to proceed up the river as far as the season would allow; and having spent ten days in the creek, left it on the morning of the 21st of October.

The voyagers, after two nights' heavy rain, began to suspect that the dry season was nearly over; and, upon questioning the Indians, they told them that, of course, "it was so, or the people would not otherwise have beat the hai-arry." In fact, it appears, that in the immediate vicinity of the mountains, the natives can calculate, to a certainty,

within a few days, the breaking up of the seasons; and as Mr. Hilhouse had, in March, a pretty good sample of the thunders of Merumeh, he advised his companion to return.

On inquiring amongst the Indians whether the mountains were inhabited, the uniform answer was—"No: where could the people get water?" It appears, therefore, that, except in the creeks that arise in the mountains, and where paths of communication across are found, there is no population. The natives, however, all agree that formerly the whole of this region was populated by the Caribisce, a powerful nation of Indians; but, that there ever was a great capital is impossible; for, except the Indians became graziers, they could not subsist together in sufficient numbers to form more than a small village.

It is curious to observe that the cause of the desolation of these regions has been the abolition to the Indian slave-trade. The Caribisce, deprived of their market on the coast, have retired to the interior, where they still find purchasers among the Brazilians; but, to make an equal profit of them will require double the number of slaves to those required for these colonies; for, it is notorious, that in the Rio Branco, at all times, Indian slaves can be purchased at one-third of the price given by the Dutch:—Mr. Hilhouse adds, "The suppression of this traffic here, therefore, without taking the requisite steps to put it effectually down every where, has desolated our interior, and driven from us our bravest and most faithful allies. And it has not diminished, but, on the contrary, greatly increased, the lot of human misery; for more slaves are now sold to the Portuguese than were to us, and they are worse treated, being mostly worked to death in the mines."

Mr. Hilhouse's excursion was not an adventure for gain, but one of pure philanthropy. He sought, not gold and emeralds, but spots whereon men, driven by circumstances from their native country, might find a shelter and a home. Mr. Hilhouse confesses, with regret, that he did not succeed. There is no tract in El Dorado like the site of the Missions of the Caroni: the mountains do not give much prospect of fertility; the country is only habitable by tribes of hunters, and, for the transmission of merchandise, is inaccessible.

The fall of Teboco appears to be the key of El Dorado: below this, the Indians are more or less sophisticated; but, at Coorobung there was not the least trace of civilization, except among the stragglers from the Missions, who were living fast to forget it. Mr. Hilhouse found, however, an Accaway, of Coorobung, with all his superstition and stupidity, infinitely superior to an Arawak

of the coast, with his pretensions to cultivation; and it was not till Mr. Hilhouse returned to the post, that he again entered the atmosphere of vice and crime, Indian misery and depravity.

The descent of the falls was accomplished with a rapidity of which few travellers have a conception: in less than one day, the voyagers got over the ascent of three—eighty or ninety miles being an easy day's journey. They chose the middle channels, where the current was most rapid, and the greatest body of water rushed through. It required four stout hands, two ahead and two astern, to give steerage-way whilst shooting many channels which were crooked: that of Itachuk is a zig-zag of four turns, and not a few accidents have occurred here to the small craft of the Indians. Mr. Hilhouse and his party, however, got through all danger, and on the 30th of October, arrived at the post.*

* We have abridged, and, in part, re-written, these details from Mr. Hilhouse's Journal, communicated by him to the Royal Geographical Society, (of which Mr. Hilhouse is an active Member,) and read at the Society's Meeting, on December 23, 1833: the above paper occupying fifteen pages of Part I. Vol. 4, of the Journal of the Society, last published.

New Books.

FRANCESCA CARRARA.—BY MISS LANDON.

[RATHER than attempt to unravel the intricate story of Miss Landon's new historical novel, we shall note a few of its beauties, "by way of abstract," premising that such gems of graceful composition and elegant sentiment can scarcely be found in any other work of the season.]

Twilight.—Toil is the portion of day, as sleep is that of night; but if there be one hour of the twenty-four which has the life of day without its labour, and the rest of night without its slumber, it is the lovely and languid hour of twilight. The shadows have not yet deepened into darkness, as yet the boughs droop not, and the fragrant leaves of the flower are still unclosed. The magnificence of the noon which excites, the mystery of the midnight which awes, are distinct from the softness of evening. It is earth's brief breathing space, after the heat and hurry of her busier time; like that repose known only to the young and happy, when the nerves gradually compose themselves, the thoughts gather into some vague but delicious train, and the eyes are closed by languor before sleep.

"Chase of Fame."—Strange mystery of our nature, that those in whom genius develops itself in imagination, thus taking its most ethereal form, should yet be the most dependent on the opinions of others! Praise is their very existence; and those who have the wings of the dove, with which they might "flee away and be at rest," delight rather to

linger on the high road, forgetting that where the sun-shine falls, there too gathers the dust, and that the soil remains when the silver lustre has passed. Alas! thus ever does the weakness of our nature rebuke its strength, and genius is brought to the level—ay, below the level—of common humanity, by an unquenchable thirst for its applause.

Destiny.—We find how little we have to do with our destiny, and yet, forsooth, we seek to direct it.

Hope.—I do believe there is no existence so content as that whose present is engrossed by employment, and whose future is filled by some strong hope, the truth of which is never proved. Toil and illusion are the only secrets to make life tolerable.

Love.—There are some moments, the hues of which are like those on the wing of a butterfly—a touch brushes them away. There are words to paint the misery of love, but none to paint its happiness; that childish, glad, and confiding time to which youth gave its buoyancy, and hope its colours. Its language repeated, ever seems exaggerated or foolish; albeit there are none who have not thought such sounds “honey-sweet” in their time. The truth is, we never make for others the allowance we make for ourselves; and we should deny even our own words, could we hear them spoken by another.

A Minute.—The history of a minute—why it would give a bird’s-eye view of every possible variety in human existence. Wonderful the many events that are happening together—life and death; joy and sorrow; the great and the mean; the common and the rare; good and evil; are all in the record of that brief segment of time.

Desolation.—Nothing is more mournful than man’s work and man’s skill going to ruin for want of man’s care—and nothing is more desolate than the moss and the green weed choking the fountain, and half hiding the fallen column.

Fatal Duty.—How holy the claim, when age asks from youth but a little time, and a little tendance to smoothe the passage to the tomb.

Civil War.—I have seen our peaceful England, on whose shore warfare had become but a dark tradition, or a gallant hope to the young and adventurous spirits who sought for honour abroad—I have seen it become the field of deadly battle, where the father raised his hand against the son, and the son against the father. I have seen the beacon blazing instead of the Christmas hearth; and the ivy, which for more than a century had wreathed undisturbed round these old battlements, has been pretty well cut away by the musketry during the last siege.

It is terrible to be asked for quarter in your native tongue, and yet spare not. To know that the corn-field over which you hurry in

pursuit of a flying enemy has been sown by your near neighbour—to see the sky reddened at midnight, and fear lest the crimson blaze arise from your own home—to watch the desolation of familiar things—to become acquainted with waste and want, and worse, with the crime and recklessness, their inevitable consequences—and then remember how brief a period has elapsed since such things seemed impossible in the land.

Absence and Return.—Perhaps there is no moment when beloved objects are so much beloved, as on the return from a long absence. When the thousand fears for their health, their safety, and their welfare, have all been proved to be vain; while the reaction from their depression is so exhilarating. When the many merits which fancy has added to their own, are all warm from the thought; all fresh, too, with the gloss of novelty, untarnished with recent differences, and unworn by daily use. How pleasant the hurry of their arrival, and the many preparations to receive them! In winter, the warmest seat by the fire; in summer, the coolest by the open lattice. Then the supper, where all former likings are so carefully remembered; the cheerful flutter of spirits, the disposition to talk, the still greater desire to listen, the flushed cheek, the eager yet glistening eye; and—for the future will ever intrude upon the mortal present—the delight of thinking, “we shall still be together to-morrow.”

Confidence.—It is wonderful how some words ever were invented, for they express what does not exist—*confidence* is among the number; confidence is what no human being ever really had in another.

Two Brothers.—We talk of the influence of education—in what does it consist? Here were two with the same blood flowing in their veins, born under the same roof, nursed by the same mother, play-mates in the same nursery, surrounded by the same scenes, pursuing the same studies, subject to the same rules, rewarded by the same indulgences—never till the age of eighteen having been parted for a day; and yet were these two as opposite as if they had never known one circumstance in common.

Defeat.—Who has not observed in the daily intercourse of domestic life, that the very subject we have been striving to avoid, or planning to disclose, is sure to defeat our best-laid scheme, and start up before us when least expected?

The Future.—The future! the dreaming, the deceiving future, which promises every thing, and performs nothing—what would the present be without it?

Evergreens.—I cannot love evergreens—they are the misanthropes of nature. To them the spring brings no promise, the autumn no decline; they are cut off from the sweetest of all ties with their kind—sym-

pathy. They have no hopes in common, but stand apart—very emblems for the fortunate and worldly man, whose harsh temper has been unsoftened by participating in general suffering, existing alone in his unshared and sullen prosperity. I will have no evergreens in my garden; when the inevitable winter comes, every beloved plant and favourite tree shall droop together—no solitary fir left to triumph over the companionship of decay.

The New Forest, in June.—Far in the distance lay the mighty forest, gloomy and solid, as if some dark mountain girdling in the valley. The sunshine went sweeping rapidly from the foreground to the utmost extent of the horizon; the shadow coiled up before it; gradually the breaks among the wood became distinct, the dense blackness vanished, and the green woods shone out in the transparent atmosphere. The furze now became broken with patches of grass, and with occasional trees, and clumps of fir, whose sombre and wiry foliage had nothing in common with the cheerful aspect of their companions. Far as the boundaries of the forest spread on either side, it yet lay just below the heath; a few more windings of the little path brought directly into one of its glades. The first indication was a change of the perfumed air; the furze-blossom was merged in the delicious breath of the may, now in full bloom—the most aromatic of English flowers. The extreme stillness, relieved rather than interrupted by the bees plying their sounding wings, existed no longer. Every branch was musical with birds, whose perpetual chirpings served as chorus to the rich and prolonged cadences of the black-bird; while the least stir not of their own making filled the air with fluttering pinions, which let in a shower of sunshine through the leaves. One characteristic of the New Forest is its freedom from underwood; hence the height of the stately trees is undiminished, and the sweep of the open place unbroken. Architecture, the first of sciences, took, in our northern world, its earlier lessons in the forest—the Gothic aisle and arch were found amid the beach and oak. The foliage was in the utmost variety of expanded spring; the leaves of the beach, though destined to a deeper shade, wore already their polished green; but the oak had yet put forth little more than those pale primrose-tinted buds, the faint promise of its future spreading shade. Here and there a shining holly reared its fairy “clump of spears,” and round many a leafless trunk the slender English ivy twined its graceful wreaths in such profusion as to mimic the tree on whose life it had fed. But the beauty of the glades was the hawthorn, in full luxuriance. The slightest motion brought down a shower of white blossoms, and the sweet air grew yet sweeter as the brothers approached the more sequestered parts. The deer gazed on them for a moment

with their large, tremulous eyes, and then bounded off, gradually slackening their graceful speed when a tree or a growth of fern served as a barrier; while here and there a pair of antlers were tossed up, glancing like ivory in the sun.

A Safe Condition.—Mankind have, from all antiquity, been divided into two classes—the ruling and the ruled; why should we attempt to set all experience at defiance? If we see no cause for reversing the good old plan, provided I can manage to be one of the rulers.

Refinement.—Refinement of feeling belongs equally to every station, but refinement of taste must be matter of education.

Evil Knowledge.—Frankness and confidence belong to youth; and where experience comes too soon, it brings but half knowledge. The conviction of much evil in the heart should be learned at a later period, when we shall be aware also of much good. The worldly wisdom of the young is always of a harsh and bitter nature, making no allowance, and forgiving nothing—ever ready to attribute the ill motive, and holding suspicion to be penetration.

Grief.—Every hour that she could, she passed in solitude, dreary, unoccupied, mournful solitude;—what wonder was it that the colour left a cheek so often washed with tears?

Young Love.—How little suffices to make earth a paradise in the young and eager eyes of early and unsuspecting love!

Early Attachments.—True it is that the innate buoyancy of the as yet unbroken spirit soon rebounds from the pressure of sorrow; nevertheless, it is in youth that sorrow is most keenly felt. Time, of which so little has been measured, seems so very long—we soon learn the worldly lesson, that friends are easily replaced, and still more easily forgotten. We become accustomed to change—we grow hardened to regret—and in after-years look back with surprise, nay, even disdain, at the poignant grief with which we first parted from our early companions. We never again form those open, eager, and confiding attachments.

Happiness.—The thing we call happiness exists not. Its desire is implanted in our hearts, its promise dazzles our eyes; but its reality is unknown. I remember hearing, that in the east the clear and azure waters seem to flow before the weary and parched traveller; yet a little further, and on he urges his weary way, but in vain—the fair stream is a delusion. Even thus happiness is the mirage which leads us over the desert of life, ever fated to end in deceit and disappointment.

The Poet.—In hand, heart, and mind, he was alike a poet. But, alas! those who are heirs of the future, destined to fill the earth with the immortal and the beautiful, what is their share in the present? the sad, and the

weary path—the bowed-down and broken heart! Look at the golden list of the few who have left behind them the bright picture, the god-like statue, the inspired scroll, to whom we yet owe—ay and now pay our debt of gratitude—what was each life but a long and terrible sacrifice to futurity? But the young look to the goal, not to the road; and well it is for them so to do; they would never reach it but for such onward gaze.

Love.—Love teaches many lessons to a woman; but its last and worst must be when she learns to know that it is not eternal—that it can depart, and leave a scar never to be effaced, and a void never to be filled.

The lover and the friend ask very different foundations for their confidence. The one invests all things with the poetry with which himself is imbued; the other, of necessity, examines into their truth. Again—love cares not for distinctions; but friendship cannot exist without equality.

Enthusiasm.—Nothing at first frames such false estimates as an imaginative temperament. It finds the power of creation so easy, the path it fashions so actual, that no marvel for a time hope is its own security, and the fancied world appears the true copy of the real. How much of disappointment—what a bitter draining of the cup of mortification to the dregs—does it take, to sober down the ardour, and chain the winged thoughts of a mind so constituted!

Isolation of a Crowd.—The isolation of a crowd—that bitter blending of solitude and shame, when you fancy every one that passes casts on you an invidious or scornful glance, and yet are perfectly aware that they do not care—scarcely know—whether you are a human being like themselves! It is in vain to say this is over-sensitiveness; weakness though it be, it is very universal.

The Public Journals.

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE.*

"Why don't the men propose," indeed?

I wonder why they do!

When from a sober, single life,

Such benefits accrue;

I wonder most that women boast

Their many score of beaux,

Yet "sit and sigh," and sadly cry—

"Why don't the men propose?"

'Tis very well to greet each belle

At revel or at rout;

To see them flirt with jewels girt

Their fairy forms about.

No quiet scene, to intervene;

The youthful rev'ler knows;

Yet will she sigh, and sadly cry—

"Why don't the men propose?"

Romance they read—reality

Is studied but by few;

Each lady scribbles poetry,

And thinks herself "a blue."

* Intended as an answer to "Why don't the men propose?" by T. H. Bayly. See page 297.

Fancy a curtail-lecture read

In poetry and prose!

How can they sigh and sadly cry—

"Why don't the men propose?"

Silks, satins, millinery new,

And bills (of course) abound;

Such proofs of their extravagance

All steadier thoughts confound.

Balls, music-master, all that brings

One's fortune to a close,

Cry out against that silly cry—

"Why don't the men propose!"

If, spite of all, some "simple swain"

Would play the *constant beau*,

In vain he tries; *la belle* replies,

In angry accents, "No."

The fault is not with us, I'm sure,

(*That every body knows*);

Yet still they ply the idle cry—

"Why don't the men propose?"

"Why don't the men propose?" 'tis vain

To think of such a thing;

Who, to abate a hapless fate,

More miseries would bring?

Think of "a family," and all

That mars man's daily doze!

'Tis certain *why* the ladies cry—

"Why don't the men propose?" J. E. C.

New Monthly Magazine.

THE FEAST OF NERO.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

Friends, dulness is our foe, the foe of all.

Come, ye are hidden to his festival,

By Nero, Cæsar, and the Consul, thrice:

Nero, earth's emperor and music's lord,

Who to the speaking chord,

With art Ionian blends his silver voice.

How gladly hither at my word ye pour!

Never were pleasures mingled thus before;

Not by Agenan in the days of old;

Nor in those feasts of love and joy combined,

Where Seneca relaxed his cynic mind,

And quaffed his wine from gold.

Nor when embarked on Tiber's glassy tide,

We lay, with smiling Aglaë by our side,

'Neath Asian canopies and glowing bowers;

Nor when the Prefect to the lions flung

A thousand captives young,

Whose iron chains were hid with wreathing flowers.

Come! Rome shall burn before ye—ay, all Rome!

My couch is set upon this lofty dome;

Lo! see the flames, and watch their kindling ire!

What are the fights of men and tigers now?

Our Circus is the hills, where Rome must bow

Before devouring fire!

'Tis thus Earth's Emperor should charm away

The cold, dull blight, which makes his heart its prey.

And scatter lightning, even as a god!

But come—night falls, and now begins our wake—

The burning, like a hideous snake,

Already lifts its wing, and darts its tongues abroad.

There! see ye there! how fast it rolls along

Its writhing volumes on its victim strong.

And seems to kiss the walls with blasting breath?

See! its embraces shroud the palaces—

Ah! I have felt embraces like to these,

And kisses fraught with death.

Hark to those sounds—look on that sombre spire—

Those figures wandering, ghost-like, through the fire,

Until the silence is as dread as ever!

Pillars of iron, gates with golden beams,

Are melted into streams,

And carry glowing flames into the hissing river.

All perish! jasper, marble, statues—all,

Despite their boasted holiness, must fall.

My will the flames are eager to perform:

They gather onwards still, and still invade ;
And see the winds themselves have sent their aid,
Making a fiery storm.

Old Capitol, adieu ! Amidst the swell,
You aqueduct stands like the bridge of hell :—
'Tis Nero's will—the towers, the domes shall down !
O'er universal Rome the glare is seen—
Give thanks, thou boasted Queen !

To him who binds thy brows with such a glorious crown.

They told me, boy, that in the Sibyl's lay,
'Tis writ that Rome should never know decay ;
That Time should sicken at her feet, and die ;
That her immortal star should never wane—
Tell me, my friends, how many hours remain
Of that eternity ?

By night how glorious such a burning is !
Erostratus himself had envied this.

What is a nation's sorrow to my will ?—
It flies !—the element is round it now !
Pluck off the chaplet from my brow—

The fire which levels Rome the flowers may kill !

If blood should dim your robes of festal shine,
Friends, wash the stain away with Cretan wine—
The sight of blood is sweet but to the wrong.
Keep we such cruel pastime from our eyes !
Curs'd be the man who loves, his victim's cries !
We stifle them with song.

To punish Rome, I fill this bitter cup :—
Hath she not offered faithless incense up,
By turas to Jove and Christ upon her knees ?
My name shall rise with honours as divine—
I too shall have my shrine,

Since men have need of other deities

Rome have I burned—I'll build her—to the skies—
But never more the rebel Cross shall rise.

More Christians !—strike, stab, slaughter all ye meet !

Thus Rome shall smite the authors of her woes !
Exterminate them all !—Slave ! bring a rose :
Its perfume is most sweet. W. E. A.

Tail's Edinburgh Magazine.

LONG LIFE.

It may be doubted whether the life of man ever reached to 120. The best authenticated case of this age appears to be that of J. Jacobs, who had been a peasant on the estate of the Prince de Beauremont, and who travelled, at that age, from the Jura mountains to Versailles, to thank the National Assembly for having relieved him from the feudal yoke—"Libertas, quæ sera, tamen respexit." He was received by all the members standing and uncovered, was allowed a chair, and to sit with his hat on. A collection was made for him amongst the members, which amounted to 500*l.* sterling. He was buried on Saturday, Jan. 31, 1790, in the church of St. Eustace, in Paris. The next best authenticated case is that of Mr. Ingleby, ninety-five years a domestic in the Webster family, who died in 1798, aged 117.

According to all statements, it would appear that all climates are favourable to longevity. We find these miraculous ages in Jamaica, Barbadoes, and burning Ethiopia and India ; in the severe climates of Norway, Russia, Scotland, and the north of England ; in the temperate climes of Madeira and France ; in the driest isle of Madeira, in the ever-misty isles of Scotland,—in the well-

drained lands of England, and in the bogs of Ireland,—in inland counties,—on the sea-shore,—on the mountain-top,—on the plain,—and in the filthy lanes and alleys of London. No theory of locality, air, regimen, or diet can tally with these stories of longevity ; for we find long life amongst the poor and rich, the luxurious, the temperate, the abstemious, the active, and the indolent,—the white, the black, the savage, and the civilized. The only two facts that appear to answer to all cases are, that longevity is promoted by cleanliness and almost an abstinence from alcohol. The last of these is unquestionable ; but even against the other, it must be observed, that longevity is found amongst the poor of sordid habitations and filthy employments ; and that it is said to have existed most amongst our ancestors, whose domestic habits were exceedingly filthy, and it now exists most in Scotland, and those parts of England where the cleanly habits of the south prevail the least. The Russians and the Irish are proverbially the least cleanly people of Europe, and yet they have their full share of statistical longevity. In Dublin Lying-in Hospital, in four years ending 1784, 2,944 infants had died out of 7,650 births. The hospital had been in a state of filth beyond credibility. A system of cleanliness and ventilation was introduced, and the number of deaths in the four following years was only 1,116. A similar reduction of deaths, a few years ago, was produced in the barracks of Barbadoes, by a system of cleanliness.

In England, most of the longevity now proved, of that which was formerly asserted—of longevity ancient and modern—has been found to the north of the Humber, and to the west of the Severn. It seems to have always run in a line from the south of the Tees, in a south-west direction, towards Herefordshire. There are very few cases of extreme longevity attributed to the midland, southern, and eastern counties. There is one case, that of John Balls, who died in Northamptonshire, on the 5th of April, 1705, (if it be true) aged 126 ; a case of John Wilson, of Warkington, Suffolk, who lived to 116 ; and we have just seen the case of Ingleby, who died at Battle Abbey, in Sussex, in 1798, at the age of 117.

We may form some idea of the want of data and of authenticated facts that has hitherto prevailed on this subject of life and population, from the extraordinary circumstance that even Dr. Price committed the monstrous absurdity of calculating that the population of all England and Wales had decreased by one-fourth since the revolution of 1688.

It seems remarkable that fewer cases of excessive longevity, real or fictitious, are to be found in those counties in which the average of human life is the greatest. Shropshire and Yorkshire (even if allowance be made for

the greater extent of the latter) claim the greatest number of excessively long lives; and yet the average duration of existence in these counties is less than that of Cardigan, Cornwall, and Gloucestershire, in two of which the population is entirely agricultural, whilst in one (Cornwall) it is maritime and mining; and in Yorkshire, a great portion of it is not only manufacturing, but employed in manufactures very destructive to life. The average of existence in Lancashire is low, from its population being manufacturing, and yet a number of the highest cases of longevity are to be found in that county.

A theory prevails that long life runs in families, and yet Sir John Sinclair found that, amongst 508 persons who had passed the age of eighty, only 303 could make it appear that they had even one parent, male or female, who had been as old as themselves. All data upon the subject are involved in confusion; and it must be still more confused: for although we have better means than formerly for arriving at statistical facts and details, individual habits become more diversified as commerce increases, as the powers of intermixture and change of locality are multiplied; and as knowledge, mixed with error, and diversified to infinity, is diffused amongst all classes, both of rich and poor, individual diversities become beyond all calculation, and defy all powers of classifying and generalising. Alcohol slays its thousands and tens of thousands amongst the poor, and quackery, with ill-directed passions, performs the same service for the rich—quackery, not only advertised and wholesale, but individual and secret. A short digressive anecdote, which I had from a friend, may be both illustrative and amusing.

Sitting in the parlour of an eminent administrator of very useful medicated baths, in Marlborough-street, a gentleman entered the room full of sturdy health, and overflowing with fine animal spirits.

"Sir," said he, "I suppose you are going to take a medicated bath?"

"No, sir, I am waiting for a friend who is taking one; thank God, I have perfect health."

"Sir, I take one every day, well or ill, and generally two a-day."

"I have never taken five shillings' worth of medicine in my life."

"Oh! sir, I see you are a most temperate liver."

"No, sir, I am ashamed to say, that from eighteen to the present hour I have been the reverse. Of all men living, my poor father was the most regular and temperate, and his afflictions were many, severe, and fatal."

"Ay, ay; I see how it is. When Judge — found any witnesses of extreme old age, he questioned them as to their habits, and made memoranda of their answers. He

discovered that the temperate and intemperate were about equal, but he found that *all* healthy persons and long-livers were early risers. You, sir, must be a very, very early riser—a very early riser indeed?"

"Quite the reverse, sir, my parliamentary duties are such, that, in London, my average hour of going to bed is three in the morning, and my hour of rising twelve."

After this, it was clear that not a word I said, or had said, was believed. The thespian imagined that the consistency of health with irregularity and late hours was so impossible, that the assertion was a most impudent imposition.

"Sir," cried he, in a tone of offended consequence, "only try the experiment. Go to bed and get up early, and when you rise, you will find yourself able to grasp your handful of halfpence, at arm's length, as firmly as a giant; get up next day an hour later, and you will grasp them feebly; get up the next day two hours later, and you will find you cannot grasp them at all—no, sir, not at all."

"Bless you, sir, get up any hour I may, I can grasp, as firmly as a vice, more sovereigns than I shall ever possess."

"Sir," said this victim of quackery, evidently disbelieving every word I said, "I was going down Regent-street, yesterday, when I felt in my head I don't know how—it was a certain sort of I don't know what—an indescribable something—a ah—a ah—I can't exactly explain myself, but you must know very well what I mean; so I went into a doctor's shop, and I said, give me three grains of calamel, seven of jalap, four of rhubarb, with—and—and—all of which I find agree with my constitution; and so, sir, I took the dose, and went home, and I said to my wife, 'Now, my dear, I will take no food to-day—I am determined to give nature fair play.'"

"Zounds, sir," said I, breaking out into a feigned fit of impatience, and almost of indignation, "is that what you call fair play?—you turn your stomach into a doctor's shop—you swamp, overwhelm poor nature—Bless her, till she is nearly extinct, and this you call giving nature fair play!—a plague on such fair play!"

Here the bath was announced, and the sturdy, non-ailing gentleman went to take his cure for his non-ailments!

But returning to the subject of longevity, it is to be observed that certain classes of men live to a great age, such as painters (painters and glaziers are the reverse): Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Guercino, Guido, Maratti, lived to a good old age. The musicians have lived long; and, notwithstanding all that is said against sedentary employments, we shall find that men who live by the brain, who are educated, and, consequently, whose nervous systems are more called into action than the musician, ex-

ceed in longevity the labouring classes, even when they are well fed, and not over worked.

Dr. Cheyne commences his Essay on Health by saying that he who lives medically lives miserably. By excess of gluttony and drinking he had brought himself to a prodigious size, and suffered under all the worst effects of excessive plethora; he reduced his diet to eight ounces of flesh and twelve of bread, with one pint of wine per diem, and he got rid of his enormous bulk, and of all his complaints, and lived to the age of seventy-two. This quantity of food he considered the maximum requisite for a hard-working man.

The sources of longevity, and, what is of more consequence, of health whilst we live, have always been classed under six heads:—parentage, air, diet, exercise, sleep, and government of the passions. In going deeply and extensively into the subject, the exceptions to all these elements of long life are found almost as numerous as the examples; and the only infallible, uniform, and universal inference that can be drawn is, that, *ceteris paribus*, men live longest, and enjoy the best health, who most abstain from wine, spirits, or alcohol under any shape.—*New Monthly Mag.*

Antiquariana.

SURGERY IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

In a treatise written by Guido de Caulico, and published in 1363, the state of surgery is described by the following quaint statement:—"There are five sects of surgeons; the first follow Roger and Rowland, and apply poultices to all wounds and abscesses; the second follow Brumis and Theodoric, and use wine only; the third follow Paliceto and Langfrance, and treat wounds with ointments and soft plasters; the fourth are chiefly Germans, who attend to the armies, and promiscuously use *charms*, potions, oil, and wood; and the fifth are old women and ignorant people, who in all cases have recourse to the saints."

ALCHYMY.

In the year 1449, Henry the Fourth granted a protection to Robert Belton, "for transubstantiating imperfect metals into pure gold and silver, by the art or science of philosophy." In 1468, one Richard Carter received a similar patent.

PINS.

WHEN that neat and useful article, the pin, first appeared, it was thought of so much importance, that a parliamentary law was made to regulate its shape. According to statute 37 Henry VIII., all pins are prohibited from being sold, unless they "be double-headed, and the heads soldered fast to the shank of the pinne, well smoothed, the

shank well shaven, the point well and round filed, cauted, and sharpened." This long process was abandoned soon after, as their use became universal, and superseded the employment of laces, ribbons, and tags.

JURIES.

DURING the reign of Henry the Eighth, it was common for attorneys to charge in their bills money expended for purchasing "the sheriff's good-will in packing juries." This fact will not startle the reader, when he recollects the gross corruption of every institution which obtained during that changeful reign. The juries of London were formerly peculiarly abandoned, and in 1468 several were disgraced for their perjuries. Wolsey accused them of being capable of finding "Abel guilty of the murder of Cain:" and his strong language was justified by their conduct.

BREWERS.

IN 1480, the London brewers were incorporated. And in 1460, one John Devenyshe and others were appointed supervisors, and had, as a fee, one halfpenny each barrel. As they do not appear to have had any further sum for their services, we may infer that a large quantity of malt liquor was consumed.

ATTORNEYS.

AN act of parliament was passed in 1554, which enacts, "that there used to be six or eight attorneys only for Suffolk, Norfolk, and Norwich together; that this number has increased to more than eighty, most part of whom, having not sufficient knowledge, come to fairs, &c., inciting the people to small trespasses, that they may get employment: wherefore, there shall be hereafter but six for Norfolk, six for Suffolk, and two for the city of Norwich."

ASTROLOGERS' MISTAKEN.

IN 1532, the astrologers prophesied that there would be "incessant rains and fearful floods;" which had such an effect on the Abbot of St. Bartholomew and others, that they erected houses on various hills to escape this second deluge. However, no flood came; and, to soothe the people, they declared they had been mistaken in their calculations by one hundred years.

Mechanics' Institution.

E. J. H.

The Gatherer.

Weathercocks.—By a papal order made about the middle of the ninth century, it was enacted that the figure of a cock should be set up on church steeples; in order to put the people in mind of Peter's denial of our Saviour, and his unfeigned repentance. This is said to be the origin of our weathercocks.

Origin of Tapestry in the House of Lords.

—The Dutch painter, Cornelius Vroom, having painted a number of devout subjects, set out for Spain, where he proposed to sell them; but was cast away on a small island near the coast of Portugal. Vroom, and some of the crew, were relieved by monks, who lived among the rocks, and conducted them to Lisbon; where, relating the dangers he had escaped, a paltry painter engaged Vroom to paint the storm he had described. In this picture he succeeded so happily that it was sold for a good price. The Portuguese painter was charmed, and continued to employ Vroom, who improved so much in sea-pieces, that having got money and returned home, he applied himself entirely to that class of painting. Vroom was afterwards employed to draw the designs for a suite of tapestry, representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada. It is this tapestry which adorned the House of Lords until the recent Fire. The tapestry itself, was the work of Francis Spiering.—A. H.

A singular library exists at Warsenstein, near Cassel; the books composing it, or rather the substitutes for them, being made of wood, and every one of them is a specimen of some different tree. The back is formed of its bark, and the sides are constructed of polished pieces of the same stock. When put together, the whole forms a box; and inside of it are stored the fruit, seed, and leaves, together with the moss which grows on the trunk, and the insects which feed upon the tree; every volume corresponds in size, and the collection altogether has an excellent effect.

Marriage Presents.—When a Javanese lady marries, she throws all her dolls, childish trinkets, &c. into the fire, to evince her determination of becoming a woman. The company then congratulate her on her marriage, and make her valuable presents to recompense her for those she has destroyed.

Dryness of the Atmosphere.—All over the south-east of Persia, to within a few miles of the Persian Gulf, the air is so dry that the brightest steel may be laid bare to the atmosphere at all hours, without incurring the slightest loss of its brilliancy. To find a rose with a spark of dew on it, from March to December, would be regarded as a miracle.

Ancient Apparitions.—In order to account for the mention of the appearance of departed persons by the ancients, it has been asserted, that every time they dreamed of seeing, and speaking to, deceased friends, they believed they had enjoyed communication with their ghosts. Now, ingenious as is this hypothesis, if it were so, ordinary experience shows us, that the ancients must, most nights in the year, have been thus visited by the departed; and the occurrence would have been,

as it is with ourselves, (for who does not constantly dream of the dead?) of too universal and ordinary a nature, to be considered of importance and mentioned. Besides, do the writings of the ancients prove them to have been less capable of distinguishing than ourselves, between sleeping dreams and waking spectra? We think not; and deferentially submit, that whether the apparitions on record of old, were caused by physical derangements, the jugglery of pagan priests, or were really superhuman, (assuming that such revelations can be,) the writers who mention them, are far more likely to style the visit of an apparition, a dream, than to assert that a dream is the actual appearance on earth, of the spirit of a departed individual.

We like to have mysteries explained, but plead guilty to a sad habit of revolving explanations in our mind, until we can decide whether they are truths or sophisms.—M.L.B.

Spanish Law.—In Spain, (says a recent writer,) before any barrister, attorney, or notary, is admitted to practice, he is obliged to swear that he will defend the poor gratis. That this gratuitous labour may be the more equally divided, thirty are every year appointed from each class to defend the poor in civil cases, and every one is accounted poor who can swear himself worth less than 4,000 reals (40*l.*) In criminal cases, the accused is entitled to make choice of any barrister in Madrid to defend him. W. G. C.

American Servants.—A lady recently went to New York, taking her own maid, a well-behaved Englishwoman with her, and they resided in a hotel or lodging-house. One day, when the abigail was at dinner with some of the "helps" of native families, also resident in the house, she suddenly rose, and was quitting the table, when one of them said—"What's the matter? and where are you going?" "My mistress' bell rang," said she. "What do you mean by that? and who do you call mistress?" "Why, Mrs —, who is living in this house, and whom I serve for wages." "Pho! nonsense!" was the answer; "sit down, girl, and eat your dinner, do; we know nothing about mistresses or masters either, in America; and as for our people's bells, they may just ring 'em off the wire, before we go, till it is convenient." J. B.

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